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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, MAINE.

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OLD SERIES VOLUME 29, NO. 3.

Farmers' Department.

"FEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—*AGRICOLA.*

From the American Agriculturist.

How to Feed Out Roots.

As root culture is greatly upon the increase in this country, and many are trying their first experiments with them this winter, we will drop a few hints upon their economical use. Nothing is more common than for beginners in the business to confine an animal entirely to the use of roots. They go upon the principle that you cannot have too much of a good thing, and give from one to three bushels of turnips in a day. The change in diet probably sets the animal to scouring, and turnips are voted a humbug, when the humbug lies altogether in the ignorance of the feeder. All animals like a variety of food in their diet, and hay or straw should always form a part of the daily fodder, no matter what else may be added. This course should be followed, whether we are seeking to make milk or beef, or merely to keep an animal in thriving condition. In fattening a bullock, a bushel or so a day may be given, according to size, making out the rest of the feed in hay, with some kind of grain or meal. In feeding milch cows, the same quantity may be given, mixing the sliced roots with the cut hay at three meals daily. The meal will add more to the quality than to the quantity of the milk. Stock cattle with plenty of hay and roots will not need meal to keep them thriving. A good root cutter is indispensable in feeding out roots.

Then, as to the order in which the various roots should be used up, we always begin with the white, or soft turnips. These grow quickly and remain in their best condition but a few weeks. By the first of January they begin to sprout, and lose something of their value. The ruta bagas and white French turnips keep well through the winter, and may be used at any time; carrots and sugar beets may be used as soon as they are dug. The mangel wurzel needs to undergo a curing process, and should not be used before February. They are excellent keepers, and will hold on until June. If fed out the first part of the season, they make the bowels loose, and lead to a false estimate of their value. Analysis shows that the mangel has nearly twice the nutritive matter contained in the Swedish turnip, and experiments in feeding confirm the results of the laboratory. They will yield from five to a hundred per cent. more in quantity, under ordinary circumstances, and are much more profitable root to raise. We find our root crops enlarging from year to year, and that, perhaps, is the best testimony we can give to their value. Our list this year embraces several varieties of the white turnip—rock turnips and ruta bagas—yellow and white carrots, sugar beets and mangel wurzel.

Carrots for Horses Better than Medicine.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman relates his experience thus:

"I have never fed carrots to a one year old colt, but have fed carrots to colts and horses from two to twenty years old, and have always found them of inestimable value when given with other food. I have never given but one kind of food to a horse for more than one or two weeks in succession; and as far as my experience goes, I think it impossible to keep a horse in good condition without changing his food from time to time, and keeping his bowels free by carrots or bran mashes."

The chief value of carrots seems to me to be their slightly laxative properties and their magied effect on the skin and hair, together with their fattening properties; moreover, their judicious use oftentimes prevents the application of those terrible concoctions called "horse medicine," which the ignorant owner of a horse is often prevailed upon to give for the slightest disease.

Writing about "horse medicine," reminds me of a dose which I heard a man say he gave to a horse for colic. The internal dose consisted of one pint of whisky, one paper chewing tobacco, and a handful of black pepper, and a gill of lamp oil. Strange to say, the horse recovered, but as the owner remarked, seemed "rather shaky" for a few days. And now if any of the readers of your admirable paper have a horse attacked with a colic, let them give him a quart of warm flax seed tea, with one or two tablespoonfuls of caraway seed in it, and see if the remedy has not a good effect; but let them not forget to rub the extremities by hand and flannel warming, endeavoring to remove that deadly chill which so often accompanies those attacks. If they have to employ a veterinary surgeon, let them stand over him with Dr. Dadd in one hand and Youatt in the other, unless they feel sure that the title of veterinary surgeon was honestly gotten, not picked up.

But I am forgetting all about carrots. In keeping horses in that whole condition so necessary for work either upon the road or farm, carrots are with me indispensable, and I would as soon think of keeping horses all winter without carrots or bran, as I would of keeping them on either hay or grain alone. In summer, a little grass now and then can take their place. It may amuse to bring horses out in the spring in good condition, not needing, (if they ever do) bleeding or a dose of physic. With this end in view, I have always fed from two to six quarts of washed and sliced carrots at noon, and in nine cases out of ten have accomplished my end."

Poultry for Market.

Never kill a bird unless it is fat. Never cut off the head of a turkey or goose, but hang them by the heels where they cannot bruise themselves in the death struggle, and stick them with a small knife and bleed them to death. Ducks and common fowls, if decapitated, should be held or tied and hung up to bleed to death. Never kill your birds with full crops—you will lose in price more than you gain in weight. Never strangle them so as to leave the blood in. The best plan is to tie all kinds to a line drawn from post to post, or tree to tree, and stick them just in the forward end of the neck.

You may pick all sorts of birds dry if you don't tear the skin, but you must scald them afterward by dipping them suddenly in and out of boiling water. Don't scald the legs too much, whether you pick first or afterwards. Be careful of that. You must pick them clean, and the after plucking makes them look plump and good.

Never draw a bird. It is worth while to pay freight on intestines, because most cannot be kept sweet long after they are drawn and the air admitted inside the body.

It is a practice of some of the best poultrymen, after the birds are plucked, to plunge them suddenly into boiling water, and then immediately into cold water. This gives them a clean, plump appearance, and makes them look fat if they are in decently good condition when killed. Nothing, however, can make a poor bird look well, while ill-dressing will make the best look poor.

Lay the birds upon clean boards, in a cold room till perfectly cool but not frozen; as at all times, but especially when there is a probability of damp, close weather, great care must be taken that the animal heat is out of them; and then pack in boxes with clean rye and oat straw so that they must not touch each other, about three or four hundred pounds in a box, filled full, mark the contents on a paper inside, and on the lid outside, and direct it to your commission merchant plainly, and send it by the express, and the invoice by mail.

Never kill your birds on a damp day nor pack them if you can avoid it, except in a clear, dry, cold atmosphere; and try to avoid night work when you are tired and your help sleepy, and all of you careless. No matter how light your boxes are, they must look clean or your poultry will not sell at first price. In packing press the wings close, and press the bird down hard on the breast, the legs extending back; and fill each corner full and then lay on straw and another course of birds. Nail tight, but don't let a nail project inward to tear the bird.

Give your name and residence in full on the bill in the box, and on the invoice by mail. Never pack in barrels if you can get good dry goods boxes, as the rolling of barrels injures the poultry. Well-packed boxes of well-prepared birds will keep sweet for a long time in cool weather, and may be transported by express or by rail, and arriving in good order can be sold readily at the highest prices.

We trust that these remarks may enable our friends to secure a good market for their poultry, and cultivate a branch of trade to material profit and advantage.

The late M. Sayer states that the best way of killing poultry is to take the bird by the neck, placing the thumb of the right hand just at the back of the head, closing the head in your hand, your left hand holding the bird, then press your thumb down and pull the head and neck contrawise; the neck will break instantaneously and the bird will be quite dead in a few seconds; then hang it for a short time by the legs for the blood to flow into the head, which renders the flesh much whiter. In France, he adds, we usually kill them by cutting the throat close to the head. Both methods are good with regard to the whiteness of the flesh, but I prefer the English method, not being so barbarous. [Exchange.]

The Chinese were the first who constructed cannon with iron bands shrunk upon them for the purpose of strengthening them at the breech. The Chinese built vessels with water-tight bulkheads, hundreds of years ago. This has been considered by most persons quite a modern invention.

Two or three instances of the perforation of lead by insects have recently been brought under the notice of French naturalists. In one case which happened in the Crimea during the Russian war, the balls in several packets of cartridges had been rendered entirely useless.

FEED BONES TO THE HENS. If you take fresh bones from the kitchen, and with a sledge, on a rock, or any natural or artificial anvil, pound them up into small pieces, hens will eat them ravenously, and not only digest the bones and make a better manure of them than can be made in any other way, but they will lay throughout the season with much greater regularity than otherwise, and will fatten on the marrow within, and the fat and muscle will adhere to the bones. [Honestead.]

DROWNING OUT RATS. A subscriber at Farmington, O., writes that rats will not remain in a building where a drum is beaten occasionally. This may be so; the idea is confirmed by another correspondent who relates that the rats left his corn crib, when a hand-sheller, that made a great racket, was introduced. No doubt an unusual noise would frighten them away at first, but we imagine they would soon become accustomed to it and remain undisturbed. [American Agriculturist.]

Our Clothing and Dwelling.

Professor Liebig has remarked that our clothing is to be regarded merely as an equivalent for a certain amount of food. Every observing farmer is aware that an animal, with a poor roof overhead and open walls around its sides, requires a much larger quantity of food than an animal, of the same age and weight which has comfortable lodging. This fact should suggest to every one who is aware of its practical force, the necessity of taking timely measures for securing the comfort of his domestic animals. The old adage—"A stitch in time saves nine," may be applied here with great pertinence, and if practicable, would be the means of effecting a very considerable saving in a department of farming which is usually attended with no inconsiderable show of trouble and expense.

A half-day's work, with a few boards, hammer, nails and saw, done before the approach of cold weather, would, in many cases, save a ton of good English hay, and secure more comfort to the cattle, and less labor in tending to their owner. So the same kind of labor about the house, in repairing loose windows, bulkheads, doors, and especially in making all tight about the foundation or underpinning, will save a cord or two of wood, keep the pump and potatoes from freezing, and render the whole house more comfortable throughout the winter. Attention to these little things at the right moment, is not merely economical, but has a wonderful influence over the mind, tending to keep it free from self-reproach, and securing that cheerful elasticity which may readily be seen in the face of him who has it.

[New England Farmer.]

Making Pork.

In one respect, farmers commonly show the worst of their management in fattening hogs. These animals appreciate and enjoy cleanliness, yet their owners make them live in dirt, and charge them with a fondness for filth. This is oppression and slander combined. Every person familiar with their habits, knows that when clean straw beds and other comforts are given them, they are scrupulous to keep them clean. When shut up in a narrow pen, where they must eat, sleep, and live in one apartment, they cannot but be uncomfortable; and such a condition greatly retards their thriving. A "hog pen" has become proverbially a repulsive place; this is the owner's fault, and should never be suffered. There is no reason why it should not be neat and attractive. We hear farmers who raise grain say they have more straw than they can use, while at the same moment their fattening hogs have not enough of it to make a dry and clean bed.

Animals can never thrive well unless kept clean. The rule applies to swine as well as to horses. Every one knows that a well-groomed horse is better than a neglected one with a shabby coat. Nearly the same rule has been found when this treatment is applied to swine. Let every manager lay down this rule, that a hog pen should never be distinguished by its odor twenty feet distant. The sleeping apartments should be separate, and be perfectly clean and dry. The other portion should be cleaned out at least twice a day, and the manure at once mixed with mud, loam, coal ashes, &c., to make compost and destroy the odor, which is as injurious to the health of swine to breathe, as it is to men and women.

It is not necessary that a pigsty should cost five hundred dollars that it may be kept in splendid order; a cheap and simple structure may be subjected to the most perfect system of cleanliness. The satisfaction it would afford to the owner, the comfort to the occupant, and the profits to the purse, will be a three-fold compensation.

[N. H. Cultivator.]

THE TRAINING OF HOME CONVERSATION.

To subordinate home training to school training, or to intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most palpable and ruinous mistake. It is bad in an intellectual point of view. To say nothing of the best opportunities, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. For conversation is an art as well as a gift. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between young and old, in the leisure and unconcern of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by the pressure of school tasks, talking with their school mates till they "come out" into society, and then monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they easily learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation.

[Rural New Yorker.]

BICKNELL PEARS—LARGE YIELD. Mr. T. M. Brewer, (of the firm of Swan, Brewer & Tilton, Boston,) writes to the Agriculturist, that Mr. George Cushing, of Hingham, gathered the past season 23 bushels of Bicknell pears from a single tree. "This variety, though but little known to the pomological world, or anywhere but in the Boston market, is an old and long approved cooking pear. It is hardy, prolific, and for preserves, unequalled. It is supposed to have originated in Weymouth, and is largely cultivated in a few towns in that immediate neighborhood. It well deserves a more extended fame."

THE BEST LEGACY. No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

MISCELLANY.

MY ATTEMPT AT MATCH-MAKING.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

I had silently watched my aunt for an hour—my aunt Katharine, who sat silently by the window with her sewing. Through the light meshes of the lace curtains, the bright sunshine came in and fell upon her soft dark dress, smooth hair, and pretty white work, while the fresh breeze, blowing through the open window, blew into bloom a carnation pink upon her cheeks. And sitting there in the breeze and sunshine, I saw that my Aunt Katharine was very handsome. At first I thought it strange that I had never noticed that fact before; but it was not strange, for children think anything about their parents' or guardians' looks, except that they be pleasant or unpleasant, and I was little more than a child. Ever since I could remember, Aunt Katharine, with her dark dress, smooth hair, and gentle ways, had taken care of me; and when I grew into a tall girl of fifteen, old enough to go to kissing parties and have young beaux, she watched over me still. She was my mother, my companion, my friend. I never realized my orphanage or want of either kin, but had been the same careless, light-hearted, merry girl ever since I could remember, that I was on the June morning I watched her at work in the sunlight. She looked up at last.

"Addie, isn't it most school-time?" she said.

"Yes, auntie, I am going in a minute; but first tell me—"

"What, child?"

"Why you never were married."

"Because I never liked anybody well enough to marry him. Now go and get ready for school."

She smiled as she spoke, and after a glance at her face I smiled, too, and ran off up stairs to get my bonnet and satchel. Coming down stairs again, I put my head in at the sitting-room door.

"Aunt Katharine?"

"Well?"

"If you found anybody whom you liked well enough wouldn't you marry him?"

"I don't know—I suppose so. Why, what in this world has got into your head, Addie?"

I laughed, slammed the door, and bounded through the hall into the road. Half way to the schoolhouse I met my teacher, Mr. Chas. Devereux.

"Good morning, Miss Addie. Recitation all read?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, and he passed on ahead. I snatched on slowly, thinking of my Aunt Katharine. I thought it would be a nice plan for her to be married. The next thought was who could she marry?

There was only half a dozen unmarried middle-aged men in the village—Aunt Katharine was twenty-seven; and of course she wouldn't marry a very young man. I rapidly enumerated the half dozen eligible ones and their suitability for my plan. "Lawyer Hyde, thirty, rich, aristocratic and stumpy; Mr. Leighton, thirty-five, handsome, good, well off, but a widower; and I've heard Aunt Katharine say she did not like widowers. Mr. Pierson, twenty-eight, handsome, wealthy, but too fast; she would not like him. Dr. Jarvis, thirty-six, small, crabbed, miserable, and unbearable generally. Mr. Howe, too homely to be thought of; and Captain Haynes, with his yellow bushy whiskers, and nine thousand dollars' worth of mortgaged property, which he is always talking about, worse yet. Rather a sorry array in all."

Just then the school-bell rung, and I went in to my books and Mr. Charles Devereux—aged twenty-eight, handsome, intelligent, well-educated, and unmarried. The class in intellectual philosophy was called first, and then I had carefully committed my lesson to memory the evening before, my late thoughts had quite driven all remembrance of it from my head, and my recitation was imperfect. Mr. Devereux looked surprisedly at me, but said nothing. In French grammar my performance was still worse.

"Miss Addie," said Mr. Devereux, as I passed by him on my way to my seat, "do you have any trouble with those French verbs in learning your lessons?"

"Yes, sir, a little," I replied.

"You want a little reviewing, I think. If I have time, I will call in at your house this evening, and help you a little while you are studying."

Mr. Devereux knew that I always studied evenings, and had several times called in and spent an hour in assisting me with a particularly difficult task designed for the next day's recitation. So I was not surprised to hear him make this offer, though a little ashamed of the cause of it, as my failures had resulted from my wilful inattention and carelessness. I thanked him, however, with a flushed face, and went to my seat. But it was not entirely shame that flushed my face.

As I expected, Mr. Devereux came in the evening to explain my French lesson. But he did not find me alone. Aunt Katharine sat by the table sewing, and looked even handsomer than in the morning. My heart gave a flutter of impatient anticipation every time Mr. Devereux looked at her, and after the lessons were through I did my best to make her talk to please him. My aunt always talked well, but she quite excelled herself in conversation that night. I saw that Mr. Devereux was interested, and I was delighted with the good success of my secret plan.

In the course of the evening, John Aubrey, my lover came in. Of course I claimed John as my lover, for 'tho' he was a nice young man of twenty-seven, and I a mere

child of a girl, hardly sixteen, he had teased me to parties and concerts all one winter, and told me a dozen times that I was the sweetest, prettiest, most lovable girl in all Hartford. So that when John came in, I went and sat down by him in a cozy corner, and left Aunt Katharine to entertain Mr. Devereux—a plan which I thought at first seemed to suit all round.

But after a little time I saw John casting uneasy glances towards the place where Mr. Devereux, looking superbly handsome, sat talking with my aunt.

"You needn't be jealous of him, John," I said. "He's only my teacher."

John started and leaned back in his seat without a word.

Neither of the gentlemen staid very late, John going away directly after Mr. Devereux, and I went to my room elated with my prosperity, or rather the prosperity of my plans.

I did not need assistance in my studies before Mr. Devereux came again, and after a short time it came to be a regular thing for him to spend an evening once or twice a week with us. With us, I say, because I could see that though he admired my aunt Katharine very much, he had too good taste to monopolize her company entirely, to the exclusion of mine. I always enjoyed these evenings very much. It seemed to me that Mr. Devereux grew remarkably agreeable very fast. Sometimes John would come in, but John seemed to have grown strange and moody of late. I thought it was because Mr. Devereux was at our house so much, and endeavored to please him by extra attention when he did spend an evening with us, but it didn't seem to be of much use. I resented his silence and inattention to me one night, and after that he didn't come near us for nearly a month. But we seemed to get along just as well without him—at least I did, though Aunt Katharine asked me a number of times about the cause of his absence.

"He is sulky, I suppose. Don't fret about me, Aunt Katharine; it doesn't trouble me at all," I said.

A few evenings after, John made his appearance, and entered the parlor where Mr. Devereux and I sat playing chess, while my aunt was writing a letter at a side table. I thought it would be rather awkward for him at first, but he came forward easily, and after speaking to Mr. Devereux and myself, crossed the room and seated himself by my aunt. Pleased with this arrangement, I devoted myself to my game, and did not look around for some half hour afterwards, when my attention was attracted by the sound of John Aubrey's voice, which though low, was remarkably earnest and emphatic. I turned my head and gazed in wonder. My aunt's cheeks were flushed crimson, and John's face, as seen by me for an instant, was pale and agitated. I turned to Mr. Devereux in astonishment, but he only smiled slightly, made a move, and then waited for me to do the same. But I could not play from my excitement caused by the scene I had observed a moment before, and lost the game through my inattention.

"Shall we play again," said Mr. Devereux.

I took my head, and he replaced the pieces in a box, and then took up a book. The next moment John arose, and my aunt went with him to the door. She did not come back for some time, and when she did, Mr. Devereux was preparing to go. He looked up quickly at her entrance, and then asked her laughingly, if it was amicably settled, and if he might congratulate her. She blushed, but said, "Yes, at some other time," and bade him good night. I had stood by in round-eyed wonder and bewilderment.

When the door closed on him, my aunt looked steadily at me a moment, then laughed, and finally burst into hysterical tears. I was frightened. She put her arm about me.

"Addie, are you sure you didn't like John?" she asked.

"I believe I did a little last winter, but I don't at all now."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," I replied, "He is so sulky—"

"Wait!—do you know who you are talking to?"

"What do you mean, Aunt Katharine?"

"I am John Aubrey's betrothed wife, Addie!" and she laughed and then cried again.

I stood mutely staring at her. At last I found words to say:

"Why, Aunt Katharine, I thought it was I whom John was in love with!"

She shook her head.

"And I thought Mr. Devereux was in love with you."

"You must ask him about that," she said, smiling through her tears.

And I did ask him the next evening while we stood by an open window, and my Aunt Katharine sat by John Aubrey in the cozy corner where I used to sit with him.

"Is it possible that you haven't been courting Aunt Katharine all this time, Mr. Devereux?" I said.

How he laughed!

"Is it possible that you don't know that I've been courting you all this time?" he retorted.

"Mr. Devereux!" I exclaimed.

But he wasn't jesting; and neither was I when I promised a year later to "love, honor and obey" him through life.

John Aubrey and my Aunt Katharine were married at the same time, which my aunt declared was a great saving of trouble and wedding cake.

Pencilings from the French.

Some one asked madame de Rochefort if she desired to know the future. "No," said she, "it resembles too much the past."

M. Dubucq was wont to say, that the glibest is a flattery to the human race. Men cause three or four men to die in order to persuade the rest that they are virtuous.

The word *ban* is a German word, which signifies a proclamation in public. It is this that has caused it to be used to announce the future marriage of two persons.

A metaphysician is one who thinks he instructs his hearers when he only gives them the headache.

Some one said to the philosopher Mendeme, that it was a great blessing to have what one wants. "Yes," replied he, "but it is a greater blessing to want only what one has."

Common sense is no common thing, though every one thinks he has got enough of it.

"Our life is a house; to set it on fire is folly."

It is the instinct of man though he may approve of treason, to curse the traitor.

Joseph Primat, a doctor distinguished for his learning, was in the habit of performing his labors in bed. His niece and his domestic having gone out one day, a thief slipped into his room where he dwelt. "What do you want?" enquired the doctor. "Your purse," said the thief. "My money," said the doctor. "It is in the left drawer of that bureau. Open it; take the money, but please do not disturb my papers." The search being made, and the money taken, the thief withdrew, but neglected to shut the door. It was winter. "Sir, have you touched my papers?" "No." "Very well," said the doctor; "oblige me then by shutting the door after you."

They say of an irreligious man, who is uncertain of the part he ought to take, that he resembles the ass of Buridan who did not know in which of two pails he must take his oats.

In order to understand this proverb, it is necessary to know that Buridan was a doctor and rector of the University of Paris, in the 14th century. He passed for one of the most skillful philosophers of his time. He used to say that an agent is not free between two objects which have an equal force for him to decide upon, and that he could never determine his preference the one for the other. For example, he supposed an ass between two pecks of oats absolutely alike, equally distant, and acting upon him with equal force; he was wont to say that the ass could never decide for himself, and would die of hunger between the two pecks of oats.

YANKEE STRATAGEM. During the Revolutionary war, two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her, but to their astonishment, found her to be a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions. One only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on him. Finding that he could not run away, the commander had recourse to a stratagem. On a sudden he hauled in sail, and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if shoving his vessel off a bank. The people aboard the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce," who soon as night rendered it prudent for him, hoisted sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep. [Naval Anecdotes.]

BARNUM'S LAST STORY. Barnum is always ready with a good story. His "latest" is the following, which is told of Elias Howe, Jr., (the sewing-machine millionaire) who has been very active in fitting out regiments for the war. Mr. Howe has spent thousands of dollars in this way, and taken so taken so great an interest in military affairs, that he has had but little time to attend to anything else.

One day, a very worthy Connecticut deacon called upon the gentleman, with a subscription list. He wanted Mr. Howe to give something towards erecting a new church.

"A new church," replied Howe, "ah, a new church. I don't think I can give anything, because I am spending all my spare money for the war. Can't think of nothing else."

The deacon looked despondent. Mr. Howe seemed firm in his determination not to give a "red." At last he asked the deacon what the new church was to be called.

"The Church of St. Peter, sir," was the reply.

"Ah, the Church of St. Peter," replied Howe. "Well, as St. Peter was the only fighting apostle in the lot, I guess I'll have to give him something. But I can't do much even for St. Peter as my time and money must be almost entirely devoted to Salt Peter."

In the town of T—, there was a shoemaker who at times officiated as preacher. He always wrote the notices himself, in order to save the expense of printing. Here is one of them:

"There will be preaching in the pines this Sunday afternoon on the subject: 'Al who do not believe will be damned at 3 o'clock.'"

An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as "the glowing gateways of beans, pork and sourkrout."

A ROMANTIC STORY. The Brooklyn Times

is responsible for the following:—

Capt. Wilkes, the bold and responsibility-assuming commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Slidell and Mason and their Secretaries, is now about 56 years of age. Consequently, as Jack Bunsby would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor, and not often given to the melting mood, the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough sou'-wester, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The blow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was "a lass who loved a sailor"—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tallow-chandler, well-to-do, called Slidell, and young Slidell feeling considerably cut up by being cut out, refused to accept "the mitten," but not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with "poisoning" the mind of the "stern parent" of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charley Wilkes, and insisted upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which, after many protestations and the customary amount of tears &c., she became Mrs. John Slidell. The bold Charley Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to duty and sustaining the honor of the nation's flag, never seeing his "lady love" again nor meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart, until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country and a rebel against the flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war. We congratulate the bold Charley upon having at last "got more than even."

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER. In the summer of 1779, Washington, exploring one day the position of the British forces on the banks of the Hudson, ventured too far from his own camp, and was compelled by a sudden storm and the fatigue of his horse, to seek shelter for the night in the cottage of a pious American peasant, who, greatly struck with the language and manner of his guest, and listening at the door of his chamber, overheard the following prayer from the father of his country:

And now, almighty Father, if it is thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our council, success in battle, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition on thy servant, for the sake of Him whom thou hast called thy beloved Son; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. [McGuire's "Religious Opinions and Character of Washington."]

OUR GUN IS NOW LOADED. A little while ago in speaking of the apparent tardiness of our war preparations, we took occasion to tell the story of Daniel Boone and the Indian, as illustrative of the condition of the nation.

The Indian surprised the old hunter asleep in the forest, and Boone awoke only in time to save his life by dodging behind a tree. His gun was unloaded. "I dodged and ran as well as I could," Boone used to relate, "the Indian so close on my heels that I could not get time to load my gun. My knife had fallen to the ground. The Indian fully armed, and knew I had nothing. He kept me moving, and as I ran I had to load my gun. That was the longest loading I ever did. It took me half an hour at least. At last I got the bullet down, and then I changed my tactics and made short work of the 'cussed varmint.'"

