

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

Judge Deady's Address.

It is to be regretted that a production so able and elevated as Judge Deady's address to the graduating class of the Willamette University, should contain such an utter misapprehension as the following:

"The aim of the scholar should be far above that of the low utilitarian philosophy of Franklin, which has borne its legitimate fruit in the worship of the creature instead of the Creator, and the substitution of the sensual test, 'Will it pay?' for the spiritual one, 'Is it right?'"

Stoic Franklin's energetic shade, Robed in the lightning when his hand alighted,

would hardly deign to notice an error of this kind, which is rebated by every act of his life and is in no wise legitimately deductible from his economic maxims or philosophy; for if he, while in flesh, could sit, unmoved, in the British Parliament and bear himself slandered and abused by its ablest detractor, without defending himself, certainly the not unkind allusion of Oregon's chief jurist, could be left, like the pasquinade of the abusive Englishman, to be rebuffed by his blameless life.

In fact the Judge's address, with the exception above quoted, could not be better illustrated than by the Franklin bust, and a few choice extracts from the Franklin biography.

Judge Deady hates sham, and it is to be hoped that he has succeeded in instilling some of his hatred into the collegians, but where could he have found a sturdier, steadier contempt of sham and a more quiet, unostentatious example, through a long life, "of preferring being to seeming," than in old Ben Franklin.

To be sure, Franklin like Solomon was a teacher of economy, yea more, he was industrious, patient, temperate, frugal, deferential, sagacious, brave, devoted to duty, a lover of philosophy, a lover of his country and of mankind, the farthest remove from a peevish or a man of pride and arrogance, and how out of such attributes "a low utilitarian philosopher" can be extracted, would be a puzzle to a Draper or a Macaulay.

Just before the principal quotation, given above, the Judge speaks as follows: "The old-fashioned notion, that a man who did not provide for himself while living and for his burial when dead, is derelict in his duty to society, was right in the main, and on the whole productive of good results. It distinguished and discriminated between idleness and vice on the one hand, and industry and virtue on the other, honoring the latter and discrediting the former."

This is the genuine Franklinian doctrine, still it would be very unjust to the Judge as well as salubrious of truthful statement, to say that the legitimate fruitage of it would be "the worship of the creature instead of the Creator."

Judge Deady, like America's first great philosopher, connects idleness and vice, industry and virtue, and this is in accordance with the received wisdom of all ages. Probably there is no positive connection, by faculty, between idleness and vice, only that idleness is the Devil's opportunity, and if Franklin could put a spur upon the lazy and improvident by declaring "that time is money," he might not be considered less a wise benefactor than the inspired penman who wrote "he that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread."

Franklin's maxim is by far the most cogent and comprehensive, and like all of Poor Richard's teachings, eminently utilitarian; that they constitute by their tendency "a low, sensual test," unbefitting even a scholar, is amply disproved by the career of some of the most eminent men of ancient and modern times, and chiefly by that of Dr. Franklin himself. His *Cui bono* was to him what *Quid est veritas* is to Judge Deady and other scholars, and can be no more fitly translated into Will it pay? as it is understood in a mere money sense. His whole life was a devotion to truth, duty, to the getting of wisdom, to the improvement of his understanding, and to the welfare of mankind. His republican simplicity, his industrious habits, his ideas of economy, his unflinching truthfulness and integrity are greatly needed in our public men of the present day, and it is best that the name of Dr. Franklin should not be discredited.

T. W. D.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

Buckwheat, Bees, and Farm-Houses in Germany.

Your correspondent H. B. M., of Oregon City, says it is impossible for the bees to get the honey out of the buckwheat, if there is any in it! I always considered buckwheat a ruin stay for late bee pasture, and we have nothing better. That the bees cannot get to the honey, is certainly a mistake. I had a little buckwheat in my garden last summer, and if I could take H. B. M. back to the fatherland with me and there show him what I saw forty or more years ago, he would never doubt buckwheat for bee pasture again.

Allow me to give you a little sketch of a part of the country in Lower Germany. It is flat and level, and much is swampy, or as they are called there, *Moors*. These moor-lands are to be found everywhere throughout Lower Germany, and it is from them that fuel is procured, for there is very little timber and no coal there. It is called turf, and is dug in summer in pieces about twelve inches long, and five inches square, and is just treated like brick in the brick-yard: first laid singly, then put up, and when well dried, hauled to the road and put in large ricks covered with sod, and hauled in as wanted. The turf is dug down six to eight feet in spots, with roads left between, and in course of time, furnish fuel once more,

and here too, is where Jack o' lantern makes home, the gasses arising from the bog holes furnishing the lantern. I saw one place where the turf had been dug away eight feet, and there stood a forest of pine stumps looking as if burned off on a sandy soil. They were solid. The largest of these swamps is in the eastern part of the Province Drenthe in Holland. Its extent north and south is as far as the eye can reach, and perhaps twenty miles wide. This large bog was surveyed and sold to actual settlers in the beginning of this century and slowly settled up. But what could they raise on a swamp that no horse could walk on except at the driest time? Buckwheat was the only grain that was successfully tried, except where an acre or two had been drained, and there rice and potatoes could be grown.

Buckwheat then was sown, not by the acre, but by hundreds of acres. One farmer had three hundred acres in, the year I was there. This is the way they plowed the bog: As soon in summer as the surface was dry enough, they went over it with pointed hoes and hoe up the turf every two and three feet. After this dries, some fire is set to it in hundreds of places, the whole is turned over lightly, and in the ashes, even while warm, the grain is cast and harrowed in with horses whose feet are provided with snow—no, mud shoes to prevent them from sinking in the mire. When in bloom, these thousands of acres of buckwheat afford pasture to thousands of stands of bees that are brought here from far and wide. Up to this time the bees merely made a living, but from the moors they would come as heavy as 120 lbs. to the hive. Surely buckwheat there, was good for bees!

While we are in the country, in the fatherland, would you step with me into one of these farm-houses? They are different from ours. The house is large and flat. It is the dwelling, barn, and stable all in one, the centre two stories with wide sheds. An entrance is at the end for the wagon with hay and grain, mostly rye, little wheat or oats being sown. The floors are wide enough for the horses and wagon to turn on. Here the threshing is done with flails every morning in winter, and the fresh straw fed to the cows that stand in long rows on each side of the threshing floor. The horse stables are to the right and left, in sheds built against the end. The grain and hay is stacked on the left, above all this wide space. The roof is made of straw from six to eight inches thick; a handy home for many small birds. On the top of the roof of many a house, is placed an old wagon wheel for the accommodation of the long-legged stork, whom the farmers, (called boor-) regard with religious superstition. He, the stork, will make his nest thereon, and return from year to year to the same house. In the other end of the house is the dwelling, separated in some by a partition from the stables and threshing floor, but in most houses there are no partitions; only the bedrooms are separated. The fireplace is in the middle of this space, so that the family sits around it, and the which is made of turf. Against the wall behind the fire is a fixed bench. This is the privileged place for the shepherd who has been out all day in the cold winter blast. Under the bench snores his faithful dog. On one side, in a recess, is the long deal table with fixed benches around, dishes of pewter or wood, and spoons round and large, for with these are all the meals, and almost the whole meal eaten. The farmer and his family work hard from early dawn till night. His stock is well taken care of, horses and cows are scrubstock; sheep are small, subsisting mostly on heather. The houses are irregularly built in little villages of from ten to twenty houses, the farming land lying around is divided like blocks in a town, and each farmer owns here a piece and there a piece, each divided by a narrow alley. In older times of the feudal system, when might was right (Faustrecht), people had to collect in villages for self-protection against thieving barons. Very few farmers are renters; nearly all own a few acres. Ten acres makes a good farm, but many possess one hundred or more. There is still much waste land in the sands given over to the sheep. I saw lands lying waste, that had been cultivated before the thirty years war, when Germany was much thicker settled, and when there was no outlet to America for its surplus.

I have written much more than I intended, but I was once more transported to the days of my childhood and the scenes of my youth, and wandered again in the green country, released from city and school restraint. Oh, how long ago!

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view!"

HENRY MILLER.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

Egotistic Writers in Literature.

"A man is all his own." The world is full of pretended dabblers in literature. Men who are no more fit to write well on any subject, even the most common, than an ass, nevertheless are almost constantly "Braying a laureate of the long-eared kind." And so consequently egotistical are these blatant brawlers that, whatever they do, their "ears" stick out in bold relief. Still, fulfilling their nature, they bray on. How is society benefitted by these intolerant bores? Who is it constantly boasting of their prodigency and others' improvidence? Gobbler-like, they swell and strut, and spit, and snort, and wattle. And, then, how smart they are! Red pepper on a sore is nowhere. Salt, vinegar, and cayenne cannot touch them. How they walk, talk, and smoke—oh! with the cigar between two fingers, wave their hand to the right, and pour a vol-

ume of smoke from their mouths like a tar-killa. Nojody else knows anything. With a stove-pipe hat, and looking-glass boots, who but them! It is "my article," "my composition," but "yours" is mentioned with a curled lip of contempt. And, then, they are so clear. Yes, and so is mud.

How these creatures hang around "literary ladies," and how they talk about the "moon," and "stars," and the "Ethereal deep."

Oh, yes! and the "gorgeously spangled sky," and "milk-pails thrown to the breeze," and "mares' tails," and "mares' nests," too—And, then, they are so well educated—been through college—know it all—and have graduated! Yes, and pigs which graduate through mud-holes look just as nice, and grunt much more naturally.

Well; what next? They think they are very, very pretty! And are so well-behaved, too. Yes, and there are often whole families in the same "fix." Anything more? Oh yes. These fine gentlemen are scientific!—Very. Just to see one of these savants spread himself, and talk about electricity, astronomy, "the sublime science," mathematics, philology, etc., would make a kitten spaw or a dog fling up.

It would be a mercy to mankind if these self-exalted, would-be-literary characters could only learn a little common sense, and go to mauling rails, or grubbing, or digging up stumps.

Common sense teaches men what they are adapted to, what they are fit for. Common sense lies low in human nature; common sense digs deep, and piles high; common sense adapts means to ends; common sense traces effects back to causes, and re-adapts causes to produce given ends. If fools had a particle of common sense, they would cease dabbling in literature. ALPHA.

SHEEP AND WOOL.

ANGORA GOATS.

WATSONVILLE, CAL.,

June 3, 1876.

EDITOR WILLAMETTE FARMER:

Enclosed you will find a clipping from the San Francisco Commercial Herald, which will be of some interest to many of your readers. For the benefit of those who are breeding Angoras and have coin to ship, I will here state that G. Greear & Co., of San Francisco, are receiving orders for mohair, and will be as good men to ship to as any on this coast. B. P. Flint & Co. also are large wool-packers, and take great pride in handling mohair. These two firms pack and ship the bulk of the wool of this coast, and take a special interest in the mohair trade.

Oregon has this season sustained her reputation as a goat and mohair producing country. The heaviest fleeces taken off on this coast this season was from a buck we sold to Horace Woodcock, of Josephine county, Oregon. He averaged 110 per cent. of kids, counting the whole band; that of ordinary seasons would not do to boast of, but this has been Oregon's wettest and worst season. Who can beat that count in the Willamette? Let them not all speak at once, but come out with their success. If they have made a reasonable showing this year, they have nothing to fear in ordinary seasons. Angoras were never so popular here, in California, before. Wool has gone down, and sheep followed, until now the best mutton is selling for \$1.25 per head and stock sheep for \$1. white mouser is unchanged and the goats more in demand at the same figures as before. The fact is, it will take three score and ten years to supply the demand for mohair, the best that can be done. As the stock increases, the demand will also increase in like proportion.

Mr. Farr's advice is excellent in regard to fleeces. Any man, to stand by and see it worked, can see at once that the kemp can not be taken out of fleeces of less than five inches in length, to advantage. If strictly free from kemp, 3-inch staple could be worked to good profit. The most important point is to get it free of kemp; next, length; and, 3d, luster and fineness of fiber.

Respectfully, W. M. LANDRUM.

NOTES ON ANGORA WOOL.—The Commercial Herald has received a letter from H. M. Farr, head of the "Farr Alpaca company," of Holyoke, Massachusetts, together with three liberal samples of "angora cloth for dresses," "mohair serge," and "mohair figured coat linings," all manufactured from California mohair. The Herald says these samples are extremely pretty and desirable showing beyond question the superiority of the fleeces obtained from the Angora goat. Mr. Farr says, however, that the material from which the samples were made was but of ordinary quality, and owing to the shortness of the staple, he was compelled to work in a considerable percentage of ordinary wool. We quote some portions of his remarks: "There is no question of finding a market for it if it can be grown in good quality; but there is a wide range of values for it. The short, kempy stuff is almost worthless for combing, while long hair, combed for one dollar per pound, will sell readily for ten or more. It would, therefore, be far more profitable to raise the best, and raisers should guide themselves accordingly. There are three points that should not be lost sight of: First and most important, length of staple; second, luster; third, quality or fineness of hair. I have worked some of the California Angora goat hair, and have seen samples of several other lots, some of which were fair and others too short to be worked with advantage. I would most strongly urge your goat raisers to keep up the quality of their stocks. If they do this, success is sure; but if they do not, they will certainly be disappointed in the returns they will obtain for their mohair. There is scarcely any other product of the farm in which the difference in value is so great as between a good and bad article of mohair."

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