

certainly have treated him as his station merited. Besides, I should have had Mr. \*\*\*\*\* ask him to our party this evening. He would have been such a lion! But lack-a-day, I've been such a fool: to mistake an English nobleman for a country farmer. What will the B's and the O's and the H's say when they learn of it, as they certainly will. I shall never hear the end of such an unlucky *fox pas*.—*Chicago Democrat*.

#### AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Free-thinkers and infidels often ridicule religion, and those embracing it, but there is that within them which tells them that religion is a reality, and that those who are actuated by its spirit, and governed by its principles, are entitled to confidence and respect.

The following anecdote was related to us a few days since. It has probably been published, and better than we can tell it—but it will bear repetition.

Two men were travelling in the far west—one a skeptic and the other a Christian. The former was on every occasion ready to denounce religion as an imposture, and professors as hypocrites. According to his own account of the matter, he always suspected those who made pretensions to piety—felt particularly exposed in the company of a Christian—took special care of his horse and his pockets when the saints were around him.

They had travelled late one evening, and were in the wilderness; they at last drew near to a solitary hut, and were rejoiced at the prospect of a shelter, however humble. They asked admission, and obtained it. But it is almost as dreary and comfortless within as without, and there was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the inhabitants. There were an elderly man, his wife, and two sons—sun-burnt, hardy and rough. They were apparently hospitable, and welcomed the travellers to such homely fare as the forest afforded; but this air of kindness might be assumed to deceive them, and the travellers became seriously apprehensive that evil was intended. It was a lonely place, suited to deeds of robbery and blood. No help was at hand. The two friends communicated to each other their apprehensions, and resolved that on retiring to their part of the hut, for there were two apartments in it, they would secure it as well as they could against the entrance of their host—would have their weapons of defence at hand, and would take turns through the night in watching, so that one of them should be constantly on guard while the other slept.

Having hastily made their arrangements, they joined the family, partook of their homely fare, and spoke of retiring to rest. The old man said it had been his practice in better times, and he continued it still, before his family went to rest at night, to commend them to God, and if the strangers had no objection he would do so now. The Christian rejoiced to see a brother in the wilderness, and even the skeptic could not conceal his satisfaction at the proposition. The old man took a well-worn Bible, on which no dust was gathered, though age had marked it, and read with reverence a portion of the Sacred Scripture. He then supplicated the Divine protection, acknowledged the Divine goodness, and prayed for pardon, guidance, grace and salvation. He prayed, too, for the strangers—that they might be prospered on their journey, and at the close of their earthly journey, they might have a home in heaven. He was evidently a man of prayer, and that humble cottage was a place where prayer was wont to be made.

The travellers retired to their apartment. According to their previous arrangements, the skeptic was to have the first watch at night, but instead of priming his pistols and bracing his nerves for the attack, he was for wrapping himself in his great-coat and covering himself in the blanket, as if he never thought of danger. His friend reminded him of their arrangements, and asked him how he had lost his apprehensions of danger? The skeptic felt the force of the question, and of all it implied—and he had the frankness to acknowledge that he could feel himself as safe as at a New England fireside, in any house or in any forest where the Bible was read as the old man read it, and prayers were offered as the old man prayed. —*Exeter News Letter*.

Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making;—and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that will be troublesome to you in after time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed. —*Sir Matthew Hale*.

THE "EXPEDITION" TO KERTCH.—The chief topic of the newspaper correspondence this week from the Crimea, is the sudden return, on the morning of the 6th, of the expedition which it was presumed had left for the purpose of attacking Kertch. The fleet, consisting of about 40 sail, with nearly 12,000 men on board, arrived at the rendezvous, lat. 44.54, long. 36.28 one morning and on the previous night, and were summoned to return to the place whence they came by an express steamer. The destination of the expedition was Kertch Straits, where they were to land at a small bay, just beyond Kamiesch Point, and about ten miles from Kertch. Their first endeavours were to have been directed to an attack by land and sea on Fort St. Paul, lying about eight miles from Kertch, a fortress mounting twenty-one guns. It was intended to march along the shore and attack it in rear, whilst the fleet bombarded it in front. After having dismantled this place, they were to proceed on to Kertch. The main object of the expedition was to destroy the depots of reserve stores stationed there by the enemy, and to open a road into the sea of Azof. The expedition, as we have said, had reached its destination, or at any rate within a few miles of it, at daylight, and were preparing to disembark. They could see the forts at about eight miles' distance. At this moment a signal was hoisted from the admiral's ship for captains to come on board, and on their return the order was given to return to Balaklava!

The correspondent of the Herald, who was on board one of the vessels, says:—The news came upon us like a thunderbolt. No one could believe that he had heard aright, and all seemed marvelously inclined to be insubordinate, and attack Kertch on their own hook. But the orders were far too clear to leave any loophole for mistake. They were given plainly and coolly; they were distinctly heard, and were evidently said with the most intense disgust and dissatisfaction. \* \* \* And now your readers will naturally ask why did we return? The answer is the simplest in the world—because we were all recalled by a message from Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, who had received a despatch from the French Emperor ordering the allied troops to be concentrated with all speed. This is the whole reason—hardly a sufficient one—as it now turns out that a great mistake has been made, and the electric telegraph message mis-translated. The message was, that if the details of the expedition to Kertch were not already arranged, the allied troops should be concentrated and the expedition abandoned. But the first and most important part of the message was overlooked—only the order for the concentration of the allies was translated, and though the expedition was arranged—had started—arrived—and in two hours more would have landed, this was deemed sufficient to abandon the whole design, and return the troops to their different quarters!

Sir Edmund Lyons is said to be unwell, and his illness is attributed to chagrin at the result of the expedition, or rather at the want of it.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—A seaman of the fleet before Sebastopol, whose family lives at Polperro, in this country, was ordered on shore for the purpose of assisting in burying the slain who fell in a late attack of the Russians on the British batteries and almost the first person he met with on landing was one of his brothers, of whose presence in the fleet he was not informed, and who had been severely wounded in the late engagement. From him he learnt that his two other brothers were all serving in the Naval Brigade on shore; and with him he remained till he saw him expire. He then proceeded on the duty for which he had landed, and soon discovered the bodies of his other brothers, who had been killed in the battle. His feelings may be imagined, as he assisted in laying these three brothers of his own, side by side in one grave.—*Cornwall Royal Gaz.*

SINGULAR CASE.—The Northampton Courier relates a singular case regarding a daughter of James Damon of Chesterfield, who some three years since fell down a flight of stairs, bringing on a sickness which it was thought would result in death. She recovered, however, with the loss of her sight and hearing, but her appetite took a peculiar turn and for weeks she would eat nothing but candy and raisins, and since last fall, nothing but apples. A few weeks ago she commenced eating maple buds, since, which time she has nearly regained her former health and activity, and her sight and hearing are restored.

When the immortal Sidney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his hand writing—he said: "When God hath brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

## Agriculture.

### WHAT DEPRESSES AGRICULTURE.

The principal cause of the depression that exists in the agricultural interests in this country, is primarily to be looked for in the peculiar spirit of the age. Men forget that the true middle between great wealth and a necessity of laboring to supply the daily wants of life, is the happiest and most independent condition, and with the most the great object seems to be to acquire wealth by some short cut. A feverish excitement seems to have spread from the few to the mass, and there can hardly be found a young man reared in the country, and with that knowledge of the world abroad which is within the reach of all, but he dreams of wealth to be made by commercial speculation of the cities, acquired in some far-off adventure, or arrived at in some more direct way than by the cultivation of the soil. They forget that peace contentment and plenty are all that the most fortunate ventures, or the most unbounded wealth can procure for them, and the surest way of obtaining these is by following the primitive occupation of man,—the cultivation of the earth. They forget, also, that those who stand to-day as our leading merchants, speculators, or professional men, a few years hence must be the poor men of the country. Yet so it is. The most careful statistics show that if you take a principal business street in any of our larger cities, and register the names of those doing business on them, who enjoy the reputation of being the "heavy men," (if this be an enjoyment,) and in ten years you will not find one in ten of the same men doing business there. Trace out their history, and its close may the oftenest be found in the records of the alms house, or the "successful merchant" of the present time, may in his age be found going back to the avocation of his youth, unfitted by his exhausted powers and modified habits, for its successful prosecution, or yet, (and what is worse,) broken down merchants, true to the force of habit, struggling to rise again to the position from which they have fallen in fluctuations of trade.

This is, as we have said, no fanciful picture, but a deduction made from the most careful observations. It is a sad reality that according to the nine tenths of the hopeful and active merchants of the present time, are doomed to a disappointment at some future day, perhaps at a period in life when it is too late to begin anew. This is a startling fact, and one that it would be well for our agricultural interest were it more known and more strongly impressed upon our young men.—But, as we have already said, this peculiar restless spirit of the times, this ambition to get rich in trade which it has been too much the fashion to land calling it "great activity," and "bold enterprise," is drawing largely from the classes that create wealth, as distinguished from the classes who create nothing but only deal with what others have created and made to hold a value in money.

Dean Swift it is who says that the man who will show us how to make two blades of grass to grow where only one would grow before, does a greater benefit to mankind, than the mightiest captain, or the most distinguished statesman; and also Carlyle says the nameless boor who first hammered out for himself a spade wrought out for his fellows a benefit perhaps greater than the most brilliant achievements of modern inventive genius. It is because these philosophers looked at the distinction between wealth actually created, and that which is acquired by traffic with the already created value. The man who raises some tons of hay, or some barrels of grain, or who takes the native wood of the forest and makes a chair, or table, or sofa, adds something to the aggregate of the world's wealth; while the mere trader in property created, or in its representative in the shape of stocks, bonds or money, adds nothing. And there is a system of checks and balances in almost everything that matters aright. According to sound philosophy, the producers of wealth should be, in the aggregate, its largest possessor,—and we believe this is true in the fact. There is no class of men in the country who are more free from the fluctuations of the times, and more independent than the industrious and intelligent farmers. It is hard to get this fact believed. The farmer sees the merchant or speculator immersed in transactions that confound all his ideas of trade and startle him because of their magnitude, and he thinks the evil stars have presided at his birth—but does not reflect that that merchant may carry to his pillow a sleepless head, that all the night is scheming about his means or credits that are to carry him over the week, and keep the very bed he sleeps on, out from under the auctioneer's hammer.

Thus we have glanced at one of the causes that depress agriculture. We must administer a sedative to quell this thirst for mercantile life and speculation, that prevades at least one half of the people, and draws thousands and thousands from the pursuit that does the most for the increase of the world's wealth, while it ensures the most desirable gifts that the Creator bestows upon man.

### WHAT CAN BE DONE IN A GARDEN.

Thirteen years ago I purchased an establishment consisting of a dwelling-house, barn, carriage and wood-house, calculating to make it a permanent residence. There was attached a little land for a garden, on which were just five apple trees, and in front of the house were three trees of the Balm of Gilead; the trees were all about six inches in diameter at that time; but two of the apple trees were hollow, and I cut one of them down, after trying to make it do something and finding I could not.

Well, all the apple trees bore something for fruit, but so crabbed and sour they would make a pig squeal. For amusement, I grafted all the four gradually, or year by year, cutting off the old branches and grafting the limbs with Roxbury Russets, New York Russets, Baldwins, &c., all the best I could find. Now, I have had about ten barrels of good apples, annually, to put up for winter, for three or four years past, besides all we have used in the family of five, and we have used them freely all we wanted till time to gather the winter apples.

I have a yard in front of my house about forty feet square, in front of which are two of the Balm of Gilead trees before mentioned, which are now large trees, and have been left outside of the front fence; but inside of the fence I set out, about ten years ago, three pear trees of the common summer pear, which now give us all the pears we want, for they have borne well for about four years. From the pear trees to the house, I filled the space with flower beds, and have many varieties, say twenty kinds of roses, and nearly one hundred kinds of other flowers. I have planted on the south side of my buildings, next to the passage to the barn, plums, peaches and grapes. The peaches have not succeeded well, nor the plums, so I cut the plum trees off, and grafted them with the Green and Purple Gage, only three or four years ago, and now I have plenty of the finest plums I ever saw, so that I have to prop the small branches. My grapes began to bear last year; I had about a bushel, and I should think about double the quantity this year. I have set out some quince trees, but they do not bear yet.

Besides the trees and grape vines, I have annually raised about ten or fifteen bushels of potatoes, six or seven bushels of beets and cabbages, some English turnips and ruta bagas, and a few cabbages and onions, as many as our folks wanted to use. We have also had beans, peas and corn, what we wanted to use green; and I have annually had about three or four bushels of dry corn, one bushel of pop corn, and sweet corn enough to plant myself and supply all my neighbors. Also I have annually raised cucumbers, water and musk melons, summer and winter squashes, one or two hundred or one thousand pounds of pumpkins. All this has been raised on less than half an acre of ground, including buildings and drive way, and I have had more vegetables for years in my family than some men that cultivate one hundred acres—all on poor, gravelly, New Hampshire land, without any help but my girls in the flower department. And, as Goldsmith says, "we make every rod of ground support its man."

INTERESTING MARRIAGE.—A singular marriage has just been celebrated in the chapel of the Hotel des Invalides, that of a Zouave, who lost both feet and hands in the siege of Sebastopol, with a young woman of some property. The couple it seems, were engaged to be married before the Zouave left for Sebastopol; and when he came back, so frightfully but so gloriously mutilated, his betrothed generously declared that she would keep her word. The marriage was attended by the Governor of the Hotel and his staff, and by all the invalids. The Emperor and Prince Jerome caused themselves to be represented by aides-de-camp, and the Empress by a Lady of Honour.—After the ceremony, the cross of the Legion of Honour was presented to the hero in the name of the Emperor, and a valuable present to the bride in the name of the Empress. The Zouave has, besides, been admitted to the Hotel des Invalides and promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant.—*Calignani*.

THREE THINGS THAT NEVER BECOME RUSTY.—The money of the benevolent, the shoes on the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.