

## Scrap.

**A TAUGHTFUL WIFE.**—A friend says he has a dear, loving little wife, and an excellent housekeeper. On her birthday she moved her low rocking chair close to his side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly towards his coat collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel. She moved her hand up and down his coat sleeve. 'Husband,' said she, 'What, my dear?' 'I was just thinking.' 'Was you my love?' 'I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would make a rag carpet.' He says he felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

**SENSATIONS ON BEING FIRST KISSED.**—An English writer, (a lady) thus embodies her virgin emotions in the words of a timid confessional:—\* \* \* 'The first time she was kissed, she felt like a vase of roses swimming in honey and eau-de-cologne.—She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread by melted rainbows.'

**A NEW FASHION.**—In marrying thus early and in marrying for love, the Prince has set an example to the young men of England of the upper and middle classes, of whom it is the commonest reproach and grief of young men and maidens that they find a comfort in celibacy which they are too unwilling to renounce. We may now expect that a reasonably early marriage between young people who love each other will now become the fashion instead of the jest, and we are sure that society will be improved and purified by such an innovation as this.—N. Y. PAPER.

**NOT PROPER FOR WOMAN TO TWINKLE.**—The twinkling of anything bright is owing to its sin-tillation or irregular change of apparent magnitude. Hence to compare the beauty of an unmarried female to 'a twinkling star' is manifestly incorrect.—Arago affirms, that 'in so far as naked-eye observers of the heavens are concerned, scintillations, or twinkling, consists in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These variations are always accompanied by variations of color and secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alteration in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centres.'—HOME JOURNAL.

**AFFLICTIONS.**—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence and the old man was wet to the skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because Providence had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, 'How wrong was I not to endure patiently! If the weather had been dry and fair I should not probably have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property.' It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

**PRINT IT IN LETTERS OF GOLD.**—A father bade his son drive a nail in a certain post whenever he committed a certain fault, and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails. The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretion, and set about reforming himself. One by one the nail was drawn out; the delighted father commended him for his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults. 'They are all drawn out,' said the parent. 'The boy looked sad, and with a heavy heart he replied, 'True father; but the scars are still there.' Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy characters must sow the seed at the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make a useful member of society; but, alas, the scars are there! The reformed drunkard, gambler, and thief, is only the wreck of the man he once was.

## HUMBBUG IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

\* But it is not merely in the humblest stratum of society that bad taste in photography finds a ready market. It flourishes abundantly in the middle class. Every street passenger must have noted those portraits of Royal personages with which the shop windows have recently abounded. Probably he has got a round dozen or so of them in his album. He is a loyal man, and wishes to have about him what he considers authentic likenesses of the Sovereign, of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of the other members of the family that reigns over us. Even if he does not care about such matters his wife and daughters do, and the photographs must be had. Besides, they cost only a shilling each, so that for a guinea or two we might almost provide ourselves with illustrations of the whole 'Almanach de Gotha.' The photographic artists of Belgium know where their most numerous customers are to be found; and Brussels supplies England with the means of gratifying her curiosity in this respect. Paterfamilias buys a heap of shilling cartes de visite, and fancies that he has got the veritable effigies of Royalty. He does not know that a vast number of these supposed portraits from the life are 'cooked up' by foreign artists, whose main object is to make everything look pretty and sentimental. The result is often miserably false and bad. Here, for instance, we have lying before us a card which contains portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, issued several weeks before they were married. His Royal Highness sits in a chair, while the Princess stands over the back of the chair, with her hands resting on his shoulders. Pretty, is it not?—sentimental, sweet, and lover-like? Very—only not quite probable, nor in the best taste. That a young lady may have stood in that attitude of tender watching, at the chair of her future husband, is likely enough,—but she would never think of being photographed at so confiding a moment. The lover would certainly object to the artist 'posing' his intended in any such way, and the lady herself would object to it with still greater vehemence. Can Paterfamilias possibly believe that the Prince and Princess allowed themselves to be shown after this fashion to the general gaze? Yet we believe that this particular carte has sold enormously, together with its companion, in which the position of the figures is reversed. Then there is another photograph, representing our widowed Queen contemplating a portrait of the Prince Consort, with the Royal children grouped, in the manner of a tableau, around her; and there is another, still more theatrical, depicting the Queen and the young Princesses wreathing a bust of the departed with festoons of flowers. Within the last few days we have even been introduced in this way to the very death-bed of Prince Albert! The publisher thinks the photograph will be an attractive, though sad memorial; and he is probably well assured of his ground.

It is quite lamentable that any one should believe these fancy pictures to be photographs from life, or real scenes; yet we doubt not that they are generally so accepted.—People are actually so ignorant as to suppose that Her Majesty, who has withdrawn herself from public life ever since her great affliction, would have permitted a photographer for his trading purposes, thus to invade the very privacy of her grief.—London paper, March 28th.

**ORIGIN OF SOME FAMILIAR PHRASES.**—The term "masterly inactivity" originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his 'Siris.' Wordsworth's "The child is father to the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas More. "Like angels' visits—few and far between," is the offspring of Hook; it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris (1658) originated it, and after him, Robert Blair, as late as 1745. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy," and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's.

**HOW GHOSTS SET FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.**—It may interest spirit-rappers to know that an amateur made ghost photographs, some years ago, by placing one figure inside a plate-glass window and a second outside, in such a position that a faint image of the second figure was reflected into the camera from the glass. American 'spirit photographs' are probably made in this way—on purpose; or, perhaps, by some faint possibility, accidentally.

## Agricultural.

**HOW THEY GRAFT IN TENNESSEE.**—The following novel method of grafting, said to be practised in Tennessee, deserves to be generally known. If the grafts take root readily, it is certainly the best mode of grafting. A long smooth shoot or limb is selected, cut from the tree, and a sharp iron wedge driven through the limb, every four or five inches. Upon withdrawing the wedge the graft is inserted, allowing the shaved end to extend an inch or more through; so that when a graft has been inserted in every split, the limb looks like a long stick, with the grafts extending from it at right angles, a shoot of four feet having about twelve grafts. This stick or limb is then buried in the ground, the tops of the grafts only being allowed to come above the surface. Mr. Everett, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, reports that some grafts planted in this way by himself, took root and grew from twelve to thirty-six inches. In the succeeding fall, the limb was taken up and sawed apart between the grafts, thus leaving every graft with a portion of the limb adhering to it in the shape of a cross. These grafts were planted, and the trees grew and thrived well. It is certainly a very cheap and economical style of grafting.—N. Y. Farmer's Club.

**PRESERVE THE BIRDS.**—The owners of land can have birds, or they can have destructive insects—it depends on them to choose which. If they like vermin on their trees and crops, on the tops, the branches, roots, everywhere, then they will get rid of the birds, of course. But if the pretty, singing, hopping, flying, bright-eyed birds are preferred to cankerworms, curculios, grubs, and all manner of unsightly worms and bugs, why then they must get rid of or punish the boys and men that hurt the one and cause the other to increase, and multiply, and devour. They will even take particular pains to put up boxes and houses for wrens and sparrows, and the like, to live in, and to feed those who stay among us in winter.

**FARMING FOR YOUNG MEN.**—If a young man wants to engage in a business that will ensure him in middle life the greatest amount of leisure time, there is nothing more sure than farming. If he has an independent turn of mind, let him be a farmer. If he wants to engage in a healthy occupation, let him till the land. In short, if he would be independent, let him get a spot of ground. Keep himself within his means to shun the lawyers; be honest, to have a clear conscience; improve the soil so as to leave the world better than he found it, and then if he cannot live happily and die content, there is no hope for him.

**PLANT YOUR PEAS DEEP.**—Elihu Burritt, in the Homestead, says that a farmer told him he had plowed a furrow beam deep, then scattered the seed peas at the bottom; after which he turned a deep furrow upon them with his plow, covering them to the depth of about twelve inches. They push their way up through the thick mass of earth very soon, and instead of turning yellow at the bottom and dying after the first gathering, they blossomed and bore until he was tired of picking the pods.

**RENOVATING FLOWER BEDS.**—If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top spit, and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland mixture, well chopped with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf mould; say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of each of the three ingredients. If you can get the beds empty this winter, the best way will be to take off the top spit, and fork over the subsoil, so as to let the frost and snow penetrate it; then get a good supply of burnt clay, and hotbed dung, and chop them down together in a ridge, and let them be well frozen, and fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings of hedges, refuse wood, straw, &c., built up over a hole, and packed round with cakes of old turf, and then burnt, make a capital dressing to dig into the old soil if you cannot well get new material to replace the worn-out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould, and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one-fifth of the whole very old dung, would prove a good mixture. Bedding plants do not require a rich soil so much as a new soil.

**TINTS AND FACTS.**—Powdered charcoal put about roses and flowers, say half an inch thick on the surface, has a wonderful effect upon the colors of the blossoms, intensifying them immensely, and bringing out new and deeper shades. Yellow flowers are an exception.

## Random Gems.

A benevolent physician considers the poor his best patients, for God is the paymaster.

Always be quite as careful in your business transactions of taking credit as of giving it.

Read not books alone, but men; and chiefly be careful to read thyself.

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.—Colton.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by an infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.—Swift.

Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all; he closes the doors, and gives the key into the hands of the angel of Resurrection.—Holmes.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause.—Archbishop Usher.

When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—Tillotson.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation the first thing you consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—Steele.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

'What is the meaning of the word flattery?' asked a particularly ugly Scotch teacher of a little 'lassie.' 'Gin I wer to say ye wer bonnie,' said the child, 'that would be flattery.' The teacher didn't see it.

**HEART WORK.**—We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily.—Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all.—Sydney Smith.

**CARD PLAYING.**—To dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table, for the paltry concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your uttermost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch.—Sir Walter Scott.

**THE BODY AVENGED.**—By too much sitting the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite his oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.—Longfellow.

**SLEEP.**—When I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory, and blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms cold; the cold that moderates heat; and lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that make the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise.—Sancho Panza.

**ADVICE TO GIRLS.**—Girls, do you want to get married, and to get good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take pride in saying you never do house-work, never cooked a pair of chickens, never made a bed, and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry; never tell your friends that you are not obliged to work. When you go shopping, never take your mother with you to carry the bundle.

From some cause or other, weddings are very bad for the eyes. The moment the knot is tied, the bride, bride's-maid and two aunts, and a mother, rush into the 'hall bedroom,' and have a 'good cry' for hours together. Why a poor fellow's promise to pay 'a young woman's board bill' should operate thus on the 'finer feelings of our nature,' puzzles us to divine.