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"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.—*AGRICULTURE.*

### Maine Board of Agriculture.

Report on the Culture of Carrots.

BY CALVIN CHAMBERLAIN, ESQ.

In view of the price of farm labor in this State for a series of years, and particularly the scarcity of help at present, we would be slow to advocate any change in husbandry involving increased manual labor, where it is not clear to our perception, that such change carries with it an increased net result. We believe that the general agriculture of Maine would be improved in a ratio corresponding with any increase of root culture.

Next to the potato, the carrot is perhaps the most valuable of all the roots, entering as it readily does into the food of nearly every living thing upon the farm. If every farmer in Maine would raise half an acre of carrots this year, a new era would dawn on our agriculture. In all future time the crop would be held as indispensable and quite as useful as Indian corn. There is no crop better adapted to a thorough preparation of the land for any succeeding crop; and all crops do well after carrots. There is no root so conducive to the health of farm stock. They increase the flow of milk, and greatly improve the quality. With good care, the crop need not fall off more than any other; and the yield is very large. In looking back a few years to the large crops reported through the Agricultural Societies and otherwise, in New England, New York, and Canada, we find the yield ranging from 1000 to over 1900 bushels per acre. Calling the average crop in this State 500 bushels, and let us examine the result compared with a crop of oats.

Assume that oats yield 40 bushels per acre, and we have, at 35 cts. per bushel, \$14.00. To raise an acre of carrots need not cost more than \$20.00 over that of an acre of oats. But we will call the excess \$25; 500 bushels of carrots will weigh at least 12 1/2 tons; and they are worth in the market from \$12 to \$16 per ton. Call them \$14, and we have 35 cts. per bushel—the same as oats. Then 500 bushels at 35 cts. is \$175. Deduct \$25—excess of cost in cultivation, and we have \$150,—equal to the sum realized on ten and five seventh acres of oats. Are we justified in placing so high a value on carrots?

The American Veterinary Journal says: "Carrots are very excellent feed for horses that have been long kept on highly carbonaceous food, and whose digestive organs may be out of order, in consequence of their constant activity in reducing meal and oats into the elements of animal nutrition. By examining the excrement of a horse fed in part on carrots, it will be found to contain no indigestible hay or oats, and therefore we may safely infer that they promote digestion; so that by the use of carrots, less quantities of hay and oats will suffice than when a large amount is consumed and parted with in an undigested state. For fattening animals, carrots are exceedingly valuable; as they possess the property of gelatinizing the contents of the stomach, thus aiding in the manufacture of fat out of other food which might otherwise pass out of the system. Two bushels of oats and one of carrots are better for a horse than three bushels of oats without carrots, and when the animal is used for light work only, the quantity of carrots may be increased."

Stewart, author of a book on Stable Economy, advances ideas similar to the above, and says: "Not only do carrots give strength and endurance to sound horses, but also give recovery and health to such as are sick."

Colman quotes from Curwen, a distinguished English farmer, as follows: "The profits and advantage of carrots are, in my opinion, greater than any other crop. This admirable root has, upon repeated and very extensive trials for the last three years been found to answer most perfectly as a partial substitute for oats. Where ten pounds of oats are given per day, four pounds may be taken away, and their places supplied by five pounds of carrots. This has been practiced in the feeding of eighty horses with the most complete success, and the health and condition of the horses allowed to be improved by the exchange. An acre of carrots supplies a quantity of food for working horses equal to sixteen or twenty acres of oats." Mr. Colman adds: "My own experience of the value of carrots, which has not been small, confirms these statements."

Mr. J. W. Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass., who has conducted and reported many valuable experiments, proves that a peck of carrots a day to a cow, increased her milk upon no day less than one quart, generally more, and of improved quality, while the consumption of hay was lessened; so that carrots not only made milk, but satisfied the hunger of the cow.

There is hardly anything in the whole round of topics that fill our agricultural records for a series of years, more fully proved and established, than the great value of carrots as feed for horses and cows. Our own experience for many years proves them equally valuable and convenient as feed for sheep, swine and poultry. Many years ago, we put up a few old sheep in winter, and fed them steamed carrots a few weeks. When slaughtered, we were surprised at their fine condition. The yield of tallow was very large. The sheep were not weighed when the feeding commenced, and we derive no facts from the case; but we drop it for the benefit of some curious feeder.

It is the practice of many, when they once get a piece of land in good tillth for carrots, to plant the same for a series of years. They succeed well in this way. Many of us are sorely tempted to this practice, who occupy stony lands, requiring much labor to clear them for the passage of the drill barrow and the wheel hoe. We speak from a feeling experience, after having spent a week in raking and removing the small stones from a half acre, after it was otherwise ready for the seed. Such extra are rightly charged in account to those who are to come after us—permanent improvements.

In regard to the preparation of land for root crops, and the manual for culture, we have little to add to that already written and often repeated. A drill barrow for sowing small seeds, may be owned by a neighborhood. Every gardener has, or ought to have, a good wheel-hoe, with changeable cutters. Every farmer and gardener has, or ought to have at command, a good steel subsoil plow, that may be worked with either one or two horses. A small piece of carrots, a quarter or half acre, is best planted about sixteen inches between rows, and tended with hand implements. For larger lots, the rows should be more distant, and horse implements used in the culture. Some varieties of the yellow or red carrot are subject, in some seasons, to rust in mid-summer. The white ones have usually escaped that malady. White carrots attain to much greater length and weight than the yellow.

The above Report was accepted and placed at the disposal of the Secretary. After some discussion the following was adopted: Resolved, That the Board of Agriculture recommend to the farmers of Maine largely to increase the production of roots, especially the carrot, the mangold, and the turnip, as a means of wintering stock, regard being had to the soil and other conditions best adapted to the successful culture of each kind.

### Culture of the White Bean.

The cultivation of the bean should be extended. The crop has this great advantage—if the price is low, the beans may be mixed with corn and other grain, ground, and fed to cows and sheep. They are one of the very best kinds of food for milch cows. The crop does not impoverish the land, and when fed to domestic animals, the manure is rich and valuable.

Many suppose that poor land is necessary to raise white beans—only because they will grow better on poor land than other crops. Manuring the land for them has doubled the crop. Nothing is better for them than good rich corn land. If the soil is rather heavy, an excellent way is to turn over clover and late in the spring, roll and harrow it, and plant the beans. There will be less hoeing needed, as fresh inverted soil is usually clean soil. When the soil is free from weeds, the best way is to drill in the beans, so that the drills may be about 2 1/2 or 3 feet apart in the drills. If a drill cannot be had, furrow out the land, and drop the beans by hand, or by using a small tin pan to the lower end of a rod about the size of a walking-stick, make a hole in the bottom large enough for the beans to pass out, and walk along shaking it over the furrow. The quantity or distance may be perfectly regulated by making the hole the right size from trial, by shaking more or less rapidly, and walking slow or fast. If the soil is woody, plant in hills a foot and a half in the row, and seven to the hill. The beans will be yellow in three months and ready for harvesting, which is done by pulling them. If the weather continues dry a few days, they will soon be dry enough, if placed in small heaps. If wet weather is feared, take the bunches and place them in small stacks made around a pole driven into the ground, radiating from the centre of pole, and with either roots or tops out—these stacks may be as high as a man can easily reach, and should be built on four small sticks at the bottom, the size of stove wood, laid across, to keep beans off the wet ground, and to allow the drying wind to blow under. When quite dry, draw out the pole and draw them to the barn, and thrash in winter. A single proof of the profits of bean raising. T. C. Maxwell & Co., of Geneva, N. Y., recently informed us that they had planted small white beans in the vacancies of their extensive nursery, where trees had been dug last spring—amounting altogether to about 40 acres. The cultivation cost almost nothing, as they stood in rows of scattered trees; but they think if the beans stood alone, the whole cost of cultivation would not have been eight dollars an acre. They had 800 bushels of beans, which sold at \$1.50 per bushel, for \$1200. The cost of cultivation, estimated at the very highest at \$320, deducted from this sum, leaves a clear profit of \$880 for the use of 46 acres of land. They have fine, rich, tile drained land, but it had evidently been considerably exhausted by the previous growth of the trees.

PREVING A CLIMBING ROSE. In pruning a climbing rose, all the very strong and vigorous shoots of last year should be preserved, and all weak and decayed ones, as well as old shoots exhausted by abundant flowering, should be cut away. It should also be an object to get good strong shoots as low down towards the root as possible, as the finest flowers, coming from the strongest shoots, are thereby equally diffused over the whole plant.

Some malicious scoundrel has penned the following: "Eye did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place instead of being deceived, they would have desired the devil."

From the Working Farmer.

### Earth-Worms.

"W. H." asks for a means of destroying earth worms. This may be done by an application of the Lime and Salt Mixture we recommended for decomposing muck, etc.; but we would advise our correspondent not to destroy the earth-worms, unless his garden soil contains too much organic, as compared with progressed inorganic matter. The earth-worm will not be in such excess as to do him as much harm as he supposes; it is quite doubtful whether they feed on roots at all; they are short lived, and are mere aggregations of such matters as are fit food for plants, by occupying their organisms for a time. They affect the soil beneficially by the mechanical disturbance given to it by their movements; they make it loose, admitting atmosphere and moisture, and are continually opening at and near the surface, and, although they may occasionally upon a single small plant, still this occurs so rarely as to be endurable.

If a handful of broom corn, cut in pieces of about an inch in length, be thrown upon surfaces where these worms exist, and a heavy dew occur, these inch pieces will be found upright the next morning; by what means this is brought about by the worms is difficult to comprehend, but the fact is easily arrived at.

"W. H." need not fear their impoverishing the soil; so long as any remain there, he may rest assured that all the substances which go to make up their organism will be re-delivered to his plants, on their decay, and probably a very much larger quantity by their excreta, and in a form more valuable to the plant than when they consume it.

Dressings of lime, ashes, and soda, indeed, all the alkalies, will tend to do away with an excess of earth-worms; but in soils which become plastic by the absence of these alkalies, and excess of organic matter in a state of decay, the worms are produced, and they seem to be one of nature's remedies for keeping the soil in a less adhesive condition, for, as we have already indicated, in their motions every particle of soil relatively to the others is slightly moved, and to this extent they are cultivators of the soil.

### Curiosities of Sleep.

In Turkey, if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows toward him, he becomes narcotized, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Dr. Appenim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to the simple and efficacious treatment Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman thirty years of age, who, from long-continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the use of mercury and opium; until at last, unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever any thing occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A student at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly of the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noon-day, sank into profound slumber. Another person reading to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death-bed, fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. A woman at Hamad slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once four days. Dr. Macneil mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliott quotes a case of a young lady who slept six weeks and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine of Hippo, prudently divided his hours into three parts: eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to meditation, and eight to converse with the world. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the Eastern Hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the deteriorating rays of the polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment, hence the name of lunatics. There certainly is greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma inevitably become infected with its noxious air, while travelers who go through stopping, escape the miasma. Intense cold produces sleep, and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till the sleep of death.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY. A singular instance of the foresight of a field mouse has just been brought under our cognizance. A person clearing the garden ground of Mr. Thomas Thompson, Dalkith, Scotland, came upon a growing turnip, which he pulled up by the root. Guess his astonishment when he found that the turnip was completely hollowed out as neatly as if it had been done by the chisel of a joiner, and the interior filled by large garden beans. The work, from the size of the hole whence the inside of the turnip had been extracted, was manifestly that of a mouse, and the object, no doubt, of filling the interior with beans was to provide against hunger in the barren winter weather. Near the place where the turnip was growing there were several stalks of beans, upon which some pods had been left, and it is supposed that the "house mouse" had helped itself to these. We counted the beans in the turnip—a small one—and found that they amounted to no less than six dozen and two. [Scottish Farmer.]

"An" sure, it's easy enough to build a chimney," said O'Rourke. "Ye should one brack up an' jist slip another under it."

## MISCELLANY.

### John Spencer's Christmas Dinner.

Christmas-day dawned clear and frosty. The snow lay deep in the city streets, but deeper still on the country roads and in rustic lanes, filling them up to a level with the stone walls. Feathery flakes weighed down the branches of the trees, and gave to the whole landscape that aspect of dazzling white with which a New England winter makes us so familiar. Ricks of hay were so completely invested that they might easily be mistaken for mounds of snow. The rusty-checked farmers' boys, with their trousers tucked into their boots, manfully attacked the large drifts, and with gleaming shovels cut a way through their centre. Now and then the jingling of bells announced the approach of a sleigh or pung making its slow way through the encountered roads, the horses bounding and smoking with the exertion they were compelled to make.

In a two-story house, accessible from the main street by a narrow lane, and full half a mile from any other dwelling lived John Spencer. There was nothing remarkable about the house. It was a plain building of two stories, built with the usual want of taste which distinguishes the farm-houses of New England. In the main part of the house there were two rooms on a floor, one on each side of the front door, while a L part of the late contained a kitchen, and overhead a bedroom. It may appear singular that this L part was the only portion of the house which its owner chose to occupy. The other rooms, though furnished and ready for occupancy, had not been used for years. No fire had been kindled in the old-fashioned fireplace since the last female occupant had been borne out in a coffin fifteen years before.

For fifteen years John Spencer had occupied the house alone. Such had been his choice, since at various times he had been invited to take the remaining portion, but had invariably refused. This was the more singular, as in his solitude he had developed a strong passion for money, and in his own expenses had shown himself penurious to a degree. Little was known of his house-keeping, but his purchases in the village were so scanty, that conjectures could be formed as to his style of living, which so far as could be judged, would hardly have proved tempting to an epicurean.

In the farmers' houses in the neighborhood Christmas received a noisy welcome. Young children danced with delight as they took from the mails to which they had suspended them the well-filled Christmas stockings, and vied with each other in being first to offer the good wishes of the season. Wherever there is children Christmas is a festive season, and is greeted with joyful exclamations. The hospitable board groans with the weight of dainties, and for once the careful mother throws to the wind prudential considerations, and puts no check upon the vigorous appetites of her offspring. But in John Spencer's dwelling Christmas dawned quite like any other day. It was doubtful if he would have known of its arrival, had not some adventurous urchin in the joy of his heart so far forgotten his usual awe of the taciturn farmer as to greet him with "Merry Christmas!" that very morning. John Spencer eyed the little fellow with some surprise, and muttering that he did not know that it was Christmas-day, to the great amazement of the boy, who regarded St. Nicholas as the greatest saint in the calendar, and the day consecrated to him the most important of the year.

Quite regardless of the character of the day, John Spencer had seated himself in the room which served him alike as a kitchen and sitting-room. He was seated on a three-legged stool, such as is sometimes used in milking. Before him was a large pile of corn, which he was busily engaged in husking. A bushel basket at his side received the ears of corn, while the husks were crowded in another to serve for fuel. While he is at work let us glance at him. His figure which is spare, is tall and somewhat stooping. His age is forty-five, but time has not spared him, and his strongly marked features give the impression of a more advanced age. Like most who are more accustomed to solitude than society he has an abstracted look. You can read in the rigid lines of his face that he is one who lives for himself, and is seldom called to sympathize with the joys and griefs of others.

For two hours he worked steadily at his self-imposed task; but when the last ear had been husked he rose from his stool and set about preparing dinner. This was too frugal to be quite in keeping with the day. A couple of sausages were placed over the fire to fry, and the same number of slices of bread were cut for toasting. These preparations completed, John Spencer was about to resume his seat when he was prevented from doing so by an unusual circumstance.

A faint knock was heard at the door, and an indistinct sound, something like a moan, seemed to blend with it. In great surprise John Spencer advanced to the door and opened it cautiously. He had hardly done so when a woman, leading a boy of eleven by the hand, staggered in, and sinking upon the nearest chair, murmured, "Help us, in Heaven's name! We are perishing with cold!"

The unexpected host started in astonishment. He had lived so long in solitude that it was a novel feeling for him—that of having guests under his roof.

"What is the matter?" he asked awkwardly.

that would have been very attractive but that his cheeks were pale and emaciated. His clothing was very scant for the season. Overcoat he had none, nor gloves, and his hands seemed numb with cold as he stretched them over the fire. There was something in the boy's looks that seemed to fix John Spencer's attention. He gazed intently upon his face, and passing his hand over his brow as if to call some vague memory. With a degree of excitement remarkable in the usually so grave and self-contained he advanced, and placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, said hurriedly, "Quick, boy, your name?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "My name is Charles Evans," he answered. John Spencer started back as if the touch had stung him, and turning hastily to the woman, who was regarding him with a kind of mournful earnestness.

"It is true," she said anticipating the question. "You see before you, John Spencer, one against whom you have had just complaint. I am Margaret Evans."

"You have darkened my life, Margaret," said John Spencer, gloomily. "You have cut me off from joys I might have known. You have made me to differ from other men. Here for fifteen years I have lived in solitude, finding little joy in my own companionship, yet averse to that of others. You have made me answer for, Margaret."

"I have suffered much John," said the woman sadly. "Too late I discovered the mistake I had made in giving you up. I do not wish to speak harshly of his father, but he did not make me happy."

"Where is he now?" asked John Spencer, in a constrained tone.

"He is dead."

"Dead! How long?"

"A year since. It was terrible—his habits were not good."

"And since then?"

"I have submitted to much privation and much suffering. My husband left me nothing. I was in a great city, with no friends to care for me or help me. I tasked my strength to the utmost, but the world is a hard step-mother to her needy daughters. In my despair I at last bestowed myself of you. I scarcely dared meet you, for I knew how cruelly I had flung away your heart, but I knew that you used to be generous, and I thought the sight of my distress might lead you to think pityingly on one whom you professed to esteem."

John Spencer listened with downcast eyes and varying color. At length he looked up. "You do not know the change that has been wrought in me, Margaret," he said. "I was once generous—at least I think so—but later years have made me selfish. I had no one to care for, and for me what are called life's pleasures mean little. So for fifteen years I have lived as you see."

He glanced at the speaker and the rudely furnished room.

"Do you know what they call me in the neighborhood, Margaret?"

She looked at him, half inquiringly, half timidly. "They call me miserly; and I thought at first it made me angry, I soon came to feel that they were right. Yet you have come to me, thinking me generous?"

"I have been greatly to blame, John," said Margaret, in a subdued tone. "I am the guilty cause of this great change in you. I feel that I have no right to burden you. As soon as we have warmed ourselves we will go."

"Where demanded John Spencer, abruptly.

"I know not," said Margaret, turning pale. "But I think God will not suffer us to perish."

"Neither will I. For to day at least you shall be welcome in this house. Stay; you must be hungry; is it not so?"

"We have eaten nothing since yesterday! And this is Christmas-day. No one should go hungry to-day. I must attend to that. But in the meantime you shall not wait. Here are some sausages and toast which I had just cooked for myself. I will take them from the stove, and you and the boy shall eat them."

"But you cooked them for yourself?"

"Do not mind me. I can wait a little longer. Besides, I may require a service of you, which you cannot perform if you are faint."

The boy watched the plain viands with eager eyes while they were being taken from the fire, and needed no second command to partake.

While they were eating John Spencer left the house.

It was half an hour before he returned. There was a heavy basket hanging from his arm. He came in stamping the snow from his boots, and set the basket on the floor.

Margaret and her son looked at him inquiringly. They were seated before the stove. They were already looking more comfortable, now that they were relieved alike from the pangs of hunger and the nipping torture of cold.

"Did you relish your luncheon?" asked John Spencer of the boy.

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"And you are no longer hungry?"

The boy hesitated. In truth the little he had eaten had done little more than stimulate his appetite.

"Come," said John Spencer, his features brightening into an unwonted smile. "I see that you will be able to eat something more."

"Yes, Sir, I think so," said the boy.

"Margaret," he continued, turning to the mother, "I must devote my duties upon you. I have been accustomed to cook for myself, but not for others. I have something in my basket which goes beyond my skill. Can you help me?" He lifted the

cover and displayed a fat turkey and a variety of groceries.

"It is a long time ago, but I think I remember what my mother used to have for dinner on Christmas day. If you will help me, I think for this day at least we will revive the old custom. What say you, Margaret?"

Margaret was already on her feet, ready to set about the preparation of the Christmas dinner. The boy's eyes sparkled with delight at the prospect before him. Truly a brilliant prospect for one who, an hour since, had been a homeless wayfarer!

It was two hours after the usual time before the dinner was served. It was wonderful to see what interest John Spencer took in its preparation—how he assisted to the extent of his ability; and when he could no longer be of service, how he watched Margaret as she bustled about.

Suddenly he left the house and returned with a large armful of wood. Half an hour later he threw open the door of the old sitting room, which for fifteen years had been unoccupied. There was a bright fire blazing in the fire place.

"We will have dinner here, Margaret," he said quietly.

In due time the dinner was ready. The turkey was done to a turn, and for the pudding nothing could be more delicious. As John Spencer sat at the head of the table it seemed to him like a dream, the life he had spent and the unforgetting past became a reality. His heart was stirred by feelings long dormant, and the thought of returning to the long monotony, now so strangely interrupted, made him shudder.

"Margaret," he said, abruptly, "why should not this continue?"

"I do not understand you," she said, timidly.

"I mean to ask if you will be my wife, you need a home which I can give, and I shall be the happier for companionship."

"You are very kind, John, but I cannot let you sacrifice yourself out of pity for me."

"Listen to me, Margaret. I loved you many years since, and I find that in spite of all that has passed I love you still. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, John."

That was all she said, but it was enough. So it was all arranged as they sat over the Christmas dinner.

The marriage took place on New Year's Day. There seemed no good reason for delay, since John Spencer had already waited twenty years for his bride. Of course the neighbors indulged largely in gossip, but this concerned John and Margaret little. After toasting on the reddest occasion they had at length found a quiet haven.

FAMILY COURTESY. Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathetic to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits toward the members of their own family will be rude and thoughtless to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender and affectionate, and the manners of all uniformly gentle and considerate, and the members of the family thus trained will carry into the world and society the habits of their childhood. They will require in their associates similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem and the cultivation of the best affections; and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts. [Silvio Pellico's "Duties of Men."]

Pencilings from the French.

It is easier to destroy men than to subdue them. A field officer once said to his sovereign: "If you only wish to destroy these people, I shall want twenty thousand men; but if you want to subdue them, I shall need forty thousand."

Some one asked Milton why it was that a king in a certain country could be crowned at fourteen years, but could not take a wife till eighteen. "Because," said the poet, "it is less easy to govern a woman than a kingdom."

A traveller, shaking with cold, approached the fire in an inn so as to warm his boots. "You will burn your ears," said the cook. "Do you mean my boots?" replied the stranger. "No, they are burnt already."

A bad joker proposed to a comptroller to impose a tax on wit. "Everybody will be willing to pay it, as nobody will wish to pass for a fool." The minister replied, "I adopt your project; I promise you that you will be exempt from the tax."

Dr. Gall, delivering his lectures on phrenology, in the presence of a numerous auditory, held in his hand a skull, and said:— "Gentlemen, I had a friend who possessed to the highest degree all the faculties which are expressed in the words devotion, tenderness and affection. He is dead. I have had the honor to procure his skull; here it is, and I have never had a more precious opportunity to verify my theory."

FLOATING LAND. The Stockton (Cal.) Republican remarks:

"We presume that few persons are aware that in this agricultural district there exists quite large tracts of land that actually float upon deep water. The soil of them is some two or three feet in depth, and a twenty foot pole forced through it finds no bottom below, as there is usually a lake of great depth beneath it. This, we should say, is at high tide, for the lands rise and fall with it. Some of the tracts are very superior grazing land, and large quantities of hay are cut upon it, persons going with their carts, animals and machinery upon the tracts. At high water, the lands bend up ahead, like a small hill, when a heavy team passes over it, which embarrasses the cattle very much. They are generally driven over at low tide. The bending is like that of ice in some stages, and there are air holes in the land. Persons navigating some are sometimes compelled to pry an acre or two one side or the other, to afford room for their vessels to pass. These singular formations originate, probably, from floating tule and other drift stuffs which have collected, and by some means have sunk under the water sufficiently to receive the sediment left by floods for years. The owners of these lands, indeed, by artificial means, to double the depth of the soil on their islands, considering them a valuable part of their possessions. We have the above from a farmer on the San Joaquin, upon whose word we can depend. Were the owner of one of these floating tracts, we should wish to anchor it very securely, or cultivate trees to which to tie it at night."

COMFORT AT HOME. A powerful attraction to home is the cultivation of a spirit of neatness and elegance throughout all its arrangements. The eye scarcely ever wearies of a beautiful prospect or a pleasing picture. The aspect of a home should resemble the latter; it should tell its own tale; its atmosphere should breathe of comfort, and its quiet, simple ornamentation delight the eye. There is a brightness about the well kept home, which neither wealth nor magnificence can impart unaccompanied by taste. To keep best rooms or best anything to be used only for visitor's accommodation, is not the wisest policy for a wife to adopt; on the contrary, company rooms contrast too greatly with daily living rooms, and suggest unpleasant comparisons. Neatness and elegance should go hand in hand, one cannot exist without the other; but it must be neatness far removed from formality and elegance independent of ostentation and profusion. Every article should appear as if intended for use, and every right article in its right place; the very chairs and tables should be suggestive of comfort; not arranged with stiff precision, but in such a way that the attractive portions of a room shall be visible to their occupants. [Exchange.]

I was perambulating the piazza of the hotel, in company with the daughter of the landlord. She had been recounting to me all her father's little successes and reverses in life ever since he had adopted the profession of a Boniface, and among the latter, (that is, reverses,) the rather prominent and discouraging one of having his "boiler" burst down without the mitigating circumstance of any insurance upon it. I professed a proper amount of sympathy for so great a calamity, and ventured to inquire whether accident or the torch of the incendiary had wrought such ruin.

"What?" inquired Ruston.

"Was it the work of an incendiary?" I repeated.

She looked at me with a puzzled air for a moment, and then,

"No," said she, slowly shaking her head, "no, no one set fire to it!"

[Harper's Magazine.]

An old sailor passing through a graveyard, saw on one of the tomb-stones:

"I still live."

It was too much for Jack, and shifting quid, ejaculated:

"I have heard say that there are cases in which a man may live; but if I was dead, I'd own it."

## The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, APRIL 18, 1862.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY  
WM. A. PIDGIN & Co.,  
PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per  
copy, in advance; Two Dollars, at the end of the  
year.  
Clothing. We would respectfully call the  
attention of such as are desirous of having their  
clothing made to order, to the following office:  
We will send  
100 copies, for one year, for 12.50  
200 copies, for one year, for 20.00  
And one copy to the person getting up the club.  
The money must accompany the order.  
WM. A. PIDGIN & Co., 10 State Street,  
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are  
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ceived at the office of the Secretary of State  
shall be filed away by themselves in a con-  
venient form for reference for the use of the  
Legislature, and, FOR THE SECRETARY OF THE  
BOARD OF AGRICULTURE."

6. For hard fighting, the battle at Pitts-  
burg Landing has but few equals. The rebels  
certainly showed great courage, and con-  
ducted the fight with a vigorous obstinacy  
worthy a better cause. As to our men, they  
fought like tigers. With a few exceptions,  
no old trained regulars ever showed more  
undaunted courage and bravery than did  
the Federal officers and soldiers.

7. Circumstances forced a fearful issue  
into the battle of Pittsburg Landing. With  
the Confederates it became almost a question

of life or death. They so understood it, and  
for this reason Beauregard, their crack gen-  
eral, took command; Johnson, Bragg, and  
other pet officers in the Confederate army,  
were placed in command under him. Their  
best trained troops were there collected.  
The tide of battle had been all along against  
them. Many of their troops were getting  
discouraged; others were demoralized, and  
a brilliant victory, which would inspire con-  
fidence in the final success of the rebel cause,  
was wanted more than anything else. With  
us it was not as with them—a comparative  
finality; yet a defeat would have indefinitely  
prolonged the war, and been a matter of  
deep regret all over the country. As the  
thing has turned, we consider our victory  
Presidential. The interposition of an Al-  
mighty hand in our behalf, is just as clearly  
seen as the shining sun at noonday. When  
the history of this war is written, the battle  
at Pittsburg Landing will stand out promi-  
nent as one of the greatest events of the  
war.

Letter of Acknowledgment.

In one of the boxes of supplies forwarded  
to the Sanitary Commission, by the ladies  
of Rumford, was a pair of socks, knit wholly  
by a little girl, 10 years old. She pinned  
a card upon the socks, containing her ad-  
dress, and age, and a statement of the fact  
that she had knit them. Last week a letter  
reached her, from the camp of a Pennsylv-  
ania Regiment, acknowledging the receipt of the  
socks, of which the following is a copy:

My dear little friend: Perhaps this  
may take you by surprise, but this is the  
reason why I take my pen to scribble a few  
lines to you, thanking you for your kindness  
to the soldier.

On last Wednesday the 5th inst. I had  
handed to me a splendid pair of woolen  
socks, and affixed thereon was a neat card,  
which bore the following inscription:—Mary  
E. Russell, Rumford, Me. Aged 10 years.  
How it thrilled the Soldier's heart with joy,  
to know that loved ones at home, often, yes,  
very often, think of fathers, brothers and  
kind acquaintances, who have gone to de-  
fend their country, and if need be, give their  
lives as a sacrifice on the altar of liberty.

I have left home—a wife and children, who  
are dear to me, to help, as much as in me  
lies, to put rebellion down.

I put my trust in God, that I may get  
through this war safely and go back to  
spend my life, be it long or short, in the  
society of those I love; and also trust that  
he may keep us all under his guardian care  
through this life, so that when our days are  
ended here on earth, we can meet death  
with joy and not with grief.

My friend Mary, may you ever lead a  
Christian life. May your days be long and  
happy, and be attended with happiness and  
a peaceful mind. These are the sincere  
wishes of a soldier.

I am a member of the 83d Reg't, P. A.,  
Vol. Co. B. I shall ever keep in mind, the  
kind little girl who sent the socks to keep  
the soldier's feet warm, while he is tramp-  
ing his lonely way. Then has time to run  
his thoughts back to those at home; to  
friends, who are enjoying themselves around  
their peaceful firesides, perhaps wondering  
where he is to night, or is he well? How  
much they would give to know, but must  
wait patiently the coming of the next mail.  
And how slow the time seems to pass, until  
that time arrives.

I am from Mercer Co., Pa. Enlisted in  
August last. I hope this war may soon  
close, that we may get home again to our  
friends. Our late victories I think, have  
greatly disheartened the rebels; they have  
about run their length I think. We expect  
to have a chance soon, to turn them out of  
their strongholds in Virginia.

If not being too absurd, I should like to  
hear from you, just to know if you receive  
this. Hope you are as well as I myself am.

Your well wisher,

From a soldier,  
S. A. JEFFRIES.

P. S. We are encamped some 8 miles  
west of Washington, D. C., on Hall's Hill,  
Fairfax Co., Va. My address, is S. A. Jef-  
fries, Co. B, 83d Reg't, P. A., Vol., Wash-  
ington, D. C. May God bless you. Pray  
for the soldiers.

ACADIA DIVISION, S. OF T. The follow-  
ing are the officers of Acadia Division, Sons  
of Temperance, No. 145, South Paris, elect-  
ed for the quarter commencing April 7th,  
1862:

D. S. Grandin, W. P.  
Horne, N. Rolster, W. A.  
Henry Bolster, R. S.  
Henry Stowell, A. R. S.  
Hiram W. Knight, E. S.  
Chas. McFadden, T.  
A. Mollen Rice, Chap.  
Wm. H. Caswell, Gen.  
John R. Sanborn, A. C.  
Levi B. Rawson, I. S.  
Thomas Jefferson Whitehead, O. S.

SHARP PRACTICE. The Secretary of State,  
relating to the Aroostook Herd the follow-  
ing story of the clever manner in which the  
Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, stole  
a march upon him, during the late Session  
of the Legislature:

"Knowing that certain statistical infor-  
mation is requisite to increase the value of  
his annual report, he drafted a bill last win-  
ter which became a law, providing for such  
returns to be made as he desired. Now the  
preparation and distributing of the neces-  
sary blanks, as well as the labor of receiv-  
ing and filing the returns, is labor that per-  
tains especially and peculiarly to the Agri-  
cultural Department of which our friend  
is the head, but he has no idea of per-  
forming it if he can get clear of it. Section  
one of the law referred to, specifies the  
information required. Section two pro-



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**REBEL WANTS**—A remedy for burned sides (burnsides).

An Irishman on being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye," said he "kept on his fist."

The discovery of truth by slow, progressive meditation is wisdom. Intuition of truth, not preceded by perceptible meditation, is genius.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

Young Gilles, who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no W in that language, "that then claps up his wagon."

The poet says the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow," about which we have heard so much.

A wag passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told it was a hatter's, he said, "Ah," said he, "then the loss will be great."

When Blon, one of the wise men of Greece, saw an envious person looking very dejected, he said to him, "I am at a loss to tell whether any good fortune has happened to another person, or any bad to yourself."

With mother, father and petard.

With mother, father and petard.

These lines were got up by newspaper wags on the occasion of the surrender of Fort Sumter. The Kentucky Banner gives a return which is good, though we have waited long for it.

With reader all round and flying with fear.

With reader all round and flying with fear.

At a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn, straight-bodied, and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others standing in need of assistance in the parish. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had done so; but if any had been omitted, the omission could be corrected.

The Humboldt Times tells a fearful earthquake story, wherein it says the ground at Nashville opened so far as to engulf a cow, and immediately shut, crushing the cow, except the tail, which curiously enough sticks out as a monument of her sad end.

Fascinating Gent, (to precious little girl.)

Fascinating Gent, (to precious little girl.)

"You are a nice little girl; you shall be my wife when you grow up!"

"No, I thank you; I don't want to have a husband; but aunt Bessy does; I heard her say so."

Sensation on the part of aunt Bessy.

Sensation on the part of aunt Bessy.

The longer we live, the nearer New Year's day appears together. When we were boys, the period between one New Year's day and another appeared to be a century. At the present time they appear to be separated not by years, but by months. The fewer years we have to live, the shorter those years appear to be. When we recollect the quantity of rheumatism and aches that old people have to put up with, the apparent shortness of the years to them seems like a special privilege.

ONE OF THE "MEMBERS." A year or two since, a Mr. B., was elected to represent the town of Shelburne, N. H., in the Legislature.

He was a plain farmer, full of sound sense, and ready for any real work that was needed. When he made his appearance at the State House, it must be confessed that his dress was anything but fashionable. His hat was a relic of antiquity—his coat a ragged and tattered garment of genuine dapple gray, homespun—his shirt-bosom the product of his wife's own loom, and his boots of thick and substantial cowhide. As Mr. B. entered the lobby, there were several young "members" standing about the fire, and supposing the new comer to be only a visitor, they merely cast a glance at his weather-beaten face, turned up their noses at his verdant look, and then continued their conversation. B. took a seat near the stove.

"No room here for visitors," said one of the B's.

"Oh, I am a member."

"You a member!" uttered the first speaker.

"Sartin," responded B., in a mild tone. "Where from?"

"Shelburne."

"Well," said the fashionably dressed "member," with a disdainful look at the rough coarse dress of the farmer, "haven't the folks in Shelburne anybody else to send here?"

"Oh, as for that matter," responded Mr. B., with perfect good nature, "I suppose there are a good many men there that know more'n I do, but they ain't any of 'em got any clothes that's fit to wear."

The fledglings were flustered, and before the session closed, they found that the "member from Shelburne" could see through a question as far as they could see around it.

A HOOPER AT THE ASTOR. We met on the train an elderly Hooper, who had been to the show case exhibition at New York, and who had seen the *Aspidochelone*, as he called it.

"Did you remain long in New York?" we asked.

"Well, no," he answered thoughtfully, "only two days, for I saw there was a right smart chance of starving to death, and I'm opposed to that way of going down. I put up to one of their taverns, and allowed I was going to be treated to the whole."

"Where did you stop?" said we interrupting him.

"At the Astor House. I allow you don't catch me in no such place again. They rang a gong, as they call it, four times after breakfast, and then, when I went to eat, there wasn't any vittles on the table."

"What was there?" we inquired.

"Well," said the old man, enumerating the items cautiously, as if from fear of omission—"there was a clean plate, a white soup, a knife, a glass tumbler, a spoon, and a hand bowl, and what was worse," added the old man, "the insalutin' nigger up and asked me what I did."

"Bring on your vittles and I'll help myself," (Exchange.)

**OXFORD, 25.**—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A.D. 1862.

**JAMES H. CHAPMAN**, named executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Sarah J. Walcott late of Oxford in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered, that the said executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

**OXFORD, 25.**—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A.D. 1862.

**MARY THORNTON**, named executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of her late husband, **JOHN THORNTON**, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered, that the said executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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**OXFORD, 25.**—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A.D. 1862.

**JOHN E. COLE**, named executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of her late husband, **JOHN E. COLE**, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

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**OXFORD, 25.**—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A.D. 1862.

**JANE E. SMALL**, widow of **THOMAS E. SMALL**, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered, that the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

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**BENJAMIN BROWN,**

Grafton, Oct. 28, 1861.

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