

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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Adventure with a Lion

It was a warm, pleasant evening in November, and our ship was off the coast of Tripoli. A party of us, who sat upon the quarter deck, had been conversing upon various subjects concerning the vast deserts to the southward of us.

"I think you have travelled, across the desert," said one of our number, addressing the captain.

"Not exactly," replied Captain Bushwick. "Some years ago I spent a few months in Abyssinia and the country south of it."

"Was it there you had your adventures with the lion?"

"Ah—yes," he said, "I had quite a number of adventures with the lion. I had a very close encounter with one of them, and I was nearly killed. I was in a very dangerous position, and I was nearly killed. I was in a very dangerous position, and I was nearly killed."

"A Hippopotamus!" the Nubian shouted, springing back towards me.

"It is a hippopotamus," I replied, "and it is a very dangerous animal. It is a very dangerous animal, and it is a very dangerous animal. It is a very dangerous animal, and it is a very dangerous animal."

"We were now in a quandary. We had come quite twelve or fifteen miles from the camp, and we were in a very dangerous position. We were in a very dangerous position, and we were in a very dangerous position."

"For three hours we tugged through a thick, marshy forest, and at the end of the time we reached the edge of a wide expanse of rocky desert. There were clumps of bushes scattered over the place, but they looked dry and parched. Here we took an observation, and finally decided to keep down upon the right hand side of the rocky plain, knowing that the lake must lie in that direction."

"Do you hear anything?" he asked me.

"I listened a moment, and I told him yes. 'Who are they?' he said to me. 'I don't know,' I answered.

"That fellow walks on four feet, and has a weight equal to all the men we have left behind," he said.

And not a weapon for defense!

"I have my spear," returned Lari. "Now to the back of these bushes—quick—and let him come. Have your knife out in case of need!"

"I had only my spear, and I was in a very dangerous position. I was in a very dangerous position, and I was in a very dangerous position."

"Once I cast my eyes upon a Lari, who was at my right, and I saw that he was calm as a rock. His great brown eye was fixed upon the lion with his left foot braced against the ground, and his right hand held his spear, which he held with a firm grip, and the end of the shaft was pointed towards the lion's head."

"Had!" he uttered, gathering him off for an effort, and I saw the lion's eye fixed upon the ground, and I saw his great, shaggy head start up as he left his spear. With my heart still in death, I bowed my head and shut my eyes towards the earth. I heard a shock—a momentary angle—a crash—my head was struck by a heavy body coming in contact with my right shoulder. With a powerful effort I struggled from beneath the weight, and gained my feet.

"The first thing I saw was Lari, for it was he who had fired a few feet off with the head of the spear pointed in his throat, the shaft being broken off about midway. He was roaring with a deep hoarse sound, and tearing the dirt up with his claws."

"I think that found his head before it struck," said Lari, as he gained his feet. "If the shaft had hit I'd have pinned him over behind us. But, I tell you, he's a heavy one to lift."

"The monster was dead in a few minutes, and we held an examination. The lion's head bled the lower part of the forehead, directly beneath the forehead, and gone clear through his head."

"You must have had a good aim," said I.

"When I saw him coming I just aimed the point right for his head, and he fell himself!"

"We could not move the lion then, nor could we stop to take the skin off for it was very heavy. So we resolved to wait until morning, and then have help."

"When we reached the lower corner of the waste we saw a glimmering of water through the trees, and upon pushing down we found a small stream of water. On the morning we all went out together, and found the lion just as we had left him. His body was near the end of his nose, the insertion of his tail, eight feet and nine inches, and when standing, he must have been nearly five feet high. We took his skin very carefully, and when I reached home I laid it up as my children put it with their hands, but I never look at it without thinking of the time when it looked terrible enough to me."

"PERPETUAL MOTION.—A Western correspondent of Harper's Magazine, gets off the following good one: 'I was traveling in Virginia, by stage, and spending the night at a country tavern and was greatly entertained by the talk of divers and others sitting around the bar room fire in the evening. One of them was down to the fair a good many years ago, there was a prize offered to the one who would come the nearest to making a perpetual motion. Well all sorts of machines, of all shapes and materials, were fetched there and shown, and the makers of them told how long they would run. As I was walking about among them I saw a sign over a table—All that was to see perpetual motion and no make, meet here.' So I paid the waiter to get me a box that served for a platform, and he addressed the audience: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to exhibit to you the most wonderful invention you have ever seen; it has been running for full three years, and if anybody stops it, it'll run forever. And here he untied a strip of paper. This is a Printer's Bill, and as he held it up to the gaze of the people they admitted whether the bill was paid or not, they had been sold."

"THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts. 'How much are they?' 'Whv? what the fellow but imprudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, you shall have them for a kiss. 'Agreed,' said the young lady, pointing to the mitts and her own cheeks, 'and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it in the best manner you can.' So saying, she hastily tripped out at the door."

Anecdotes of Revolutionary Times.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs the following ludicrous incident occurred. The Americans had pursued the English so closely that they had taken refuge in a brick dwelling, while in their haste to close the door upon the rapidly advancing Americans, they shut out some of their own officers, who were immediately surrounded by their captors. The Americans were very exposed to a galling fire from those within the building, and they only found safety by intercepting the persons of their captives between themselves and the workmen at the windows. Among the British officers taken was one Major Lar, who, without the slightest notice, began only with a profound solemnity to enumerate his many titles.

"St. I am Henry Barry, Deputy Adjutant General of the British army, Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston, Captain of the 52d Regiment, &c. 'Enough, enough,' cried Col. Maitland, in whose hands he had fallen. 'You are just the man I was looking for. Now, if you will, you shall serve me from now on, and you shall take special care of me, and with the pompous air he held before his person, the American officer received a safe retreat."

On one occasion during the war of the Revolution, a stranger applied to the residence of Governor Clinton, for hospitality, and was received, and while refreshments were preparing for him, the Governor entered into conversation with the stranger, who, in reply to some questions proposed by the host, he manifested so much uneasiness, that the expectations of the family were aroused. These suspicions became confirmed in their mind by observing him do something very cautious in his speech and swallow it. Mrs. Clinton immediately conceived a plan to make him divulge his secret. She proceeded to the kitchen, and put a piece of wax in the cap of coffee, preparing for him. The man drank of the beverage, and ere long he began to show signs of indisposition; he grew violently sick, and the result was, a small silver ball was discharged from his stomach. The ball was unceremoniously found to contain an important communication from St. Henry Clinton to Gen. Burgoyne. This man was arrested as a spy, and "out of his own mouth," as it was truly said, he was convicted. He suffered death.

In one of the incursions of the Indians upon our frontier settlements during the revolution a very curious incident occurred. The celebrated Chief Cornplanter was on a stock upon the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, burning and destroying, and among the prisoners he captured, was one John Abel, an old inhabitant. The party had not traveled but a few miles on their return when it was discovered that John Abel was almost well acquainted with their language as the Indians themselves. This fact interested the chief, and inquiring of his captive his name, Complanter knew at once that he stood before his own father. Abel, twenty five years before, had been a trader among the Indians of Western New York, and in one of his visits became enamored of a pretty squaw and the result of this affection was the girl's death. The chief was very angry, and he was determined to avenge the death of his daughter. He was standing before him. The chief told learned from his mother the history of his own people, and his father's name. The meeting was certainly extraordinary to a degree, the young chief held out strong inducements to his white father to accompany him to his tribe, but parental affection did not seem so strong in the heart of Abel as his love for the comforts and luxuries of a white man's home, and he chose rather to be restored to liberty and be returned to his friends. This was declined, and he was conducted in honor back to the settlements. This singularly met and parted to father and son.

The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry, to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington on—'I have a very earnest desire to see you far famed here, Col. Washington. Your son, Colonel, might have been very grateful, he promptly replied, had you seen me to look behind me, but I assure you that Washington had wound d Tarleton, who gave rise to a still more pointed remark. Conversing with Mrs. Wiles Jones, Colonel Tarleton observed—'You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington; and yet I am told that he is so ignorant a fellow that he can scarcely write his own name. It may be the case, she readily replied, but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify that he knows how to make his name.'"

When Madison's brigade was once engaged in battle, Captain G. was supposed to be the bravest man in the army. A ball passed through the top of his hat, very much tearing, not only the crown, but also his head. He lay for many hours insensible; but, suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his hat, which being brought to him, a friend at the same time lamenting the mangled state of his head, he exclaimed—'O, I care nothing about my head, but the officers and men will mind that, but it gives me to think that the rascals have ruined my new hat for me.'"

Governor Griswold, of Connecticut, was once included in a happy thought of his wife that he should escape from the British, to whom he was extremely obnoxious. He was a home, but expected to set out immediately for Hartford to meet the Legislature, which had convened to session a day or two previous. The family residence was at Blackhill, opposite Saabrook point, situated on a point of land formed by the Connecticut River on the east and Long Island Sound on the south. The British ships were lying on the sound, and the governor was known to be at this time in his own man-of-war, a boat was secretly sent ashore for the purpose of securing his person. Without previous warning, the family were alarmed by seeing a file of musketeers coming up from the beach to the house. There was no time for flight. Mrs. Griswold brought herself a large iron barrel, or tierce, which had been brought in a day or two before, and not yet filled. Quick as thought, she decided that the Governor's proportions—which were by no means slight—must be compressed into this most available hiding place. He was obliged to submit to be stowed in the cask and covered. The process occupied but a few moments, and the soldiers presently entered. Mrs. Griswold, of course, was ignorant of her husband's whereabouts, though she told them she knew what the Legislature was in session, and that business required his presence at the capital. The house and cellar having been searched without success,

the soldiers departed. By the time their boat reached the ship, the Governor was galloping up the road on his way to Hartford. One morning during the siege of Charleston, Gen. Maitland was awakened by a more than ordinary furious cannonading from the common ball came crashing through the house, traversing the entire length of the bed, tearing it to pieces, and scattering the fragments in every direction, after which mischief it continued on its career.

Gen. Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he was grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time, the General went to the ground, armed with sword and musket. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, at a distance of about thirty rods, leveled his pistol at the other, and fired at him. The gentleman saw his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to load his gun. "What are you about to do?" exclaimed he—"is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honor?" "What me you about to do?" explained the General, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intend to murder. I'm about to kill you, and if you don't best retreat in due time, you will be killed. I don't want to bang a tory, you are a good dog, at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the branch of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder. The intimidation was too unprovoked to be misunderstood; and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life."

Wonders of the Human System. Paley explains the convenience by which everything we eat and drink is made to glide on a road to the gullet, over the entrance of the wind-pipe without falling into it. A little movable lid, the epiglottis, which is lifted up when we breathe, is pressed down on the cleft of the air-passage by the weight of the food and the action of the muscles in swallowing it. Neither solid nor liquid, in short, can pass without touching the door as they proceed. But this is only a part of the safeguard. The slit at the top of the wind pipe, which ever closes entirely while we breathe, is enclosed with a keener sensibility to the slightest particle of matter. The least thing which touches the margin of the aperture causes its sides to come firmly together, and the intruding body is stopped at the inlet. It is stopped, but unless removed, must drop at the next expiration into the lungs. To effect this, the sensibility of the rim at the top of the wind pipe actually presses its velvety surface a whole class of muscles placed lower than its bottom, and which, compressing the chest, over which they are distributed, drives out the air with a force that sweeps the offending substance before it. The contrivance is so arranged, that a tress when we are choked is the energetic effort of nature for our relief when anything chances to have evaded the protective epiglottis. Yet this property to which we are constantly owing our lives, is confined to a single spot in the throat. It does not, as St. Charles Bell's flimsy, belong to the rest of the wind pipe, but is limited to the orifice, where alone it is needed. Admirable, too, it is to observe, that while this sensitive part is most exposed to the air, it is without any continuous atmospheric currents, which are incessantly passing to and fro over its irritable lips. "It rejects," says Paley, "the touch of a crumb of bread, or a drop of water, with a spasm which convulses the whole face; yet, to itself and its proper office, the intrusion of a stone, nothing can be so quiet. It does not even make itself felt; a man dies of starvation, which such accidents, these attentions of nature, yet perfect rest and ease when left alone, are properties, one would have thought, not likely to reside in the same subject. It is to the junction, however, of these almost inopprobrious qualities in this, as well as some other delicate parts of the body, that we owe our safety, our comfort, our safety to their sensibility, our comfort to their repose."

Another of the examples adduced by Bell is that of the heart. The famous Dr. Harvey examined, at the request of Charles I., a tubercular of the Mon genevry family, who, in consequence of an abscess, had a fistulous opening in the chest, through which the heart could be seen and handled. The great physician was astonished to find it insensible to pain. "I then thought him," he says, "to the King, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless he saw our fingers in the opening, the young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart!" Yet it is to the heart that we refer our joys, our sorrows, and our affections; we speak of a good hearted, a hard hearted, a true hearted and a heartless man. Shuddered from physical violence by an outwork of bones, it is not invested with sensations which have contributed nothing to its preservation, but while it can be grasped with the fingers, and give no indication of the fact to its possessor, it undoubtedly responds to the varied emotions of the mind, and by the general consent of mankind is pronounced the seat of our pleasures, griefs, sympathies, hatreds and love. Persons have frequently dropped down dead from the violence with which their contract or expansion upon the sudden announcement of good or bad news; its muscular walls being strained too far in the upward or downward direction to enable them to return—and one of the purposes which this property of the heart is probably designed to equalize, is to put a check upon the passions through the alarming physical sensations they excite.

The brain, again, is enclosed in a bony case. All our bodily sensations are dependent upon the nerves, but even the nerves do not give rise to feelings, unless they are connected with the brain. The nervous chord which, in familiar language, is called the spinal marrow, is the channel by which this communication is kept up to the various parts of them, and when the section of what may be termed the great trunk road for the conveyance of our sensations is diseased, and by the breach in its continuity the nerves

below the disorderly part can no longer send its accustomed intelligence to the brain, the portion of the body which thus becomes isolated may be burned or baked, and no more pain will result than if it belonged to a dead animal instead of a living man. The brain, therefore, in subordination to the mind, is the physical centre of all sensation. Yet strange to say, it is itself insensible to the wounds which are torture to the skin, and which wound the brain alone, enables us to feel "It is insensible," says Sir Charles Bell, "as the leather of our shoe, and a piece may be cut off without interrupting the patient in the sentence he is uttering." Because the bone which envelops it is its protection against injuries from without, it has no perception of pain when directed against its own fabric, though it is at the same time the sole source of the pain which those injuries inflict upon other portions of the system. But the skull is a defence against the effects of intemperance, or a vitiated atmosphere, or too great heat of the body. To these consequently the same brain which has been erected insensible to the cut of the knife, is rendered fully alive, and giddiness, headache, and apoplexy oppress us, in simple nature as a stop the skull, unless we are prepared to pay the penalty.—London Quarterly.

From the Boston Journal, Aug. 6. The Ocean Cable—History of the Enterprise. We compile from different sources a hand the following sketch of this grand undertaking, over whose success the civilized world is now rejoicing.

In the year 1850, Cyrus W. Field visited one of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, with a capital of \$500,000 pounds for the purpose of connecting Europe with America by a submarine telegraph cable. In August, 1857, an attempt was made to lay down the Atlantic Submarine Cable, resulting in a disastrous failure. The cable was 2500 miles in length, weighing nearly one ton per mile, capable of bearing a direct strain of over five tons without fracture. The centre of the cable was formed by seven fine copper wires, twisted into a cord of 1 1/2 of an inch thick. This strand was coated with gutta serena, forming a small rope of 3-8 of an inch thick, then coated with hemp a twice twice soaked in pitch and tar; lastly, an external sheathing of 18 iron wires, making in all 120 wires.

The submarine was commenced on the 5th of August, 1857. The vessel presented the six masted, screw steamer, Agamemnon, Leopold, Susquehanna, Willing, and Mind, intended to assist in various parts of the operation. The cable came up from the hold of the ship, around a central block, to the open space above decks. It was there wound round grooved sheaves, geared together by crabs, and firmly planned on girders. Thence it passed over a fifth sheave, and over the stern into the sea, making by its own weight. A red light was placed on the 6th mile, this was repaired, and on the 11th, 300 miles (state) had been submerged. The engine here concluded that there was too much "kick" in the cable's course, and some modification in the machinery was consequently made. This appears to have been badly attended to by a subordinate. The cable snapped, and was not re-attached until 1857. It having been concluded from Lieut. Meury's calculations, that the average state of the weather was much better on the Atlantic in the early part of summer, it was decided that year to attempt laying the cable in June. It was also thought best to begin the submersion in mid-ocean, and pay out toward either shore. Accordingly, the telegraph fleet, consisting of the United States steam frigates Niagara and the British steam frigates Agamemnon, Leopold, Susquehanna, Willing, and Mind, departed on Thursday, June 10, 1858. The Niagara had 850 tons, and the Agamemnon 450 tons each, and each about 1000 nautical, or a little less than 1500 statute miles of cable on board. The weather at first favorable, became unusually boisterous, so that the fleet were not ready to commence operations until late on the 25th of June.

The first success was made between the Niagara and the Agamemnon on the morning of Saturday, the 26th of June, and after each cable had paid out about three miles, the cable broke on board the Niagara, owing to its overwinding and getting off the pulley laid on to the machine. Both vessels put about and returned, a fresh splice was made, and again lowered over at 7 1/2. The paying out proceeded beautifully until early on Sunday morning, when the signal was given to cease. The cable was off, and the Niagara repaired to the rendezvous. The cause of the rupture was equally mysterious to those on board the Agamemnon, and no satisfactory conjecture has since been made.

The cable was again spliced on the 28th, and the steamers parted. Everything went beautifully during that night, and the next day, but at 9 o'clock, P. M., on the 29th, the announcement of "No signals" was made on board the Niagara. At the time 145 miles of cable had been paid out, and the vessel was proceeding on her way. It was subsequently ascertained that the cable parted from the stern of the Agamemnon. About 400 miles of cable were lost during these trials, the effect of which upon the public confidence in the final success of the undertaking was most depressing.

But the managers continued indefatigable. The fleet sailed a second time from Queens town on the 17th of July, joined the cable on the 29th, and on the 29th of August the world had news of its success.

The cost of the telegraph cable has been put down as follows:

Five deep sea wire per mile.....	\$200
Price spun yarn and iron wire per mile, 205	
Price outside tar per mile.....	29
Total per mile.....	\$495
For 2500 miles.....	\$1,237,500
For 100 miles deep sea cable at \$1,400 per mile.....	140,000
For 25 miles shore ends, at \$1,250 per mile.....	31,250
Total cost.....	\$1,408,750

Gen. Lane has received information from Oregon that the Legislature just elected stands on joint ballot 29 Democrats and 11 Opposition. An election for State next winter is now being made by the Legislature, in view of coming to a State next winter on the 24th of July. The prominent candidates are Gen. Lane, Judges Williams and

The Progress of Agriculture in Great Britain. The perfection to which English Agriculture has attained—a perfection to which, probably, no ancient, or modern nation can afford a parallel, one of the most significant facts of the present century, for it is only within the last twenty-five years, that the subject has received an attention commensurate with its importance. Fifty years ago the farmers and yeomanry of England, except in a few counties, were but little in advance of their ancestors for many generations, or of the agriculturists of the Continent, to whom they are now confessedly superior. Wheat was rarely grown, rye, oats and barley, being the prevailing crops, and the rude and primitive method of cultivation, not only prevented a gradual increase of crops, but exhausted the soil, for the restoration or fertilization of which manure was the only material known. Root crops or artificial grasses were confined to three or four counties. A few cumulous and rudely constructed ploughs and harrows were the chief farming implements, and the cultivation of cereal crops. The cattle, and chiefly for dairy purposes or for a night, were large in size, slow in feed, and incomparably inferior for food to those of the present day. Above all, the agricultural population, with some illustrious exceptions, were resolutely opposed to the reception of new ideas; and only by slow degrees allowed themselves to be persuaded that rotation in crops was beneficial to the soil, that a better and better fertilizer existed than those they had been accustomed to use, or that the largest cattle were not necessarily the best. Comparing this condition of things with the splendid results of thirty years of intelligent and progressive agriculture, the victory over ignorance and prejudice seems complete. The English farmer, from being backward in the acquisition of knowledge, to which he has been led by the hand of the proprietor, leads the van in agricultural improvement. The men who, fifty years ago, made themselves every-where the ideas of sowing grain by a drill instead of broadcast, or sowing it by the use of superphosphate of lime as a fertilizer, now ask for steam ploughs and threshers, and keep the sowing and chemical husbandry employed in analyzing soils and manures.

Agricultural improvement, and some intellectual improvement, have come into the world since the Quaker Joke. A correspondent sends the Buffalo Express the following good thing for the hot weather: "K.—the Quaker President of a Pennsylvania Railroad, during the confusion and panic last fall, called upon W.—Bank, with which the road had kept a large regular account, and ask for an extension of a part of its paper falling due in a few days. The Bank President declined rather abruptly, saying, in a tone common with that familiarity: 'Mr. K. your paper must be paid at maturity. We cannot renew it.' 'Very well,' Quaker replied, and left the Bank. But he did not make a step back. On leaving the Bank, he walked quietly over to the depot, and telegraphed all the agents around it, to stop the road, to reject the bills of the W.—Bank. In a few hours the trains began to arrive at W.—Bank, and bringing the new-discount of the W.—Bank all along the line of the road. Stockholders having been informed of the matter, making the panic, inquiring 'What is the matter?' 'Is the bank broke?' A little inquiry by the officers showed that the trouble originated in the rejection of the bills by the railroad. The President seized his hat and rushed down to the Quaker's office, and came bustling in with the inquiry: 'Mr. K., how you directed the refusal of our currency by your agents?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Why is this I will run it.' 'Well, friend L., I supposed the bank was about to fail, but they could not renew a little paper for us this morning.' 'It is needless to say that Mr. L. renewed all the Quaker's paper and enlarged his line of discount, while the magic wires carried all along the road, to every agent the sedative message: '—Bank is all right. They may take it currency.'"

Usefulness of a Kansas Speech.—There is a law in the Old Dominion by which the crops are to be sold in the best possible condition, and the condition of the crops is to be "short of change." It is said that particularly near knight of the quill, living in one of the southern-western counties, was created a short time ago by a physician to whom he owed a balance on account. The bill was a primitive affair, and very well "chinked," and immediately adjoining the sleeping apartment of the jailor was a table, and the jailor was to be called upon to carry in his papers, scissors and pen, that he might prepare some copy for a future date. Among the documents he fortunately took with him a long speech on the Kansas question. About 9 o'clock in the evening he placed himself in the attitude of a senator and repeated, in a loud and husky voice, and with great deliberation, the entire document. The jailor and his family, who had never been used to such exhibitions, were horrified and kept awake all night. The doctor slept a portion of the next day to recruit his strength and lungs, and in the evening began to deliver to the naked walls the same "summing up" which he had pronounced twenty-four hours before. He had uttered but a few paragraphs when the jailor appeared and politely requested him to lower his voice. In answer, he scanned the guardian of the public morals that he expected to go to Congress in a few years, and was in the habit of reading one of these efforts every evening to his family "to keep himself in practice."

"And do you mean to read that speech every night in your hearing?" "I do, sir." "How much do you owe the doctor?" "Thirteen dollars, sir" (with congressional emphasis). "Will you refrain from keeping my family awake until you can make out the papers necessary for your discharge?" "I will, sir."

In a short time the jailor returned, and, as during his he had paid the debt, requested him to give the note, payable in six months, and then as an especial favor to depart from his premises. The editor went on his way rejoicing, and the jailor will no doubt at the end of six months, renew the note, rather than accept the alternative of harboring a Kansas man on his property.—Oxford Register.

Next in the list of improvements came up application of guano, bones, superphosphate of lime and other chemical products to the

exhausted soil, and with a result as surprising as in the case of drainage. To complete the aid to agriculture, the competition encouraged among the mechanics has brought into existence admirable implements of all kinds, from the steam threshing machine, and the American Reaper to the hibernian farming tool, any one of which is far in advance of what the farmer was a few years ago employed to perform his work. In contemplating these improvements, so suddenly called into existence, and which seem so completely to subvert every purpose of the agriculturist, one might suppose that a period of comparative inaction would naturally follow. On the contrary, the mechanical genius of the country seems stimulated to fresh exertions, and the farmers of England are now seeking what they consider the great desideratum of the age, a steam plough, which, it is believed, will soon be perfected. What further developments agricultural mechanics may make, it is difficult to predict; but the progress of the last twenty years, which we regret to see so inadequately followed in this country, is a curious illustration of the manner in which an art destined to promote the welfare of mankind, but which has remained dormant for ages, will sometimes suddenly waken into activity, and, in a surprisingly short period, make up for the time it has lost. Necessity has, perhaps, been the greatest promoter of this activity; for so exhausted was the soil of the agricultural counties of England, that unless means were provided for an increased amount of tillage, and largely increased crops, the price of our food would be beyond the means of a large portion of the population, and emigration or starvation would ensue. As large crops required many laborers, wages rose in value, labor was diverted from the channels of emigration to which it was tending, and the country retained the thrifty and shrewd of its strength. The same thing has been witnessed in Ireland since the Disfranchising act brought so many of its fertile acres into the hands of the practical agriculturist, and for a staying and all-affected peasantry substituted a loyal and contented yeomanry; and the British empire is stronger and greater at this day than the agricultural improvements of the last twenty years, than from the efforts of its feet and ankles for ten centuries.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

Within the last sixty years of the century a better rotation of crops was introduced, great improvements were effected in the breeds of live stock, as well as in the quantity and quality of the food grown for their support, and in some parts of the kingdom, vast fields of sheep-walks and stubble were converted into rich grain-bearing soil. The introduction of turnips into Norfolk, and some neighboring counties, was specially recognized as a new source of agricultural wealth. They served as food for cattle, as fallow crops on an old arable land, and when sown on light, sandy soil, to be eaten down by sheep, which consolidated it with their feet, and eventually prepared the soil for abundant crops of grain. The application of manure to light soil also added very considerably to the productiveness of crops.

The rotation of crops in such a manner that grain should be alternated with other products was perhaps the chief characteristic of the Norfolk farmers, who, about the year 1760, had ascertained the advantage of making barley, wheat, clover, barley and clover. By the exertion of Arthur Young and Coke of Holkham, this system was extended to other parts of the country, and succeeded in bringing the benefits of this and other discoveries to the knowledge of his tenants and neighbors. His improvement in sheep and the economy of rearing them were adopted with advantage in many instances. George III. also deserves mention in connection with the subject of agricultural progress, in which he took considerable interest, from his contributions under the name of "Ralph Robinson," to the "Annals of Agriculture," a monthly periodical under the editorship of Young.

Although the progress of agriculture suffered no retardation subsequent to the improvement we have mentioned, a new and clearly marked era dates from a period so recent as 1837. It that year the Royal Agricultural Society was founded, and within the last twenty years, by its annual exhibition of stock and farming implements in various parts of England, it has created a new revolution in the progress of agriculture.

Many of the period the system of drainage which has been discovered. Previously, farmers were contented with rudely constructed drains, or subterranean ones, slightly constructed with stones. In 1843 and 1844 experiments in deep drainage first began to be extensively made, and in 1845 a machine was invented for making tile pipes; which time upwards of sixteen millions sterling have been expended all over the kingdom for the practical application of this new discovery. The result has been satisfactory to a degree. The hoped for, and it is hazardous to predict that the whole arable area of England will soon be completely underdrained.

Next in the list of improvements came up application of guano, bones, superphosphate of lime and other chemical products to the

exhausted soil, and with a result as surprising as in the case of drainage. To complete the aid to agriculture, the competition encouraged among the mechanics has brought into existence admirable implements of all kinds, from the steam threshing machine, and the American Reaper to the hibernian farming tool, any one of which is far in advance of what the farmer was a few years ago employed to perform his work. In contemplating these improvements, so suddenly called into existence, and which seem so completely to subvert every purpose of the agriculturist, one might suppose that a period of comparative inaction would naturally follow. On the contrary, the mechanical genius of the country seems stimulated to fresh exertions, and the farmers of England are now seeking what they consider the great desideratum of the age, a steam plough, which, it is believed, will soon be perfected. What further developments agricultural mechanics may make, it is difficult to predict; but the progress of the last twenty years, which we regret to see so inadequately followed in this country, is a curious illustration of the manner in which an art destined to promote the welfare of mankind, but which has remained dormant for ages, will sometimes suddenly waken into activity, and, in a surprisingly short period, make up for the time it has lost. Necessity has, perhaps, been the greatest promoter of this activity; for so exhausted was the soil of the agricultural counties of England, that unless means were provided for an increased amount of tillage, and largely increased crops, the price of our food would be beyond the means of a large portion of the population, and emigration or starvation would ensue. As large crops required many laborers, wages rose in value, labor was diverted from the channels of emigration to which it was tending, and the country retained the thrifty and shrewd of its strength. The same thing has been witnessed in Ireland since the Disfranchising act brought so many of its fertile acres into the hands of the practical agriculturist, and for a staying and all-affected peasantry substituted a loyal and contented yeomanry; and the British empire is stronger and greater at this day than the agricultural improvements of the last twenty years, than from the efforts of its feet and ankles for ten centuries.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

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