

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—Jefferson.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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dispatch at this office.

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Poor's Corner.

For the Union and Journal.
TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF AU-
GUSTA H. LITTLEFIELD.

Ab! she was like the perfect bird,
That flew with soft and low
And sang away 'till it was reached
In that perfection's hour;
I know not but to drop away
From future's supporting stem,
To leave her to a kinder fate
Than I'll be given to me again.

Yet we may, from the scattered leaves
Of flowers in prime of life,
Which still their heavenly sweetness breathe,
Though faded thus and pale;
And still may find old time's return
Around the cherished dead,
In memories that we never lose,
Though like our flowers they've died.

Why should we weep for her, why should we
Mourn?
Angels have our way to her home,
Upward, far upward, to regions of bliss,
Brighter and fairer, and purer than this;
Weep not, that she so early has faded away,
For flowers that are faded, the sweetest decay.

Angels are twining a wreath for her brow,
Blossoms of anathema deck her fair brow;
Better, far better, the promise of love,
Than that of the weaver falling fountain above
Weep not, that she passed like a beautiful
dream, for flowers that are faded, the sweetest decay.

O' gently she'll cross the broad stream
Lively and glad the angels meet her,
They take the pure light of her calm body,
And she is the pure light of her calm body,
Falls a radiant celestial from a human star
Weep not, that the finest of earth's flowers,
Or things we hold dearest the sweetest decay.

Angels are chanting a requiem now,
Weaving a shroud to deck her pure brow;
From that heaven of love, bright glory beams
fall,
Brighter, and fairer, and purer than this;
Weep not, that she traversed the path of you
beams,
O' gladly she'll greet them across the broad
stream.

Ye may visit the spot where calmly she sleeps,
Where spirits untried their holy watch keep,
Though the coast line lies beneath the green
soil,
The jewels' enshroued in the kingdom of God,
Weep not, that she passed like a beautiful
dream,
O' gently she'll cross the broad
stream.

Saved, Jan 7th, 1858.

Agricultural.

Unprofitable Farming.

In a recent paper we spoke of some
of the causes of unprofitable farming,
unprofitable, not from the lack of knowl-
edge of the right way, but from neglect
of well-known axioms in agriculture,
and promised to give a few more in-
stances illustrating the subject.

Manure is a necessary application, in
order to bring an impoverished soil into
a productive state. No thing is more cer-
tain, all agree. And yet, how much of
the unprofitable farming of the country
results from the attempt to grow crops
on worn-out soils without manure. Plant
corn on such land—the crop is a meagre
one, both from want of strength in the
soil to grow it, and length of the season
to mature it. A rich or well-manured
soil will ripen this crop weeks earlier than
a poor one. An acre of land, rich, deeply
tilled, planted in good season, and thor-
oughly and evenly cultivated, will pro-
duce more corn than five acres poor, shal-
low-plowed, late planted and half culti-
vated, and at perhaps one-half the ex-
pense of the latter.

Stagnant water, either in or upon the
soil, is another cause of unprofitable farm-
ing. A soil which has no escape or out-
let for the water which falls upon it save
evaporation, cannot be made to produce
a paying crop. In a dry season it is
baked and hard—in a wet one it is often
flooded with stagnant water, and never is
never in a condition very favorable to the
growth of cultivated crops, however well
suited it may be to the production of wild
grass, flag and rushes. And partially
drained land of this character is little bet-
ter. Flooded in spring, the water passes
off but slowly; nothing can be done upon
it until the subsiding of the waters,
which, as they must in great part go
cloudward, is a tedious process.

Poor Manure—made so by exposure
and leaching while in the yard—is
another source of loss to the farmer.—
The contents of the barn-yard are gener-
ally dignified with the name of manure,
even if they consist of little more than a
leached mass of straw and excrement, the
real strength of which has long ago passed
off into some stream, or floated down
the roadside ditch, and into some proxi-
mate neighbor's field—it is still manure,
and is carried to the field and offered to
the crop with the expectation that it will
find therein nutriment, and the material

for large productivity. One thought
will show how futile this expectation.—
How does manure benefit a plant? By
its soluble constituents—they receive only
liquid food. This leached manure has
lost the greater share of the soluble ele-
ments of fertility, and acts in great part
only mechanically upon the soil.

Attempting too much is another great
cause of loss to the farmer. Much labor
on little land, is the secret of success—
enough labor, at last, to do everything
in the best manner. Look at it,—it is
good policy to expend the labor of put-
ting in a crop over six acres, when, at the
same cost, a like result may be realized
from three or four? Will you be con-
tent with thirty bushels of corn per acre,
at an expense of, say \$12, when by add-
ing \$3 in manure and better culture, you
may realize sixty or one hundred bush-
els? Will you grow inferior stock with
the same amount of food, when by a larger
outlay at first, you may have the best
—those always saleable at good prices—
while the unimproved scarcely find pur-
chasers at any price? Is it not best, ei-
ther to concentrate your labor on less
land, or increase your expenditure so as
to embrace the whole farm in a thorough
system of cultivation?

The acknowledged causes of unprofita-
ble farming are not exhausted, and it is a
proper subject for the examination of the
farmer. Let him look into the matter,
and see why and where he has failed.—
Country Gentleman.

Seasoning Timber by Draining out its Sap.

It being now well understood that
posts do not rot near so fast when set top
end down, and the reason being equally
apparent, namely: because the valves
which close from the least pressure, stay its
descent, as the same valves prevent the de-
scent of sap in the night time, that had
been propelled upwards by heat in the
day, in the living tree. Can we not ap-
ply this principle in seasoning or drying
wood? As such valves prevented the de-
scent of, or rather held up the sap or wa-
ter in growing wood, and as they prevent
the ascent of water so long as the wood
is sound in part, surely they do not pre-
vent the descent of water or sap in the
latter case. But as they close by upward
pressure in any kind of inverted wood,
so they must open when the force of
pressure ceases in the opposite or down-
ward direction. To deny this, would be
to deny that sap is suspended by them in
the night time, after having ascended in
the day in the growing tree. Admit that
valves thus exist and act,—how could cir-
culation in cells go on without them?—
and we thereby admit a ready means of
seasoning all kinds of building timber,
posts, boards, or otherwise, much sooner
than by evaporation alone; namely: by
setting them top end downwards, or in-
verting their growing position and plac-
ing them as nearly vertical or upright as
practicable. In this position, the sap
water will as surely descend and drain
out of timber, boards, &c., as it ascended
in the growing tree. Why not?

When from their large size, knottiness,
or some other reason, using the crochets
at their top in some instances, it becomes
impracticable to set posts top end down,
the sap-wood should all be hewed off a
little higher than it is intended to insert
them in the ground. This process, al-
though it reduces its size, will increase
the durability of the whole post; because
as water does not ascend through the
heart wood, the channels or tubes in the
sap-wood, or the inner part of them, fur-
nish the only course open to it. Cut
these off, and thereby you cut off the
communication of water in the ground
with the part of the post above the soil;
the vessels or tubes of the sap-wood alone
having afforded means for its ascent.—
This process will keep posts tolerably
dry, and of consequence make them more
lasting. But in all practicable cases they
should be inverted for the reasons given
in this paper. J. W. C.

Manure Maxims.

At a late meeting of the Farmer's Club
of the American Institute, Mr. T. W.
Fiel read a paper on manures, in which
he said:

The whole subject of manures may be
stated in this proposition.

1. Manure does not waste so long as
it is unfertilized, or undissolved, and
these conditions may be effected by dry-
ing or saturation.

2. Fresh manure is unfit for food for
plants.

3. Fermenting manure, in contact
with inert matter, has the power of neu-
tralizing vicious properties, such as the
tannic acid of peat, and making it a fer-
tilizer.

4. Manure wastes in two ways—the
escape of gas and the dissolving of its sol-
uble salts.

5. The creative power of manure,
mixed with other substances, is capable
of multiplying its value many times.

6. The value of manure to crops is in
proportion to its divisibility through the
soil. The golden rule of farming should

be small quantities of manure thoroughly
divided and intermingled with the soil.

Compost. A compost for corn may
be made of about two to three parts of
lime, one part leached ashes, and forty or
fifty parts of soil and manure, in about
equal proportions, or else with the soil
twice or thrice the quantity of the ma-
nure. Twenty tons might be applied per
acre. A few hundred pounds of bone
dust would be a good addition to the
above quantity of compost. The mixture
should stand, if practicable, several
months; although a few weeks at mid-
summer will do, and be equal to more
than three times that period in winter.

Miscellaneous.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

A child was playing with some minia-
ture building materials, and as the minia-
ture castle arose before his eyes in grace-
ful proportions, a new pleasure swelled
in his heart; he felt himself to be the
creator of a "thing of beauty," and was
conscious of a new-born power. Arch,
wall, battress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty
tower, and battlement were all the works
of his hands. He was in wonder at his
own skill in thus creating, from an un-
seen lot of toy materials, a structure of
such rare design.

Suddenly he stood and gazed upon his
castle, with something of the pride of an
architect who sees, after months or years
of skillfully-applied labor, some grand
conception in his art embodied in imperi-
shable stone. Then he moved around,
viewing it on every side. It did not seem
to him a toy, reaching only a few inches
in height, and covering but a square foot
of ground, but a real castle, lifting itself
hundreds of feet upwards towards the
blue sky, and spreading wide upon the
earth its ample foundations.

As the idea grew more and more per-
fect, the child's strange pleasure increas-
ed. Now he stood with folded arms,
wrapt in the over-mastering illusion—now
walked slowly around viewing the struc-
ture on all sides, and noting every minute
particular—and now sat down and bent
over it with the fondness of a mother
tending over her child. Again he arose,
purposing to obtain another and more dis-
tant view of the work; but his foot struck
against one of the battresses, and instanta-
ly, with a crash, wall, tower, and battle-
ment fell in hopeless ruin.

In the room with the boy sat his father,
reading. The crash disturbed him, and
he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke,
glancing for a moment towards the start-
led child, and then returning his eyes to
the attractive page before him, uncon-
scious of the shadow he had cast upon
the heart of his child. Tears came into
those fair blue eyes, dancing in light a
moment before, from the frowning face
of his father, to which his glance was sud-
denly turned, the child looked back to the
shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any
wonder that he bowed his face in silence
upon them, and wetted them with his
tears?

For more than five minutes he sat
as still as sleep; then, in a mournful
kind of way, yet almost noiselessly, he
commenced restoring to the box, from
which he had taken them, the many
shaped pieces, that, fly joined together,
had grown into a noble building. After
the box was filled, he replaced the cover,
and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the
closet.

Poor child! That shadow was a deep
one, and long in passing away. His
mother found him half an hour after-
wards asleep on the floor, with cheeks
flushed to an unusual brightness. She
knew nothing of that troubled passage in
his young life; and the father had for-
gotten, in the attractions of the book he
was reading, in the momentary annoyance
expressed words and tone, with a power
in them to shadow the heart of his child.

A young wife had busied herself for
many days in preparing a pleasant sur-
prise for her husband. The work was
finished at last; and now she awaited
his return, with a heart full of warm emo-
tion. A dressing-gown, and a pair of ele-
gantly embroidered slippers, wrought by
her own skillful fingers, were the gifts
with which she meant to delight him.—
What a troop of pleasant fancies were in
her heart! How almost impatiently,
did she wait for the coming twilight,
which was to be dawn, not approaching
darkness, to her!

At last, she heard the step of her hus-
band in the passage, and her pulse leaped
with fluttering delight. Like a bird
upon the wing, she almost flew down to
meet him, impatient for the kiss that
awaited her.

To men in the world of business, few
days pass without their disappointments
and perplexities. It is men's business to
bear this in a manly spirit. They form
but a portion of life's discipline, and
should make them stronger, braver, and
more enduring. Unwisely, and we may
say unjustly, too many men fail to leave
their business cares and troubles in their
workshops or counting houses at the day's
decline. They wrap them in bundles and

carry them home to shadow their house-
holds.

It was so with the young husband on
this particular occasion. The stream of
business had taken an eddying whirl, and
thrown his vessel backwards, instead of
onwards, for a brief space; and though it
was still in the current, and gliding safe-
ly onward again, the jar and disappoint-
ment had fretted his mind severely.—
There was no heart-warmth in the kiss
he gave his wife, not because love had
failed in any degree, but because he had
let care overshadow love. He drew his
arm around her; but she was conscious
of a diminished pressure in that embrac-
ing arm.

"Are you not well?" she inquired.

With what tender concern was the
question asked!

"Very well," he replied.

He might be in body, but not in mind;
that was plain—for his voice was far
from being cheerful.

She played and sang his favorite pieces,
hoping to restore, by the charm of music,
lightness to his spirit. But she was con-
scious of only partial success. There was
a gravity in his manner never perceived
before. At tea-time she smiled upon him
as so sweetly across the table, and talked to
him on such attractive themes, that the
bright expression returned to his coun-
tenance and he looked as happy as she
could desire.

From the tea-table they returned to
their pleasant parlor. And now the time
had come for offering her gift, and re-
ceiving the coveted reward of glad sur-
prise, followed by sweet kisses and loving
words. Was she selfish? Did she think
more of her reward than of the pleasure
she would bestow? But that is question-
ing too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said;
and passing from the room, she went light-
ly up stairs.

Both tone and manner betrayed her
secret or rather the possession of a secret,
with which her husband was to be sur-
prised. Scarcely had her loving face
faded from before his eyes, when thought
returned, with a single bound, to an un-
pleasant event of the day; and the waters
of his spirit were again troubled. He actu-
ally had arisen and crossed the floor
once or twice, moved by a restless con-
science, when his wife came back with the
dressing-gown and slippers. She was
trying to force her countenance into a
quiet expression, to hold back the smiles
that were continually striving to break in
transient circles around her lips, when a
single glance at her husband's face told
her that the spirit driven away by ex-
cess of her love had returned again to
his bosom. He looked at her soberly as
she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost
coldly repressing surprise, and affecting
an ignorance that he did feel in regard
to the beautiful presents she held in her
hands.

"They are for you, dear," was the re-
ply. "I made them."
"For me?" he exclaimed. "Nonsense!
What do I want with such juncracker? This
is woman's wear. Do you think I
would disfigure my feet with embroidered
slippers, or dress up in that gown? Put
them away dear. Your husband is too
much of a man to robe himself in gay
colors, like a clown or an actor." And
he waved his hand with an air of con-
tempt.

There was a cold sneering manner
about him, partly affected and partly real
—the result of his uncomfortable state of
mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and
would not, of set purpose, have wounded
her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel
rejection of her present, over which she
had wrought patiently, in golden hope,
for many days—this dashing to the earth
of her brimful cup of joy, just as it touch-
ed her lips, was more than the fond
young wife could bear. To hide the tears
that came rushing to her eyes, she turn-
ed away from her husband; and to conceal
the sobs she had no power to sur-
press, she went almost hurriedly from
the room; and going back from the
chamber from whence she had brought
the present, she laid it away out of sight
in the closet.

Good man! 'Til get some corn, and plant
them to-morrow.
So he did, and as they dug for the
treasure, it pleased them to see how soon
the corn sprung up, and ripened, and
what a crop they had; and the cornstalks
made nice food for the cow, too. The
mother dug for the treasure, sometimes,
and they all became accustomed to it, and
they all accomplished quite a large place
in a short time; and soon the good fairy
appeared again.

He selected a favorite piece and
laid it before her. But tears were in her
eyes, and she could not see a note.—
Over the keys her fingers passed in skill-
ful touches; but when she tried to take
up the song, utterance failed, and she
broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" said her husband, in a
vexed tone. "I am surprised at you."—
And he turned from the piano, and walk-
ed across the room.

A little while the sad young wife re-
mained where she was left alone, and in
left alone, and in partial anger. Then
rising, she went slowly from the room—
her husband not seeing to restrain her—
and, going back to her chamber, sat
down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon
her spirit was very deep; and though the
hidden sun came out again right ear-
ly, it was a long time before his beams
had power to scatter the clouds that float-
ed in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, hus-
band, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor
—are we not all casting shadows daily,
on some hearts that are pining for the
sunlight of our faces? We have given
you two pictures of life's true picture, not
as a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely
varied relations, men and women, selish-
ly or thoughtlessly—from design, weak-
ness, or ignorance—are casting their
shadows upon hearts that are pining for
sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, will
cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for
hours and days. Speak kindly, not kin-
dly, be forgetful of self and regards of
others, and you will cast but few shadows
along the path of life. The true gentle-
man is always tender of the feelings of
others—always watchful lest he wound
unintentionally—always thinking, when
with others, of their pleasure instead
of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be
gentlemen—ladies, or—in a word that
includes all graces and excellencies—be
Christians, for it is the Christian who
casts the fewest shadows of all.

A Pleasant Lesson.
One evening as a poor man and his
wife with five or six children were sitting
at the door of their cottage, one of the
children said, "O father, how poor we are!
I do wish a good fairy would come and
tell us where we might find a great trea-
sure. I guess I would not sit all day
idle any more, and have so little to eat."

No sooner said than done—a beautiful
woman, with radiant countenance, stood
before them, who said, "Little boy, I heard
you wish, and if you will obey my direc-
tions, you may find a great treasure."
Then turning to the man, she said, "A
treasure lies hid in your grounds; if you
will seek for it, you will find, and may
have it; it is not three feet from the sur-
face either; begin to dig to-morrow for
it." She then went away.

The children clapped their hands for
joy, and the man and his wife could hard-
ly credit their ears that they had really
heard such a thing; for they were poor
indeed. Though the man had a large
tract of land, it was uncultivated, yielding
nothing, barely sufficient pasture for a
poor cow, which afforded them almost all
the sure nourishment they had. They
were poor, idle, discontented people
and the children half starved; so to be
sure they were glad enough to hear the
fairy's words, and could hardly wait till
the morning to begin to dig.

They were up with the sun; those
that could get shovels dug with them,
those that could not, worked with their
hands. In a few days they had dug a
considerable of a place over, and several
times they thought they had come upon
the treasure, but it was only stones; they
went on so for several weeks, but had not
found the treasure.

One night, as they sat at the door the
beautiful fairy appeared. "Well," said
she, "you haven't found the treasure yet!
No matter, dig away, you'll find it some-
time or other: meantime Mr. Goodman,
you must not let these little folks starve:
get some corn, throw into that patch you
have dug, and have some corn growing.
I'll come again by-and-by—dig away,
you'll find the treasure; so she went
away.

"That's a capital idea," said the father
Goodman. "I'll get some corn, and plant
them to-morrow."
So he did, and as they dug for the
treasure, it pleased them to see how soon
the corn sprung up, and ripened, and
what a crop they had; and the cornstalks
made nice food for the cow, too. The
mother dug for the treasure, sometimes,
and they all became accustomed to it, and
they all accomplished quite a large place
in a short time; and soon the good fairy
appeared again.

"She said, she knew they had not
found the treasure yet, but she was afraid
the young children had become tired of
digging and she thought they had better
go into the woods, and get some wild
strawberries, and put into the last piece
they had dug; it was just the place to
make strawberries very large, and it
would please them; but dig on," said she,
you will certainly find the treasure yet!
so the next day the children went and

brought home baskets of strawberry roots
and planted a nice bed of them; then
they dug away again for the treasure.

One day they dug a terrible hard piece
of the land, and had to pull up some old
tree stumps and stones, and round a large
cherry tree behind the house, and they
were very tired. That night a traveller
came that way, and had to stop there over
night, they lived so far from any other
house. As they had no barn, he tied his
horse to this cherry tree, and gave him
his oats out of a bag he had brought on
his back. The traveller went away next
morning, but in a few days they found
the oats the horse had spilled and scat-
tered had sprung up in the nicely-dug
ground, and they had a little field of
oats! This pleased Mr. Goodman very
much, and when the good fairy next ap-
peared, he told her of it. "Oh, yes," she
said, "it would be a good plan to plant
something in each place as you dig it."
She said the next time she came she
would bring some seeds for them. So
they had another object for which to dig
beside the finding of the treasure—to see
the things growing.

She was as good as her word, and
brought the seeds, and they had dug so
well they could plant a great many mel-
ons, and other nice things which they
had never had before in their lives: and
the soil was so good, and had been so
nicely dug and turned over for the trea-
sure, that the plants grew so rapidly, and
ripened so soon, that the next time she
told them they had better stop digging
while, just till they could take care of
the oats, and strawberries, melons, and
other things. They had eaten as much
of them as they wanted all the season,
and sold them to the nearest houses, and
now Mr. Goodman said they would go
next week to the nearest market town
with the rest.

So they went. The market people
said the strawberries were the largest
they had ever seen, and their melons
brought the highest price; and the moth-
er surprised them by showing them a
cheese she had made from the milk of
their cow, which had yielded twice as
much, having had better feed. The
youngest children had carried each two
baskets of strawberries, (the baskets they
made of willow twigs), while the elder
ones and their father were loaded with
melons, pears, corn, etc., and when they
had sold them and come out of the town
on their way home, a happier family never
was seen. They all had a handful of
money they had earned themselves!

When they got home they sat round a
table, and putting all their money upon it
sat looking in wonder and joy. They
never had seen so much in all their lives
before; they were so pleased, they had
quite forgotten the treasure they had dug
so hard and so long for, till the fairy
put her head in at the door.

"How beautiful your farm looks!" said
she, "and your cherry tree will bear bus-
hels of nice cherries next season, now you
have dug away all those stones and
stumps from the roots. See how it
branches out! And what have you here,
looking on the table, 'Money! silver!'
dollars! Ah!" said she, "Did I not tell
you there was a hidden treasure in your
ground that you would certainly find, if
you dug for it! This heap of money is
the last part of the treasure you have
found by digging.

"Look how healthy you all have be-
come! How industrious and useful your
children have become—how hopeful and
happy you are! Look at your farm now,
where there was nothing but stumps and
stones before you dug, is now a garden
and fields! Yes, you have found more
than one treasure—and now, should you
like to know my name? I am called
'Industry or the Poor Man's Fairy.' I al-
ways know and tell where a treasure is,
to all—children even, if they will listen
to my voice and words. Adieu, adieu,"
and she kissed her hand and disappeared,
leaving them still looking at the treasure
they had found.

Women in France.

Professor Birney, who has spent a long
time in the rural districts of France, and
who to judge by his sketches, is more
practically acquainted with the minor
points of French life than any American
of the present day, gives a melancholy
view of the estimate in which women are
really held in that country. Some of his
pictures are exceedingly graphic, but the
idea of Woman's inferiority runs through
them with fearful distinctness. We take
the following example. He had bargain-
ed for a passage on a canal boat:
The Captain invited us on board. "Off
in a minute," says he. "Here, wife, hitch
up at once!"

At this summons a stout, raw-boned la-
dy, with complexion and toilet much the
worse for hard usage, emerged from be-
hind the door. She stepped on the quarter deck to wash
her good morning, and put on her cap;
then stepped out on the bank. Putting
our knapsacks on the quarter deck, we
looked around, expecting to see the cap-
tain's lady lead out from some neighboring
stable the famous animal that was to take
our poor cut the glad blue waters of the

canal. Instead of this she unrolled the
towline, stretched it to its full length,
and dropping over her own head the
broad leather loop at its end, bowed her-
self to the work of towing." She was the
best of drafts her husband had bragged
of. The boat was too much for her
strength. Jules ran to help her, and
the captain surrendering the rudder to
me, aided by poling at the sides. In a
few moments we were moving steadily
forward. Jules sprang back on the quar-
ter deck; the captain ceased poling and
amused himself by whistling the Mar-
seilles hymn and looking out very cheer-
fully over the landscape; and the cap-
tain's wife is tugging away, leaning down
to it at an angle of about forty-five.

Jules said, "What do you think of the
poor woman, bent double on the tow
path?"

"Think! She is better off than I am.—
She and her husband own the whole boat-
load; she told me so.

Her being turned into a beast of draft
did not shock his prejudices in the least;
he had been accustomed to witness this
degradation. We went on in silence for
an hour. During this time we met three
boats, two of them drawn by women,
and one by a man and a boy. The cap-
tain came aft to take the rudder.

"Well, captain," said I, "you have a fa-
mous mare, it is true, but what would you
do if she wouldn't go?"

"Wouldn't go?" he exclaimed with a
disdainful laugh. A piece of stout cord
about four feet long, was lying at his feet.
He pushed it toward me with the toe of
his clog, and added, "there's a rope's end
that would bring her to reason."

"But you wouldn't whip your wife?"
"Let her deserve it, and you will see."
"You haven't the right to?"

"Why not? If my donkey don't go,
whollop him!"

"You don't compare your wife to your
donkey?"

"Generally she is a good creature
enough, but sometimes she is the most
stubborn of the two."
"That makes no difference; it is dan-
gerously to fly into a passion with a woman."
"There you are right," said he, with a
laugh. "I am never in a passion when I
correct her."

And the brute was so pleased with his
repartee in defence of his right of prop-
erty, that he showed almost the whole of
his white teeth. He descended into the
cabin, and I went on shore and entered
into conversation with his wife. She
was very communicative, and told me
they got on very well in the world, and
would soon have enough to buy a cabin
and a garden patch; that her husband
was generally kind to her; he corrected
her sometimes, but it was when she vexed
him; but when he got in liquor he thought
it fine fun to pitch her into the water; the
canal was not deep and she always waded
out, and waited until he got sober before
going back into the boat. The poor
woman did not suspect herself of being un-
happy, and I did not hint to her that I
thought her so. Why should I trouble
her peaceful existence when I could intro-
duce no higher one? I expressed my
sympathy and went back to the boat.

