

# The Oxford Democrat

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## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

From the Prairie Farmer.

### Grasshoppers.

Not a long time since, as I was entering a certain State, not described by naturalists, but still common to every human being who has mind and matter to work upon—not long ago, as I wrote, I took a desperate fancy to writing poetry, imagined as thousands had done before me, that I was born a poet, and must necessarily make it a vocation, and hourly impressed with the idea, I spent whole nights in bothering my head, wasting ink and paper to enlighten—as I thought—the stupid brains of others not as gifted as myself. This state of things lasted some little time, and I was mentally and physically fast being reduced to a mere shadow, and might have made a fool of myself to this very day, for ought I know, had not a senior relative tapped me on the shoulder, and, in so many words, told me I was a fool!

"Look," said he, "in such and such books, and you will find sublime ideas that your fancy never dreamed of; and day by day you waste your time describing in the meanest style what others have so perfectly done before you."

This blunt remark set me to thinking—thinking set me to reading, and I was not slow (being a person of good common sense) to appreciate and follow his advice. This introduction permits me to say, that instead of troubling your readers with any production of my own, (which I have sometimes indulged in) I will call their attention to a book I have lately perused upon matters appertaining to natural history, which cannot fail to interest all agricultural and horticultural friends.

I refer to the work of Prof. B. Jaeger, published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y., upon the Life of North American insects. A volume recently published, containing many illustrations, and probably more perfect and satisfactory than any other work on the subject—having the advantage of recent data, and being edited by one fully competent to undertake the important task.

I take the liberty to make a few quotations from his remarks upon Grasshoppers, which especially interested me, and may appear alike novel to the public.

"But the Grasshopper, although neither large nor terrible in its appearance, has a curious and wonderful history; perhaps more so than any other insect. It is the same insect whose mode of life, and whose ravages have excited the curiosity of naturalists as well as historians, in all ages. It is armed with two pair of very strong jaws, by which it can both lacerate and grind its food, and although a single individual can effect comparatively little injury, yet when the entire surface of the country is covered with myriads of them, and each one makes bare the spot where it stands, the evil produced by them must be as immense as their numbers. So well do the Arabians know and feel their power, that one of their poets represents a grasshopper saying to Mohammed: 'We are the army of the great God! We have power to consume the whole world and all that is in it.'"

The earliest records we have concerning the appearance of grasshoppers on earth, is found in the Bible, where they are mentioned as one of the plagues of Egypt. That country was then so covered with them that the surface of the ground could not be seen, and all the trees and herbage were destroyed by them. We find this account in the second book of Moses, chap. 10th. "And the grasshoppers went upon the land of Egypt, very grievous were they."

For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the tree which the hail had left; and there remained not any green thing in the tree, or in the herbage of the field, in all the land of Egypt."

It will be noticed that I have substituted the word 'Grasshoppers' for the word 'Locusts,' as it occurs in our English version of the Bible, but I have before shown that the latter word is incorrect, and that the animal designated in Scripture was not similar to our locust or cicada, but was really identical with the grasshopper, of which we are here speaking.

In the year 591 an infinite army of grasshoppers, of a size unusually large, ravaged Italy, and being at last cast into the sea, from their stench arose a pestilence which carried off about a million of men and beasts.

In the Venetian territory, also, in 1478, more than thirty thousand persons are said to have perished in a famine occasioned by these terrific scourges. In 1650 a cloud of them was seen to enter Russia in three different places, from where they passed over into Poland and Lithuania, and wherever they moved the air was darkened by their numbers. In some places they were observed lying dead, heaped one upon another to the depth of four feet; in others they covered the surface of the earth like a black cloth, the trees bent from their weight. And the damage done by them exceeded all computation. When the weather became hot they took wing and fell upon the corn, devouring both leaf and ear, and that with such expedition that in three hours they would consume a whole field. After having eaten up the corn they attacked the vines, the pulses, the willows, and at last the hemp, notwithstanding its bitterness. In 1748

they were again observed in Europe, in Wallachia, Moldavia, Transylvania, Hungary, Poland and Germany, and according to the observations made at that time in Vienna, the breadth of one of those swarms was forty miles, and their length so great as to occupy four hours in passing over the city. So great, also, was the density of this cloud of grasshoppers, that it totally intercepted the solar light, so that when they flew low the air was so darkened that one person could not see another at the distance of twenty paces.

The account of a traveller, Mr. Barrow, of their ravages in the southern parts of Africa in 1797, is still more striking. He says: "An area of nearly two thousand square miles might be said to be literally covered by them. When driven to the sea by a north-west wind, they formed for fifty miles from the shore, a bank three or four feet high, and when the wind was south-west their stench was so powerful as to be smelted at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles."

In 1805 the Russian empire was again alarmed by the appearance of an insupportable quantity of grasshoppers, of which I had the pleasure, (if pleasure it may be called) of being an eye-witness.

I left the city of Moscow in the beginning of the month of April, in order to visit the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the countries lying between the Black and Caspian seas. I was travelling in great haste, going about 14 versts, or 8 English miles per hour, night and day, which was then considered great speed, when I was suddenly checked in my speed in the desert prairie lands, about fifty miles behind Kiev.

Here the ground, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with wingless grasshoppers, nearly two inches long, and lying piled upon one another to the height of two feet. Of course the carriage dragged heavily as if drawn through a deep mould, which prevented the horses from trotting, or even walking fast, and the revolving wheels were constantly covered from two to three inches high with matted grasshoppers.

The sight of such an immense number of the most destructive and rapacious insects, justly occasioned a melancholy foreboding of famine and pestilence, in case they should invade the cultivated and populous countries of Russia and Poland, and they certainly would have caused such a disaster had not active measures been taken to prevent it. It was in this instance that the Emperor Alexander sent an army of thirty thousand soldiers to destroy an army of grasshoppers. The soldiers, forming a line of several hundred miles, and advancing toward the south, attacked them, not with sword and gun, but with more ancient implements, with shovels. They collected them as far as possible, in sacks, and burned them. The foregoing are a few incidents of fact relating to this destructive insect, which, let us hope, may never visit us.

E. W. K.

From the Rural New Yorker.

### Cure for the Borer.

Pig manure is good for apple trees, when they are troubled with the borer. This insect enters the tree, and cuts into the solid wood near the surface of the earth. It is a dangerous enemy, for while only a few small holes are perceived in the bark outside it may have perforated the wood internally in all directions, and reduced it to a mass of powder. Not only the apple, but the quince and mountain ash, suffer extensively from the attacks of the borer. In this part of the country, Central New York, whole orchards have been destroyed. Experiments have been made with ashes and lime, by removing the earth from the trunk and roots, and then placing the ashes and lime around the part affected, but all to no purpose, for the insect will live when buried in ashes and lime. A friend and neighbor of mine had a beautiful young orchard of apple trees, the trunks of which had become perforated in all directions, notwithstanding his efforts to save them. He first applied the lime, then ashes, then lime and ashes mixed, but still the destruction went on, until of two hundred beautiful trees only twenty remained, and those so perforated that it seemed impossible for them to live. At last he tried hog manure, by placing two or three shovels full around each tree, and the result was that every tree was saved, and a new coating of wood grew around the old stocks. I have seen other experiments made with like effect, and would therefore recommend it to the notice of farmers generally.

ROCKWOOD.

Oswego, April 15, 1860.

SWALLOW DESTROYING BEES. Mr. Editor.—For the last fifteen years, I have been in the habit of keeping bees, and by close observation am convinced that barn swallows have destroyed the luxury of honey from many farmer's tables. I would not unjustly make war on any class of birds, but the question I believe is, which is the most beneficial. I moved on a farm last spring, where two trials had been made by careful bee-keepers within the last few years, with good, strong swarms, each trial having failed, and that, too, in a good wide range of white clover. Last spring I placed a common swarm upon the same stand, and spring brought swallows occupying the entire of a barn one hundred feet long, completely filling the eaves with nests. I gave them rather a cold reception. The result was, in the fall I had two new swarms and a strong old stock, with a cold and frosty season. Had I allowed the swallows to occupy their old habitation, it is my opinion my trial would have been the same as the two preceding ones,—a failure.

ALDEN, 1860.

W. L. Perry.

From the American Agriculturist.

### Death on Bugs.

These lively fellows are abroad enjoying themselves these pleasant June mornings. If they only had a grain of discretion, and would feast on dock and burdock, we should be content to see them thrive. But unfortunately they are epicures, and delight in squash, cucumber, and melon vines. And the finer and more delicate the variety, the more intent they are upon devouring it alive. Nothing is so savory to them as the Boston Marrow, and the Hubbard squash. They will feed upon the fat of the land while they are above ground.

How to put them under and keep them there, that's the question! They have more than a ghost's propensity to rise, and unless great vigilance is exercised, they will cut off the squashes and melons. The period of peril to these vines only lasts about ten days, and if they can be guarded for this time, they will take care of themselves. A box with a glass over the top, or a thin piece of muslin is a perfect safeguard, and some start all these plants in boxes, and keep them there until they get the start of the bugs. But this is quite too much trouble for most cultivators who do not keep a professional gardener.

Others appeal forcibly to the instincts of the great bug family, and surround the plants with a cordon of anti-bug odors, that puts them to flight. This is a legitimate warfare, thwarting brute instinct with human cunning. A favorite application near the shore, is clams, or any other cheap fish or oyster put upon the surface of the hill. A great advantage of this application is, that it is a good manure for the plants, and gives them a start after it has started the bugs.

Other experienced gardeners save their vines by an application of Peruvian guano and plaster, one part of the former to three of the latter. It is put upon the leaves, top and bottom, with a drenching box, and sprinkled upon the ground. An application should be made to the leaves after every rain. This also is a good fertilizer for the plants.

Others resort to compounds that appeal to the taste rather than the olfactory of the bug family. If he will eat and drink of the juices of these plants, they give him a bitter dose in the shape of quassa, steeped in hot water for a day or two. The quassa tea is applied every morning or evening, until the plants are out of danger. We have tried this with favorable results. Ashes and soot are more common applications, and are in a measure efficacious. The trouble with these remedies is, that they are not applied often and thoroughly enough. Ashes will not protect the plants after they are washed off by the rain.

Whatever remedies are used, it will be necessary for the gardener to visit the plants two or three times a day while they are in peril. Examine the plants closely, and apply the thumb and finger to all bugs that have not been reached by other methods. This is the final argument, and leaves the plants, masters of the field.

REMEDY FOR SHORT PASTURES. Those who have but a limited range of pasture and keep stock enough to crop it well, are almost at the mercy of the weather. If there chance to be a favorable rain, and a good season for the growth of grass and clover, all is well; but if, as frequently occurs, there comes a long period of drouth, the browned fields already closely cropped, suffer for severely, having little to protect the roots from the full power of the sun, and the cattle suffer yet more. The milk pails show serious diminution, the dairymen's profits shrink, and the stock fall off when they should be gaining. A severe check of this kind will be felt to the detriment of the summer, for much of the pasture may be "summer killed," and the full flow of milk can hardly be regained. This may be guarded against by putting in a small plot of corn, sorghum, millet or other suitable crop for cutting and feeding green. An acre of corn sown broadcast now, will very soon yield sufficient to give great relief to the short pasture. It is not necessary to stable the cows; cut a good supply for them, and feed night and morn before they leave the yard; they will eat it with a relish, and make ample returns in the milk pails and the churn. Even if the threatened drouth should not come, and abundance of grass should grow, the selling crop need not be lost. Cut at the proper season, and properly cured, it will not come amiss next winter. [Am. Ag.]

CAUSES OF FERTILITY IN SOILS. In a recent letter to the New York Farmers' Club, Prof. S. W. Johnson, of Yale College, says:

"The labors of chemists to discover positively all the causes of the fertility of the soils have not yet met with conclusive success. The mechanical structure of soil is of primary importance. Naked rock grows lichen—the same rock crushed into coarse grains, grows a much higher order of vegetation—pulverized fine, the cereals grow in it. Geology, botany, physiology, meteorology, mechanics, hydrodynamics, heat, electricity and light, are all intimately combined in the grand process of vegetation. There are sandy soils on our Eastern States, which, without manure, yield meagre crops of rye and buckwheat; but there are sandy soils in Ohio, which, without manure, yield an average, 80 bushels of Indian corn an acre, and have yielded it for twenty to fifty years, in unbroken succession. The ingredients of these soils being, by chemical analysis, the same. At present, no difference is known between them, except the coarseness of the particles—the first being coarse, while the Ohio sand is an exceedingly fine powder. The power of soils to attract and imbibe moisture and oxygen, was well known by the ancients, of Hohen, forty years. Of thirteen different soils, quartz sand absorbed in thirteen days, one thousand parts of oxygen and no moisture, while humus absorbed thirteen of oxygen and one hundred and twenty of moisture."

## MISCELLANY.

From the Independent.

### THE FRENCH TEACHERS.

No American city can compare with New York in the number and variety of its foreign population. Natives of distant lands meet you at every turn of the way,—Chinese with braided hair—Italian grinders, with their gleaming eyes—fair-haired, honest-faced Germans—swarthy Spaniards and Mexicans—gay French—Turks, Hungarians, and Russians—English Irish, Scotch, and Jews. All these you may see in a stroll up Broadway, and if you will lend your ears as well as your eyes you can hear the language of almost every civilized nation as you pass along. Among these may be found all ranks and conditions of society, from the European noble, driven from his native land by misfortune or persecution, and forced to labor for his daily bread, and the sister of Kosuth, keeping a little store and sewing to support her children, to the ragged Irish boy who sweeps the crossings, and the Italian girl with her tamborine. America is the sanctuary to which all eyes look across the sea when tyranny or trouble makes home to be home no longer. Here they come to repair their fortunes and forget their sorrows. The world has never read more thrilling and romantic stories than some of these dwellers in almost every street in the city could tell if they chose to reveal the history of their lives. Many of the refined and accomplished among the French, Germans, and Italians support themselves by teaching their native language to private pupils and in the various schools of the city. I have been thinking this morning of a French teacher of my own who was always a very charming person to me, and will be so to you, I am sure, if I tell you about her. I was seeking an instructor in French and it was at Madame B.'s boarding-school in Fourteenth street that I first heard of Marie De Villargenne. "She is young," said Madame, "only nineteen, but I think her a very good teacher. I don't know the history of her family, but I believe they have been better days. The mother is dead and the father is a proud, high-bred, nervous old gentleman, the author of some French text books, which his daughter uses. He is in feeble health, and gives lessons at his lodgings, and she has pupils here, and in several other schools in this part of the city. I have partly promised her all my classes for next year, and I should feel no hesitancy about it, if it were not for her youth and inexperience. I will give her your address, and I have no doubt she will please you."

The next morning she came to see me punctually at nine o'clock. I had thought to meet a dark-haired, black-eyed girl of the usual type of French women, and was surprised to find her delicately fair, with brown eyes and light, waving hair. Her face was not striking enough to be handsome, nor regular enough in its features to be called pretty, but there was something beautiful in it better than either. She wore a straw bonnet tied with a blue ribbon, and a dress of some plain gray material, with a mantle of the same thrown over her shoulders. But the richest brocade could not have been more gracefully worn. There was a thorough ladylike and elegance about her that a princess might have envied. Her voice had a rare sweetness, and her pronunciation of English was just French enough to be piquant. I resolved at once to engage her, let her "method" be what it might. She told me of her father's declining health, and her little sisters' confinement to their two rooms at the boarding-house, and said it was her great desire to obtain scholars enough to enable them to take a small house by themselves, so that they could feel more at home. She became agitated as she talked, and unconsciously threw back her bonnet and drew off her glove, revealing a bit of dainty face about her neck, and a glimpse of a curious-looking woman gold chain, and on her slender hand, a ring with a clear emerald, set in antique fashion.

"We have been nearly a year in New York," said she; "my father has very little property left to depend upon, and it is only within the past few weeks that I have been able to earn sufficient to pay the expenses of my little sister and myself. My father is not strong enough to have many pupils."

I promised to do all I could for her. My lessons were soon arranged, and, as she had an engagement at ten, she bade me good morning.

It was wonderful how suddenly I became interested in French, which had always seemed to me the most stupid of languages. Madame's lessons came to me every other morning, and the charm of her first impression was deepened rather than removed with every lesson. So graceful, so exquisitely refined, and so nervously anxious to succeed for her father's sake—was more and more drawn to her perpetually, and would have supported her claims against the world. The number of her private pupils increased, and with the prospect of large classes in the schools the coming year, she became hopeful and happy. Every afternoon when school hours were over she went to walk with her father and sister, and I used often to meet them in the quiet streets near their boarding-house. Her father seemed very feeble, but was still erect and dignified in his carriage, and greeted any one whom he knew, with a bow that would have given a court.

One morning when the lesson was over and I knew she had more leisure than usual I begged her to sit awhile and tell me something of her past life.

"Would it really interest you to hear it?" said she. "I have not thought or spoken much of the old times since I have been in America."

I wish I could tell you her story as she told it to me—sitting there in the April sunshine, her brown eyes dimmed with a mist of tears and her small hands now tightly clasped, and now raised in the eloquence of unconscious gesture.

They were an old family of Normandy the De Villargennes. A ruined castle still standing there an estate once theirs, which was said to have been built in the days of William the Conqueror. They had lived in opulence for many centuries, but in the Revolution they clung to the fortune of the King, and lost both wealth and power, and were even forced for a time into exile to save their lives. When they returned it was to find their lands in the possession of strangers, and themselves uncared for and unknown. With the little property which remained to them they went to Paris, hoping to recover their fortunes, and it was there that Marie's father was born. But trouble seemed to pursue them. All their efforts to recover their ancient possessions were unavailing, and at length, in disgust and despair, the last representative of the family, with his motherless daughters, had come to America.

"This chain and ring which I wear," said Marie, "are the all that remains to us of the splendor of the De Villargennes. We have come here to find a new life. I never speak of the past to my father, and I hope to be so successful in my teaching that his last days shall be happier than any he has ever known."

The next day I was at Madame B.'s. I told her how much interested I was in Marie De Villargenne, and expressed the hope that she would give her all her classes. "I am interested in her also," said Madame, "and I have no doubt she takes great pains with her pupils, but I am not sure that I like her method altogether. With in a few days I have seen a young French gentleman, just from Paris who has graduated there with high honors, and brings letters from the well known professors under whom he has studied. He has come to New York to establish himself as a teacher of his native language, and has a system of his own, by which he thinks scholars will learn much more rapidly than in the old ways."

Just then the door opened and "Mr. Philippe Retour" was announced. Madame greeted him very affably and presented him to me saying, "the gentleman I am speaking of." As was a tall, finely-formed handsome young man, with that ease and assurance of manner which is so effective with women. After some complimentary remarks to Madame, he began to speak of his plans for classes. He discussed old and new systems, and made it very clear that his own was the only one by which a pupil could learn to speak Parisian French. I saw that he was converting Madame, and trembling for my teacher's interests, ventured to remind her that I thought she had promised her scholars to Marie De Villargenne.

"I made no definite promise," said she, "and I shall still be able to give her some of the little girls."

"Marie De Villargenne?" exclaimed Mr. Retour. "I had heard that the last of that old family had come to this country, but I never would have believed one of them would demean herself so much as to teach. I knew a De Villargenne had amused himself with making a grammar, but I did not suppose one of the name would use it."

"It is Marie's father who has done it," said Madame, and she teaches her classes from it."

Mr. Retour smiled. "I do not wish to disparage the young lady," said he, "I do not wish to disparage the young lady," said he, "I have a great respect for her ancient name; but it is because our language has been taught by persons like her, who undertake it so imperfectly and rarely learned. Any one can see that that grammar is the work of an amateur. It might have done for the court in the time of De Villargenne's grandfather, but is quite unequal to the practical wants of to-day. A true teacher must spring from the people."

Mr. Retour was triumphant, and Madame began to consult him at once about the arrangement of her advanced classes. No one could help liking the young man. He seemed to have no envy or unkind feeling; only a determination to succeed in his profession. He combined Yankee energy and shrewdness with French suavity and grace, and the blending made him quite irresistible. After he had gone Madame turned to me and said,

"I am delighted with his system."

"And with Mr. Retour."

"Yes, with Mr. Retour."

"What will become of Marie De Villargenne?"

"Oh she is getting pupils in other quarters, and I shall still give her the younger girls."

"I am very sorry for her disappointment."

"So am I, but the good of my scholars must be my first thought."

I could not bear to speak to Marie of her formidable rival, and several lessons went by without any allusion to him. Meanwhile I heard of him everywhere. He seemed to be winning golden opinions from old and young, and especially from all the school-girls. It was not my fancy—Marie was, during the same time, getting pale and worn. I had no doubt he was at the bottom of her anxiety, and, for my part, I almost wished him at the bottom of the sea with his handsome face and persuasive

tongue. I was not mistaken in my suspicion of the cause of her altered looks. She could keep silent no longer, and one June morning when she came in, she burst into tears and asked me if I had heard of the new French teacher in the school, and said she was afraid he would take away all her classes.

I told her of my seeing him at Madame B.'s, and said he seemed to be a genial young man, and that I had no doubt if they could meet, he would feel interested in her success as well as his own.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I would not meet him for the world. He has blighted all my hopes. I never wish to see one who has caused me so much disappointment."

We sat all the morning talking of the matter. I was about to leave the city for the summer. The schools would soon close and then Marie hoped to go with her father for a few weeks to the country. I said to her every encouraging thing that suggested itself. I had several friends who wished to take lessons in the fall—Mr. Retour could not teach all New York—there would, very likely, by that time be a reaction in her favor, etc.

We parted, and the summer passed without any tidings of her. When I returned in October, I went to her old boarding-house to find her, but they told me she had left there some weeks before, and they did not know her present residence. What did it mean? I knew she purposed staying there till my return. Had she grown utterly discouraged and crept into some humble lodging to hide her grief and mortification? I was greatly troubled about her, and resolved to go the next day to the school where she had taught and find her out, if possible.

That evening I went to a concert at the Academy of Music, and when it was over, among the throng who left the house with me were a lady and gentleman who walked before me, up the street. I had not seen their faces, but I heard occasional snatches of their conversation carried on in French. They seemed to be talking of the music and of the pleasure they had had in hearing it together. "Surely," thought I, "these gentle tones and that elastic step must belong to Marie De Villargenne. We were on the shady side of the way, and I walked a little faster that I might see them more nearly. There was a lamp on the corner of the street, and just as they turned around it I had a full view of them both. Who should I discover but Marie De Villargenne and Philippe Retour, both looking so radiant and happy that I knew they must be at peace with themselves and all the world! I was amazed. Madame B.'s boarding school was on the next square. I went there immediately and told her what I had seen. She burst into a merry laugh.

"It is the most romantic thing that ever happened. A little while after you went away they met, accidentally, in my school-room. I saw at once that Mr. Retour was pleased with her. There is a charm, after all, about a name like De Villargenne, to a young Frenchman of the people. Marie was much embarrassed and very dignified at first, but her coldness soon passed away beneath the warmth of his real cordiality. He spoke of her as his associate in teaching—inquired with great respect for her father, and begged permission to call and see them. She could not treat him otherwise than politely, and I saw that very morning how it would end. They have been for some weeks engaged to be married. Marie's father has converted Mr. Retour to his own views of the right way of teaching French, and he has actually adopted the De Villargenne grammar! They have taken a pretty little house not far from here, and all will soon be living there together. Marie will be quite willing, I think, to leave the teaching interests, in future, to her husband."

"I am sure she is very happy, Madame."

"No one is more so, unless it be Mr. Retour."

DEAN.

### An Irish Letter.

TIPPERARY, IRELAND, March 27, 1856.  
MY DEAR NEPHEW—I have not heard anything of you since the last time I wrote you. I have moved from the place where I now live, or I should have written to you before. I did not know where a letter might find you first; but I now take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines, to inform you of the death of our only living uncle, Kilpatrick. He died very suddenly, after a long illness of six months. Poor man, he suffered a great deal. He lay a long time in convulsions, perfectly quiet and speechless, and all the time talking incoherently, and inquiring for water. I'm very much at a loss to tell you what his death was occasioned by; but the doctor thinks it was occasioned by his last sickness, for he was not well ten days during his confinement. His age you know just as well as I can tell you; he was twenty-five years old last March, lacking fifteen months; and if he had lived till this time, he would have been six months dead, just.

N. B. Take note, I inclose to you a tin pound note, which your father sends to you unknown to me. Your mother often speaks of you; she would like to send you the brindle cow, and I would inclose her till you but for the horns.

I beg leave of you not to brake the sale of this letter until two or three days after you read it, by which time you'll be prepared for the sorrowful news.

PATRICK O'BRIEN.

THE NEW PLANET OF D. LOCARBANIS said to revolve around the sun in nineteen days. The inhabitants must spend a large part of their time in making New Year's calls. What Methusalehs we should be on such a planet as that.

(Providence Journal.)

## A Republican Setting an Example of Economy and Simplicity.

The late Gov. Beuck of New York said to a friend after he had discharged the duties of the Chief Magistracy of the State about one year:

"When I first entered upon the office I was engaged in trying to reconcile conflicting opinions, produce harmony in the party and please everybody, that I paid no attention to my household expenses. At the end of the first three months, my quarter's salary was paid and my bills due were presented. To my utter dismay the latter exceeded the former. During my entire life I had made it a point never to spend more in a quarter than I received for my earnings. I believed that to be a good rule, and that, as Governor of the State, I should not transgress it and set a bad example, which might be the means of ruining thousands. I began to cast about to see where I could cut down my expenses. The State officers had hired the house I occupied without consulting me, and the State paid the rent. I had nothing to say or do in that particular. The State officers, who because I was a country farmer took particular pains to instruct me, told me I must bring my best span of horses and carriage from my farm in Schoharie, and ride in it, or I would degrade the high office to which the people had elected me. They also said that I must have a colored waiter to attend the door of my residence, and a head cook and three assistants in the kitchen, and two or three chambermaids, besides a coachman to drive my carriage. I remembered that during the entire quarter I had not found time to ride in the carriage with my family except to Church on Sundays, and the coachman could not go to Church, having to take care of the team. This I did not believe was doing exactly right, or setting a good example. I thought that myself and family could walk to Church, as the distance was not great. We thereby would appear not to feel above others who walked, and as the Governor's family, would be setting a better example than by riding. My wife also proposed to dismiss the chief cook and all the assistants but one, and she would superintend the cooking—she always had done this on my farm; and my daughters proposed to dismiss the chambermaids, and they would do the chamber work. No sooner was this agreed upon than accomplished. The large bays and carriage went back to the farm in Schoharie, and the extra help was all dismissed. Everything worked like a charm. The colored doorman, whom I retained, assisted in waiting on the table. The State officers and my city friends did not observe that all was as first arranged when they called. We walked to church, and greeted kindly all we met there, and enjoyed the services without thinking of the coachman who could not attend them. We reduced our expenses to within my salary. I felt better immediately. I feel better now. I can discharge my duties better, and when my term of office expires and I return to private life I shall feel that when Governor of the State I did not set an example of extravagance in any respect which might be the means of ruining any one."

THE VERMONT GOLD HUNTERS. It is getting to be quite a busy time among the miners. New discoveries of gold have been made on the brook running from the west part of Reading into "Hale Hollow," in Plymouth, near the residences of Uriah Alard and Jonathan Merritt. Two men, Messrs Hayward and Sweetland of Springfield Mass., are now at work on this stream and are said to be doing tolerably well, and they have bought the whole brook. Hankerson is now clearing out the old mill pond at the Five Corners. On Buffalo brook (from Reading Pond) there are now seven companies at work, and all are said to be making fair wages. (Bellows Falls Times.)

GOOD OF ONIONS. A writer has great faith in the efficacy of a peck of onions for ridding cows or oxen of lice. He claims to have found them an infallible remedy in his practice. They also give a tone to the stomach, and are especially valuable in hot weather, when working cattle will lie in shade at noon time, and refuse to eat.

A country parson had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase, "I flatter myself," instead of, "I believe." Having had occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, "he flattered himself that more than one-half of them would be damned!"

A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator asserts that the only way to make sure of a crop of peaches every year is by grafting upon the wild plum stock.

Never be afraid of catching cold from a shower of curls.

"Faw of us," says Prentice, "know what we would do in a pinch, but we rather think if we were called upon at present to define the National Democracy, we should do it by adopting Parson Higginson's definition of mince pie:—'Very white and indigestible at the bottom, with untold horrors between.'"

"I know," said a little girl, "why the sun sets every night. It is to hatch out stars."

When your friends are laid up with the rheumatism, always press them to come over and take tea with you. While such acts of kindness entail no expense, they procure for you a large reputation for sympathy and neighborly kindness. With proper discrimination, there is nothing that pays a better profit than "goodness of heart."

DIED IN THE WOOL. Nuttton.







**DEPUTY SHERIFF.**  
**HIRAM, Me.**  
 All business promptly attended to. 58



