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"Quocumque me fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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Written for the Newsdealer. HERE AND THERE.

Life on Earth, is but a trial,
But a conflict, a denial
Of the soul's sublime endeavor in its upward flight
to wear:
But a stormy, starless Ocean,
Heaving high with wild commotion,
From whose seas of surging sadness strives the
spirit ever more.

By unerring intuition,
By a prescient pronouncement,
'Mid the tidal waves of Passion, I to lands un-
seen aspire:
While voices awful and preternal
Thunder from the depths eternal,
And from all the shores immortal, echoes of my
own desire.

To the spirit, the undaunted,
Now and ever here, is haunted
By a longing and a thirst which is mine forever
more:
For another sinless Eden,
Where a fruitage unforbidden,
Blooms and ripens unaccursed, as in Eden once of
yore.

So the soul for age aspiring,
Toiling upward, never stiring,
Dimly, through the dust and darkness, sees the
Paradise gates:
Sees beyond the fields Elysian;
And the effort, no decision,
To the chained and chafing captive, gives con-
tentment while it waits.

Ever striving, never seeing
Through the mystery of being;
Forms that wear a nameless terror, shapes of
darkness rise between,
Rise and mock me, in derision
At my impotence of vision,
At my vain and hopeless yearnings, to fathom
the unseen.

But though in darkness here we languish,
Grooming in our bitter anguish,
All the starry eyes of heaven are in mercy bend-
ing o'er;
If we wait a little longer,
Though our prison house were stronger,
Men shall see their golden glory gleaming through
its open door.

Then life's mystery unfolding,
Open lies for our beholding
In the full celestial radiance, in a clear revealing
light:
Riven are the chains which bind us,
Razed the prison that confined us,
And the mortal veil is lifted from before the im-
mortal sight.

There a region beatific,
In all knowledge rich, prolific,
Our reward of patient waiting, our inheritance
awaits:
Blue mountains rise before us,
Lovelier skies are bending o'er us,
As marching to our heritage, we pass the shining
gates.

But even here, the earnest spirit
May pass its borders, and inherit
Of the golden-gated glory of the heritage it loves,
See the purple of its mountains,
Hear the murmur of its fountains,
Catch its strains of song celestial, and the fra-
grance of its groves.

So may we all with zeal untiring,
Upward toward the good aspiring,
While on earth we bide our trial, from the pearly
portals driven,
Labor still with strong endeavor,
Labor earnestly and ever,
To walk, though in an outer clime, the border
lands of Heaven.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S FLORAL TASTES.

In Mr. Fortune's "Three Years' Wanderings in China," one of the most readable books issued for many a day, we find the following show of Chinese taste in horticulture: "When traveling on the hills of Hong-Kong, a few days after my arrival in China, I met with a curious dwarf *Lycopodium*, which I carried to Mr. Dent's garden, where my other plants were at the time. "Hai-yah," said the old compadre, when he saw it, and was quite in raptures of delight. All the coolies and servants gathered round the basket to admire this little plant. I had not seen them evince so much gratification since I showed them the "Old Man Cactus" (*Cereus senilis*) which I took out from England, and presented to a Chinese nurseryman at Canton. On asking them why they prized the *Lycopodium* so much, they replied, in Canton-English: Oh, he too much handsome; he grow only a leetle, a leetle every year; and suppose he be a hundred year old, he only so high; holding up their hands an inch or two higher than the plant.

Such is the taste of "the celestials," who dwarf their ladies' feet, and dwarf their oaks and pines into pigmy trees. We outside barbarians can't appreciate such tastes; our education is neglected.

HENRY.—A young beauty beheld one evening on a hill, two horses running off at locomotive speed with a light wagon. As they approached, she was horrified at recognizing in the occupants of the vehicle two gentlemen of her acquaintance. "Boys," she screamed in terror, "jump out—quick—especially Henry!" It is needless to say that her sentiments as to Henry were from that time no secret.

"Why do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a traveler to an Irish cart driver.
"A heavier coat of flesh? By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

SHOPPING.

BY KATE.

Did you ever go shopping? I suppose not. Gentlemen have no genius for shopping. They are not equal to it. Nature has left their faculties imperfect in that particular. They can write books and make speeches, and all that sort of thing, but they are not up to shopping. It takes the ladies for that. Men go to a store and select what they want and buy it. But that is not shopping—that requires no genius for that!

Men pretend they do not like to go shopping with the ladies. I wonder who ever asked them? What lady would have such an incumbrance on such an occasion? Men are well enough in their places. Young gentlemen are convenient to take us to concerts, and see us home from Church, and bring us bouquets and music; and husbands are useful, I suppose, to pay the bills, &c., but for a shopping excursion they are quite out of place.

Don't understand me to insinuate that I have any distinguished ability that way. Not at all—I only speak for my sex. In fact, I acknowledge that I am regarded by my lady acquaintances as a poor hand at it. But my friend Sallie is a model shopper. I am taking lessons of her, and hope to be perfect by the time I am married. A few days since she invited me with her.

"I wish to look at the new style silks," said she.

"Why, do you want a dress?" said I.
"Really," said Sallie, "if it was not impolite, I should say you were verdant. I don't want a dress—but that's no reason I should not see the material."

So Sallie and I sallied out. The first store we entered, she asked whether the merchant had received his spring goods. He said he had, and enquired what she would like to see.

"Show me your new style dresses," said she, "such as serge robes, and lawn robes; handsome striped and plaid silks; brocades and changeable silks; are not much worn this spring, but I'll look at your solid colors."

The merchant soon had his counter spread with goods. She examined and tossed the pieces about, making various ugly creases in them, to see whether they would come out again by rubbing.

"What style is most worn," inquired Sallie.

"Well, we sell probably more plaids and stripes than any other.

"Have you any with the chene stripe?"
"O yes, some very fine," and a variety of pieces were produced.

"Well I can't say after all, that I like the chene stripe; they look like the old style reviewed; I prefer the plaids; the green is very pretty."

So Sallie held it in various lights, rubbing and creasing it. "Well it don't crease much," said she, I wonder whether it will cut."

"No, it is boiled silk; and we find the plaids and stripes usually wear well."

"Your silks are quite pretty, and you may cut me off samples," continued Sallie.

This the merchant was forced to do, though with rather a bad grace, as most of his goods were in patterns, and he feared spoiling the piece.

"Will you be kind enough to give me samples of the solid colors?"

These were all furnished.
"This plaid, you say, is \$1 87. Is that the lowest?"

"Yes—we can't take less."

"How many yards in the pattern?"
"Fourteen."

"I'd rather have eighteen; perhaps I might conclude to have flounces. Well, I'll take the samples and show my mother, and then make up my mind. Have you any Coats' cotton? Give me a spool No. 33."

This was handed her, and she paid five cents, and we left. I looked at my watch. We had been there exactly one hour.

"What a cheat. I can buy these spools for four cents," said Sallie, when fairly out, "and besides, we forgot their shawls!"

So we went to another store.
"Have you Stella shawls?"

"Yes—some beautiful ones just opened. Would you see the Broche borders of the printed?"

"Both."

"Any particular colors?"

"No—I'll look at all of them," said Sallie.

Different colors, qualities and patterns, were accordingly produced.

"What is the price of this green center, Broche border?" inquired Sallie.

"We can afford you that at nine dollars—same style sold for fifteen two months ago. Some printed borders we can put up at four dollars."

"No, I prefer Broche—but can't you take less?"

I saw a twinkle in the merchant's eye, which made me think he knew she was only shopping

"Now," said he, "if you won't mention it, I'll let you have it for six."

Sallie looked surprised. She knew that style of article was selling at nine.

"Six dollars—is that your lowest?"

"Well, to oblige you, I'll say four."

A pause. "Then you think that four dollars is your very lowest?"

"Ahem! We have a large lot and I want to dispose of them. I'll say two dollars fifty cents."

Still longer pause. "Are you sure it is a first rate piece of goods?"

"I'll warrant it all silk and wool."

My friend was caught. Turning to me she whispered:

"I wish I had brought some money," and then addressing the merchant, she said, "I'll call again."

I never was so glad to get out of a store before, for the clerk had gathered round us, seeming to understand the joke.

But Sallie went home, got the money, and insisted on my returning with her to the store for the shawl. The trader said he was sorry, very, but the shawl had just been sold. And so was Sallie, too, I thought. We went shopping no more that afternoon.

SPONTANEOUS VEGETATION.

It is a well known fact, that on the first clearing up of a new country, a new species of vegetation springs up; new woods, new trees, shrubs, vines, grasses, all appearing as if they had been sown and planted by some invisible hand. Burn over this land, and still another set of plants come to light, as if the fire had brought them into being. Then again, dig up marl for manure, out of the earth 10 or 15 feet deep, moisten a lump of it and cover it with a glass bell so that no floating seeds can light upon it, and soon white clover and other plants will be seen starting up from its surface. In some regions, the *Sinapis arvensis*, a kind of mustard, generally grows up from clay taken from very deep wells.

Facts like these have led many persons to suppose that the power to bring forth certain products without the sowing of seed upon it. Else, they inquire, how could seeds lie buried so deep and so long, and not perish? Vegetable substances, as a general rule, decay rapidly, and why should seeds be an exception to this rule? And what agency has fire in promoting vegetation?

We do not believe that nature has the power of spontaneous production, either in the animal or vegetable kingdom. In the cases above referred to, we believe these plants were the descendants of others like them, growing at some former time on the same soil, or in the immediate neighborhood. The seeds may have been deposited there by floods or freshets, by the winds, by animals or birds. We have seen rice taken from the crops of pigeons which had flown a hundred miles since eating it. Some seeds will germinate only under certain conditions. In the cases first alluded to, these conditions may have been wanting, until the seeds were brought up from the deep soil of the well, or until the forest was cut down, or the fire cracked the hard and flinty shell. Every body knows that wheat and other cereals taken from Egyptian mummies several hundred years old, have afterwards germinated. They could not vegetate as long as moisture and other favorable conditions were wanting. So it is in all cases with seeds and plants.

—American Agriculturist.
Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

From the American Agriculturist. THE AMERICAN GOLDFINCH, OR "YELLOW BIRD." (*Carduelis tristis*.)

We recently asked an intelligent farmer, whether he supposed this bird remained in New-England during all the winter. He replied unhesitatingly, No, for he must have seen them, if such were the case. We exhibited to him one in its winter plumage, which was so widely different from its summer garb, that he insisted it was not the same bird, and as he would not acknowledge the force of evidence which would be conclusive to the ornithologist on the question of identity, he remains unconvinced to this day. But it is not the less true, that this lively little sparrow that glances so brilliantly in the light of an August sun, with its jet black wings and light yellow body, and which is known to almost every farmer's boy in New-York and New-England as the "Yellow bird," can not be called migratory in its habits, but remains with us during the cold and storms of our longest winters. True, he fits himself for them. The human denizen of the same geographical limits does not make a greater change between his summer and winter clothing, than this little bird. He does what human fashionables often do not—he even observes the proprieties of the case. The warm tints of his summer vestiture would be ill suited to the snows, storms and clouds of winter: accordingly, while the light, tufted feathers of his body, wings, and tail become thick and compact, and very much increased in length, they at the same time assume a more sombre hue. The yellow body is changed to a Quaker-like brown, and the jet wings grow lighter and are crossed by the transverse bars of white. The tail nearly doubles its length, and becomes more forked.

HABITS AND INSTINCTS.

The habits of this bird seem in winter materially changed. While in summer they are commonly seen in pairs, and in early autumn accompanied by their young, when strong enough for flight, in winter they become gregarious, individuals coming together in large flocks, sometimes numbering hundreds. Its flight, too, is changed. In summer it is performed in deep curved lines, alternately rising and falling after each propelling motion of the wings. Each of these curves is accomplished while uttering one or more of its sharp notes, the one accompanying the other with almost the regularity of a clock.

The curveting movement could hardly be carried out in a large flock, and in winter this peculiarity is lost entirely. The whole flock then moves straight onward, or in long graceful swoops, as if animated by a common instinct. The following account of its instinct is given upon the authority of that most accurate observer of the habits of North American birds, the veteran Audubon: "There is a trait of sagacity in the bird which is quite remarkable. When a goldfinch alights on a twig imbued with bird-lime, (a gluey substance, expressly for the purpose of securing it,) it no sooner discovers the nature of the treacherous substance, than it throws itself backward with closed wings, and hangs in that position until the bird-lime has run out in the form of a slender thread below the twig, when feeling a certain degree of security, it beats its wings and flies off, doubtless with a resolution never to alight in such a place again. I have observed those that had escaped from me in this manner, when about to alight on any twig, whether smeared with bird-lime or not, flutter over it as if to assure themselves of its being safe for them to perch upon it."

Birds like other animals, require an increased nutrition in cold weather. The bodies of all warm-blooded animals are calorific factories, which are run at a full or lesser speed as the season requires; and the rapid motion of their complicated machinery requires an increased consumption of fuel, which is but another name for food.
"But what of all this?" says the farmer. "What is this to me? Yellow birds are well enough in their way, no doubt, but of what possible good are they? Why should an agricultural paper fill its columns with matter which would be well enough in a bird book, but which

is all out of place in a practical newspaper?" Softly, good friend! Be not so hasty with your condemnations! Watch this little bird more closely, and you will find him to be a most active and industrious friend. All through the long September to April, he is hard at work for you. In the fence corners, beside the hedges, along the highways, around the stone-heaps, in many places, the thistle, nettle, white daisy, and noxious weeds of an hundred different species, which too often escape the attention of "the most careful husbandman, have grown up to rank maturity. In the swamp edges are many patches of rank wild-grass which you have not found time to cut down. Left uninjured where they are until Spring, filled with their thousands of seeds they would be scattered all over the farm or garden, giving a crop next year, neither useful nor ornamental. It is upon the seeds of these thistles, daisies, weeds, and rank grasses, that he and many other similar species live. Wherever his food is to be found, you may see him, tearing up and down the withered petals of the ripened flowers, leaning downwards upon them, eating off the seed, and scattering the down through the air. The eye of many of these small birds is one of the most wonderful things in nature: its structure enables the bird to detect its appropriate food at a long distance, and when once he has perched upon a plant, he rarely leaves a single seed.

The amount of food which one of these birds requires, is very large in proportion to the size of his body. The ceaseless activity of his muscular system during the day, can only be kept up by a corresponding amount of nutriment. Every lady who has kept a caged canary bird, knows something about his appetite. The power of flight of the goldfinch is very strong. He is a clean worker. Before snow falls, he gathers up all the seeds which have fallen upon the ground, as well as those which adhere to the parent stem; after the snow falls, he is, of course, compelled to live solely upon such food as he can find above its surface, but he rarely abandons one field until he has exhausted the supply of food there. We have known single localities, where the highway was infested with the Canada thistle, which a flock of these birds would not abandon for almost the entire winter. It is obvious that the amount of noxious vegetation thus prevented for the coming year, would be very large.

It may not be out of place here to say a word about its nest and eggs. The exterior of the nest is composed of various lichens (mosses,) fastened by the saliva of the bird, and lined with cotton or other soft materials. It is found at various distances from the ground, upon small shrubs as well as high trees. It is sometimes attached to the side only of a small twig. The eggs are five to six in number, of a bluish white, marked at the larger end with spots of reddish brown. Only one brood is reared during the season, and the young are fed from the mouth, in the same manner as the Canary.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN THE GOLD REGIONS.—Among the deep defiles of the Rocky Mountains, lately a small company of men stood around the new made grave of a dead companion. With heads uncovered they listened attentively to the words of the preacher as he offered up a prayer. While in the midst of it one of the company discovered "the color" in the earth at his feet thrown up to make room for the remains of the deceased. In a loud whisper he communicated the rather exciting intelligence to his companion. All heard it, even the clergyman, who suspended his prayer, opened his eyes to see his auditory scatter in every direction to stake of gold claims. Calling in a loud voice to them to stake him off a "claim," he reclosed his eyes, hastily concluded his prayer and started off on a run to join his fellows in securing a claim.

"We wind up clocks to make them keep running and banks to stop their running."

"The love of pleasure betrays us into pain; and many a man, through love of fame, become infamous."

DOWN IN THE MOUTH.

Some years since a large whale was caught near the Thames River, in England, and taken to the shore, where it was visited by thousands. Its huge mouth was propped open by poles, and formed a cavern large enough for a good sized man to enter very easily. A scientific gentleman, quite eager to examine the interior of this cavern, stepped inside, and upon the animal's tongue. This is a spongy mass, and in this case having been some time exposed to the air, it was as soft as a bog, and as he stepped upon it he sunk, and slipping at the same time he pitched forward headlong toward the whale's gullet. He was now in a really dangerous predicament; he sank lower and lower into the oily mass, until he nearly disappeared, and must soon have lost his life, had not the bystanders come to his assistance; as it was they had great difficulty in drawing him out of the fish with a boat hook.

"AXING FOR HER."—Colonel Dick Nash tells a rich story about "axing for her" in his earlier days. He was deeply smitten with the daughter of a wealthy old skinflint residing in Alabama.

The colonel, self-confident of success, arrayed himself in his best suit and proceeded to call on the "parent," for the purpose of obtaining the consummation he devoutly wished. Matters had all along gone on smoothly. Colonel Nash had every ground to hope for success. Finally a convenient season arrived for him to approach the old 'un. Says the colonel:

"Squire, my business to-day is to ask for your daughter's hand."

"It is, is it? What! you marry my gal? Look here, young man; leave my premises instanter, and if ever you set foot here again I'll make my niggers skin you. Marry my daughter indeed! You?"

The colonel left; he saw that the old gentleman was angry. After getting off to a safe place, he thought he would turn and take a last fond look at the home of his lost idol, when he spied the old man busy, with spade in hand, shovelling up his tracks from the yard and throwing them over the fence. Col. Nash imagined he was an unwelcome visitor in that house.

BRICK TEA.—"One half the world know not how the other half live," is an old adage verified every day. Modern travelers are continually bringing to light something new in the habits of other nations. A recent explorer on the Amoor River, in Siberia, thus describes what is called "Brick Tea!" "It is a solid mass about eleven inches long, six inches wide, and one and a half inches thick, and is made from the last gatherings and the refuse of the tea crops. The leaves and stalks are wet, mixed with bullock's blood and pressed in a mold. When wanted for use, pieces are chopped off with an ax, bruised between two stones, rubbed in the hands, and thrown into a cauldron. A bowl of sour cream, and a handful of millet meal with a little salt are added, and all is boiled for half an hour, and served up hot." It is said to answer a very good purpose for a man hungry enough not to be ever-nice; but most persons would prefer to take their tea and soup separately.

A GOOD WITNESS.—Lawyer—Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with malice prepense?

Witness—No, sir; he knocked him down with a flatiron.

Lawyer—You misunderstand me, my friend; I want to know whether he attacked him with any evil intent.

Witness—Oh! no, sir; it was outside the tent.

Lawyer—No, no; I wish you to tell me whether the attack was a preconcerted affair.

Witness—No, sir; it was not a free concert affair; it was at a circus.

"Father, did you ever have another wife beside mother?"

"No, my son; what possessed you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the family Bible where you married Anna Dominy, 1838, and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."