

# The Oxford Democrat.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, NO. 9.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1855.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 22, NO. 19.

## Agricultural.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

### The Honest Laborer.

God bless the honest laborer,  
The hardy son of toil,  
The worker in the clattering mill,  
The driver in the mill,  
The one whose honest hands have torn  
From earth her hoarded wealth,  
Whose sole aim is for ceaseless toil  
To nature's boon—sweet health.  
Bless him who wields the ponderous sledge,  
Clad in his leathern mail,  
That, safe as warrior's panoply,  
Guards him from the scathing hail,  
That rushes from beneath each stroke,  
Each mighty crushing blow,  
Who seeks to lighten labor's toil,  
Wherever he goes.  
Bless him who turns the mottled soil,  
Who, with the early dawn,  
Hastes to gather nature's store—  
Hastes to the yellow corn!  
Who plants in nature's bosom wide  
The fruitful golden grain,  
And gives it to their guardian care,  
The sunshine and the rain.  
Bless him who tills the massive field,  
Who leads the steady team,  
That tills the barren waste,  
Safe battle with the gale!  
Who sows the seed and sows the mast,  
Whence fruits to slender breeze  
The stripes and stars of liberty,  
A rainbow o'er the seas.

### April—Work to be Done.

This should be a busy month with every farmer. Although the season is late now, and in all human probability the ground will not be in a condition to work during this month, there is a plenty of work to be done. Those who have their manure in a cellar where it does not freeze, and considerable distance to cart it, or have to pass over wet and wavy land, will do well to get it out before the snow is gone, and put it in a heap, and cover it up with boards to keep off the rain. Cover the top of the heap with plaster of Paris, to prevent the escape of the fertilizing gases. In a short time after removing manure, it will begin to ferment and heat. At this time look well to it, and see it does not burn or fire, as it surely will, if it is horse manure. If it is found that the heat is becoming too violent, do not shovel the manure over, but pour on water enough to wet it through and through. If it leaches much, make a trench around it and a hole on the lower side, so as to catch the water, and dip it up, and pour it on the heap. In this way would the heap become of equal value throughout. Let no one who wishes for good crops the present season, neglect the preparation of his manures this month.

If wood is not fully prepared for the ensuing season and piled, let it now be completed and if the wood-room is so arranged as to admit a free circulation of air, pile it in green, and as soon as may be. If not situated, let wood lay out till mid-summer, before putting it in.

If fences are in want of repair, prepare the material, and have it ready to do that work as soon as the snow is off so it can be done, that no time may be lost when seed-time comes, in necessary attention to this business, when planting and sowing should be the exclusive employment.

Repair buildings; white wash stables; clean out old litter and everything that can make foul air, and put all in the compost heap, and sprinkle the stables with plaster. In this way the health of men and animals will be preserved during the warm weather of spring and summer. Do not forget the hog-pens, but thoroughly clean and whitewash them. Do the same to the poultry-house, and every other building in which animals are kept.

Look well to your working animals. If they are not well cared for this month, they will not be in a condition to do a heavy spring's work. See that yokes, harnesses, chains and all other implements and tools for spring's use are in thorough repair, if not done during the last month. Have every thing put in the most perfect order, so that the spring's work shall not be interfered with unnecessarily by the bad condition of tools, or the necessity of doing things belonging to another season, and which might as well have been done before.

The motto of every farmer in particular, should be "take time by the forelock," and never put off anything for to-morrow, which can as well be done to-day.

This is the month and the next the best suited to grafting in this region. Have old orchards renovated by putting on new tops on all the old trees that are not decaying, and thus replace with good marketable fruit the old sour and almost worthless fruit now produced. Do not set some ignorant at the work, who has no knowledge of the laws of vegetable life, and will kill half the trees by his merciless cutting and hewing; but employ a man who knows a tree cannot be hacked and cut up like fire-wood, without endangering its life more than an animal. Both will bear a great deal of cutting, but there is a point beyond which neither can live through the process. Read the article on renovating old orchards in the last number very carefully.

The Editor has a lot of Pigs which will be six weeks old on the twentieth of April, and will then be for delivery to those who want to purchase. They are half Suffolk, being a cross with a superior breed of our native stock.

Communications intended for this department should be directed to the Editor, at South Paris.

### Our Book Table.

CHEMICAL FIELD LECTURES for Agriculturists. By Dr. Julius Adolphus Stockhardt. Translated from the German. Edited with notes, by J. E. Teschemacher, Cambridge, John Bartlett, pp. 242, 12mo.

This is one of the very best manuals on Agriculture, within the circle of our acquaintance. It is marked throughout with the most sterling common sense, and is written in the peculiarly transparent and interesting style of this author. We commend it to the special attention of our farmers.

MAPES' NITROGENIZED Super-Phosphate of Lime, and Mapes' Improved Super-Phosphate of Lime. New York, 1855. pp. 16, 8vo.

This is a pamphlet of recommendations of these articles of manure, from those who have used them. The first of these articles we have not tried, but being only the Improved Super-Phosphate of Lime, with the addition of dried bullock's blood, we have no doubt it is an excellent article. So far as the Improved Super-Phosphate of Lime is concerned, we have tried it and are fully satisfied of its excellence.

From the New England Farmer.

### Use of Guano.

I will give my experience in the use of this article as briefly as possible. Last spring, I took equal parts of guano and plaster, and mixed them with five parts of soil. Fertilized for corn, put a shovelful of compost manure in each hill, leveled it, and dropped in a handful of the mixture, covered it with one inch of earth, and planted it with corn. It came up badly, except where the land was quite moist, where it came up well, grew well, and ripened well. Think the guano was beneficial. Pumpkins grew enormously.

Broke up a piece of ground for potatoes, and put the same mixture in the hill, without other manure, and its application for two years previous had caused the potatoes to rot. It proved a failure. On a portion of the same piece, I planted the pea-bean, fertilized the ground and sowed into the furrows a small quantity of compost, and also the guano mixture. The crop was the greatest I ever saw. When the mixture was prepared on a spot of winter-killed grass, the weeds came up and grew exceedingly rank. I placed the mixture around some plants in the garden after they were up, without any visible effect.

Inference.—That such plants as contain a large amount of the phosphates in their composition, will be benefited by guano. That it should be buried more than two inches in this hot and dry climate. That the farmer who has a small manure heap, may use it in limited quantities with advantage. That it will not pay to use alone. That it is better for starting than for ripening a crop. That I should again use two or four times as much plaster as guano in the mixture, especially on lands remote from the sea-board. That it is a poor article if it will not make the nose tingle and the eyes moist on smelling it, when a lump is broken open. That I should not in any case, mix it with ashes. Finally, that the farmer must make his own manure. I can neither add to, nor subtract from this article, till I know more about it. N. T. T. Bethel, Me., Feb. 17th, 1855.

The above is from the pen of our worthy friend True. We select it for the purpose of cautioning our farmers in relation to the use of guano. We wish simply to say that we are of the opinion, that if friend True had used moist manure in a much larger proportion than he did soil, and less plaster, he would have found better results. We think so large a quantity of plaster would have the effect to vitiate a considerable portion of the ammonia contained in the guano. The quantity of sulphur in the gypsum, is in proportion to the ammonia in the guano. Of course, whatever deficiency in the requisite quantity of sulphur to absorb the ammonia of the guano, will be dissipated and lost by the chemical action of the line of the gypsum. We say less gypsum and more mix in preparing guano for use—say six times its bulk of muck well decomposed.

For the Oxford Democrat.

### To S. L. Goodale, Esq., of Saco.

DEAR SIR: Many persons in Oxford County are making efforts to introduce that delicious fruit, the Pear. Many of us read your Catalogue of delicious, melting pears, so that our mouths fairly water, at the very words themselves; yet few, very few of us, have ever tasted one of our own raising.

What we want to know is, whether Pears can be advantageously cultivated on the Quince stock, by trimming up the stock to three and a half, or four feet, to the lowest branches. It is useless to attempt to introduce the pear into this region, when the snow is from four to eight feet deep in almost all of our gardens, as often as once in three years. I have frequently had plum trees crushed at four different heights the same winter, and the only way to secure shrubbery of all kinds has been to lash them to a stake. Now, if you are acquainted with any varieties of the pear of a naturally upright growth, and that will bear the pruning as suggested above, we can attempt to raise the Dwarf Pear, otherwise we must go back to the Standard Pear.

The introduction of any new subject, though ultimately successful, almost always requires some modifications suggested by the test of experiment, and such seems to be the case with the Dwarf Pear in this vicinity. If you will reply to this inquiry, you will confer a public favor. N. T. T.

LAND, it has been well said, will produce a crop of something, and it depends entirely on the farmer what that shall be—whether a crop of grain or weeds.

### Wintering Milch Cows.

The subject of wintering milch cows is one in which a large majority of our readers are interested, for probably most of people who own but a single domestic animal keep a cow, and those who are not thus limited generally include more or less of these faithful creatures among their stock. And the milch cow is worthy of this distinction. She produces one of the most wholesome and nutritious articles of food which we possess—once always in demand, and which there is no other means of supplying. Good cows always command high prices, for they pay a good profit. But this profit depends largely on the attention they receive from their owners—whether they are so fed and cared for that they are thrifty, healthy, and yield largely of milk at all seasons of the year.

It is poor economy to winter cows upon dry food alone. They need something more succulent and nutritious. A full flow of milk requires a generous supply of right kind of fodder. Carrots, beets, parsnips, or turnips in addition to hay and occasional feed of meal or shorts—a judicious use of hay, roots, and meal, will keep the animals healthy and in good flow of milk even in winter. In England milch cows are fed principally on turnips and coarse fodder, and are stabled through the winter. They have a slight feed of straw or hay in the morning, and sliced turnips, morning, noon and evening, and with an occasional supply of good straw to their mangers. Their stables are kept clean and well littered, and are also well ventilated, avoiding as far as may be, currents of air, from which cattle will take cold as well as human beings. The proper ventilation of stables, both for horses and cows, is too often neglected.

But all have not and cannot procure the proper supply of roots. The drought of the last season injured materially or entirely cut off the root crop in many parts of the country. In this case hay and the coarser grains must be used, and these properly prepared answer very well the desired purpose. Food well-cured hay is far from being despised, even by the most aristocratic of the English breed, though if first passed through a good cutting machine, it will be more economically consumed. Give cows what they will fully dispose of, and a peck or six per day of bran, shorts or provender, wet to a proper consistency, and seasoned with a little salt, and they will continue in milk almost as long and give nearly as much as when supplied with roots. Oats and barley or oats and corn, ground together, form a good mixture or provender for this purpose. If corn meal alone is used, it should be mixed with cut straw or hay, and slightly moistened—but a large quantity of this grain has a tendency to dry off the milk. It is better adapted to fattening than milk-making purposes. Both potatoes and apples are excellent food for cows, but do not produce as rich milk as either beets or carrots. These roots are probably among the best foods which can be provided—in use in connection with other kinds of fodder. No single food will succeed as well as a proper variety.

The thrift and health of all kinds of stock requires a supply of water, either frequently and steadily, or always within their reach. It should be brought into the barn-yard, that cattle need not be compelled to wander off to a distant stream or pond through the storm and cold. Such a journey they will not undertake unless quite thirsty, when the water within their reach, they would drink much more frequently, but less at a time, not injuring themselves by abstemiousness at one time, or an over supply at another. Their comfort in this respect as well as in shelter and cleanliness is the best economy, as an animal well cared for and kept warm and clean, requires less food to keep it in thrifty condition. The best management is generally the cheapest in the end, and always the most satisfactory to the thorough good farmer.

[Wool Grower and Stock Register.]

### Economy in the right place.

The leading thought, however, with which we started, related more particularly to expenditures by the farmer upon his own house and lands. He can calculate pretty accurately, as to the expense of plowing and ditching, and the common labors of the farm; but our thoughts extended beyond this, to the time when having acquired a little surplus, he undertakes to adorn and embellish his residence. Here he is beyond his usual depth, and has not his usual landmark to guide him. He desires to erect a stable or barn, which he thinks should cost some five or six hundred dollars. He sets out with the sensible idea, that it should be a plain, substantial, modest structure, for cows and horses to live in. He consults a carpenter or architect, who persuades him to allow him to take charge of the building, and presently, by the side of his simple mansion rises a sort of a cross between a martin-house and a temple of Minerva, clap-boarded and painted with the doors hung in all the new-fashioned methods, so that they will neither open nor shut, with a tall ventilator and a magnificent weather-vane on top—the whole resembling less a farmer's barn, than a village church, erected under the direction of a committee of nine pew-holders. Now these fancy out-buildings are well enough on fancy places, but are in bad taste to say the least on a farm, where economy is consulted; and the worst of it is that the owner finds, when it is completed, that his barn costs twice as much as he could well afford.

Then, again, he determines to have a better fence in front of his house. The carpenter shows him a beautiful pattern of "Squire Wealthy's" in Roxbury, and persuades him to adopt it. The work is completed, and behold a small front yard, as we call it in New England, just as wide on the street as the dwelling-house, and running straight to the front corners of the house, enclosing three or four square rods of ground! and for what purpose? Kind reader, did you ever ask yourself for what these little front yards are designed? Usually, they contain a few lilacs, half-a-dozen rose-bushes, and occasionally a small flower bed. The flowers and shrubs we like, but the expensive fence we do not like. Often a hundred dollars are expended in this way for a fence many feet in length of such a fence. Instead of this, we would either construct a plain fence of pine, painted, which should not cost more than two dollars a rod, or we would plant a hedge of buckthorn or privet, supported by a wire fence, for strength, if necessary. In every case, we should avoid running straight fences from the street to the house, and would leave a liberal plot in front, and if possible, at one side or both, graded and finished as a lawn. But let the fence be plain and cheap. There is no beauty either of symmetry, harmony or utility, in such front fences as we may see in every village in New England. Save your money to gratify some correct and rational taste but do not follow an unreasonable fashion. Use the reason, the plain common sense which Providence gave you to use, before you suffer your hard-earned money to be taken from you, to gratify a capricious fancy, which is to work out more elaborate pieces of architectural folly, than has ever before been presented to the public. We have noticed so much of this display of squares and crosses and triangles in our travels lately, that we think we shall feel better after having spoken our mind on the subject. We think the people of the rural districts, especially of the villages, have yet many lessons of economy to learn, in the structure of their houses, out-buildings and ornamental fences. How to spend a limited amount of money so as to produce the greatest amount of physical comfort, intellectual gratification and moral improvement, is a problem well worthy of attention. N. E. Farmer.

### Hints on Grafting.

Much is written in every horticultural journal upon grafting, and each treatise of fruits gives all the information desired, numerous illustrations with cuts. Yet a lamentable ignorance exists among farmers and many fruit culturists upon the subject. It is not our intention to give the mode of the operation, but to say when it should be performed, and the stocks applicable to each kind. Any work on horticulture may inform sufficiently a novice who possesses an average amount of skill and care, so that he may be able to graft successfully.

The first step to be taken is to obtain scions of those varieties which are desired; these can be cut from bearing trees, or from young plants, if genuine, between which there can be no choice, only that the shoots should be well ripened. They may be cut during March or April, or at any time the buds commence to swell, indicating the approach of spring. They may be kept till wanted in a moist cellar, partly imbedded in sand.

There are only two forms practiced in ordinary grafting, viz. Stock grafting, and whip or tongue grafting. The former is adapted to large trees, where the stock is more than three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The latter is applicable only to seedling stocks, and small trees. The stock and scion ought to be about the same size, that the cut may unite on both sides; but it is nearly as well if the point of union be only on one side, when a stock, two or even three times the diameter of the scion, may be worked in this manner.

The season for grafting is during March and April, and in some localities it may be deferred till May; as a general rule, however, it should be done as the buds begin to swell, and several days before they will expand. The cherry is one of the first trees that shows the approach of spring, and therefore should be grafted first—then plums, pears and apples.

When scions are kept fresh and in good condition we have had considerable success when in leaf or in bloom. This may be accomplished sometimes with such easy growing sorts as apples and pears, and often with plums, but with cherries never. The composition for grafting is about equal parts of beeswax and tallow, and double the quantity of resin, into which, when melted, dip narrow strips of cotton cloth or calico.

As a general rule scions should be grafted upon their own kind, as apples upon apples, pears upon pears, except when some specific object is wished to be obtained. All experiments in grafting the pear upon apple-trees, on mountain ash, on the orange quince which grows so freely in our gardens, will fail, giving the cultivator no reward for his pains. The apricot upon the plum stock is an exception, which, however, can not be successfully grafted, unless a piece of old wood, say three-fourths of an inch, is attached to the scion. [Genevise Farmer.]

CUT GRAFTS. Grafts of the cherry should now be cut. Select the middle of the day when there is little or no frost in the branches. It is well also to cut apple and pear grafts very soon or before the buds start; but to succeed in grafting the cherry, it is very essential that they be cut before the least flow of sap upward.

There is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life, than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

Shallow plowing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases production. Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet. Scraps and wash old apple trees whenever it is convenient.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE INVISIBLE MARKSMAN.

A group of youngsters, ten years before the Revolution, stood on a level green in New York with a mark before them, and their fire-arms ready. They were on the ground now occupied by Carlton and a part of Varick street, but which then formed a part of the open and romantic country. The outskirts of the then abbreviated city, were what may be termed poetically picturesque, made up of rocky, sandy, uneven, but yet elegant grounds, which afforded opportunities for the enjoyment of field sports and the prosecution of other matters, as well as for the agricultural occupation which gave men bread. The frequent appearance of Indians in this country, from the time of Peter Stuyvesant down to the period of which we write, created a desire in the young, in all directions, to emulate their skill as marksmen. It was no unusual thing to get laid by shooting the best shot, and many a lot, which is valued, at this day, at thousands of dollars, and affords its owner the means of becoming a season subscriber to the opera, was obtained by striking the bull's eye of a target. The group we call the attention of the reader to, was one of five persons, four of whom are striplings, but the fifth, a gray-haired man, whose rufous visage and round proportions, distinguished the fact that his birthplace was Great Britain. He was admiring the mark in the target, and addressing the lad who made it, and who was leaning carelessly on a rifle, that showed better condition than any other place on the ground.

"Why, Charles, you are a second Tell, or soon will be. You must have practiced constantly to have acquired so much proficiency."

"Why, to say the truth, good Locksley," returned the young man to his venerable instructor, "I do little else than shoot. My rifle is my mother, wife and children to speak. At any rate, (the rifle) is my banker, for the silver I use is nearly all produced by her."

"I never saw such unerring aim," said the old man, wondering.

"It only shows what the inclination, and the constant pursuit of an object will accomplish. One's ambition sometimes runs in strange currents. Mine directs me to excel all persons in shooting. Every mark that my bullet pierces produces more delight than I can well describe, and if I had my choice of the greatest general or the greatest marksman in the world, I would undoubtedly choose to be that of the latter."

While the young man was speaking these words he loaded his rifle. The old gentleman listened as he surveyed surrounding objects, and suddenly pointed to a bushy tree, upon the extreme end of one of the branches of which sat a robin, that made the vicinity vocal with its note. Pointing to the bird with one hand, and holding a piece of silver money in the other, the old man said,

"Now, Charles, this is your reward for that bird."

"I cannot!" was the young man's reply.

"Cannot?" exclaimed the old man in a surprised tone. "Why?"

"Because I never shoot birds."

"Well, then, the twig that he sits upon is as slender as a pipe-stem. Can you cut that off?"

Charles Piggot, the young man, nodded in the affirmative, brought his rifle to aim, and pulled the trigger. Red-brown rose into the air, and sailed away, with a strange twitter, while the twig of which he had made a perch dropped in eddying circles to the ground. Charles's young companions raised a loud shout, and at the same time, he, laughing with pride, received the silver guerdon of his skill.

"Humph!" muttered old Locksley, "who ever saw or heard of the like? Why, the Indians only do these things, but not with the lead. I say, Charles, you must turn this great talent of yours to account. Never relinquish its practice."

"Not I," exclaimed Piggot, pocketing the silver. "When I die it will be ride in hand."

After a few unimportant trials of the well-riddled target, the party shouldered their arms, and came across the King's farm into the city. The scene here described actually occurred, and the last mentioned remark of the young marksman was often spoken of, by his friends and his relatives.

Ten years after the time of the above scene, Washington's forces lay encamped on New York and Long Island, awaiting the sanguinary battle in which we lost about 17000 men, and during which, more heroism and bravery were evinced than in any other action that had before taken place on the American Continent.

On the 21th of August, 1776, a small group of riflemen were collected on the road to the Narrows. There was every sign of suffering among them. They were badly clad, uncleanly and looked as if rest and food were luxuries they had not been indulging in for many a day. Among them was a tall, muscular, fierce whiskered man, whose brilliant eye and florid complexion, thin lips and aquiline nose, betokened the earnestness of his feelings, and the firmness of purpose with which he addressed his comrades. He made known his determination to engage in the expected contest to death. Give him a protected post, on which he might remain undiscovered during the action, and he would kill as many of the enemy as he had hairs on his head. He was the stripling, who ten years before, returned

ished Locksley, but now how changed! Instead of the mild light which then shone from his eyes, the concentrated fire of hatred and revenge shot their rays from the optics, and he clutched his weapon with the blood thirsty and wild air supposed to belong to a pirate.

"Why do you hate those Englishmen worse than the rest of us?" asked one. "We love freedom, and are assembled to resist oppression; but you appear to have a personal motive in your actions, and you seem to thirst for blood."

"Vengeance is sweet!" exclaimed Piggot with a convulsive effort to smother his emotion. "Vengeance is sweet, and I desire it—will have it—even though it costs many a life."

"Vengeance! Vengeance!" said another of the men, named Red-Ad, "what the devil have you to avenge more than I, or each of us?"

"I'll tell you," replied Piggot, the lines in his face deepening, and his whole form shadowing forth a Mephitophilous outline. "I had an only brother, a lad whom I loved better than myself. He was the only being that enabled me to feel I was not a distinct creature in community—a piece of humanity alone and unshared for! He went to Boston and there engaged with the patriots who resisted the efforts of the British at Breed's Hill. He was brought down in the early part of the action by a ball which deprived him of the use of his lower extremities. As he lay in this helpless condition, a British soldier to whom he appealed, looked savagely on, saw a corporal crush out his life with a bayonet. My brother's nearest comrade witnessed the murder, gave me the account of it, and told me the officer's words after the boy had pleaded for mercy. The words—they are branded on my heart—are these:

"No mercy should be shown to an insurrectionist taken with arms in his hands against her majesty's loyal subjects." I have heard those words ringing in my ears day and night ever since; and imagination pictures my helpless brother crumpled by, and struggling beneath the cruel bayonet that sent his soul to heaven. I have sworn to avenge the murder! Now you can account for the feeling that has given me a character of late, never before sustained by me—that of cruelty. Have I not a just cause?"

"Indeed, I think so," exclaimed one of the riflemen, "and had I half so much I would be worse than you."

"Well, you'll all have a chance of trying the extent of your courage and principles ere long, so let us talk of something else, remarked a tall fellow, whose nasal trumpet pronounced "Connecticut," plainly.

"Hark!" said Piggot, "the drum beats us in. A truce to all this; let us act not with the mouth; let us make the names of riflemen dreaded while a red-coat harries in America."

On the following day it was plain, from the rural forces, and from the preparations made by the American commander and his officers, that a battle was near at hand. All that day and night the utmost activity prevailed, while the American army evinced the greatest courage and alacrity. When Lord Howe landed at Gravesend Bay, near Fort Mifflin, every man was ready to receive him.

A description of the battle would be superfluous, inasmuch as it has been graphically told in these columns. We will therefore, narrate our incident, under the impression, that of the battle itself, our readers need not be informed a second time.

The first of the action occurred with the riflemen near where we now find that beautiful resting place for the peaceful dead—Greenwood Cemetery. It was the left wing of the loyalists under Col. Grant, assembled in this position, while the right and centre occupied other memorable ground. The carnage of that day—the terrors the cruelties, the recklessness and desperation by both parties—were almost beyond belief. In close proximity to the cemetery a creek, its waters dyed in the best blood of the Americans, were moved down without hope of escape, by the artillery. Not only companies but regiments were destroyed in this manner—the Marylanders in particular. While death was being apportioned here so terribly, a strip of waste not far distant was quite as dreadful to the British. From every trunk, bough, protection, or shelter of any kind, the riflemen poured forth their appalling showers. The old adage, "every bullet has its billet," was fully verified, for it was not once in twenty times that a shot failed. The utmost consternation prevailed with regard to this mode of fighting. Indignation was also manifested by the royal officers.

"By heaven, Baxter," said one captain to another, as they met, "look how our men fall and not a hope of punishing the murderers. As well seek to thread the mazes of a labyrinth as this light and open wood in safety. See, there falls another officer."

Scarcely had he finished his speech ere a ball whistled so close to his ear that he felt it.

"Indeed," said Baxter, pale with excessive agitation, "this is the most cowardly species of warfare I ever encountered. We must get out of this ground or else make up our minds to be buried here."

"We dare not—cannot stir without orders. We have our place assigned and dare not evacuate it. And yet it is dreadful to stand here, comparatively idle, and be shot down like sparrows."

Men were falling here and there in almost every direction, while the din of battle was heard whithersoever any combatant might turn.

Now and then a riflemen was dislodged

and killed; but the invisible foe remained as numerous and servicable to the cause of liberty as ever. On the outskirts of the wood—or rather in a sort of clearing made by the hand of nature—was a tall oak tree, as stately and dignified as George Washington. Within three hundred yards of this tree was a circle of English soldiers dead, and all marked in the forehead, or about the breast by a single shot.

At regular intervals the sharp crack of the rifle was distinguished above all other sounds, and it was surely followed the immolation of a victim. This had been observed with trembling, by both officers and privates during an hour or more; and what was also palpable was that the unseen dispenser of destruction picked off the company officers in preference to the men in the ranks. The shots ceased because so frequent and fatal that search was instituted to ascertain, if possible, their source. It could not be found. Like the great plume of Murat among the Austrians, the invisible marksman became the talk of the whole of the left line and ultimately the matter reached the ears of Grant.

"Order out a platoon, instantly," cried he, to one of his aides; "and let it be held in readiness to make short work of all found engaged in the assassin-like method of combat. Pause not till this lurking foe is dislodged and rendered powerless."

This order was communicated to the proper personage, and a second search was instituted. The file of men detailed to the duty of the search were led by a captain remarkable for his height; and when they came within market range of the tall tree, the sharp ringing report, so terrible, was the precursor of his death. A corporal saw the smoke and noticed a stir among the branches, with a keen eye and quicker perception than the rest, and being, withal, an old soldier who had seen service on other fields where England had deluged innocent soil with the best blood of its human offspring, he at once guessed the whereabouts of the invisible marksman. The moment he communicated his discovery to the rest, there was a speedy retreat indicated towards the platoon. This body at once dashed toward the towering oak, and halted within musket shot.

"That for your leader," shouted a voice from among the branches; and true to the marksman's purpose the ball entered the brain of the ill-fated commander. A yell of rage was uttered as the officer next in rank stepped up, and paused a moment.

"That for the nearest man on the right," exclaimed the voice, and again the victim fell the dust.

"Now, men," cried the Briton, waving his sword with frantic excitement over his head—"Now, men—fire—fire, I say, before he has time to reload!"

The volley started the echoes of the heights, and the musketeers belched forth their contents in flame and smoke. A few twigs fell from the tree, but the tenant was to every one seemingly unhurt.

"No," he spoke in a sonorous and deep voice, that was distinctly heard, and had something unearthly in its tones—"no, not yet. I lack three men, by my tally, to make up the amount devoted to the god of vengeance. Here is for one."

A cavalry soldier was passing by; his horse had taken fright and could not be checked. Once more the loud rifle uttered its death song, and the alarmed steed fled ridiculous on its way.

"Burn the tree down," exclaimed one of the men. "Fire can be communicated to the trunk easily!"

"Who will undertake the deed?" inquired the commander with a sneer.

"I will," replied the man. "Toss some wadding from your coat and give it to me."

They complied with his request, and delivered to him with alacrity what they procured from their well-padded garments. He now became the lion of the field, as the riflemen had been.

Every eye rested on the private as he made up a loose pile of inflammable stuff. A pile of the dried branches, therewith was next obtained and made into respectable brush faggots. The private then fired the wadding with the lock of his musket and a little powder, and fanned it into a blaze. With a lighted mass in one hand, and a bundle of brush in the other, he started manfully for the tree—the platoon followed him a few paces, and almost imperceptibly narrowing the distance between themselves and the riflemen. The private reached the foot of the tree, and with eager haste threw down his faggots and fired them. As he was rising from his stooping posture, the occupant of the branches made himself, for the first time, visible. With his feet firmly clenched among the boughs, he allowed his body as quick as thought to depend over, and taking aim with his weapon, pulled the trigger. The daring private sprang up and fell over upon his back, while his feet scattered the mass which he had intended would have made the tree, the American's funeral pile.

"Brother, my oath is fulfilled! I have appeased the angry demon that called for the recompense of your slaughter. Now, then," continued the riflemen, who was no other, as the reader may have appreciated, than Charles Piggot. "Now then, take good aim and bring me down. I am out of ammunition, have killed as many of you as I had determined to, and have no further cause to remain here. Fire! and if more than one shot in proportion to fire, hit me, you are better handlers of firearms than I think you are."

The soldiers were evidently won to favor him for his intrepidity. He was entirely divested of clothing excepting a short pair of yellow breeches. His feet, legs, body and head, were destitute of covering, but he







