

THE SLANDERER.

The "Agricultural" has proved itself what it claims to be, a friend in need.

From heaven's four winds collect in one
 All things most hateful 'neath the sun ;
 All things that blast, and sting, and kill ;
 All things that do, or emblem ill ;
 The frost that nips the opening bloom ;
 The frost that seals the flowret's doom ;
 The famine's hungry, spectre form ;
 The spotted plague and sweeping storm ;
 The quicksand's deep, deep engulfing snare.
 The sunken rock that baffles care ;
 The adder's foul and fatal sting ;
 The panther's sudden, deadly spring ;
 The robber's grasp and rifling hand ;
 The cloaked assassin's ruthless brand.
 These fearful things collect in one,
 And yet you'll find them all outdone—
 Not by a flood's wide sweeping tide,
 Or field's where death and carnage ride ;
 Nor by the lightning's scathing flash,
 Or by the earthquake's whelming crash,
 But the sland'rer's pest like breath,
 That smites your name with worse than death ;
 That, charged with poison straight from hell,
 Besets all things, than plagues more fell ;
 That often dims young Genius' eyes,
 And severs Friendship's fondest ties ;
 And often, too, has darkly spread
 A cloud around fair Virtue's head.
 Go, then, and search the world all round,
 And nought so deadly can be found,
 As that vile, creeping, hateful thing,
 Whose heart is false—his tongue a sting,

—If there be tossing and doubting, beloved, it is the heaving of ship at anchor—not the dashing on the rocks.

—PUT a really good man into circumstances of difficulty, and I know that either in this world or the next it will work for his good.—*Plato*.

—Billy Emerson, the negro minstrel, makes \$25,000 a year. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, makes \$900.

—A Pennsylvania printer, who is the father of twenty-six children, is puzzling himself to account for the hard times.