

The Oxford Democrat

THE TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 10.

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Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely intermingled, and are intimately connected with Agriculture—AGRICOLA.

For the Democrat.

Town and County Agricultural Societies.

Mr. Editor: The subject of Town and County fairs has occupied much of my attention of late. There is an evil connected with the present management of our County fairs which I wish to see removed. As at present conducted, two or three towns in the immediate vicinity of the fair receive nearly all the premiums. Nor are they to blame for it. They furnish the material and are entitled to it if no competitor from other towns is present. The towns in Oxford County lying along the Androscoggin river for a distance of 50 miles, receive but little benefit from the fair so far as premiums are concerned. If a man carries an animal he must be on expense for two or three days, which will cost more than all the premiums he will receive. Consequently, farmers will not do it. It is of no use to talk about going round over the County to exhibit a fair. It is well enough where it is.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have no local feelings to influence me whatever, so far as I can judge of myself, and my great object of inquiry is to devise some plan by which we may equalize the benefits of the County society, at least, to a certain extent.

Now I have not a plan at all matured, but I wish to throw out a few suggestions that others who may have the more direct management of our society, may make such an arrangement as shall remedy the evil. I would propose a plan for consideration, like the following. Let the County society be held one week later than at present. Let each town that will furnish a given number of members for the County society hold a town fair the week before the County fair, at which some prize shall be offered, say for the best milk cow. Now let the animal, whatever it may be, that receives the prize, draw that amount of money from the treasury of the County society, provided the owner shall exhibit the animal at the County fair on the following week; at the same time giving the exhibitor the privilege of competing at the County fair for an additional prize, if thought best. Who would not like to see the best cow in each town collected at the County fair? I mention this as a single feature of the plan, subject to the modifications necessary, according to the funds at command. I believe the tendency would be to establish town fairs in different, and especially in remote parts of the County, and at the same time to increase the interest in the County fair.

In Massachusetts they are agitating the question of devoting one third of the income of the society to Agricultural Conferences in different parts of the County, thereby acting on the principle that if the people will not go to the fair, they will go where the people are.

As member of the Board of Agriculture from the Oxford County Society, I feel a desire to see the benefits of our agricultural association extended to the remotest farmer in the County. I have no fault to find with the motives of anyone in regard to our present arrangement, for the best course has been pursued that could be devised under our present system, and I should be very slow to propose any change unless it can be shown that real benefit is to accrue therefrom.

I would like to hear through the Democrat an expression of the members of the society, not so much for the purpose of finding fault with the present, as to devise measures for the future.

N. T. TRUE.

Bethel, April 21, 1859.

Potatoes vs. Corn.

At a recent meeting of the Waterville Farmer's Club, the subject for discussion was "Hood Crops." Some valuable facts were elicited. The question being which is the most profitable, corn or potatoes, it was decided that potatoes yielded the most profit. This decision may not seem a fair one to many, but in its decision the Club were governed by figures and facts which were incontrovertible. The Mail gives us the following as the summing up of the matter:

"Col. Marston, as usual, was ready with facts and figures, which are victorious, as they ought to be, over mere 'guess work.' In the opinion of those present, 30 loads of manure, valued at one dollar a load, are applied to corn as often as 10 are to potatoes. One-third of this extra manure (20 divided by 3=6 2/3)—six and two-thirds loads—was supposed to be absorbed by the corn crop, the value of which was estimated at \$6.67. To this it was thought should be added, for hauling and spreading the extra manure thus absorbed, \$1.33; with three dollars for applying 10 loads in the hill instead of broadcast; and two dollars for extra labor of hoeing the corn—making in all a charge against the corn crop of thirteen dollars. The harvesting and husking of the corn was set against the digging of the potatoes; and the fodder was estimated at ten dollars.

Now, for the last ten years, the average yield of corn, with the Colonel, had been 37 bushels per acre, and the average price 95 cents—making the average receipts thirty-five dollars and fifty-two cents; while the average yield of potatoes, in the same time, had been 83 bushels; the average price 50 cents; and the average receipts

forty-one dollars and fifty-two cents—reckoning nothing for the small ones and those partially decayed, that were fed to stock. "Here was a difference in receipts, as will be readily seen, of \$3.48 in favor of potatoes; which added to the extra manure and costs of cultivation, minus the value of the fodder (13-10=3) makes \$8.48. Now deducting \$1.48 from this, for difference in cost of seed, and the result is in favor of the potatoes, to the amount of \$7.00 per acre."

Discussions like the above will be found very profitable to our Farmers' Clubs. There are many crops whose comparative profits it would trouble many even of our best farmers to determine. The only way is by hearing and comparing the evidence for and against, and showing the figures to back up the statements made. There is nothing so convincing as the footings of the debt and credit accounts, and a balance on the wrong side will do more to settle the question under debate, than hours of talking and acres of guesswork.

(Maine Farmer.)

From the Rural New Yorker.

Take Care of the Workers.

As the present season is one of activity upon the farm, and there is so much labor to be performed and a set period in which it must be done, time and means should be economized and so systematized that everything shall move off in a manner satisfactory to all interested. The care of laboring animals should now become a matter of vital importance. The horse and the ox will repay the little attentions bestowed upon them. What though you are worn out with hard work, have not they withstood the heat and burden of the day, and do they not realize and enjoy the comforts of life as well as you?—do they not need them too? Too many farmers think when the harness is thrown off, or the yoke removed, that the animal economy is required, by a law of Nature, to forage and care for itself—and that the only assistance demanded is the "mooing-shed of oats," but here not only an error is fallen into, but a wrong committed. Horses have been comparatively idle during the winter and spring, and as a consequence the skin is tender, rendering it liable to become scalded and then galled as the weather gets warm and the animal sweats freely. "An ounce of prevention," here as elsewhere, "is worth a pound of cure," and a little care on the part of those using this noble animal is a demand that should be promptly met. We give the experience of one whose authority on this subject is invaluable. He says: "A cooling application that will toughen the skin before use, and prevent inflammation when used, is what is needed for the work horse. From long experience, I have found these results to follow the use of spirits saturated with alum. I keep a bottle of alum and whiskey in the stable, and bathe the part pressed by the harness, or breast collar, and also the back, for several days before the horses commence their spring work, and also along through the season occasionally, when there is special danger of scalding the breast. I have thus passed entire seasons, employing constantly not less than five horse teams in farming uses, and have not lost the service of a horse a single day, for years together, on account of sore back or breast. This remedy will enable a sore to heal, although the animal continues in constant use."

The remedy I have seen most frequently and highly recommended is the application of white lead, in some form or other, to the injured part. I have at an early period tried this remedy—have used it when I knew nothing better—and dislike it much. It answers the purpose, I acknowledge,—makes a hard, tough scab or incrustation on the sore, likely to terminate in a white spot, if the hair ever grows. But I consider this tanning the skin into leather, while on the horse's breast, to be a tough business, to say the least."

Cleanliness is indispensable to the comfort of working animals. The practice of taking them from labor and placing them in stalls without rubbing down, or removing dust and dirt is to be deprecated. There is no doubt but the process of cleaning is of great benefit to the horse. Friction promotes the secretions of the skin, and if this be diseased or unhealthy, it will produce a derangement of the stomach, bowels and lungs. Filthiness is productive of disease, and if we want our stock to be in good health and heart, it is incumbent that everything about them should wear an air of neatness. Clean stables, food, litter and harness, are necessities, and must be had. All this care will, however, be useless if the stable is improperly constructed—one of those foul places which is a curse to every thing consigned to the keeping of its walls. The evils of an impure atmosphere soon exhibit themselves. Stables that are close and filthy affect the eyes, throat and lungs, producing blindness, coughs, inflammation and influenza. It is the farmer who attends faithfully to the minutiae of his affairs that deserves and will attain success.

The ox, so long the faithful servant, does the food given him bear just comparison to the value conferred? It is important that he should be well cared for, as, in addition to strength, his growth renders him of more worth, his increase is, in great measure, the result of kindness and attention on the part of the owner. "The ox knoweth his master's crib"—many of them have reason to know it with sorrow; how is it with yours? Will his appearance and the amount of labor he is capable of performing prove to the casual observer that he was cared for as his daily necessities demanded? Animals have at least one feature of humanity—a stomach—and man, knowing his own wants, should recognize theirs.

From the Maine Farmer.

The Bethel Farmer's Club.

Perhaps the readers of the Farmer may be interested to know that we have held our weekly meetings during the winter, in which we have discussed various topics pertaining to agriculture.

On Thursday evening, March 17th, 1859, we closed our series of meetings with a supper. About one hundred gentlemen and ladies sat down to a generously provided table. A blessing was invoked by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, and strange havoc was made upon the baked beans and brown bread by the old stagers; the young men looked out for a bowl of oysters, and the still younger members took good care of the cakes, pies, pop-corn and fruit. One of the nicest dishes was a bountiful supply of the vegetable oyster, done up in excellent style. Probably not one in ten present ever tasted it before, and but few at first could recognize the difference between the vegetable and the animal. This was furnished by our noble President A. L. Burbank, Esq., who says that he can raise them with perfect ease, and has had them in any quantity all winter. Such a nice article should be more extensively cultivated, as an excellent substitute for the more expensive article of real oysters. After supper, Dr. True, who was honored with the position of Toast Master, read the following:

1. The Bethel Farmer's Club—A permanent institution; may its members never club each other.

This was responded to by the President, who stated that the Club had been in active operation for five years with increasing interest. Its library had increased to one hundred and seventy-five volumes, containing almost everything desirable for the farmer. He thought that never good had resulted from these meetings.

2. The Town of Bethel—A beautiful situation, sublime in its scenery, famous in its history, fertile in its soil, productive in large potatoes, beautiful girls and good men.

Responded to by Dr. A. T. Whitehead. I have always felt much pride in my native town, in its growth, and in the education of the people. We often speak of it as a city, and justly too. Its history is interesting, and any one who will not respond to its beautiful girls is not fit to be here. Its scenery is admired by visitors. Its mountains have an imposing appearance, and I have no doubt have an important influence on the quality of its men. We may not produce great crops, but we can produce great men. Bethel has had its share. One of our young men whom I had hoped to see here this evening, now represents the new State of Oregon. Another is elected to represent a portion of New York city, in Congress. It has had a large number of educated men who may be found in almost any State of the Union. Men brought up here are compelled to be educated by the force of circumstances.

3. The Garden—The place to cultivate flowers, fruits and the virtues.

Rev. Z. Thompson responded: The garden is too much neglected in our villages. It is the most convenient and a vast source of anything to be found on the farm. Vegetables should come fresh and pure directly from the spot where they grow. These things are not only convenient, but there is a mental improvement derived from it. No man can walk in a good garden, without having a great lesson read to him. Weed well the garden of the heart is his great lesson there. It induces refinement of feeling, gives growth to the imagination, correct taste and moral power, as well as a just sense of the beautiful, and lifts the heart to the Great Giver.

4. The Farmer—The oldest aristocrat in existence, who alone can trace back his occupation and lineage to Father Adam.

Rev. Mr. Games responded: I was not thoroughly aware till just now of my lineage. I am a farmer's son. The farmer is after all the true and ancient aristocracy of the world. Not that there is no other noble occupation, but that this is more in accordance with the original plan, and is the foundation of every art and employment. Out of the earth, is the first and last to man. Men in political life have not the proud liberty of the farmer. In his home, with his fields around him, they bring forth bread to the eater and seed to the sower.

5. The Science of Agriculture—A glorious field for the laborer on his farm, or the scientific explorer after truth.

Rev. Mr. Snow of Norway, responded: I too, am a farmer's son, and understand well its labors and pleasures. Scientific knowledge and practice should be united. We all once had prejudices against back farming, and they were justifiable. Men's theories and zeal outran their knowledge. Farmers are plain, practical men; they want to know results. Certain theories were very nice, but they did not tally in casting up accounts.

6. The Ladies of the Bethel Farmer's Club—Their presence cheers us; their frowns are death to us. Little would we have accomplished in Agriculture without them.

Responded to by Dr. N. T. True, but he spoke so fast and somewhat incoherently, being a little intoxicated with the subject, that we cannot report him. We can only catch one idea, and that was, that we cannot do a thing without them. He read some complimentary verses given to him by a lady member. Also a toast:

7. The Ladies tender their sincere thanks to the gentlemen, for having so much patience with their noise, and they will try hereafter to be more quiet.

8. The marks of a good husband—One who joins the Farmer's Club, and attends

its meetings. No better recommendation to young ladies is necessary.

Dr. J. Fanning responded: Any young lady who places herself under the protection of such a young man will secure a good home, and a freedom from wint, and he would approve of the sentiment here advanced.

9. The President of the Bethel Farmer's Club—Well known as an earnest advocate of farm improvements. His last investment is in a Fanning machine.

The President responded, that it afforded him pleasure to state, that this was the best investment he had ever made.

10. Devon Cattle—Expressive in the eye; beautiful in form and color; the oxen good for labor, and the cows for rich milk. Responded to by G. Chapman, Esq.

11. Improved labor saving machines—The next great step towards perfection in agriculture.

12. The State of Maine—Not yet half known by her sister States. Her modest worth will soon be better appreciated by her own sons and daughters. Responded to by Mr. Josiah Brown.

13. The members of the Farmer's Club—May their fields have few weeds, their cattle no diseases. May their interests lie in heaps; a heap of manure, a heap of corn and potatoes, and a heap of cash.

After the speeches were finished, the following notice was read:

Two or three Bachelors belonging to the Bethel Farmer's Club will be put up at auction, and struck off to the highest bidder some time during the present year. It will be a good investment to all interested in this species of property.

Thus closed our gathering, after singing "Old Hundred." You may believe it was one of the happiest meetings ever witnessed.

N. T. T.

Echoes.

The ear cannot distinguish one sound from another, unless there is an interval of one-ninth of a second between the arrival of the two sounds. Sounds must, therefore, succeed each other at an interval of one-ninth of a second in order to be heard distinctly. Now, the velocity of sound being eleven hundred and twenty feet a second, in one-ninth of a second the sound would travel one hundred and twenty-four feet.

Repeated echoes happen when two obstacles are placed opposite to one another, as parallel walls, for example, which reflect the sound successively.

At Alsat, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times. At Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day, and twenty times during the night. An echo in the villa Sanmotta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound some thirty times audibly. The most celebrated echo among the ancients, was that of the Metelli, at Rome, which, according to tradition, was capable of repeating the first line of the Aeneid, containing fifteen syllables, eight times distinctly.

Dr. Birch describes an echo at Rosehew, Argyleshire, which, it is said, does not now exist. When eight or ten notes were played upon a trumpet, they were returned by this echo upon a key a third lower than the original notes, and shortly after upon a key still lower. Dr. Page describes an echo in Fairfax county, Virginia, which possesses a similar curious property. This echo gives three distinct reflections, the second much the most distinct. Twenty notes played upon a flute are returned with perfect clearness. But the most singular property of this echo is, that some notes in the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths, or octaves.

There is a surprising echo between two barns, at Blviders, Allegany county, N. Y. The echo repeats eleven times a word of one, two, or three syllables; it has been heard to repeat thirteen times. By placing oneself in the centre between the two barns, there will be a double echo, one in the direction of each barn, and a monosyllable will be repeated twenty-two times.

A striking and beautiful effect of echo is produced in certain localities by the Swiss mountaineers, who contrive to sing their Ranz des Vaches in such a time that the reflected notes form an agreeable accompaniment to the air itself.

The Killarney notes are quite famous, and resound with marvellous clearness to the notes of a bugle, as the traveller rows from point to point in the beautiful lake.

[Prof. Silliman.]

WELL AND SPRING CLEANING. As spring is approaching, we earnestly advise all persons who use well water and spring water, to have both wells and springs thoroughly cleaned out, and then washed out in early May and also during October, as there is strong reason to believe that the settlements which have accumulated, including decayed vegetation, impart their disease-engendering qualities to the water, and thus originate some of the most dangerous forms of low or typhoid fever, at a time of the year when the weather is so cool as to preclude the idea of their arising from vegetable decomposition. The stench of the debris at the bottom of wells should induce all cleanly persons to expurgate them thoroughly, aside from considerations of health.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

—Doesticks, describing a New York boarding house, says you can always tell where they get a new kitchen girl, by the color of the hair in the biscuit.

—Beauty is only skin deep.—Well, it looks first-rate as far as it goes.

MISCELLANY.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Or, a story of a Down East Mechanic.

BY MRS. M. W. H.

Since "financial ruin, hard times, out of employment, misery," and even starvation has been the burden of almost every day's report, I have cast my eyes around among those whom I have known from boyhood, tracing their various fortunes from that time to the present, generally finding in their juvenile training and habits of thought and action, a key to the success of life in some, and failure of others.

Let us contemplate a single group of boys sitting together, pursuing the same studies in a district school, passing from their lessons into the street, some to sow the seeds of dissipation and ruin by pursuing idle sports and mischievous amusements; led, may be, by those who are exempted from useful labor by the false pride of parents, perhaps regarding with seeming contempt the boy who goes from the school house to the work shop or farm, where it is true he may harden his hands and bronze his skin but at the same time he will develop the material for the physical man, while habits and knowledge are acquired that may enable him to set at defiance the mutations of the money market, and place him among the worthy and respected of mankind.

"It is 'recess' in a country school—a little fair-haired boy of ten summers, lingers behind his mates, assiduously marking on his slate. The teacher approaches him. 'Frank, have you done that sum yet?' 'No, ma'am, it is so hard I do not know as I can do it, but I'll try it over again.' 'You had better go and play a few moments, and when you come in I will help you.' 'Thank you,' said Frank, 'but I would rather find it out alone if I can.'"

There was the key to that boy's character. As a type of his class I purpose to give a brief sketch of his life, taken in part from a recent letter from himself. I do not give it on account of any romantic scenes or stirring events, but because the example is tangible, and may be the means of leading others to persevere, and under any discouragements never to despair, but always be ready to "try it over again," and never call on others for help, as a rule in small things, while the ability remains to help themselves. The letter to which I allude commences thus:

"Knowing as you do the worth of my parents, it is quite unnecessary in giving a brief sketch of my own life, to speak at length of theirs. Suffice it to say that my father was a blacksmith by trade and being a Methodist preacher besides would bring from the shop on Saturday afternoon to prepare for the pulpit on the Sabbath. To his children he gave the best moral instruction personally, but his means did not allow him to give them more than a fair business education. This was obtained at the common village school, working in the shop mornings and evenings, and at a more advanced age a few terms at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, completed the school education."

In the autumn of 1841, (his father having removed to Fredrickton, New Brunswick,) Frank Ashby, being twenty-one years of age, left his native town in the possession of a good trade, good health, comfortable clothing, a very few dollars and very firm resolutions, if the thing could be done by prudence, industry and abstinence from "rum and tobacco," that he would achieve respectability and fortune. To this end he set his face towards the "far west," which, by the way at that time, did not extend beyond the Rocky Mountains. In the outset of his journey he turned aside to pay a farewell visit to a married sister in G—, and lo! here on the threshold of his wanderings, he met his destiny—"although, owing to adverse circumstances, it was rather slow in its development. He says:

"The aimable Miss S. C—, who had then numbered eighteen years, made an impression on my mind which refused to leave me during the long season that intervened, before I could feel justified in soliciting a renewal of the acquaintance."

Failing to find employment in either Boston or Lowell, by which he had expected to raise the means of pursuing his journey he became exhausted. Under these circumstances he concluded to abandon his project and go to Fredrickton to seek work of his father. But how was he to get there without money? As the way in which this was accomplished is a good illustration of the Yankee character in general I will let him tell the story himself:

"I repaired to the wharf, where I found a small craft ready to sail for Frankfort, on the Penobscot river, thirteen miles below Bangor. I sold my watch to a broker, paid my passage and had six cents left. A small sum you will say, with which to travel from Frankfort to Fredrickton, a distance of two hundred miles.

Our vessel being driven into Cape Ann by a storm, I had an opportunity to again see my sister, and if I had made the state of my funds known could have borrowed any amount of money I desired, but I had such a horror of incurring a debt, that I chose to work my way through, as I had no doubt I could. Arrived at Frankfort, I helped to discharge the cargo, for which service the captain paid me seventy-five cents—this in addition to seventy-five cents I had received on the passage, for a part of the contents of a Yankee boy's pocket, made me feel quite independent. The greater part of this sum I invested in a hand-sled on which to draw my trunk, and

the rest in "rackers, to give me strength to draw it. Thus equipped, I again started stopping to work a day or two in a place, as opportunity offered, to renew my funds. I at length reached Fredrickton with fifty cents in my pocket. There I worked for my father four months. The avails of that labor procured me a set of tools and eight dollars besides, with which I started for Ansonstook, at that time the promised land to "down easters," and well it might be if it is the main attribute of that land to produce in the greatest abundance for man and beast."

Here the young mechanic began life with an earnest endeavor, that won a success which encouraged him to offer the pretty Miss C. a partnership in the concern. Often thinking of her had only strengthened the impression she had made on his mind two years previous, and he began to find himself nursing the tender passion. He resolved to write her soliciting a correspondence. The letter dispatched, what a month of suspense succeeded before he could receive an answer. What if she should be dead, engaged, or worse of all married to another. Horrors! what a thought. But the letter at length came granting his request.

He says: "During the next year and a half we became engaged, through the medium of pen and ink, for I could not visit her, much as I wished to do so. At last the happy time arrived when I could take a bride, consenting in the full knowledge of the facts, to leave home in the vicinity of a populous city, surrounded by all that is desirable in social life, for the humble abode I had prepared for her, where she could have a few of her accustomed comforts, and little society but that of her husband's whose hammer and anvil must daily ring out those music notes that were to take the place of the piano and guitar. Is it any wonder that I should feel a new motive to effort, when the all of happiness in this life of such a girl was committed to my care?"

After a journey of ten days, which could now be accomplished in half that time, we arrived at our home—humble and plain though it was, contentment, health and prosperity made it a happy one to us, till my father's health failing, he wished me to enter as a partner, in his business at F. I felt it my duty to comply with the wishes of my father and accordingly sold my possessions, again taking up the line of march towards F. On our first stopping place was Tabique, on a small stream which empties into the St. John's river, 120 miles above Fredrickton. At this place is a settlement of about three hundred Indians, a remnant of the Tabique tribe, who have made considerable advances in civilization and the arts of life. Finding we must wait nearly a week for a steamer, we concluded to hire an Indian to take us the journey in a birch canoe—quite a pioneer way of traveling and not altogether pleasant to Sarah who had never before seen such a fragile conveyance. Then the idea of passing the rapids in such a craft, freighted with three living beings, was quite a parallel to the case of three wise men of Gotham. Her good sense enabled her to overcome any repugnance to the proximity of our stalwart Indian navigator, Solus, whose father assured us would carry us as safely as he himself could and whose thought of dubbing the ability of "Old Solus," to navigate a birch canoe wherever water ran? Having stored our baggage, Solus placed me in one end of the canoe, Sarah in the centre, himself in the other end, and with the simple injunction, "now keep straight," we committed ourselves to the beautiful river whose banks in many places are overhung with majestic trees, the growth of centuries,—at others the cultivated domain of some thrifty farmer approaches the water and opens up a view suggesting thoughts of simplicity, beauty, comfort and innocence, scarcely compatible with a more densely populated country. Our frail bark would scarcely admit of a change of position, but weary nature would occasionally compel us to stretch a limb, or vary a posture—any such demonstration would invariably call forth an admonitory grunt from our taciturn Captain, and a corresponding dip of the paddle to keep the equilibrium of our craft. As we approached the rapids, how vividly did some of Cooper's descriptions of the skill of Indians in guiding the bark canoe among foaming waters and unseen rocks, make his intuitive cunning more than a match for the white man's intelligence, how vividly I say, did those scenes arise before my excited imagination. As we entered the rapids, our voices were instinctively hushed; boiling eddies foamed and dashed among the rocks, where I fancied we might the next moment be dashed. Sarah, pale as marble, gave no utterance to her thoughts. Instinctively I stretched out my arm to support her, but a word from Solus reminded me to "sit still or man tip over canoe." Sarah closed her eyes looking more like a dead than a living woman till she felt that we were in smooth water, when the grateful tears gushed forth and relieved her overcharged heart. What would you have done said I to Solus if we had got into the river? "I do," said he: "I take squaw and swim out." "What should I have done, I asked? "You take care yourself." A joke that sounded better at the end than it would have done at the beginning of the passage. The next day we arrived at F., where I paid our faithful Indian friend eighteen dollars for his services and dismissed him with our grateful thanks for his faithfulness.

But fortune had not yet done with our friend. He invested one half his property in business with his father, leaving the other half to accumulate interest in the hands of a lumbering firm. A depression in business came on disastrous to the branch in which he was engaged, and causing failure in other interests. The firm whose notes he held failed to pay anything, thus he began poor. To add to the bitterness of his cup, Death was busy with his friends. First the fatal shaft was leveled at his venerated father, then a favorite brother was killed by accident in the machinery of a factory near their native town, the wife by the shock was prostrated on a bed of sickness soon to join her husband to the unseen world. The wives of the brothers were sisters, and how gladly would Frank and Sarah have administered consolation to her crushed and broken heart, but poverty held them back. He says: "This was the severest of all our trials, and but for my true-hearted and hopeful wife I might have sunk down in despondency; but let any man do that who can with a wife by his side possessed of a hopeful heart and helpful hands, I could not.

Selling their furniture to pay the expenses of the journey, Frank Ashby returned to his native town where he went into business with an elder brother. In about six years he has, by the blessing of God on his endeavors, secured, what his well balanced mind considers a competency, consisting of a beautiful cottage home, containing besides room enough for his own family and visitors, a cozy room and arm-chair for his venerated mother, whenever she chooses to occupy it. Aside from this, he has a little fund on which to draw for his own benefit and that of his friends who have been overtaken by "hard times," while all prepared to sustain the shock. Through all this, he can say with one of old, "I walked in mine integrity." He closes his letter with language like the following with which I heartily concur in sentiment:

It is true I am comparatively young, yet my experience has taught me to believe that a young man beginning life with habits of forecast, temperance and a strict adherence to the Savior's "golden rule," will ultimately get beyond the reach of such financial disasters as occasionally sweep the country, and call forth the old reiterated and heart-felt cry, "how shall I obtain food for myself and family?"

Slander.

In the last volume of Gray's Reports there is an excellent decision of the Supreme Court, which is sound morals as well as good law. It seems that a woman uttered a slander of another, and when sued for it, her defense was, that she only repeated what was currently reported; that she had no malice, and therefore was not liable to an action. Judge Thomas gave a capital opinion, which we should be glad to print at length. The story he says, uttered or repeated by the defendant, contains a charge against the plaintiff, of a nature to ruin her reputation. It was a false charge. It is no answer, in any form, to say that she only reported the story as she heard it. If the story was false and slanderous, she must repeat it at her peril. There is safety in no other rule. Often the origin of slander cannot be traced. He who gives it circulation gives it its power of mischief. It is the successive repetitions that do the work. A falsehood often repeated gets to be believed. A man cannot say there is a story in circulation that A. poisoned his wife, or B. picked C's pocket, and relate the story, and when called upon to answer, say, "There was such a report in circulation I but repeated what I heard, and had no design to circulate or confirm it," for two very plain reasons—that the repetition of the story must, in the nature of things, give it currency; and the repetition without without the expression of disbelief, will confirm it. The danger is an obvious one, and long since pointed out; and it is, that bad men give currency to slanderous reports, and then find in that currency their own protection from the just consequences of a repetition. [Boston Transcript.]

Joe Phillips was an awful story teller. When a stranger came to his tavern, if he appeared at all credulous, old Joe would talk a long yarn to some of his village acquaintances, but talk at the stranger. A short time since, a stranger came into his bar room, with roll, line, and other fishing paraphernalia, and Joe seized a friend, and started him by the question—"Did you hear about that big fish Col. P. caught to-day, in the river?" (Stranger pricked up his ears.) "No," said friend. "Biggest sturgeon ever caught anywhere," continued Joe. "You don't say," said friend. "Yes," said Joe, "when I came away he hadn't caught all of him, though he had about six feet of him ashore?" "Gracious," said friend, "how much did he weigh?" "Three hundred pounds," said Joe, with decision. "And he made nine barrels of oil." "No," said friend. "I said nine barrels, is that anything strange—or?" "Oh no—beg pardon," said friend, musingly, "only I was thinking it a little singular that you could extract twenty-seven hundred pounds of oil from three hundred pounds of fish!" and gathering up his fishing utensils, left. Joe hasn't told a story since.

The Louisville Journal has the following sharp ones, which ought not to waste their sweetness on the desert air: "The Washington Union is about to have an accession of two more editors. That's all right. 'Buddy, did you put an egg into the coffee to settle it?' 'Yes, ma'am, I put in four; they were so bad I had to use the more of 'em.'"

will be ready for the plow as soon as the
now is off. [Courier.

