

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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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.—A. R. C. L. A.

### Our Agricultural Organization.

In Board of Agriculture, Mr. Perley for Committee on the following topic:—"Our agricultural organizations: what have they accomplished, and what claims do they present for State patronage in the existing condition of the country?" reported as follows:

When a work of any considerable magnitude is to be accomplished, united effort is found to be much more potent than that of isolated individuals. Accordingly, several years ago, farmers, finding their gains not commensurate with their efforts and the capital employed by them; and finding themselves deficient in a knowledge of those principles by which animal and vegetable life are governed, conceived and adopted the plan of uniting their efforts in improving themselves in the theory and practice of agriculture. Such is the origin of our agricultural organizations; and such the objects had in view. The results, if successful, are, in the first place, a more intelligent and more energetic farmer; in the second, a more valuable and more productive soil; in the third, a more abundant and more certain supply of food and clothing for the inhabitants of the State and of the world.

What are the organizations to which farmers have resorted? Answer: District Farmers' Clubs; Town Exhibitions; County Agricultural Societies; a State Society, a State Board of Agriculture.

What have these organizations accomplished? The inquiry may best be answered by a simple statement of facts; nor is it deemed necessary to enumerate all those, but only to present a few, such as most readily suggest themselves, as a type of the others. From the nature of the case, we are unable to sum up in dollars and cents the advantages which the agriculture of the State has derived from these associations. And here we cannot refrain from again renewing the suggestions made by the Board in former years, of the benefits which might be derived from more full and perfect statistics of the industry of the State in other branches as well as that of agriculture, inasmuch as a perfect knowledge of facts is the only safe basis either of legislation or of private enterprise. But the advantages gained are, nevertheless, such as, if not as apparent, as if measured in federal currency. Some of them are as follows:

By the association of the individuals composing these bodies, mind acting upon mind has elevated the standard of intelligence among farmers, and excited a thirst for agricultural knowledge which augurs well for the future; not that they have already attained to excellence, but are earnestly seeking it.

Through the direct influence of these organizations, may be traced in many instances, the value of land enhanced from 100 to 500 per cent; and this to the extent of many thousands of acres within the State. Natural swamps, and other wet lands naturally of little or no value, have been relieved of their surplus water and brought under profitable cultivation; sandy, barren plains have been reclaimed and rendered productive, while the arable produce of the lands already under cultivation, it is believed, has been largely increased; yet the work of land improvement has only commenced.

Better farm buildings, too, are everywhere seen; old, wide-spread houses have given place to new, tasty and convenient ones; dilapidated, cold barns, are supplanted by well-planned, well finished and comfortable ones; better orchards, gardens, fences, and a general appearance of thrift are manifest wherever these organizations have extended their influence.

Through the same instrumentality the value of domestic animals has been very greatly enhanced; and the gain is not so much the result of numbers, as in the intrinsic value of the animals. Thus is fed a *lass* out, the *greater* value, while the net profit is increased. Improved breeds are fast crowding out of sight the less thrifty and less profitable animals which have so long filled our stalls and pens. In short, it is manifest to every thoughtful observer that better farms and farm buildings, better orchards and gardens, better implements and live stock are everywhere to be seen. Although we cannot present in detail the precise gain made in each particular, we propose to submit some figures which may give a satisfactory view of the aggregate gain in regard to several of the most important items:

By comparing the United States census returns for 1850 with those of 1860, we find the number of acres in farms has increased from 2,039,596 to 2,677,136, or about 30 per cent.

Value of farms in 1850, \$54,861,748; in 1860, \$78,688,525; being an increase of 43 per cent.

Value of implements and machinery in 1850, \$2,284,537; in 1860, \$3,298,327; being an increase of 44 per cent.

The improvement in stock is greater still, and even surpasses our anticipations, extravagant as these have seemed to many.

Value of stock in 1850, \$9,705,726; in 1860, \$15,437,380; showing an increase of 59 per cent. That this is mainly the result of improvement appears from the fact, that in numbers our animals have increased less than 7 per cent. during the same period. This fact is further shown in the value of slaughtered animals, which in 1850 was \$1,646,773, and had, in 1860, increased to \$2,780,179, or more than 68 per cent.!

We do not claim that all increase of agricultural property in the State is due to our organizations, but we do claim that the various improvements by means of which this great result has been brought about, were, all of them, initiated and steadily fostered and encouraged by them, and that hundreds and thousands of farmers who have never been connected with them, and have even sneered at their labors, have yet themselves been excited to emulation, stimulated to improvement, and induced to adopt better practices where they have seen them prove successful with others.

Admitting, for the sake of illustration, that only half the gain indicated by the census returns relative to the four items above named is the result, direct or indirect, of associated efforts, we still find that for every dollar employed by the State in fostering this great interest, during the ten years past, (aided by the larger voluntary contributions and labors of individuals), a return has been realized of more than thirty, or sixty, or a hundred fold.

On the smaller associations, not stipendiaries of the State, such as farmers' clubs and town exhibitions, we may remark, they are the legitimate offspring of those which the State has encouraged by its patronage; practical manifestations of that spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among farmers of which we have before spoken. They are unobtrusively but effectually accomplishing a good work.

County Agricultural and Horticultural Societies. These bodies are doing what the smaller ones or private individuals, from pecuniary inability, could not do. Their combined means have enabled them to introduce from other States and other countries improved stock of various breeds, better seeds of different kinds, and the choicest varieties of fruit; thus affording to all, advantages which even the most wealthy, when acting as individuals, could hardly secure. They bring together farmers, their wives, sons, and daughters, with their various productions from large areas. Articles of manufacture and of art, too, are collected at their shows, making a much more instructive exhibition than can be made by the smaller associations. The simple view, by one, of what has been accomplished by another, does much more to excite emulation than mere unproved theories, however finely drawn and attractively presented, and each one returns to his home from a well conducted show with stronger determination to improve upon his former practice.

The money transactions of these societies for the last five years, from 1857 to 1861 inclusive, have been as follows:

Amount received from the State	\$25,513
Sum raised by the societies from private sources	54,182
Amount of indebtedness of the societies for grounds and their improvements	20,000

Total expended by the societies for premiums, grounds and improvements	98,695
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Showing an annual average receipt from the State of	\$4,903
And from private sources of	10,836

The indebtedness of the societies, above referred to, is mostly for grounds, buildings and other fixtures.

The Maine State Agricultural Society is a corporate body, entirely distinct from the county societies, and from the Board of Agriculture. It differs from county societies in that it embraces, in its geographical limits, the whole State. A president, elected annually, with four trustees, elected biennially, constitute its board of managers.

Its operations are similar in character and effect, to those of county societies, but upon a larger scale; bringing together at its exhibitions the farmers and their products from all parts of the State.

In 1858 a grant of \$1000 annually for five years was made to this Society, which grant will expire, April, 1863. Of the money thus pledged, \$3000 have been drawn and used for legitimate purposes; the balance, \$2000, remains to be appropriated. A special grant of \$1700 was also made to this Society in 1860.

Its financial operations for five years, from 1857 to 1861 inclusive, are as follows:

Aid from the State	\$ 5,700
Amount received from private sources	28,812
Annual average from the State for the five years	\$1,140

There is also an item for printing, 1857, the amount of which we have not been able to ascertain.

Board of Agriculture. This is a deliberative body, consisting of one member from each county, and holds an annual session of fourteen days to investigate matters pertaining to the general husbandry of the State.

The bringing together of such a body of men is necessarily a benefit to themselves, and we trust to those who send them. By comparison of views and practice, and by the reports here prepared, and the discussions which follow, together with essays carefully prepared before the session, at home, and reports of experiments instituted to ascertain the conditions of successful production, a greater or less amount of information is elicited. This is spread abroad through the newspapers of the day, and subsequently in the Secretary's Report.

The duties of the Secretary are, briefly, to acquaint himself, by personal inspection, with the agricultural capabilities of the State, its soil, its crops, its means of fertilization, its methods of husbandry, and to suggest improvements; to correspond and invite change of documents with kindred associations in other States and countries; to prepare an annual report, embracing the doings of the Board, the results of his investigations, with such recommendations and suggestions as the interests of agriculture

seem to require; to prepare, also, an abstract of the returns from agricultural societies, affording one of the great mass of returned whatever may be of public interest.

Prior to the reorganization of the Board in 1856 the publications of the State were, chiefly, reprints of the reports made to the county societies, and a small edition sufficed to meet the demand. During the past five years, the demand has steadily increased, and has always been far in advance of the supply, notwithstanding an enlargement of the issue. The demand testifies to the appreciation in which they are held in our own State. Abroad, they have been sought for in exchange, often quoted from in the publications of other States, and have been pronounced "models of excellence in the department they represent." One of the best agricultural authors of our time, resident of another State, in correspondence with one of our number says: "Your worthy Secretary works with a zeal no less ardent than enlightened. In my judgment his reports and suggestions are invaluable to farmers. They excel in directness, and working force, anything in this class in the course of my agricultural reading."

Perhaps we may be pardoned a single allusion to the recommendations of the Board. Among the measures urged by it, and last adopted by the Legislature, is the Scientific Survey of the State, now successfully entered upon. It is too early to speak much of its results, but we cannot refrain from mentioning a single item. The researches of Prof. Hitchcock show that coal cannot exist in the town of Perry; for the reason that the rocks there are older than the coal formation; hence, if coal were there it would be above, and not below the rocks. Had this fact been known a few years ago, \$40,000 might have been saved which have been vainly expended in boring to find it.

The money expended by the State for the Board of Agriculture for the years 1859 to 1861, inclusive, is as follows:

For dues and travel of members	\$2,084
Salary of Secretary	2,800
Travel and incidental expenses of Secretary	873
Total	\$5,757

Average per year, for three years, \$1,919.

The cost of printing the Secretary's Report cannot be precisely ascertained for the years above named, but it is estimated at \$3000 annually.

One other point remains; what claims upon the State patronage do these organizations present, in the existing condition of the country?

What is this condition? War. A war of unprecedented magnitude in our country, and of uncertain duration; a war involving great expenditure. In the dense veil which surrounds the future, one thing is sure, we must meet heavy taxation. How is this to be done? We answer, mainly by production—production from the soil. Manufactures increase wealth by adding labor to the raw material; commerce, by changing their position from place to place; but before either can add a cent to property, the material must be produced. The great work must be done by the producer, the great burden falls upon the farmer. During the years of peace and plenty, agriculture has paid half of the taxes of the State. As other branches of industry become crippled, it must pay a larger proportion still. Does it deserve, at the hands of the State, encouragement or discouragement? Plainly, by so much as the reliance of the State upon it is increased, so should support and aid be more liberally given; by so much as the burdens laid upon it are increased, by so much the more should it be encouraged and fostered.

Agricultural labor is none too attractive or popular. There is need of encouragement in order to retain our young men within the State. Farmers' sons have gone out by thousands; they are making their mark elsewhere; they are building up other portions of our common country, it is true, but have left us, as a State, poorer and feebler for their departure.

Imagine, for a moment, what a blow would be given to this great interest, now the sheet-anchor of the State, should the legislature say, by its deeds, "agriculture is no longer worthy of encouragement; farmers must bring a larger tale of brick than ever before, but we can help them to no straw." Take away a man's faith and hope and you paralyze him. Think, too, of its effect upon our reputation abroad and especially its effect upon the rebels at the South. Will they not have good reason to believe us to be terribly crippled already, and that a few more desperate struggles will completely subjugate us.

But can the State afford it now? Yes. Neither the State nor its inhabitants are so near pauperism that they cannot find a dollar to invest when it will bring ten, or a hundred or five hundred in return. We submit, rather, the State cannot afford to withhold the requisite aid. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

JANUARY 27, 1862.

The above having been twice read and adopted, the Secretary was instructed to furnish a copy to each member of the Legislature.

NUMBER OF HORSES IN THE WORLD. The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants; Denmark has forty-five horses to every hundred inhabitants, which is more than any other European country. Great Britain and Ireland have 2,500,000 horses; France, 3,000,000; Austria Empire, exclusive of Italy, 2,600,000; Russia, 3,500,000. The United States have 5,000,000 horses, which is more than any European country. The horses of the whole world are estimated at 57,420,000. (Goodrich.)

## MISCELLANY.

### MY CHILD PASSENGER.

BY AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

Many years ago, when I was lying in the old Julia, in one of the noble harbors of Australia, full-laden and ready to start for England, having finished all my business on shore, and only waiting for a breeze to spring up, I was roused from a reverie on the poop, in which I was thinking of no earthly thing, but only whistling for the wind, by the mate's coming to me, and saying: "There is a gentleman with a boy, sir, wishes to see you."

Who can they be, I thought, as I descended the poop ladder, and turning into the cabin, met the gaze of a gentleman there, where so few were at that period, and in whose right hand was the hand of a boy gentleman. Why do I use those words? Because we sailors, although not much used to their society, yet have an instinct which tells us when we are in the presence of such a one. A glimpse at a man, fearless and bold in his demeanor, gentle and courteous in his manner, whose eyes look straight into yours, and whose hand grasps firmly and releases reluctantly, who uses good plain words with meaning in them, (such meaning as we put in an order to "stand by!"—"for your lives!" when on a lee-shore, and if she miss stays, death comes;) these tell us the gentleman, and we have a respect and feeling towards him quite different from those of a landsman.

"Charlie," he said to his boy, and not to me, "this is Captain Bentley, whose shipmate you are to be to Old England; and frankly and heartily the boy put his hand in mine, and then turned his eyes on his father.

He introduced himself very briefly, apologizing for not having been on board earlier, and then continued, "We have heard, captain, that you have been many times here before, and made safe voyages, and that your ship is a strong and sea worthy craft, and I wish this young gentleman to go home in your charge. I am sure that Charlie will be a good boy, and will obey your orders as cheerfully as any of your crew, or as he has always obeyed me."

A tightening of the little fist in mine, made me fancy that Charlie was determining on carrying out his father's wishes. After some explanation from Mr. —, about the late hour of bringing my tiny passenger on board, receiving some instructions, and concluding pleasantly as to terms, &c., his little plain, rough-wood boxes were passed into my cabin, and the rattling of the windlass pawls telling the fair wind had come, the time came to say farewell.

It was no sad parting; the father said, in a loud, cheery voice, "Good bye, Charlie!" then they shook hands warmly, and like two grown up people, no tear being in the eyes of either. "Take good care of him, captain, and when his schooling is over, you shall bring him back again to his papa." And waving his hand in adieu, the father went over the side into his boat, and pulled for the shore. In a few minutes we were under sail, and standing seaward.

As we drew out of the harbor, Charlie kept his eyes fixed on the last receding boat; but, observing the bustle of my duties to slacken, he came up to me, and putting his little hand in mine, gave me a look which at once established a confidence and faith in each other which I for worlds would not have broken.

He could not have been more than five years of age, with a round, happy face, and clear, blue, frank, unassuming eyes. He had long, light hair, just beginning to curl, and was dressed in a short yellow frock, with a black belt round his waist, and a ship made straw hat, with a neat blue ribbon on it, and stood firmly on the deck and looked boldly round him at every object and each of my men.

I could not account for the change which seemed to have come over my old quarter-deck. It seemed to me as new and fresh as it did on the day when the old ship was launched, many years before. That child's smile had a magic in it, and I noticed that the man at the wheel, when he had caught his eye, consciously put the helm up and then down, and reddened in the face.

I had never known much or never cared much about children; but the appearance and ways of little Charlie won on me with a strange charm, and I tried all I could to unbend from my old solitary moods and habits, and try and make him happy. After we had been some time out, I determined to make a little cot, and have it slung in my own cabin, where I should always have him near me; and a pretty little one I did make, and sewed it all with my own hands. It was of fine duck, and about three feet in length, by a little more than one across, and on the head of it I embroidered with my needle and twine a heart with a bird standing on it, as if singing, and on the foot of it I wrought a ship under full sail on a waveless sea. I had somehow connected the heart and bird with little Charlie, as he seemed to me then, and pictured his future in the ship with a fair wind and all sail set. Such a cozy little cot never hung from ship's beams before, and when he was in it, and enjoying a swing, with his merry cheerful laughter flowing over it, it seemed to me as if a bird were singing in its cage, and making my little cabin glorious with the light of music, and my heart overflow with happiness.

By what slow, gradual, and sure steps he crept into my heart, I cannot tell, nor make you understand, but our friendship grew until we could hardly be out of each other's sight, without uneasiness. And not to me alone, but to every man and boy on board, was his bright smile and laugh always a welcome. With each one he had started an individual friendship, and they all became his stout friends and sworn allies. Without my having to issue the order, I found all the port-holes and hawse-pipes open, every little space at all unguarded, kept carefully up with cord and battens, while a neat man-rop, the exact height of Charlie's hand, was worked round the stanchions of the companion which led to the poop. Go where he would the sailors never lost sight of him; and if in his ramblings he had gained a position at all unsafe, I noticed more than one eye stray from its duty, and watch eagerly his motions. The carpenter occupied all his spare time in carving him models of boats and ships, and often have I watched him listening with a curiously respectful deference, to Charlie's opinion of his handiwork. Of the purpose of the mysterious conferences held between him and my old grey-bearded goat in the stern of the long-boat, I cannot say, but certainly, they understood one another, and had formed a mutual confidence between their two selves, which it would have been dangerous to disturb.

My mate, although a good seaman, was given to a love of grog, which he managed to indulge, either by having a sea stock of his own, or by making friends with the steward; and one day, when I had noticed that he had been drinking, but had said nothing, as he had carried on his work with me and said: "Captain! Mr. Amos (that was my mate's name), is not Mr. Amos today; some other person is wearing his clothes, for it was not he who spoke to me to day, but another man—and the other person looks so strange, too." Instead of severely reprimanding my mate, and perhaps berating him, I called him into my stateroom in the evening, and told him how much better it would be for him not to have anything to do with that which stole away into his reason and judgment, and so altered his face that even a little child grew afraid at the change; and would you believe it Mr. Amos' eyes were wet as he said, "Captain, I will drink no more; and he never did while he and I sailed in one ship together.

Another time, when one of the boys had been struck by a seaman, and I was doubtful from their different statements what course of punishment to pursue, Charlie simplified the affair by saying, "Oh, captain! it is so wrong to strike one another; tell them it is wrong, and I know they won't do it again." His child faith became mine, and no harsh discipline was again necessary on board my ship.

What a cherisher he gave to our old craft, making each of his favorite nooks and corners little spots of sunshine, I can scarcely tell you. Many a time we played at Bop, round the skylights and companions, and when he half showed himself from behind the mizen-mast, and putting his wee hands to his mouth, made a speaking-trumpet of them, and hailed me, asking "Where are you from?" and ordering me to "Haul away that brace and belay," a light and happy feeling, as of being in green fields, with blue skies above and birds singing all about, came to me, and a thankfulness and sense of the blessing of life filled my breast, and made me as happy and joyous as little Charlie was. I remember once off the Cape in a calm, his fishing over the stern, with a bent pin for the cape pigeons, making pots of the holes he caught for a few minutes, and then freeing them with clapping hands and a "there, pretty pigeon, go away to your own home." And I remember, too, another picture, which was a picture, and best all I had ever looked upon, of a tiny white figure, whose curls hung down on either side of wee clasped hands like golden fringe over the edge of a dazzlingly white cot, saying, "Be kind to Captain Bentley, and take us all safe home," while I had my head with the counterpane on the sofa, and cried—I, who had never prayed nor wept since I had been whipped at school. What magic was in his looks and voice to make our hearts more soft and tender, I am at a loss to describe or account for. Even my imagination grew young again, and I pictured to myself, on our arrival in port, a sweet-voiced lady, with Charlie's eyes, thanking me in kind tones for my care of him, and introducing me to a new world of social and homely pleasures.

We had rounded the Cape, and got bold of the south trades, and taking advantage of steady winds and fine weather, were busy putting the old ship in order for home. No person on board was idle—there was such scraping and scouring and painting. I occupied myself in cleaning and re-varnishing the panels of my cabin, and had given orders to Charlie to play on deck for a while and keep away from the point work.

We were going about six knots through the water, and all our starboard studding sails were pulling with a will. I was thinking of the pleasant and favorable voyage we had made thus far, and saying to myself, "I must try and always have a passenger with me after this," when, just as I was making a scraped knot on one of the panels about all its rings and convolutions, brown and yellow, one after another, and admiring the way in which its lines gradually spread until they were lost in the plain wood, I heard, close to me over my head, the clashing and rattling of the wheel chains, at which they dragged the helm hard down—I knew it was that—then, a shout I cannot forget. In a moment I was up, I heard, too, the mate's voice, giving orders in a singularly bold, calm, and collected tone, that told me all was right there, and then—

Was it that black cloud in which my right sight was supernaturally enlarged? or was it a great white light that came down on me, and I saw only a rolling world—a confused ship on a confused sea—and a child

floating out of the wave hollows beyond towards the far horizon!

I threw my body over the stern, and heard distinctly several splashes in the water close beside me. I struck out strongly, heartily, with a mighty human will that made waves nothing. I blessed God for my strength. I felt no clothes on, no hindrance from them at least, and I struggled through the water, half in it and half out of it, with my eyes fixed on one spot, where now and then, I could see a little speck.

"Courage!" I said to myself—"courage! swim 'coolly'; draw long breaths; do not waste yourself;" and I called out, "One moment, Charlie! only one moment, and you are in my arms!—Keep your head up; do not fling your arms about; be quiet and have no fears;" and as I neared my eyes caught his—smiling—and mine became transfixed. I saw nothing more—nothing but his eyes. "Brave arms do not fail me," I murmured, "a moment more and I save him." I stare fixedly on the spot—scramble over the water to it—I smat it; it is vacant—and I plunge, with what life God has left me. The senses of seeing and hearing are shut up, but, stretching down vaguely through the dark water, I touch, with this hand, four little fingers which seem to close on mine, and shake them.

Then all is blank—

Yes! this horrid, old withered hand touched his the last in this world, and, when my poor voyage of life is drawing to a close, and I am making for that port where there are no storms, or quick sands, or rocks, I believe faithfully, hope fully, and humbly, that as the great cloud will overtake me, out of its depth of darkness will come that little hand, and, clasping mine, lead me with cheerful words beyond the shadow towards the judgment seat.

I was long unwell and in bed, but as I grew better I gradually learned that along with me, five of my gallant crew had jumped into the water; that cheerily, and with a will, those left on board had a boat launched in half the time they would have taken in a quiet harbor in a calm day, and that my mate had reached me in her just as, after twice diving, a good man called James Allston, had fished me to the surface; that the rest of my brave fellows were picked up some spent and exhausted; and that, on getting on board again and hoisting the boat, all the former sail was made on the ship in a deep silence, unbroken by one word, which made my mate fancy, as he told me, we had sailed into another world, where there was no land, and but one great sea, with only our old ship on it.

No harsh word was ever again heard in our vessel, no order had to be repeated, or, in many instances, even given. My mates and crew seemed to anticipate all my wishes, and to be always trying to forestall my desires, and their necessary duties. We were not sad, either. Our sun was, as it were, eclipsed; but we had gained the knowledge that it was only an eclipse, and we were not astronomers enough to calculate the time of its passing off, but had faith to believe it would at some time be known to Charlie.

Since then, dear sister, this hand has touched nothing vile or false; it has handled pitch but not been defiled; it has signed many a false manifest or duplicate invoice with a bill of lading, beginning, "By the grace of God," whose contents were to me sacred as those of the Bible. It has put my name to nothing but what was honest and true, and I have tried to keep it from contact with all rude and worldly work as much as I could. If, at any time, when gloomy or sad and seemed my solitary life, I have been tempted to lift that glass which might have heated the brain too much—what was spiritual and invisible hand drew mine down, and made me replace it untasted? Whose, but little Charlie's? Or, if my arm has been raised to strike a blow, what stopped its eager strength from descending but the little hand which touched it the last warm thing in this world!

A QUAKER AND A CURATE. A clergyman of the Church of England, having married a couple belonging to the people called Quakers, the curate demanded five shillings as his due.

"Canst thou," said the Quaker, "prote from Scripture that thou oughtest to exact from me such a share of earthly munition?"

"Why," replied the curate, "I took it for granted that the person you have just married is a woman of good character; and Solomon, in his Proverbs, observes, that a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

The other day as the Colonel of a New Hampshire Regiment was taking a short walk outside of the camp he met a soldier who was, to use his own expression, "pretty tolerably drunk," which he handed to the Colonel upon being requested to do so. The Colonel drew the stopper, turned up the canteen, and poured the whiskey into the gutter. The soldier watched the fluid gurgling from the neck of the canteen, until the last drop had fallen, when he regretfully observed, "I suppose that that's all right, Colonel, but I never could have had the heart to have done it."

A member of the Ohio 2d Cavalry writes home: "Speaking of hominy permits me to note a few of the remarks that I have heard the boys get off while devouring their excellent article of subsistence. One, a cookery, observed to a comrade, 'Hi say Arry, does omny grow on bushes?' and another, an Irishman, asked the cook 'what made the peas look so white?' but the most amusing of them all, was our Dutch sergeant, who said yesterday at dinner—I just like to know 'ot de bees like den corn-peas fur.'"

Couldn't Find it Out.

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, and his life has been in by-paths, and out-of-the-way places. His mind is characterized by the literalness, rather than the comprehensive grasp of great subjects.

Mr. Slocum can, however, master a printed paragraph, by dint of spelling the words, in a deliberate manner, and manages to gain a few glimpses of men and things, from his little rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper.

It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud, to his wife, after a hard day's work. A few evenings since, farmer Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident, which happened at the factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over to the mills," said Mr. Slocum. "What was it about?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, then you'll know all about it."

Mr. S. began to read:

"Horrible and Fatal Accident.—It becomes our melancholy and painful duty, to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being, in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakespeare says, 'no traveller returns.'"

"Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.

"Mr. David Jones, a workman, who has but few superiors this side of the city, was superintending one of the large drums—"

"I wonder if it was a brass drum, such as has 'Elihu's Unum' printed on it," said Mrs. Slocum.

"—When he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft, at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity, about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution."'

"Poor creature! how it must have hurt him!"

"When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were mangled to a jelly."

"Did it kill him?" asked Mrs. S., with increasing interest.

"Portions of the dura mater, cerebrium, and cerebellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor; in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

Here, Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question:

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know—haven't come to that place yet; you'll know when I've finished the piece."

He continued reading:

"It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct."

"Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience, old woman," said Mr. Slocum, eyeing his better half, over his spectacles. "I presume we shall come upon it right away."

He went on reading:

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over village, and we trust it will prove a warning to all persons who are called to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, "now, I should like to know whether the man was killed or not?"

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "its curious but the paper don't say."

THE DUTCHMAN'S BARGAIN. A Dutchman let his lands to an oil company last spring, on condition of receiving one eighth of the oil produced. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the farmer began to think that the oil men should give him a better chance, and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted. He said they ought to give him one-twelfth. The agreement was finally made, with understanding that the Dutchman was not to tell any one.

All went smooth until the next division day came, when our friend was early at hand to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were rolled to one side for the oil men and one for him. This did not suit him. "How's duth?" says he. "I tink I vas to get more as before. By jinks, you make mistake!"

The matter was explained to him, that he formerly got one barrel of every eight, but it was his own proposition to only take one of every twelve. This revelation took him aback. He scratched his head, looked round, and relieved his swelling breast of feelings of self-reproach by indignantly remarking, "Well, by dander, dat uh de first time as ever I know'd eight was more as twelve!"

The following singular scrap is from a Methodist paper: A man had migrated from church to church, breaking by each as he passed. At length he found himself in the Presbyterian church, where he was making great progress. The preacher in great distress said to one of his elders:

"What shall we do with him?"

"Oh, replied the elder, 'I have been praying the Lord to send him to hell.'"

"Why, brother, what do you mean?"

"Mean what I say; I hope he will go to hell. He would do good there; he would break up the establishments in less than six weeks











