# Miscellaneous.

## WHAT LITTLE FOXES DID.

I was on a visit to my grandfather, one of the pioneer farmers of Central New York, and we had started out for a ride. The first house that we passed was in so many respects like my grandfather's that it drew my attention.

"Your good neighbor seems to have had some ideas like yours, grandfather," I said.

"The man that built this house had. No neighbor of mine now, poor man!" and my grandfather drew a long breath.

"These foxes! these little foxes, I hate them! Nobody fears them, nobody minds them, yet they ruin everything. The beasts of prey are not half so dangerous. The little foxes!" he repeated with emphasis, and his tone was bitter.

"What little foxes, grandfather?"

"Any little foxes, all little foxes; little sins, little weaknesses, little slanders, little debts, I hate them all. They do such mischief; they are so treacherous and ruinous."

"When they are so little?"

"Yes, and because they are so little."

My grandfather paused. I waited in silence, and he went on.

"I never rode by that house without pain and indignation. You see what a fine place it is; a good house, a hundred and fifty acres of rich land; and yet it went for a silk gown. That was the little fox."

"A silk gown?"

"Yes, it went for a silk gown. And there went with it what was worth greatly more than all of it—a whole family's happiness and hope."

"What is the story, grandfather?"

"I'll tell you. When I first came to this part of the country, a young couple of the name of Brown were settled here in a log house. They were hard-working, self-denying people, and everything prospered with them for years. They paid for their farm and kept adding to it, till, as I told you, they had a hundred and fifty acres. Then when I had built me a new house, neighbor Brown had to build him one, something like mine as you see, for he did not like to be behind. I sent my eldest children to an academy in the next town, where they could have better opportunities for learning than were here. After a time, neighbor Brown thought it would be a good thing to educate his children, and sent his oldest daughter to the same academy.

It was a new expense to him, but he met it cheerfully, and for a time all went well. The young woman made him stare with her philosophy; the fond father was more than repaid for all his sacrifices on her account. But as she increased in knowledge so did she in love of dress, and nothing would do her but an expensive silk gown. Her mother put her off.

"We can't afford it, Susan."

"Why not, mother?"

"Because we have no money to pay for it."

"But father can pay for it in things off the farm."

"Nothing can be spared now. Last year's grain is all sold; so is everything else from last year."

"But father might sell something—a cow if nothing else."

No, he needs all the stock he has."

The father entered.

"What is it, Susan?"

"I want a silk dress, father. Mary Stiles has one."

"How will she get it?" interposed the prudent mother.

"I'll buy it for her."

"But how will you pay for it?"

"They'll trust me."

The wife said no more, and Susan had the handsomest silk to be found in the next village, and Brown had a store bill for the first time in his life. He thought nothing of it, as many others had the same, and the merchant encouraged it. It comes a great deal easier to say—"Charge it!" than to hand over the hard earned cash. They know this and take advantage of it. And so a man who would not have spent ten dollars at the store if he had been obliged to pay "down," has a store bill of perhaps five times that amount to pay at the end of the year.

"And suppose it can't be met?"

The merchant puts it into the shape of a note payable with interest and startt a fresh account."

"Too bad."

"So it is; but Susan Brown had her fine dress, and Brown had his store bill, and once begun it grew too large, and how many debts are not so? The command is so wise, "Owe no man anything." Most debts ought never to have been. No one should have an indulgence that cannot be paid for at once. Next year Brown's store bill became a note with interest, but it did not trouble him. Next year another note was given—a larger one, including interest, and an unpaid balance of another store bill. Heavier interest was not asked, for money was scarce. Brown kept failing for several years; once sliding downward, it is hard to recover one's self. At length I saw the surveyors at work on that part of his farm lying next to mine. He was with them."

"Going to sell?" I asked him.

"I'm going to give Lyme a mortgage."

"Ah! how's that?"

"He's got some of my notes and wants one."

I pitied him and with good reason. He was never the same man again. An incubus lay upon him, destroying his courage, his very life. If he could not pay his store bill, how could he lift a mortgage? His farm must go; no help for it. The grasping usurer had done his work, and made his own the handsome farm which another man had earned by the sweat and toil of many an hour, by cunning, small advantages fastened to a little debt. How indignant I felt; how sorrowful too, when my good neighbor put his furniture into wagons, put his ax, plow and hoe, and took his way to an humble home far from us, to begin life's toil anew; youth all gone, hope almost dead, courage almost failed, muscles and heart weakened. And all this wrong and ruin grew from a little thing—a school girl's gown. Do you wonder I hate the little foxes? Look out for them, child; watch for them! don't let them spoil your vines while you are safe from them. No one is safe."

We rode on in silence, and I mused and trembled. So many little things—life is made up with them—which shall ruin? which shall bless? "God of wisdom direct me," I prayed.—*Boston Recorder.*

## A NOVEL MODE OF DEFENSE.

A correspondent of The Field, says:

"One fine Summer evening, while sailing up the estuary of the Tay, I observed two large birds on the water, which at a distance appeared to be wild geese, followed by five small objects, more like water rats than anything else. One of the old birds dived, which dispelled the idea that they were geese, for they don't usually go under water. On its re-appearonce, its mate with the little ratslike creatures, hurried up to it, and received what it had fished up from the bottom.

"On nearing these birds, being anxious to bring them under closer observation, I discovered they were a pair of eider ducks with their little brood. The male bird had lost its beautiful winter plumage, and the duck looked equally tawdry—both, like devoted parents, having disposed of part of their dresses to make provision for their offspring. The old birds, as the boat approached them, grew restless and frightened, uttering short, low croaks of alarm, and swimming around and around the young brood, as if to encircle them from danger. The young evidently understood the warning notes of the mother, and appeared to look more to her for protection than to the male, and their instincts were true—as instinct always is, not so reason—for the drake, craven as he was, took to flight, leaving the helpless mother and her young to their fate.

"With curious but scarcely justifiable interest I followed them up. The duck no longer swam around her little ones, but went in a straight line from the boat, and by some natural power submerged her body until only the line of her back and her neck were above the water. She still repeated her cries of alarm, and the little ones at last seemed to run on the surface of the water until they got to the mother's back, and each taking hold there the duck instantly dived, carrying the brood with her. After a few seconds, one after another of the little ones came up, and last of all the mother at some distance. She called to her bairns, who toddled towards her, and I left them, admiring the strong affection and solicitude manifested by this noble bird for its young, such as might shame many beings of a much higher order.

THE Springfield (Mass.) Union says that "sensualism, in all its more beastly and disgusting forms of licentiousness and profligacy, is on the rapid increase in all our New England cities and towns and nobody can blink it out of sight winhout doing violence to his knowledg and sincerity."

## THE IRON HORSE.

Timothy Snodgrass has been "scooting around" at the West, and as some of his experiences are rather amusing, we copy an extract, as follows:

"When we got to the depot, I went around to get a look at the iron horse. Thunderation! it warn't no more like a hoss than a meetin'-house. If I was goin' to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snortin' smoke all around, and pantin', and hevin', and swellin', and chawin' up red hot coals, like they was good. A feller stood in a house-like, feedin' him all the time; but the more he got, the more he wanted, and the more he snorted. After a spell, the feller catched him by the tail, and, great Jericho! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minute I felt my legs a waggin', and found myself at t'other end of a string o' vehicles. I wasn't skeered, but I had three chills and a streke of palsy in less than five minutes, and my face had a curious brownish-yeller-green-bluish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. 'Well,' says I' 'comment is super-fluous,' and I took a seat in the nearest wagin, or car, as they call it—a consarned long, steamboat looking thing, with a string of pews down each side, big enough to hold about a man and a half. Just as I sat down, the horse hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitchin' me head-first at the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt, and then catched me by the head and crammed me under the seat; the cars was a jumpin' and tearin' along at nigh on to forty thousand miles an hour, and everybody was a bobbin' up and down like a millsaw, and every wretch o'm had his mouth wide open, and looked like they was laffin', but I couldn't hear nothin', the cars kept up such a racket. Bimeby they stopped all at once, and then such another laff busted out o' them passengers as I never hern before. Laffin at me, too—that's what made me mad, and I was mad as thunder, too. I ris up, and shakin' my fist at 'em, says I: 'Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger—' and away went the darn train like the small-pox was in town, jerkin' me down in the seat with a whack, like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cussed mouths flopped open, and the fellers went to bobbin' up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and very naturally went to bobbin' up and down myself."

SIXTY years ago, says the Troy (N. Y.) *Whig*, speaking of the great western lakes, there was scarcely a craft on these waters larger than an Indian canoe—now the tonnage of side-wheel steamers alone is 100,600 tons. In 1841, the gross amount of the lake, independent of the property constantly changing hands, cost of vessels and profits of passenger trade, amounted to $65,000,000. In 1851 it had increased to $300,000,000, and in 1861 to $550,000,000. At the present rate of increase, the lake commerce in 1871 will amount to the enormous sum of $1,000,000,000. In 1859 the northwestern lakes were navigated by 1,600 vessels, whose aggregate burthen was 400,000 tons! They were manned by over 13,000 seamen, navigating over 5,000 miles of lake and river coast, and transporting over $600,000,000 of exports and imports.

TO REMOVE STUMPS.—Mr. J. Barns, of Baltimore, removed a troublesome stump from near his house in the following manner: Last fall, with an inch auger, he bored a hole in the center of the stump ten inches deep, and into it put about half a pound of oil of vitriol, and corked the hole up tight. This spring the whole stump and roots extending through their ramifications, were so rotten that they were easily eradicated.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.—A practical, hard-working farmer, who attended the late fair at Brattleboro', wrote as follows to a local paper: "A careful examination of all the labor-saving agricultural machines establishes the fact, that the days of hard, life-destroying labor on the farm, are about being numbered, and that in rural life, there are to be greater opportunities for leisure, for intellectual improvement and practical progress.

THERE is a workingmen's club-house in Glasgow, where, for twelve cents and a half a month, a man can have a quiet place to smoke his pipe, read all the principal papers and magazines, or while away an evening with innocent games.

# Correspondence.

LAIE, OAHU, SANDWICH ISLANDS, Oct. 14, 1866.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

We are all alive in body, mind and spirit, and to the great work of the last days. We are manfully combatting the opposing elements, to establish a settlement in honor to the kingdom of God, among this dark and benighted people. Our work is necessarily slow, for the people we are associated with, I sometimes think, are almost inanimate, and it takes a great amount of patience to cause them to act. Money with them is the principal cause of action.

Some of the peculiarities of this country are very pleasant, and some, again, are extremely difficult to contend with. In producing crops here, one meets with one difficulty after another, that we are entire strangers to in our native land. The insects or worms in the early part of the season rendered it almost impossible to get a stand of cotton, the crop we give the most attention to. The past season they continued their ravages until into June, when there came a cessation for a few months. But on the opening out of the bolls, I discovered a worm in the boll that will, in places, destroy one third if not one half of the crop. I notice that this worm is worse on the sea-island cotton than it is on the coarse or short staple.

To produce a paying crop of cotton here, some plan must be adopted that will operate against this destruction. As yet it has puzzled the combined efforts of both foreigners and natives. If any one could give us any information in regard to this matter, we would be pleased to receive it. We can produce the finest quality of cotton in the world.

The natives manifest a kind and friendly feeling toward us, but it is my opinion that there will have to be a change of circumstances, if not in element, before they will be brought to a civilized and enlightened standard. However, they possess traits of character, in some respects, that are admirable. It is a lamentable fact, plain and apparent, that the race will in a short time become extinct, unless the Lord delivers them from their present doomed condition. Four deaths are reported to one birth. How true the text that the wages of sin is death. But the disease which is destroying so many is an imported evil, and comes from a land that boasts of the name of Christianity.

Times are very dull just now. Everything of native produce is very low. Sugar is 5 to 6 cents a pound; cleaned rice 5 cents, uncleaned 1½; beef, on foot, 4 cents.

Everybody is looking for the sailor, as it is now the shipping season, and he generally spends his money when he comes ashore. They seem to be the life and mainspring of this country. In a few months we expect the steamers for China to call here, which will cause the pulse of this infant kingdom to beat nearer the spirit of the times.

We have some 200 natives on our land, mostly members of our Church. Our meetings are well attended, and a good spirit prevails. We have two schools, one Hawaiian, supported by the government, and one for white children, supported by foreigners.

It has been very dry the past season, but not so warm as is reported from higher altitudes, 86° being the highest range of the thermometer.

GEORGE NEBEKER.

[Br. George: The NEWS will be forwarded as you request, and will be pleased to publish such communications as you may have time to favor it with.

SPECULATION IN BOMBAY.—The London *Spectator*, in an article on the history of Bombay during the American war, points out how terrible was the misuse made by the Anglo-Indians of the most marvellous prosperity which, perhaps, ever suddenly befel a people. In the year 1860-1 the quantity of cotton exported from Bombay was about 355,000,000 pounds, valued at under £7,000,000. In 1864-5 the quantity was very little, only 25,000,000 pounds higher, yet the value was £30,375,000—*i.e.*, while the quantity increased only seven per cent. the value increased three hundred per cent. The *Spectator* adds: "What did the Bombay traders do with this enormous increase of prosperity? They not only squandered it in the maddest speculation, but ruined themselves. That which should have been their advantage, they turned to their destruction."

THE shipment of Oregon salmon to Eastern Atlantic ports is becoming quite a feature of the export trade there. A single firm on the Columbia River, it is said, ship on the average 500 barrels annually to the New York markets.