

rapidly, and yet is unable to meet the increasing demand in England. Only a few years ago there was not an export of one thousand gallons per annum from Monrovia, but now it has swelled up to at least seven hundred thousand gallons. The trade in ground nuts with France is becoming of great importance, and so it is with all the other articles of African produce, the demand for which in England, France and Germany is far greater than the supply. Western Africa is believed to contain fifty millions of inhabitants, and the natural products of the country are rich and varied, comprising gold, ivory, coffee, sugar, dyes, fruits, nuts, woods, &c. No better field could be asked for commercial enterprise.

**MISS BURDETT COURTS.**—Seldom has the responsibility which attaches to the possession of large property been more thoroughly, or practically, realised, than in the case of Miss Burdett Courts.—We have seen her at one time founding bishoprics in the colonies,—at another building churches in the metropolis,—and we have admired the piety and munificence which led her to consecrate her worldly wealth, with so unsparing a hand, to the strengthening and extension of the Church, and the spread of pure religion, at home and abroad. We have seen her, again, in a remote part of England, liberally helping humble working men, who had formed themselves an association to establish an Orphan's Home, so that their children, if deprived of their natural protectors, might have better shelter than the workhouse roof, and better education than they would meet with in the workhouse; and we have felt that sympathy was never better bestowed, than encouraging the spirit of independence and self reliance, which promoted so praiseworthy an effort. We have seen her, within the last week, distributing, with her own hand, among the schoolmistress and pupil teachers in the Whitelands Training Institution, the prizes which she had offered for proficiency in "the knowledge of common things," and we need no stronger proof that her judgment is equal to her munificence, and that she rightly apprehends, and is doing her best to extend, the kind of education which the people of this country most especially require.—She has herself defined it, in pointing out, as most worthy of encouragement, those teachers "who will strive to promote to the best of their means and ability, among the children under their care a sound scriptural education, industrious habits, and such an amount of information upon all subjects connected with their wants and occupations, as will make them happier and more useful in their several stations and classes." The necessity of religious training all are ready to admit; the importance of "industrious habits" is matter of inculcation; the "knowledge of common things," while it is one of the matters in which education, in England, is most lamentably deficient, has hardly yet been generally recognised as a necessity.—Miss Burdett Courts is one of those who feel that it is a necessity; and she rightly judges that the first step towards communicating this knowledge in the masses of the people is to "teach the teachers."—*English Paper.*

**EVIL-SPEAKING.**—The following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. J. Gurney, by one who as a child, was often one of his family circle:

One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem and I was about to speak further of her failing of temper. In a few moments my eyes caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart.—I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely:

"Dost thou not know any good thing to tell us of her?"

I did not answer; and the question was more seriously asked:

"Think: is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?"

"O, yes: I know some good thing, but—"

"Would it not have been better, then, to relate these good things, than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity," thou knowest."

Why is a fall of snow like war? Because "it leads to slaying!"

**THE COOL CAPTAIN AND THE LISPING LIEUTENANT.**—A good story has been told of a lispng officer having been victimised by a brother officer who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves and his getting square with him in the following manner.

The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lispng officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness, "all nonsense, as I tell you lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lispng friend, "how would you do, thpose a thell with an inthfuthes thould drop itthelf in a walled angle, in which you have taken thelter from a company of tharpthoothorth and were it wath thertain if you put out your nothe you'd get popped."

"How?" said the captain winking at the circle, "why take it cool and spit on the fuse."

The party broke up and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade and talking in clusters when along came the lispng lieutenant.—Lazily opening his eyes he remarked, "I thaw to try an experiment thith morning and thee how exceedingly cool you can be." Saying this he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hot centre a powder cannister and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters and that was on the parade ground, the road being built up for defence; the occupant took one look at the cannister, comprehended his situation and in a moment dashed at the door but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain.

"Thipt on the cannister," shouted he in return. Not a moment was to be lost, he had snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now, dropping it he raised the window, and out he bounded minus everything but a short under garment, and thus, with hair almost upon end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him brought the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thipt on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because they were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I've got to thay, then, ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware there wathen't a single grain of powder in it." The captain has never spoke of nervousness since.

A mother always insisted that her children should append "ma'am" to every answer, in the negative or affirmative which they gave her.

One day they had pork-and-beans for dinner (properly cooked, a dinner for a king, or the President of the United States) and after one of the little boys had twice emptied his plate, his mother, with the "serving spoon" in the dish said:

"Freddy, do you want some more?"

"No," said he.

"No!" exclaimed his mother; "no! What else? No what?"

"No beans!" said the little fellow—don't want none."

Now that "little rascal" knew perfectly well that he was expected to say "No, ma'am;" but sometimes children are wags!

We believe it is Sir Walter Scott who used to tell a story of a woman whom he met somewhere in the Lowlands of Scotland, who, in summoning up the misfortunes of a "Black year" in her history, said:

"Let me see, sir: first, we lost our wee bairn; and then Jenny; and then the good man himself died; and then the cow died too—poor hixzy!—but, to be sure, her hide brought me fifteen shillings!"

We should like to have heard Scott tell his anecdote, with his broad Scotch burr, and the twinkle of his eye, as he "placed his accent."

**HAS THE THING LIT.**—A gawky backwoods boy was once at a depot on one of the Georgia railroads and was of course deeply interested in gazing for the first time at the mighty "fixins." Finally he got inside of a car, and, while indulging his unbounded curiosity, the whistle screamed, the bell rang, the steam-horse began to surge at the rate of "240." "O lordy, shouted the boy: "stop it! stop it! I aint a gwine!" and, bursting forward he opened the door, and jumped out on the platform. Just then the train was crossing a deep and cavernous-looking gorge on trestle work, and, seeing the earth and tree-tops beneath him he fainted and fell. Directly he came to, and looking up at the conductor, who stood by him, he exclaimed with a deep sigh—"O lordes, stranger, has the thing lit?"

**NEW MODE OF COPPERING VESSELS.**—English papers state that M. Oudry, of France, has made preliminary experiments for applying electrotype on an enormous scale—no other than to the coppering of wood and iron ships of whatever tonnage. The vessel should be coated with an adhesive species of varnish, then placed in a dock to which the copperay solution would be admitted; and then by a series of piles, the requisite thickness of copper would be deposited in from eight to ten days. The advantage promised are diminution of cost and perfection of results; for, there being no joints in the copper, destructive animals could not penetrate, neither would there be such an accumulation of weeds on the bottom as now take place.—*State of Maine.*

**A KANSAS WANT.**—A correspondent of the Hillsdale Gazette, after mentioning rifles and some other things, which he says they do not want in Kansas, states a real necessity, as follows:

"A young Missourian came to my office yesterday on business, having left his claim about one hundred miles west, a few days since, where he had been living about four months. He said, among other things, 'there are plenty of men up there, but I have not seen a woman for about four months. There is an Illinois man up there who has got a woman's dress, and carries it round for a show, charging one dollar a sight, and is getting rich at it.'"

**MOUSTACHE WORN BY CLERGYMEN.**—When the Episcopalian wig came into fashion, it would seem that the beard was no longer worn by clergymen. In looking over a collection of prints, I find Wickliffe, William Tyndale, Dean Doane, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, Robert Burton, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Spotswood, Thomas Fuller, Usher the Primate, and Robert South, all using the moustache, as did John Knox and Bunyan. The Jesuits in India, I believe, still wear it. I have been unable to trace the latest instance of a clergyman wearing his gown and cassock in the streets; the custom apparently died out in the reign of one of the early Georges.—*Notes and Queries.*

**READING ALOUD.**—There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. Indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say. Many a lad can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two.

**HAPPY TEMPER.**—Dr. Hugh, Bishop of Worcester, had a weather glass which cost thirty guineas; his servant was ordered to bring it into the room to show it to some company, who, in handing it to his lordship, let it fall, and broke it in pieces.—The good old man desired they would not be uneasy at the accident. "I think," said he, "it is a lucky omen; we have had a long dry season, now I hope we shall have rain, for I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low before."

A son of the Emerald Isle lately had occasion to visit the city in his vehicle. Having arrived at his point of destination he alighted and proceeded to transact his business. On returning to the place where he had left his horse and wagon, he was astonished that his horse had run away. "Sure, an did he break the rein?" inquired he of his informant. "No, I believe not," was the reply. "Well, thin, how in the name of St. Patrick could he have got loose; for, sure, an' I tied the reins to the wagon."

A man was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner. They can't be such a rare breed—I have some very like them in my yard." "That's very likely, sir, replied the farmer, these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

A rather credulous individual, on being told that he should not believe more than half he heard, asked, "Which half shall I credit?"

A man advertises for "a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be found profitable to the undertaker." No doubt of it.

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jem." "Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah but adversity didn't try me; it was an Old Bailey Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

## Agricultural.

**REMEDY FOR CHAFES AND GALLS ON CATTLE AND HORSES.**—One ounce of blue vitriol (sulphate of zinc) dissolve in four quarts of water. When horses are chafed by the saddle, or oxen galled by the yoke, bathe the wounded parts freely several times a day, and they will rapidly heal under its use. In these times, when it is difficult to get rum to wash animals that are chafed, it is well for farmers and stable-keepers to keep a jug of the above remedy ready prepared for use. It is much better than rum, which is generally used for the same purpose.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

**CURE FOR HEAVES.**—Take some weed commonly called smart weed, that grows along the roadside, or in the fields in low places; steep it in boiling water till the strength is all out, and give the horse one quart of the liquid every day for eight or ten days. Mix it with bran or shorts if he will eat, if not, pour it down him with a bottle. Give him green or cut feed wet up with water during the operation, and I will warrant a cure. Horses with heaves will be troubled with it about as bad this dry and dusty weather, as they will in the spring of the year. This medicine is so simple and easy to be obtained, that some may not think it worth their while to try it; but simple medicines many times prove more effectual than those obtained at a great expense. Now is the time to secure the weed, and I say to those interested, try it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**HOW TO KEEP HARNESS IN ORDER.**—Take Neats Foot Oil, and Ivory or Patent Black—the latter well pulverised, or to be made so before using.—Mix thoroughly—adding the black until the oil is well colored, or quite black. In cool weather the oil should be warmed somewhat, before mixing.—With a sponge apply a light coat of the mixture—only what the leather will absorb, unless the harness is very dry, in which case a heavier one may be necessary. After the harness is dry—which will be in from two hours to half or a whole day, depending upon the weather and previous condition of the leather—wash thoroughly with soap suds. In making the suds use good Castile soap and cold rain water. (Warm water should never be used on harness leather.) Apply the suds with a sponge. Rub off with buckskin. This will give your harness a nice, glossy surface, and the leather will retain a good color and continue pliable for months. If it becomes soiled with mud or sweat, an application of soap and water as above directed, (without oiling,) will be sufficient to give it a bright appearance.

Two applications of this oil and black mixture a year, (or once every six months, will be sufficient to keep harness, as ordinarily used, in good order. It may be necessary for livery men, and others who use harness constantly, to apply the oil oftener—but in most cases two oilings a year, and washing with suds when soiled, will keep a harness in good trim for sight and service. This process will pay a large dividend in extra service and durability,—to say nothing of improved appearance.

Ald. B. assures us that the same, or a very similar application is just the thing for carriage tops which are made of top leather. The only difference in treatment is, that less oil should be used or rather a lighter coating applied—and it should be washed off before drying in, top-leather being thin and much more penetrable than harness. Of course this mixture would not answer for enameled leather of which some carriage tops are constructed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**FARMERS.**—Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall, commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job the honest, upright, and patient, war a farmer, and his patience has passed into a proverb.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the Muse found him at the plough, and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

The enthusiastic Lafayette—the steadfast Pickering—the scholastic Jefferson—the versatile Randolph—all found an Eldorado of consolation from the cares and troubles of life, in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.

The man who keeps up a large correspondence is martyr tied, not to the stake, but to the post.