

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 40.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1859.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 26, NO. 50.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—A. J. C. L.

The Value of Different Manures.

The lesson inculcated by the following paragraph, from the pen of Hon. F. Holbrook, in the N. E. Farmer, is one of great value to the thinking farmer. It gives confirmation to the remark of Mr. Coke, late Earl of Leicester: "That the value of the farm-yard manure is in proportion to what it is made of. If cattle eat straw alone, the dung is straw alone; if the farmer is straw, the manure is straw, and the farmer is straw—they are all straw together."

Not long ago I had four cows come up to the stable in the fall, which I thought might yield a good supply of milk through the winter, if well fed. I also had four other animals, cows and heifers, which were not expected to give much milk till the following grass season. The first four were tied in the stable side by side, and received each, in addition to hay and stalks, four quarts of small potatoes each morning, and two quarts of corn and oatmeal each evening, through the winter. As was expected, they gave a good mess of milk, and came out well in the spring. The manure of these four cows was thrown out at a stable window, under the cattle shed, by itself. The other four animals were tied in the same stable, next to the first four, and received only hay and corn fodder. Their manure was thrown out by itself, at the next stable window, and under the same shed, so that the two heaps lay side by side. The heap made by the four cows that were daily mowed with potatoes and meal, kept hot and smoking all winter, and was wholly free from frost. The heap made by the other animals that had only hay and stalks, showed no signs of fermentation, and was somewhat frozen. Observing this difference from time to time, curiosity prompted me in the spring to apply these two heaps of manure separately, but in equal quantities, side by side, on a piece of corn ground. The superiority of the corn crop where the manure from the mowed cattle was applied, over that where the other heap was spread, was quite apparent and striking; and called my attention more particularly than it was ever before directed to, the importance of feeding out our best and richest products, if we would have the best kind of manure for our lands, and large crops from them."

Cooked Food for Hogs.

In our earlier volumes we found the experiments of the Hon. Henry Ellsworth, and of Mr. Mason, and Mr. Campbell, of Somerville, New Jersey. From those it is evident, that twenty-three pounds of cooked corn meal will equal in effect fifty pounds of raw meal for the purpose of pork-making, and this is true in degree of all kinds of food.

The mere fact that food contains, chemically, a certain amount of nutriment, is no proof that the animal will assimilate it for increasing its bulk. Thus in some parts of the South, where whole corn is fed to hogs, the hogs follow them and devour their excrement, to get at the undigested corn, which frequently occurs in entire grains; its outer coating refusing to yield to the digestive process of the ox. The hog in turn assimilates but a part of it, and thus voids with its excrement, undigested corn.

When the grain is first boiled, so that the outer coating is unable to protect the starch and gluten from the efforts of the parastomach of the intestines, and of the gastric juice to dissolve it, then a less quantity will fatten the hog, because a larger proportion is assimilated, and less is to be found in its excrement. We do not claim that the exact condition may be arrived at, so that all swallowed by the hog should make pork and that no excrement will exist, because we are well aware that in every plant are proximates in such condition as not to be capable of being assimilated, even by so low an animal as the seal or the hog, but we do claim, that, even all the proximate portions of these proximates which go to make up the composition of grain, are more readily assimilated when cooked, and that a lesser quantity will furnish all that can be assimilated by the animal.

We admit freely that the dung of animals so treated, is not as valuable for a manure as it would be, if it contained large amounts of undigested grain, but at the same time it is evident that no farmer can afford to manure his land with grain.

Wheat Straw—Its Value as Fodder.

We have previously given many hints in connection with this system of farming, as practiced by Mr. Mechi, in England. In regard to feeding wheat straw, he calculates when fed to cattle it is worth much more per acre than it would be for manure. If cut up and mixed with meal or the bran of grain, it makes a very valuable food for cattle. Mr. Mechi's method of feeding is as follows:

"He feeds each of his own cows, daily, twenty pounds fine cut straw, eight pounds hay, five pounds rape-cake, two pounds of bean meal, seven-eighths pound bran, seven-eighths pound meal—all of these being properly moistened in hot water, the straw requiring more than the rest—thirty-five pounds mangel or Swedish turnips. The essential points are warmth and moisture, the cattle being well sheltered and duly cared for. The straw is a most nutritious food; one hundred pounds of it contain

seventy-two of muscle, fat and heat-producing substances. The soluble heating substances are equal to eighteen and a half pounds of oil to every one hundred pounds."

From the Keweenaw Journal.

Compressed Fodder and Provender.

It is no new thing to press hay into bales or bales, for the purpose of saving room, and rendering it more convenient to handle, during its transportation from place to place. It has been often suggested that some process similar to this might be adopted with fodder and provender, so as to make it convenient for people traveling with teams to carry it with them, in as large quantities as needed, but, at the same time, reduced in bulk. The Pennsylvania gives under the head of "a valuable discovery," a process introduced by a French veterinary surgeon, Mr. Maudin, and adopted in the French army, by which the above requirement is met. By this process the fodder required for a journey or a campaign is compressed into small tablets or cakes, in a manner similar to that used for pressing vegetable substances.

The hay or straw, whichever may be used, is chopped fine, the oats or corn ground, and then mixed in proportion to the nutritive qualities afforded by each; upon this mixture is poured a mucilaginous residue of linseed, boiled, and the whole is pressed into a hard cake, only requiring to be dried in an oven. These cakes, it is said, are not only more easily transported than the material of which they are composed in their crude state, being reduced to a much smaller volume, but they are more easily preserved, also, being less subject to atmospheric influences, dampness, &c. The Pennsylvania recommends it to emigration parties who cross the plains of the far west, or are exploring new regions of country, where the supply of provender may be rather precarious.

The Maine Farmer suggests that it would be convenient, also, for our lumber teams who are so situated in the winter as to be under the necessity of hauling supplies a great distance.

From the California Cultivator.

Root-grafted Apple Trees.

Much has been said upon the subject of root-grafting, or the propagating of orchard trees by grafting upon sections of roots, some contending that a tree is as perfect, in all its parts, when grown from a section of a root, as when grown from a seedling tree with its roots entire. Most nurserymen entertain the former opinion; not necessarily because the plan is essential to their success in the propagation of large numbers of trees, but because they really believe that such sections of roots are just as good for tree-growing as would be the entire root of a seedling.

There are those, however, even among nurserymen, who entertain the opposite opinion, and among this number we find an intelligent cultivator, Mr. Wm. Reid, of Elizabeth, N. J., who writes to the editor of the Gardener's Monthly as follows:

"I observe in the March number of the Gardener's Monthly, extracts from the proceedings of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society's discussion on root-grafting apples, in which, if I understand the purport of their discussions, they advocate the growing of the apple by grafting on sections of the root, to grafting or budding on seedling stocks in the nursery rows in the usual way.

"Our esteemed friend, Dr. Warder, says that this question has been settled long ago, in this country and elsewhere.

"This theory is so much at variance with our daily experience, that I cannot for a moment doubt, that if a vigorous, strong rooted tree is desirable in an orchard, those grafted or budded on seedling stocks, eight to ten inches above ground, are far superior to those propagated by grafting on pieces of the roots. We all know—that Dr. Warder admits—that they are nothing more than cuttings; the grafts rooting the first summer after planting, the only use of the pieces of root being to keep the graft alive until it starts into growth. No doubt many of the strong, vigorous growing kinds make very good plants from cuttings, coming in to bearing early; but still they lack the strong, vigorous root that a seedling produces. This has been long known to cultivators, that all kinds of plants, grown from seed, are far more vigorous than those from cuttings; resisting winds better, and not so liable to be blown down as those grown from cuttings, where their roots are bushy, and do not extend with that vigor that seedling stocks do.

"We all know that the system of root-grafting is a cheap way of growing; enabling cultivators to increase plants with great rapidity; but this does not add anything to the value of this system of propagating, except cheapness."

To PREVENT IVORY KNIFE HANDLES FROM BEING CRACKED. Never let knife blades stand in hot water, as is sometimes done to make them wash easily. The heat expands the steel which runs up into the handle—a very little, and this cracks the ivory.

Knife handles should never be in water. A handsome knife, or one used for cooking, is soon spoiled in this way.

Farming as a profession will never occupy its true relative position, until farmers as a class become educated men; and this result will only be attained through the persistent efforts of earnest, intelligent men of every class.

The receipts of the Agricultural Fair at Calais exceeded \$700.

Cattle Shows and Fairs.

We find in the Springfield Republican the following seasonable suggestions:

"How to improve a Cattle Show and Fair. The annual farmers' festivals are once more upon us, and ere they come and go with their privileges or disadvantages, it should be a serious question with every thoughtful mind, What part or lot have I in the matter? Can I do anything that will be of advantage to the public, should be the first great question, and last of all, has the public anything that I can turn to private advantage? There are not a few very selfish men in the world. They grumble at the least expenditure of time, stock or produce, that does not yield a fat return. They want a metallic equivalent for pleasure, else they prefer to stay in torment. They don't believe in any other progress than dollars and cents. Such men work moderately sometimes, but spring to it particularly hard on the verge of the Sabbath, on a holiday, or at night fall. If they do anything for the public, it must be with a strong probability of reward, while they reserve the right to clip and trim the edges of their time to suit private convenience. Little good will such men get anywhere, except a pecuniary one, and that sometimes shrivels the soul more than it fills the pocket. There is no use talking to such men. But there is a class anxious to know their duty, and to them our remarks are addressed. We advise every farmer who finds it possible, to take for himself and family a holiday on such occasions. Go also with the choicest of your flocks and herds, with specimens from the field and garden, from the dairy and kitchen. Go with eyes and ears open, and make thorough and critical examinations of things exhibited. Many things can be learned at a cattle show. The eye can compare forms of beauty, the hand can test the quality of textures, the judgment may improve in regard to construction, and the reason can frame actual values. Give counsel, if necessary, but always heed suggestions. Exchange ideas on all important farm subjects, about which you are in doubt, and learn the practice of your most distant neighbors. That is indeed a meager exhibition from which nothing new can be learned. If there are discussions or addresses, by all means give them your presence. A fresh thought is sometimes a greater acquisition than a fresh premium, and often a more lasting pleasure. In all your intercourse with the masses, give as well as take. Be as public and unselfish as your nature will permit, for men measure themselves by each other, and unseen influences, like electric currents, travel from heart to heart."

Top-dressing Grass Land.

The last annual report of the Hampshire, Franklin, and Hampden (Mass.) Agricultural Society, contains a paper by H. J. Hodges, the Secretary, "showing the effects of top-dressing, consisting of different kinds of fertilizers, for the years 1857 and 1858, upon seven half acres of grass. Each lot was upon the same kind of soil, and in the same condition. The substances used were poultice, plaster, superphosphate of lime, horse and cow manure, ashes, and guano, and one lot was left without any dressing. The result was, that ashes was the only profitable fertilizer to be used as a top-dressing on such land. The lot upon which the ashes was used, was the only one upon which the increase of hay paid for the fertilizer. The lot upon which the guano was applied the first year, gave 105 pounds more hay than the lot dressed by the ashes. But the guano cost \$5.21, while the ashes cost but \$2. Eight dollars worth of horse and cow manure increased the hay only to the value of \$1.66, leaving a loss of \$6.44."

"We should be glad," says the N. E. Farmer, from which we quote the above, "to have many more such experiments made and reported with the same accuracy, especially as the idea seems to be gaining ground, that top-dressing is an economical way of applying manure to grass land. We have no doubt that this is the best mode on heavy, moist land; but on light, dry soil, we fear it can never be profitably substituted for occasional plowing and re-seeding."

MISS MARTINEAU ON COOKERY. What is to be done? For cooking does not come by nature, nor even ordering a table by observation. The art must be learned, like other arts, by proper instruction. We want, and we must have, schools of domestic management, now that every home is not such a school. Mothers can at least, teach their daughters to know one sort of meat from another, and one joint from another, and, in a rougher or more thorough way, what to order in the every day way and for guests. Thus much, then, every girl should know, from childhood upwards. A little practice or observation in the markets, would soon teach a willing learner to distinguish prime articles from inferior kinds, and to know what fish, fowl, and fruits, are in season every month in the year. We have seen ladies buying pork under a sweeter summer sun, and inquiring for geese in January and July, and taking up with skinny rabbits in May, and letting the season of mackerel, herring, salmon, and all manner of fish, pass unused.

MUSKRATS. In the Country Gentleman, July 21, 1859, I. C. inquires, "what is the best way to stop muskrats from cutting off corn?" Insert double tape safety fuse into their places of abode, and fire one end; as soon as fired stop up the hole, and the muskrats will think the "devil" is not 30 feet from there and leave.

[Country Gent.]

MISCELLANY.

The Haunted House of Sicily.

Among other distinguished refugees, driven into exile from the beautiful island of Sicily, came Dr. M.—, a scholar, gentleman and a soldier. Such was the man from whom I heard the story, which as nearly as possible shall be given in his own words:

"During the revolution of 18—, I found myself, in company with three or four officers of the patriot force, at a small village a few leagues distant from the coast. Important information had reached us, the substance of which it was necessary to communicate to some of our friends, who had collected together at a large town some ten leagues in the interior. As the business was exceedingly important, quite a discussion took place as to who should undertake the journey, which was beset with difficulties and danger. The government was suspicious and the officials very exacting; to be suspected of treason was almost equivalent to death. In proportion as the dangers were magnified, each one of us the more strongly denied the other's right to meet it. As we all claimed the privilege of going, there was clearly but one way of settling it, and that was by lot. The lot fell to me, and thus by singular chance, I was enabled to investigate one of the most extraordinary mysteries of the time.

"For many months there had been considerable excitement in this part of the country concerning an old house, situated on a lonely road, which was said to be haunted. Strange things had been seen there; clanking of chains had been heard, fearful groans and other equally terrible noises. Some of the more adventurous of the Sicilians, who had gone bravely to work to investigate this singular affair, hearing hideous unearthly sounds, had taken to their heels instead of investigation, and thus added fresh fuel to popular superstition. The place was shunned by all; no one would pass it after nightfall; and even in the daytime, the peasants would cross themselves devoutly, and say an Ave as they hurried by. The most prodigious seemed to grow pious, in proportion as their knees shook with terror.

"On account of the vigilance of the police, I was obliged to travel at night, and as much as possible, by unfrequented roads. After mature deliberation, I concluded upon the best route, which was an unfrequented road lying to the northward.

"What?" cried my companions when I told them the path I had chosen, "do you tempt heaven? Are you not aware that the road you have chosen leads by the haunted house?"

"To this I replied, that though I was not before aware of the location of the house, now that I did know, I certainly should not lose so excellent an opportunity of seeing it. They tried to dissuade me from what they considered a foolhardy recklessness; they painted in vivid colors the horrors of the place, and even whispered of fearful murders, said to have been perpetrated there. I proved incorrigible. Finding their prayers and warnings alike ineffectual, they grasped me warmly by the hand and with many a 'God be with you,' I issued into the grass-grown streets of the village, and in a few minutes more was galloping off towards the interior.

"It was a lovely night—such a one as fair Sicily alone can produce; the air was laden with the perfume of many flowers, and through the branches of the lofty trees which grew upon the borders of the road the air murmured soft and delicious music. I fell into a deep reverie, abandoning myself to the most delicious thought. My horse slackened his pace to a deliberate walk, and for aught I knew to the contrary was dreaming also. How long this state of things lasted, I am not certain, but I was suddenly startled by my horse falling back on his haunches, trembling violently, and snorting with terror. My first impression was that robbers had attacked me, and in the excitement of the moment I drew my sword, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. A moment's observation convinced me, however, that my fears were groundless. Not a living soul could I see in any direction, nor could I discover the cause of my horse's terror. Placing my sword in its sheath, I now endeavored to urge forward my horse. With great reluctance he obeyed my whip, trembling violently, and giving other signs of great fear.

The sky was no longer clear; great masses of clouds drove through the heavens, and a distant rumbling of thunder betokened an approaching storm. In the midst of this, the moon which had struggled in occasional glimpses through the ragged and lowering clouds, sank beneath the horizon of the distant mountains, leaving the night gloomy and dark. My horse now became utterly unmanageable; so, dismounting, I determined to discover the cause. Hitching the bridle carefully to a tree, I moved forward on the road, scanning as I went, every shrub or nook where might lie concealed an enemy. The stillness of the night, the lateness of the hour, and the excitement consequent upon the mission I was performing, all conspired to produce great physical nervousness; the very absence of danger heightened my fear. Up to this moment, not a thought of the haunted house had crossed my mind, but just as I was on the point of returning to the spot where I had tied my horse, a fearful shriek rose on the air, and a pale blue light gleamed through the branches of a lofty oak. I stood riveted as it were to the ground, frozen with terror. In a moment, I saw it all; I was in the vicinity of the haunted house of Sicily. To advance, or retire was now the question

—and one of no small magnitude, I assure you. My decision was to go forward, and to trust to God and myself. A slight turn in the road brought me in full view of a large, gloomy-looking building, situated at some distance back from the road, and surrounded by lofty trees and shrubbery.

"As I stood looking at the house, a lurid red flame suddenly shot up from the obscurity of one of the crumbling towers, followed by the most awful groans and imprecations. Gradually the flame turned to a sickly, ghastly-looking blue light, and then expired. Impelled by desperation more than bravery, I rushed forward to the crumbling gateway of the garden, and there clinging for support to one of the pillars, my hair fairly on end, witnessed the crowning act of horror.

"The door of the house had crumbled from its hinges and there fallen among the weeds which choked the path. I remarked all this by means of a faint light which had suddenly appeared in the hall. As I still gazed, a gigantic and horribly deformed figure rose in the door yard. First came its hideous head, scowling eyes, and pallid face; then its huge shoulders and brawny arms; up, by degrees, it reared its foul proportions, until—its head lost in the gloom of the highest ceiling—there only remained the bleeding trunk. My blood fairly congealed at this, and I staggered like a drunkard. Slowly the figure sank again; down, down, till I thought it would never cease falling. Scarcely had its matted locks disappeared beneath the sill, when groans and clanking together of chains ensued, producing the most hideous discord.

"Though my knees fairly smote together and cold chills ran down my limbs, yet would I not fly. The chattering of my teeth was only equalled by my contempt for my cowardice; my fear by my courage. I determined to investigate the mystery cost what it might.

"So when the figure again appeared, I drew my sword, rushed forward through the tangled pathway, up over the ruined door and steps, driving my sword to its hilt in the body of the ghost. Crash, bang, fell the body, and immediately I heard foot-steps in the passage, and a noise as of some one dragging a rope. I sprang after the retreating footsteps, and though it was too dark to distinguish forms, was convinced that two persons were flying before me. That they were human I concluded from the cry one of them gave when I struck him on the shoulders with the flat of my sword. Being unacquainted with the house, I was soon left behind; and after groping about in the dark for some time, I reached a back balcony just in time to catch sight of a man and woman hurrying off in different directions. Returning to the hall, I fortunately stumbled over a lamp and box of matches. Striking a light was soon enlightened regarding the nature of noise I had heard. Two or three iron chains were lying on the floor, and just before the entrance of the house was the insensible form of the apparition which so terrified me. It was composed of rags, old sheets, and various other dry goods of a spectral nature.

"The mystery was solved. All Sicily had been frightened by an ugly-looking rag-doll, exhibited at curious hours by two young people whose history I shall take pleasure in narrating. That large numbers of peasants should have shivered at beholding these nocturnal exhibitions of brimstone, is no matter for much surprise considering that it presented a pretty fair picture of what they might expect hereafter.

"Now for the conclusion of this eventful history: A few days subsequent to the events, just described, I rode down to the haunted house, determined, if possible, to solve the mystery to its very core. And curious were the facts I learned. It appears that the young man whom I had seen running across the fields, was the son of a noble but impoverished family. Their pedigree was as long as their purse was short, and the pride of the old Count was only equalled by his excessive poverty. I don't like to intrude into the private affairs of a family, and unveil the mysteries of domestic economy, yet how can I refrain from telling you that the old Count was sometimes obliged to lie abed while his shirt was going through an abolitionary process. Melancholy as it may appear, it was a fact.

"Now this young lord, son of the old Count, was desperately in love with a young lass, the same whom I had seen running across the fields, who recollect, and who was the daughter of a very wealthy farmer. The passion was returned, and nothing but marriage—sometimes a great obstacle—intervened between them and happiness. In this particular case marriage proved a decided obstacle, for no sooner had the old Count heard of the attachment of his son for the blue-eyed lass, than calling him into the library of the chateau, he proceeded to give him what is technically termed a piece of his mind. He first called upon him to remember his blood; the ancient pedigree of his house; the noble title which he would succeed. Finding this of no avail, and that his son still clung to his blue-eyed beauty, the old Count broke forth as follows:

"What! to marry a peasant! the daughter of a farmer! my son to marry a farmer's daughter! an untitled wench! a peasant! and the old man rolled his eyes in horror and disgust. 'No sir, it can't be, sir! it can't be, sir! Shame on you to entertain the thought!'

The son expostulated; he swore, as all lovers do, that nothing but marriage with the blue-eyed girl could ever make him happy; that he should die if separated

from her. To all which the old Count replied, in an exceedingly unpleasant style of delivery, that he would rather assist him to his grave than see him married to a peasant.

"While this little domestic affair was taking place at the chateau, an equally interesting scene was going on at the farmer's. The blue-eyed girl stood trembling before the fierce anger of the farmer, her father, who broke forth as follows:

"You will break my heart, I know you will," cried the farmer, slapping his well rounded stomach, in which region his heart was situated. 'Yes, you ungrateful child you will break my heart into atoms. After all I've done for you—it's shameful, indeed it is!' and the old farmer waddled across the floor in great anger.

"His daughter's pretty blue eyes were dimmed with tears during the delivery of this pleasant piece of intelligence, and as soon as her father had relaxed into a moment's silence, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, she assured him that she would never break his heart; that she was her dear papa's; and a good deal more of just such nice things. She also told him how noble in every respect was her dear lover, the young Count.

"What," cried the farmer, fairly shivering with rage, 'what, marry a beggar lord! a fellow who hasn't a cent to his name! nothing to recommend him but a title! No,' stamping his foot heavily upon the floor, 'my daughter shall never marry a beggar—never! Do you hear? Never! and mark my words, don't you dare speak to him again; I'll down you if you do—out you off to a shilling.' Having delivered the elaborate oration, he rushed from the room as fast as he could, which on account of his immense size, was but a walk at best.

"The lovers being made plainly aware that the course of true love never did run smooth, and finding separation decidedly unpleasant, bethought themselves of a way to elude their parent's vigilance and meet together in safety. An old ruined house, equally distant from each their homes was selected as a place of meeting. And to make matters still more sure, and lessen the possibility of discovery, they set in motion a rumor that the house was haunted. The girl procured a couple of ox-chains from the farm, and also a rope.—The young lord procured from the chateau a good supply of rags, which with an old sheet from the farm-house constituted the basis for the ghost. Red and blue fire-powder was also procured, and this, I believe constituted the actual stock of the affair.

"A giant ghost was soon made; and everything being in readiness, when their respective families were wrapt in sleep, our hero and heroine would steal noiselessly from their rooms and running over the fields, meet at the ruined house. Whenever a noise was heard, or anything that betokened the approach of human beings, they would immediately pull about the chains, groan, shriek, and hoist up and down in the doorway the rag ghost. Fearful stories were spread abroad, as we have seen, and the haunted house of Sicily became famous throughout the various provinces of Italy, and of the world."

Gen. Houston and the Ladies.

The Providence Post accounts for the election of General Houston by his electioneering speech to the ladies. The old campaigner made a characteristic speech to the fellow-citizens at Naogdoche, of which the editor of the Post says, "this single speech did the work—all that needed to be done, after planting himself fairly and squarely against the slave trade."

The paragraph which he addressed to the ladies, after concluding his remarks to the sterner sex, is a whole speech of itself, and ought to elect any man who could utter it. We give it as we find it in one of our exchanges, and pronounce it the most beautiful tribute to woman that ever fell from the lips of a politician.

"Ladies, I know that politics are always uninteresting to you, yet I believe you have in their general result an abiding interest. It is always a gratification to me to behold my fair countrywomen in assemblies like these. It is a guarantee that their husbands and fathers, and brothers, are men of intelligence and refinement, who appreciate their mental capacities, and desire their countenance in their undertakings. Your presence exercises a calming influence upon those antagonisms which are too often engendered in the heat of political contests. All parties desire your approving smile, and therefore all are encouraged by your approving presence. I know that in the direct administration of political affairs you have no share; but yet, reigning as you do, supreme in the realm of love, your influence often controls the destiny of nations. Woman's love is the great lever which rouses man to action. The General, as he plans the strategic combinations which are to secure victory, looks forward to a recompense dearer than the laurels upon his brow. The soldier as he trudges along on the weary march, or mingles in the scenes of the battle field, even with death around him, forgets awhile the carnage, and turns his thoughts to the fond girl he left behind him; the mariner, tempest tossed, driven by rude waves, sings merrily aloft as he thinks of the little cottage by the shore, where his wife and dear ones await him—the statesman, as he devises, amid deep and painful thought, plans of government which are to tell upon his own and his country's fame, never loses sight of the joys which await him when cabinet councils are over, and he enters the portals of home; the sentinel, as he paces his weary watch, loses

the moonlight tramp, that he may look beneath its rays at the memento of a mother's or a sister's love. Over man, in all his relationships, the influence of woman hangs like a charm. Deprive us of your influence, which dignifies us and stimulates us to noble deeds, and we become worse than barbarians. Let it be ours, and we can brave the cannon's mouth, or face danger in ten thousand forms. You stimulate all that is good. You check in us ignoble purposes. You have also an important influence upon posterity. The early impressions which the child receives from you, outlive all the wisdom of later days. Sages may reason and philosophers may teach, but the voice which we heard in infancy will ever come to our ears, bearing a mother's words and a mother's counsel. Continue to instill into your children virtue and patriotism. Instill them with a proper reverence for the fathers of liberty. Learn them to love their country, and to labor for its good, as the great end of their ambition. Bid them proudly maintain our institutions. Point them to the deeds of their ancestors. Make them their ancestors, and bid them hand it down to their children as free from stain as it came to them.

Do this, ladies, and your influence will not be lost in the future. In the language of the poet, it will still be said:

"Woman is lovely to the sight,
As gentle as the dove of heaven,
As bright as morning's earliest light
And sparkling as the snows of Heaven."

I remember once, when I was a young man living up in New Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came, and with it to the bridge came the multitude and the orator. He had made no written preparation, that being, he had been told unwisely—a lower being supposed to be capable of speaking without note or notice any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our orator trusted to the occasion. He stood out upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his audience, commenced: "Fellow-citizens:—Five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused. [Cries of "Good, go on."] Here was the rub. "I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of this howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was part and parcel of it now."

GORDIAN KNOT. Separated from the fables with which the circumstance is identified, the story of the "Gordian Knot" is simply this: Gordius, a peasant was raised to the throne of Phrygia. During a session, the Phrygians consulted an oracle, and were told that their troubles would cease as soon as they chose for their king the first man they met going to the temple of Jupiter, mounted on a chariot. Gordius was the object of their choice, and he immediately consecrated his chariot in the Temple of Jupiter. The knot which connected the yoke of the animals to the chariot was so artfully constructed that the ends of the cord could not be perceived. From this circumstance a report readily circulated that the empire of Asia was promised by the oracle to him who could untie the Gordian knot. Alexander in his conquest of Asia, passed through Gordium, and as he wished to leave nothing undone to inspire his soldiers with courage, and making his enemies believe that he was born to conquer Asia, he attempted to untie the knot, but not succeeding, cut it with his sword, and asserted that the oracle was really fulfilled, and that his claims to universal empire were fully established. The marriage ceremony is frequently called the Gordian knot, from the difficulty attending the untying of it. [Gordian Era.]

VERMONT GOLD. A gentleman from the gold diggings at Plymouth, Vt., exhibits to us some ten dollars' worth of dust which he collected last month. It is in coarse grains and scales, similar to what we used to see among the Cherokee hills in Georgia. Many visitors have come to examine the locality during the past summer. The gold is found in the small streams which form the river Quebec, emptying into the Connecticut, above Windsor. Of the many who have tried their luck, only three parties have been successful. It is worthy of note that these were made up of returned Californians, who had gained a practical knowledge of the business. Mr. Hankerson, who is the pioneer and most successful digger at Plymouth, has taken out some \$2800 during the season. Beale & Graves of Springfield, Mass., have also done a paying business. One nugget, worth \$11, has been found, and several worth \$5 to \$6. The mining will never be extensive, but a few experienced companies will do well. Several of the unsuccessful parties last summer ran away, leaving creditors minus. The operations are now mostly suspended by the weather. The snow on Friday fell to the depth of four inches and the ground was frozen. The gold thus far obtained averages over twenty carats fine.

[Manchester America.]

"Are you not the mate?" said an Irishman in New Orleans to the cook of a ship lying in port.

"No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils the mate."

