

...fascia, and I can not observe that his nerve is more noble than another's. They play upon the same, and it is possible to find in the brain the same which are found through the nerves of night. The contemplation of beautiful flowers are more than others. Pleasure is in the nature of Nature's bounties. They are adapted to the wants of man, and we may find objects well worthy of our contemplation upon each common kind of earth which we read all designed for the wants of man, that he may be able to perceive the adaptation and fitness at first sight. After all, there is much about the mystery of man, that is inexplicable. Many a willing reader has turned to the accounts contained in the Bible—and it is only such who can expect to approach truth—but we often observe new developments of character and disposition which surround us; we know but little of the mysteries of his origin, and are often led to exclaim, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" There is a cadence of sadness in all natural music. The notes of the song bird, caged or free, from the sparrow chirping on the spray to the mocking bird, though they may sing bravely, are always toned with elements of sadness. This portion of animated nature, it can not be denied, employs many sweet sounds, if we except the hooting owl and some others of that order. The rooster, although his is a clarion tone, is not exempt from this rule, for if you choose to observe, it will be discovered that at the last the notes fall and become subdued to something positively mournful—the last note is invariably sad. (Here the speaker initiated the final utterance referred to.) The notes of the robin are attached to a mournful cadence, and the lark that rises from the earth at dawn soars away with his cheery song toward the skies, as if to alleviate the duty of pouring forth sweet sounds when all around is stormy and cheerless. The mother, as she lulls her little one to slumber, almost unconsciously adopts the tone of Greenfield. The soldier requires something more stirring, but it may be observed that the effect depends upon the time—the rhythmic regularity of the notes—keeping time, time, time. This is so essential and natural that a company of Zouaves will keep time in their march whether or not there is any music. I have witnessed this; no weary footfall could be heard; the time was just as good as the music. Dancing tunes are in some melodies, whereas, in the forty-ninth time, and I must aver that a country ball is a very tedious affair if one goes for music, and for all practical purposes, the rattling of a drum would be as good as a fiddle, for here also, time is what is wanted, and not so much the melody. Men may love to dance, but the secret of the dancing master's magic call rests in this, that it is but natural to look up to a master—man loves to be controlled by rule, and only needs the orders of the floor-master. He is pleased in being thus rigorously governed. There is an inherent respect for rule of some sort, and man finds his highest happiness in being sharply governed. Order is Heaven's first law; and it appears that this rigorous government, which promotes happiness. There is a point beyond which our efforts to stiffer please people will fail, or even cause us to be despised. You may if you are possessed of boundless good nature bestow ninety-nine favors on an ungrateful person, and then if you withhold the one that makes the number an even hundred, if he is true to his nature, he suddenly discovers that you are mean, and altogether wrong headed. It is in discipline that men become happy, and when they conclude to submit to the influence of a superior, they are happy. Even children are kind of obedient, and have their elders, or superiors, even though more so.

Queen of the May, and the principle of government is as fairly recognized as it is by men in the pomp and circumstance of war, or by men and women in the ball room. I have more than once witnessed the power of sacred music in seasons of revival. When preaching failed to reach the heart, and exhortations were apparently without effect, the singing of some well chosen hymn would cause the sinner to tremble, and in many cases has led to conversion, showing that there are some remnants of our origin still surviving in us, and I have rejoiced that man could be stirred by music. Pooh-poh as some say, there is in music a subtle agency which has something to do in forming character. Then who can but long for that happy period when all shall be subjects of the Father? The more we read of him in the Psalms of the Bible, the happier we get; they affect our innermost nature, and we are fitfully disposed toward melting, extant-ly, merrily, Persian melody, Negro melody, and a variety, according with taste and degrees of civilization, all differing from our own national airs, but showing an affinity that leads us to believe that it is true, as Paul says, that of one soul are all nations of men. The melodies of nature, are in the scale of C called the natural scale, such extempore melodies being chiefly in the minor key. I shall not now raise the question why the minor third expresses sadness, but how expressive the language of blind Milton:

Frail the fertile earth after soft showers; and sweet the coming on of gentle evening mists; the silent night, and these the gifts of heaven—her starry train.

Place a harp in the wind and you will have a succession of sad sounds. When in tune the harp makes major music, but the music of nature is mostly in the minor key, yet all will agree that the harp makes sad noise. It expresses what it expresses, though the way our feelings are moved. The intentional melodies of nature are usually in the major key, but the extempore or involuntary, will nine times out of ten, be minor melodies, and naturally ending in sadness. In the loving of each there is an expression of sadness, as there is to the plaintive utterance of sheep, and suggestive of what is called the minor third. The unattended call of man is in the minor key. Though the calls of birds may begin in the major we often observe that little by little they become minor. But perhaps the effects of the minor cadence and mournful modulation of tones may be more thoroughly realized from the tones of the organ. You are strolling, let us suppose, through the streets of some strange city; you observe a church and enter. The modulated tones of an organ steal little by little over your senses whispering of love and peace; and the mind is entranced and you seem transported to a new existence; but sooner or later this plaintive minor cadence takes a turn which fills your heart with sadness, and pensive thoughts come wedging up in the mind, and it seems to you that in all unattended nature there is a struggle to express groanings that can not be uttered, and your thoughts are suspended that you may hear. Then you fold your hands and say to yourself—there must be a funeral going on here. You listen again, and the wailing tones of a "misere" thrill the senses, and yielding to its solemnity you give yourself up to the spirit of sadness. Brethren, I tell you when you listen to the mighty rhythm of nature it is sad, and we are reminded that you and I are living in a world of pain. But music may be, and often is, the means of bringing the mind into an equitable frame—*sensus corda*—and since there is no turning backward of the wheel of time, let us determine to select our joys from mature sources, and rising on the wings of contemplation, aspire to Heavenly melody.

Running the gauntlet. DEMENTED CLERKS OPERATING ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Now is the time when the patience and pockets of hard worked clerks on small salaries is taxed to the utmost. Every approaching church, fair or school festival sends its *occa curricula* in the form of a levy of pretty masses with faces wreathed in bewitching smiles, portmonnaies filled with tickets, and the common "Now won't you please," hovering on their lips, intently every store and office in town, who to young men are likely to be found, whose goals clear are doubly afflicted, because they are so taken up with being attacked under cover of "shopping" incursions. After many years of financial suffering, however, even in this class clerks the lion has at last been aroused.

Fred X., a good fat red and handsome young specimen in one of the principal dry good stores on Main street, has been so long the victim of mischievous ticket peddlers, that recently the meeting state of his purse incited him to rebel. He found willing colleagues in his brother clerks, and they mutually agreed to wage a formal war against the invading depots. One afternoon a week, a few days after the consummation of their plans, their first victory was won. There happened to be a full business at that hour, and the clerks were all busily engaged in assorting the goods on the shelves when their attention was attracted by the entrance of two young ladies of stylish and prepossessing appearance who entered straight towards Fred X., whose experienced eye immediately detected the enemy from a bunch of tickets held in their gowned hands, and seeing a cheap piece of dress goods, he stood ready to receive them.

"Good afternoon Mr. X.," we called to see if you wouldn't—

"Yes, ladies, I think I have just what you want. Here is a fine pattern of muslin at a desirable just received. We are selling it very cheap; or if you wish—"

"No, no, Mr. X., we wish nothing of the kind; we want you to—"

"Show you some lace. Why, certainly, I will do so with the greatest pleasure. We have just unpacked a new case from New York, and I can assure you that our stock is unexcelled in the city. You can perceive their superior quality by holding them up to the light. What shall it be—handkerchiefs, collars or handkerchiefs?"

"Neither, Mr. X.," impatiently answered the ladies, "we came in to see if you—"

"Oh! now I understand what you want perfectly well. I beg pardon for my dulness—you wish to know if we have the latest style of spirit which they are advertising over the way—"

"No, no, we do not. You must not mislead us in any manner. We would not care to be behind our competitors in securing the newest styles of goods. No ladies; pray do not for an instant let such a thought exist in your minds. Here you are—you can examine the goods yourselves, you will perceive that our prices are just as low—"

Here the volatile Fred brought his language to an abrupt conclusion, for his hearers had taken themselves off in dismay. They crossed the store with an evident intent of making an attack in another quarter, but a glance at the counters told them their cause was lost; there in orderly array stood a huge whole army of clerks, each with a huge piece of dress goods, each with a huge determination in their faces plainly indicated that they were in desperate earnest. The girls left the store, and for once in the annals of ticket-selling the clerks had won the day.

Another man lives near you—He don't like the editor—and the paper is too small and thin—you be begs his neighbor and reads it, and finds fault with it and quarrels with the opinions of the editor. This is the nearest kind of newspaper patronage.

Another man takes two or three city newspapers, but cannot afford to take his own paper, but he likes it, and comes into the office on publication day, takes up a copy, and walks out with it. This is a newspaper patronage.

Another man, who the paper, he takes a copy for himself and family, and pays for it, he does not he can get subscribers—he never grumbles, but always has a cheerful word in his neighbor's ear if it occurs in his neighborhood so informs you of it. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man has a patent of some kind, and wants you to give it a two dollar notice every week. "It will be of interest to your readers," he says; but although knowing at the same time it will benefit him most of all, yet he does not offer to pay for it. This is newspaper patronage.

Now isn't newspaper patronage a curious thing? It hits any of our subscribers in a tender spot, we cannot help it. Let them pay and avoid these plan facts. We have a perfect knowledge of these various kinds of newspaper patronage.

Look to Your Cellars.

"You thank your cellar or basement is in good sanitary condition; do you know that it is? Have you fairly and carefully examined the premises? Have you looked over the potatoes, turnips, squashes, and other vegetables, to ascertain their condition?" These questions are asked by the Boston Journal of Chemistry, and they are important ones. We know, says the writer, that Diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fever, and many other most serious illnesses, have their origin in cellars both in city and country; and we can do our duty to see that at all times they are in dry, sweet, wholesome condition. Why should farmers and farmers' families, living in the country, away from the pestilential vapors of cities, be so subjected to attacks of malignant diseases? There is a reason for it, and we can have them every day. They arise from the difference manifested in the observance of hygienic laws and the violation of sanitary laws. Cleanliness is essential to the health, and it is just as necessary in the country as in the city. A family living over a flat cellar is more liable to have their most serious ailments than a family living in a well ventilated house, and it is far more sickness in the country among husbandmen than there ought to be. With plenty of pure air, water, and exercise, the evil imp, disease, ought to be kept at bay; and we would be better if an observation of certain hygienic conditions were maintained in cellars, cellars, small, closed, sleep rooms, stoves—these are all agents of evil, and are fast making the houses of farmers almost as unhealthy as those of the dwellers of cities. Are not these suggestions worthy of consideration?"

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Three years' experience in the newspaper business, says an exchange, has convinced us that the term "newspaper patronage" will admit of many connotations, but very many are ignorant of its correct meaning.

One man comes and subscribes for the paper, and pays for it in advance, and goes home with the proud satisfaction of knowing that it is his. He hands in his advertisement, asks the price and pays for it, goes to his place of business and reaps the advantage thereof. This is their understanding of the word "newspaper patronage."

Another man says: "You may put my name on the book," and goes off without saying a word about pay. Time flies away and you want him to pay what is honestly your due, and he gets mad. This is another kind of newspaper patronage.

Seward's Cough Cure. ALISMA, FOR THE HAIR. CONSTITUTION BITTERS. T. & F. J. BAKER. SOLE AGENTS, ANDOVER.



**SHAUT AND PORTER**

Center Street, Andover,

**DEALERS IN**

**HARDWARE, CUTLERY, JOINER'S TOOLS, PLATED WARE**

**IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPRINGS, AXLES, &c.**

**COOKING, PARLOR, AND**

**Plate Stoves, FOR COAL OR WOOD.**

We would call especial attention to the **Pacific Cooking Stove,** which is pronounced the best now in use, with **Cast, Galvanized Iron Reservoir,** AND THE **Universal Cooking Stove,** with Corrugated Reservoir, which cannot be equalled in price.

We have also on hand a large assortment of **HOUSE TRIMMINGS,** of all varieties.

**Pure White Lead,** WARRANTED to give satisfaction or be returned.

**Patty, American and French Window Glass, &c., &c.**

**Machinery Oil, Western Lined Oil.**

**THE IRON-CLAD MILK CAN.**

**Grindstones, Wheelbarrows, Plows, Cultivators,**

We have also a Complete Supply of **TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE,** which cannot be beat in quality and price.

**DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF CHAMBER SETTS, JAPANESE TINWARE,**

ALL GOODS SOLD AT **Wholesale & Retail**

AT THE **LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**

**Job Work Done Promptly**

**SHAUT & PORTER**

**VANSICKLE & BURROWS,**

Located Center Main Street, Directly opposite Post Office, AND "Andover Advertiser" Office,

Would respectfully call your attention to their

**EXTENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF Merchandise,**

CONSISTING OF **DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, YANKEE NOTIONS, GROCERIES,**

*BOOTS, SHOES,*

**HATS AND CAPS, Crockery**

AND **Glassware,**

**PAPER HANGINGS, &c.,** in Great Variety, of the FIRST CLASS, which they offer at Bargains.

**NOT EXCELLED IN ALLEGANY CO.** BEST PRINTS for ONE SHILLING per yard. A FINE ASSORTMENT of Dress Goods, Shawls, White Goods, Balmoral Skirts, Bouleard Do. Hoop Skirts, Linen COATS,

**Cloths and Cassimeres,** Splendid Line of Parasols, **SHOES OF ALL KINDS.** Buskins, Congress, Lace, Balmoral, Button Slippers, &c.

**TEAS,** The Best and Cheapest in Town \$1.25 Tea for \$1.00.

**FLOUR,** OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

**SUGARS** VERY CHEAP.

In fact, the BEST PLACE to buy GROCERIES generally, and all goods in their line. CLOTHING got up to order and guaranteed to suit. Call and see for yourselves, and you will be convinced that the CHEAPEST STORE in town is

**VANSICKLE & BURROWS,** Andover, June, 1869.