

front rooms are cold and dreary, only opened occasionally for company, or on Sunday after meeting, or at thanksgiving or in case of a wedding. Such is the interior. The furniture, plain and useful, is of a kind which endureth forever. Neatness is a cultivated virtue. Now let us look outside. The house stands in an elbow of the road, fronting neither arm, and as it has no cardinal virtues it gives neither of its fronts to the cardinal points of the compass. No fence intervenes between the road and house, nothing to prevent a brood of pigs, with their venerable mother from camping in the cool shade by the side of the great broad stone front-door step, a privilege which they improve in summer morning hours. From two transverse corners of the house, rough stone walls project out into the highway; one of them is a pasture fence, the entrance bars of which are within fifty feet of the front door. The other wall is part of the garden enclosure, if an acre lot of straggling vegetables, and currant and quince bushes can be called by that honorable name. This wall, the road and house, bound a triangular-shaped piece of ground of about a quarter of an acre, the home of the wood pile; the debris of which has not been removed since its first foundation was laid. Upon this triangle, there is at all times a better assortment of old wagons, carts, sleds, stone drags and other breakneck conveniences than ever will be found in the Word's Fair. Cornerwise, across the road from the house, stands a barn, and cornerwise to that another, and correspondingly the corn house stands cornerwise to both, and all open to the road, or rather upon a triangular court, exactly matching the wood-pile tract, except it seems to have been shoved just the length of it out of place. This is the milking yard. The well is in the middle of the road, between the house and barn, and might be driven into by every night traveler, but for the stout oak curb. Here in all its ancient glory, may be seen the old oaken bucket, with its long pole and sweep, hung on a pivot in the well crotch, which in addition to that service, has the honor of upholding the cart body whenever it is taken off the wheels. For tea and drinking, the water of this well has been tabooed. Accordingly water has to be brought by hand from "the spring" nearly a quarter of a mile from the house, though by a water ram it might be sent up in one continuous stream.

Around, or near the house, either in front or rear, there is not a tree for shade or fruit, except a row of quinces along the garden back wall, and a row of mulberry trees below the barn.

This is a true picture, drawn from life, of a New-England farm-house, owned and occupied by an intelligent family, "well to do in the world," who might do better if they had any taste. Is it not high time a better taste were put in training? Is it not high time that Common School teachers were taught to teach those who will by-and-bye come into possession of the old homestead, that taste is one of the most important ingredients of improvement and refined civilized life? Around the new settler's log-cabin we cannot always expect to find these marks of refinement, yet if it is occupied by one who was educated in a school where taste in the adornments of home is taught as a virtue, the effects of the early teaching will show itself in the very incipient stages of transforming the wilderness into cultivated fields, and the song of "Woodman spare that tree" will not be sung in vain.

Unfortunately, however, too many of those who go forth into the wilderness, received their education in just such an old homestead as we have depicted. The consequence is just such a home as the one described in the following extract from the letter of "A Lady in the Woods," in *The Michigan Farmer*. She says.

"Let us give you a sketch from life. There is the 'shell of a house,' and the railfences in front, but the pig-trough is not under it, for although the family have lived there six years they have never had a pig-trough yet—they have not time to make one. Mrs. T. eaves her kitchen slops (what she does not throw down

by the back door) in a large iron pot, and when that is full she sets it by the front gate, inside the yard, with one of the children to stand by and let in one pig at a time till each has a taste, or rather a smell of it; for by the time the second one is to be turned out, if not before, the pot is upset in the struggle between the hog and the child, the gate is unguarded, and the outsiders rush in 'en masse,' and lick up what they can get from the ground. The children consider themselves fortunate if this 'feeding' does not end in a half day's chase over the garden and cornfield. When these porkers are put up 'to fat,' there is a hole made in the ground in one corner of their pen, and water is poured in that, for them to drink. The family seldom have a stick of wood cut before it is wanted, though the wood pile lies very conveniently by the front door; for Mr. T. finds it much easier when he brings up a 'jag' from the woods to throw it over the fence there, than to pull down and cut up the rails, as he must do if he takes it to the back door. There are two or three broken sleds and part of a harrow on one side of the gate, on the other side the wagon and cart stand, when not in use, and piles of old boards and bricks and rubbish of all kinds fill the fence corners. A miserable log shed stands as an excuse for a barn, the cattle are unsheltered in winter, and everything about the premises wears an aspect of negligence, or rather of downright laziness. And who are the managers of this farm? A father and two stout sons nearly grown to manhood. The soil is productive, their cattle prosper in spite of neglect, and yet poverty seems to be their inheritance."

We could give many a picture of log-cabin life far more vivid than this, the truth of which we could vouch for. Yet it is not necessary to go to the woods for specimens of want of rural taste; they are as plenty as blackberries all over the country. The question is, How shall this evil be corrected? for corrected it must be before the starting point of intellectual or agricultural improvement is reached. You might just as well think of civilizing a naked savage without first clothing him, as to make first rate citizens of those who live in houses as naked as the savage of all that should, and would if they were rightly taught, adorn the homes of those who own the soil they till.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Prosperity and the Public Morals.

INCREASE OF DRUNKENNESS.

As far as the summer assizes have advanced, it has been, says the *News and Chronicle*, made evident that while prosperity has lessened the number of indictments for small thefts, it has added to the list of crimes proceeding from the indulgence of the sensual appetites. Of these, the first is drunkenness. Trace home the cases of cutting and wounding—one, at least, of the parties will be found to have been drinking; or a case of assault, and it turns out to be a public-house row; or a murder, and drinking is at the bottom of it. Sooner or later (as the *Morning Post*, which often contains articles exceedingly interesting to social reformers, observes) it must come to this—that the Legislature will have to punish the sin of drunkenness with a severer hand. At present, it is often successfully pleaded in extenuation of the greater offences to which it leads. A man beats his wife within an inch of her life, and then pleads that he has not the slightest recollection of it, having been drunk at the time. And, strange to say, this is often admitted in mitigation of punishment; whereas, the only right way of dealing with such a plea is to reject it altogether. The man who puts himself, by beastly self-indulgence, into a condition in which he is not master of his own actions, must be answerable for all he does while in that condition. But this is not the only check that may be given to drunkenness. The temptation to it ought to be lessened as much as possible; and this might be done with great advantage by diminishing the number of beer-shops to which a license is granted for the beer "to be drunk on the premises." Upon this head the *Morning Post* remarks:—

"In the suburbs of London, and all over the rural districts, the greatest moral pests which curse the labors of the