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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

POETICAL.

[From the Little Corporal.]

THE LAST REVIEW.

BY MRS. E. J. BUGBEE.

Twenty-one miles of bays in blue,
Sixty abreast in their last review,
How grandly the columns stretch away,
In the cloudless light of this sweet May day.
Onward, in rank and file they come,
To the cheering beat of the victors' drum.

Wearied, and scarred, and worn they be,
But a prouder host you will never see,
Their faded banners, riddled with balls,
Yet float ing triumphantly afer all,
Never again in the world's sunlight,
Shall the Nation look on a grander sight.

No more, till the Christian army stands,
Whose warriors shall gather from every land,
For a last review on the other shore,
Their life-long battles and marches o'er,
Will a marshal of host like this appear,
Crowned with the glory that victors wear.

Let the heads of the nation bow as they pass,
And scatter with flowers the dewy grass,
As their gleaming weapons flash in the sun,
Remember the deeds of valor done.
How that solid column of human breasts
Was bared to the storm, for the nation's rest.

Then beat the drum for the last reveille,
The echoes of the strife are growing still,
With a conquering tread the heroes come,
Back to the dear delights of home.

But alas! the army of countless dead,
We shall list in vain for their coming tread,
Fifty miles of our noble braves,
Sixty abreast, are in their graves.
Is your cheers ring out for the living host,
Remember the heroes loved and lost.

And think of the maimed and wasted band,
Seeking the homes of this stricken land,
For whom the brightness of life is o'er,
Whose feet are nearing the other shore,
Bear one of manhood once so strong.
Cannot march in the gala throng.

Give hail and hail to the boys in blue,
Gathered to-day for a last review,
Arching with floating banners high,
Scatter with flowers their joyous track;
Their brows perchance are dark with scars,
They wear not crowned with crimson bars,
But God has given a brighter crown to the end.
The war-scarred host on their homeward way.

And tears to fall down from the street repose
Which the soul of the martyred hero knows,
The Commander-in-chief looks down and sees
Each one that in this earthly breeze,
And if in the calm of that world of bliss,
His spirit would thrill at a scene like this?

Miscellaneous.

Legal Officers in a Bad Fix.

It will be remembered that just before the election, Buckalew, who disgraces Pennsylvania in the United States Senate, and who hates a Union soldier with the intensity that hedlovee an aristocratic slave-driver, delivered an opinion that deserters had a full right to vote, while at the same time he preached from the stump against all military interference in elections. Adopting Buckalew's assumption of "law and opinion," the District Attorneys in many of the copperhead counties of the State, on the eve of the election, rendered opinions on the subject of the right of returned soldiers to vote at the October election. The object was to bolster the courage of election officers in copperhead districts, to refuse the votes of soldiers, and to a certain extent the opinions, thus rendered, had the effect of inducing ignorant copperhead election officers to deny soldiers the just exercise of the elective franchise. But, in the presence of the overwhelming defeat which has overtaken the copperhead factions, the soldiers in many of the counties, wherein these opinions were rendered, are beginning to demand satisfaction for their wrongs. There is no escape for the District Attorneys who rendered decisions disfranchising the soldiers, because in most cases those opinions were printed. Surely this is another verification of the classic axiom, that whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad.—*Har. Tel.*

OUR COUNTRY.—We have within our boundaries an area of three and a quarter millions of square miles, and a coast line by river, lake and ocean of twenty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty eight miles. In 1860, there were established on our wide domain over two millions and forty-four thousand farmers; our cities and villages were twenty-eight thousand, containing a fraction less than five million of houses, our manufactories were one hundred and forty thousand, while new machine shops loom up in every direction in almost countless numbers. It is interesting to observe the progress we have made in manufactures during the last half century. In the year 1810 the aggregate manufacturing values of certain specified articles amounted to $198,613,471 and in 1860 the value of the same branches of industry, according to the census tables, was $1,885,861,677; and allowing a moderate estimate for omissions and for non-return for minor establishments we reach the enormous sum of two hundred millions of dollars, having been multiplied ten times within the fifty years ending in 1860 whilst the population for the same period has increased four and a-half fold.

A LITTLE HERO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true story I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure which made him famous in his native town happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 1835 the father worked in a factory, about a mile from home, and every day he carried him his dinner across a piece of meadow land.

One keen, frosty day he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little foot-path remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts, keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from the house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down! He had fallen into a well.

He sank down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible to make himself heard from such a depth, and such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was saved at all he must save himself, and began at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket knife he cut off his boots, that he might go to work to a greater advantage. Then with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up by the most painful exertion about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause to take breath and gather up his energies for the work before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side being from this point covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places with his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt but it was all he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God and prayed fervently for help, fearing that he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deep, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God often answers our prayers when we call on him in the time of trouble.

After this the little hero cut his way upward inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out on the snow, and laid down for a moment to rest—panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with cold, as full of joy and thankfulness he ran to the factory, where his father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, whilst listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him and thanked God for him!

I have not heard of the "little hero," for two or three years, but I trust he is growing up into a brave, heroic man, and I hope he will never forget the heavenly friend who did not forget him in the hour of his great need.

There is an old saying that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

I trust that this brave boy found and brought up from there this truth—God helps those who help themselves.

☞ A Titusville paper tells of a Methodist clergyman who was accosted, in that vicinity, by a highway robber, who demanded his money.—The account says, The domine eyed the freebooter pretty carnestly, and remarked with great solemnity: "You can have my money, friend, but for Christ's sake, and for your own soul's sake, give up this business of highway robbery." The freebooter dropped his pistol at his side, and in a voice trembling with deep emotion, exclaimed: "You can pass on!"

☞ Gen. Bragg has taken the oath of allegiance at New Orleans, and will apply for a pardon.

Negro Insurrections in Jamaica.

Full particulars of the recent insurrections in Jamaica and Hayti are received. Both have been put down, the leaders have been shot or killed.

In Jamaica the history of the rebellion was as follows:

The 19th of October was fixed upon by the conspirators for a general uprising of the blacks, but the rescue of a prisoner hastened the outbreak.—At the Court of Petty Sessions held at Morant Bay, October 7th, a mar. named George Geohegan was ordered under arrest by the magistrate for creating a disturbance in the court-room. The officers were set upon by Paul Bogle, pastor of a negro chapel at Stony Gut, and about a hundred of his followers, armed with sticks and Geohegan was soon placed beyond their reach. The police were severely beaten, and were not strong enough to enforce the orders of the court.—A day or two afterwards, Bogle and Geohegan appeared in the court room, and attempted to browbeat the magistrates, who forthwith ordered their arrest. A force of seven policeman and three constables were sent to make the capture. On reaching Stony Gut, the negro settlement where Bogle's chapel stands, they exhibited their warrant to Bogle, and told him he must go along with them. Instead of complying, Bogle blew a shell, which was answered from three or four directions, and in a few moments the policemen were surrounded by a mob of two or three hundred yelling, frantic negroes, by whom three of them were taken prisoners and put in irons. The negroes held their prisoners until they gave a sort on parole, when they were liberated. No personal injury was inflicted.

During the next three days the excitement at Stony Gut continued to increase. Large number of negroes continued to flock there. A mixture of rum and gunpowder was handed about among them, and of this they drank until madness overcame every feeling of humanity and prudence.—On the 11th, a force of about five hundred rebels, armed with rifles, cutlasses and clubs, under command of Paul Bogle, made a furious attack on the government buildings at Mount Ray. A detachment of volunteers hastily gathered to defend the place, were compelled, after firing once or twice, to seek shelter in the court house, where they barricaded themselves against the rebels. Finding themselves unable to dislodge the military, the insurgents began to plunder the private houses, and attacked every citizen who ventured to show in the streets.

On the 12th ultimo troops arrived from Spanish Town at Morant Bay.—Immediate measures were taken to put down the insurgents. From Morant Bay the troops were marched toward the interior, where the rebel forces were assembled.

The presence of the military put an end to these outrages, and seemed to quell the spirit of the rebels. The first insurgents taken prisoners were tried and immediately hanged.—These summary measures had the effect to induce great numbers to throw away their arms and surrender themselves, at the same time asking for protection against the military and their own friends. Most of them were at once handed over to the magistrate. Wherever the troops marched the rebels dispersed at once, and arresting and punishing rather than fighting, became the duty of the military.

At the bottom of the conspiracy George William Gordon, ex-magistrate and member of the Colonial Assembly, and, it would seem, (though on this point the colonial papers make no definite statement,) a white man. The active leader was Paul Bogle, a negro preacher, and that most of the rebels were in some way connected with "religious" associations.

Bogle, Gordon, and the other principal rebels were arrested and hanged. General Lamothe, ex-President of the Haytien republic, is believed to have been implicated in the rising, and has been arrested on board a schooner in which he was trying to escape from the island.

In Hayti, the rebellion has ended.—General Salnave, the rebel leader, was among the persons killed at Cape Haytien by the shots of the British ship of-war Bull Dog.

GAMBLING.—Let every young man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself to toss up for a half penny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling, and this ruinous crime creeps on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is minding his work he is playing the game that sure to win. A gambler never makes any good use of his money even if he should win. He only gambles the more, and he is often reduced to beggary and despair. He is often tempted to commit crimes for which his life is forfeited to his country, or perhaps he puts an end to his miserable existence. If a gambler loses he injures himself, if he wins he injures his companion or friend. And could any honest man enjoy money gained in such a way.

☞ Two hard things:—First to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

History and Career of the Pirate Shenandoah.

The pirate Shenandoah has at last arrived *home*, having been absent since Oct. 8, 1864, during which time she has been around the world, sinking, burning, destroying and bonding American vessels. Among her last acts was the destruction of our North Western coast whaling fleet. Some months ago she was outlawed and now has the audacity to seek an asylum under the protection of the flag which aided, supported and guarded her in safety until she could place herself beyond the reach of Federal cruisers.

What the next move of these pirates will be, or what disposition will be made of the vessel, is a question which naturally arises in the public mind. The conduct of the British Government gives no criterion by which to judge of the future. It is generally believed that this government will make a formal demand for the vessel, her officers and crew, but we cannot see how that can be done, as she is a British vessel in every thing, from her keel to her truck.

The Sea King was built at Glasgow in October, 1863, and was registered as the property of William Wallace, banker, of London, and others; her registered tonnage being 790 tons, her combined power being 200 horse, and her frame-work iron with wood planking. On the 20th of September, 1864, she was transferred by bill of sale to Richard Wright, shipowner of Liverpool, who was a very near connection of the rebel financial agent in that town.

On the 30th of September P. L. Corbett was indorsed as master, and on the 7th of October Richard Wright executed a certificate of sale to Peter Luther Corbett, the master, empowering him to sell the Sea King at any port out of the United Kingdom for not less than £45,000, within six months from date of certificate. She was then entered and cleared in ballast, as an ordinary merchant vessel, at London for Bombay.

In the meantime, another vessel called the Laurel, and owned by Henry Lafone, of Liverpool, was taking on board all the necessary armament, stores, etc., several rebel officers and a large number of men. On the same day that the Sea King sailed from London for Bombay, the Laurel sailed from Liverpool for Nassau. The two vessels met at Madeira, where they proceeded in company to [illegible] near by, and there, within Portuguese waters, the armament and men were speedily transferred from the Laurel to the Sea King, both vessels being still under the British flag.

The Sea King was then re named Shenandoah, hoisted the rebel flag, and set forth on her piratical cruise. Her armament consisted of six guns, viz: four 68-pounders and two 32-pounders, with a full crew of British sailors. The first we heard of her after she left Madeira was that she had destroyed a few vessels in the neighborhood of the Island of St. Helena. Her next performance was to double the Cape of Good Hope and cruise around the Bay of Bengal and the Straits of Sundy. She next made her appearance in the Port of Melborne, Australia, and was coaled, provisioned and received a reinforcement of men strictly in accordance with *British neutrality*.

After remaining there for some time she started anew on her career of devastation. The next we hear of the pirate is that she is in the Arctic ocean, capturing, destroying and bonding the vessels composing our whaling fleet. From the beginning of April to the end of June she destroyed and bonded 29 vessels, thus entirely breaking up the whaling season in that quarter.

The vessels in the list were all destroyed excepting the last four, which were bonded, simply because Waddel wanted to get rid of his prisoners.—The war having by this time been brought to a close, Waddel was soon informed of the fact, but he affected not to believe this as it was not to his interest to do so, but he still continued his plunder and wanton destruction of the property of American citizens.

The British Government were at last compelled to dispatch a vessel to put a stop to the ravages of the pirate. For the last month or so her movements have been shrouded in mystery, and the next we hear of her is in the port of Liverpool. Her entire history is a fine commentary on the manner in which the neutrality of the "mother country" has been maintained, and it will certainly be strange if our Government does not take a decisive stand in the matter.

A CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION.—"My friends," said a returned missionary at a late anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that, 'Though you bathe a dog in the tide of Ganges, and dress it in splendid clothes, you cannot get the *crook* out of it.' Now a man's sectarianism is simply the crook in the dog's tail which cannot be eradicated, and I hold that every one should be allowed to *wag his own peculiarity in peace!*"

☞ Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that the world can take away.

The Homes of Andrew Jackson and Daniel Webster.

"The Hermitage," or what once was the home of President Jackson, is rapidly going to decay. It stands without a tenant, and the only article of furniture it contains is an old arm chair, which report has it, did once belong to General Washington. Adjacent to the house, in a rudely built log hut, lives an old negro and his wife, formerly belonging to General Jackson. The sacred tomb of the soldier-statesman and his wife, is in a corner of the garden. It is in the form of a Temple of Liberty. One of the large stones covering the remains has sunk down, and like the rest of the premises is going to ruin. The garden, once so beautiful, is overgrown with weeds and grass. The fences are nearly all down and rotten; in fact, all is desolation. The property was left to an adopted son, a nephew of General Jackson, who sold it to the Commonwealth of Tennessee, its owner still.

"Marshfield," the home of Webster, is quite a watering place, and is becoming more so every summer. Hence the mansion is much resorted to. The family having charge of the farm admit visitors to the library containing some 4,000 volumes, to the parlors filled with curiosities that were presented to Mr. Webster, to the chamber where the good man met his fate, and to the grounds, on the receipt of a small fee. The house is just as Mr. Webster left it; a spacious one of wood, painted white, and with green blinds. It is quite far from the street, in the style of an English gentleman's home, and has that magnificent old English elm beside it as formerly.—None of the Webster name now reside at "Marshfield," though the widow of the late Col. Fletcher Webster usually spends a month or two on the farm. The place will soon be owned by Ashburton Webster, grandson of Daniel, or as soon as he is of age. He is connected with the United States Navy, and promises to be worthy of the name. Daniel Webster, who bears the great name of his grandfather, and a son of Col. Fletcher Webster, is now there, and apparently in the last stages of a fatal disease. As most know, none of Mr. Webster's children are living; and but three grandchildren of his name, the two already mentioned, and their sister. There are also four grandchildren by the name of Appleton, children of his much-loved Julia. These children are buried at his side in the family tomb.

Stupendous Attempt at Fraud

The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* unearths the following piece of rascality:

About the first of November it came to the knowledge of an accounting officer of the treasury that a proposition has been made to a claim agent to furnish him with valid claims against the U. S. for arrears of soldiers' pay and bounty to the amount of half a million of dollars, and to allow the agent fifty per cent of the whole for collection. Fortunately, he was an honest man, and consulted the accounting officer on the subject, who advised him to take all the papers that came and make advances to a limited amount. This was done. Another batch of claims was put in his hands, and there being some reason to suppose that the vouchers were stolen from the office of the Second Auditor, that officer instituted proceedings that in the course of a week fixed the fraud with some certainty upon a clerk in his office, named ——— Dusten, who had the recording of those claims and upon an outside accomplice named Rabe, both being Germans, and on Friday they were arrested. A book containing the names of deceased soldiers and sums due was also seized, a part of the plan being to make fictitious heirs, in which project they were to have been aided by an accomplice in Philadelphia, who is probably by this time in the clutches of the law. All the papers were recovered. Much credit is due Hon. E. French, the Second Auditor, for the skilful manner in which the detection and apprehension of the culprits was effected and a vast fraud prevented.

FAMILY COURTESIES.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and nowhere else. I have known such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house you would have thought that they were angels, almost; but if you had seen them on the streets, or in the store, or any where else out of the house, you would have thought them almost demonical. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among strangers, we hold ourselves with self respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am going to be natural." So we sit down and are ugly, and snappish, blunt and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest thing like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

President Johnson to the Governor Elect of Mississippi.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Owing to the meagreness in the dispatches from Mississippi, purporting to give the substance of President Johnson's instructions to Governor Humphreys, the National Republican gives a full copy of the dispatch, as follows:

WASHINGTON, November 17.—To G. HUMPHREYS, Governor elect, Jackson, Mississippi: The troops will be withdrawn from Mississippi, when, in the opinion of the Government, peace and order and the civility has been restored and can be maintained without them. Every step will be taken which they are to enforce strict discipline and subordination to the civil authorities. There can be no other or greater assurance given than has heretofore been on the part of the President or Government. There is no concession required on the part of the people of Mississippi or the Legislature—other than a loyal compliance with the laws and Constitution of the United States, and the adoption of such measures, giving protection to all freedmen, or free men, in person or property, without regard to color, as will entitle them to resume all their constitutional relations in the Federal Union. The people of Mississippi may feel well assured that there is no disposition to act arbitrarily on the part of the Government, or to dictate what action should be had; but on the contrary, to simply and kindly advise a policy that is believed will result in restoring all the relations which should exist between the States comprising the Federal Union. It is hoped that they will appreciate and feel the suggestion herein made, for they are offered in that spirit which should pervade the bosom of all those who desire peace and harmony, or a thorough restoration of the Union.—There must be confidence between the Government and State, while the Government confides in the people, the people must have faith in the Government, and this must be mutual and reciprocated, or all that has been done will be thrown away.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I would sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

This proposal was gladly accepted. The fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and he had caught a large number.—Counting out from them as many as were in the basket and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said, "I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

A SERMON TO A PREACHER.—Never shall I forget the remarks of a learned legal friend, who was at one time somewhat skeptical in his views. Said he to me: "Did I believe as you do, that the masses of our race are perishing in sin, I could have no rest. I would fly to tell them of salvation. I would labor day and night. I would speak with all the energy and pathos I could summon. I would warn and entreat all my fellow-men to turn to Christ, and receive salvation at his hands. I am astonished at the manner in which the majority of you ministers tell your message. Why, you do not act as if you believed your own words. You have not the earnestness in preaching that we lawyers have in pleading. If we were as tame as you are, we would not carry a single suit."

A decade of years has passed away since that remark was made. I bless God it was addressed to me. It put fire in my bones which I hope will burn as long as I live. God preached a stirring sermon to me that day by the mouth of that infidel lawyer.—[Rev. P. Stryker, of New Brunswick.

☞ I wish you would pay a little attention to your arithmetic," said an anxious ma to her careless son.—"Well, I do," was the reply, "I pay as little attention as possible."

☞ A miserable old bachelor, who knows that the present is not leap year, says: "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy you had better be a little shy yourself."

☞ A gentleman who was fond of wine said it had two bad qualities: "If I put water to it," says he, "it spoils it, and if I don't it spoils me."

Religious Intelligence.

Dr. Jacobus, of the Theological Seminary of Allegheny, in his excellent letters, published in the *Banner*, writing from Edinburg, Scotland, speaks of a Sabbath School at Stockport, near Manchester, as probably being the largest in the world. It was organized in 1784 by the name of the Union Society, and has achieved such notable success as to gather about five thousand scholars. In one building there are now over four thousand divided among eighty-six rooms. There are over three hundred teachers, and all excepting five of them, have been scholars. What is remarkable is, that over two thousand of the scholars are past sixteen years of age. And more of them are boys than girls, and more of the teachers are male than female.—Besides instruction in the Scriptures, they teach writing and elementary book-keeping, with no book used excepting the Bible. A greater portion of the scholars are operatives in the factories, and have no other means of education.

Rev. Dr. Barrows, formerly President Pittsburgh Female College, in an address at the Anniversary of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist, Episcopal Church, held at New York, argued 1. We often make an unfortunate classification of elder pupils. 2. Teachers are often badly adapted to scholars. 3. There is a want of adaptation in lessons. 4. There is too much neglect of Bible study.

The Central Centenary Committee, at a late meeting in New York, requested the ministers and membership of the M. E. Church, to observe the first Sunday of January, 1866, as a day of special and united prayer for the divine blessing upon the centenary services of the year, and for a general revival of religion, that the centenary year may prove to be an epoch in the spiritual progress of the church.

A New York religious weekly speaks in glowing terms of the "Alexandria Presbyterian Church", of that city, because it has not been closed a single Sabbath the past summer.—This church may be an exception to the improper closing of churches in New York during the summer months, but we think the exception is for any to be closed at all.

The Catholics in Philadelphia, under the Very Rev. E. McMahon, formerly vicar general of the Pittsburg Diocese, has been appointed pastor.

Farm, House, &c.

WINTER SHELTER FOR SHEEP.—Have our friends provided winter shelter for their sheep? or are they—many of them—neglecting it, as usual, and as usual, not having the best luck with their sheep? Depend upon it, that cold, in addition to wet, is hurtful. You will see it, more especially, in the spring. Shelter is feed saved; strength kept, which would otherwise be lost; and wool improved by the good condition of the sheep, to say nothing about one of the most important points of all—the lambs which are to follow. A suffering sheep will produce a weak lamb. Among weak lambs there always is mortality and a stunt growth in the future body of the sheep. A weak, sickly lamb will not make a first class sheep, even under good treatment. Good treatment of sheep is profit all round—and shelter is one of the important points to be attended to. Build it, and invite the sheep in it; feed them there; let their salt be there, and the other titbits they need. Now is a good time to see to this thing—to prepare for it.

KIDNEY WORMS.—Swine are often troubled with a disease denominated by veterinarians the kidney worm.—Corn, soaked in very strong lye made of wood ashes, is said to be an infallible remedy. Salt and brimstone, in small quantities, is a preventive, and, indeed, the only one known. Comfortable quarters and good food are of really more importance in the successful management of these animals than many are inclined to suppose, and should never, on any account, be neglected.

BARE ITCH.—This disorder is a troublesome and unsightly difficulty, and one very liable to run through a herd of cattle to the serious detriment of the interests of the stock. The remedy is a very simple one, and, as we are informed by a correspondent, a very efficacious one. Take a corn cob, and rub the affected part until the surface is smooth, and apply some grease as an emollient.

INDIAN MEAL PUFFS.—Into one quart of boiling milk stir eight tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil five minutes, stirring constantly. When cool, add six beaten eggs. Bake in buttered cups half an hour. Try them with a little butter and maple molasses, and see if they are not good.

MOLASSES PIE.—Take nine tablespoonfuls of molasses, six tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, a small piece of butter, a few slices of lemon or grated lemon peel, cover with a rich paste. This is decidedly the best substitute for an apple pie.