The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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Miscellaneous.

Mistakes of a Night.

The Cincinnati Enquirer relates a very comical event which lately happened to a newly married couple in that city—which we copy as follows:

Some days since a young couple who had newly donned hymeneal vestments, came from their home, a pleasant village in this State, to spend a portion of that supposed-to-be-delicious period known as the honeymoon, and placed themselves under the charge of the proprietor of the Spencer House. They then sallied forth to witness the beauties and peculiarities of the Queen City, and to do as brides are ever wont, a quantity of the little business sint faced in the term "shopping." They were gone several hours and did not return to the hotel until near sundown, quite fatigued with their exertions. The bride, Mrs. R., then found that she had forgotten some articles indispensable to her toilet, and unwilling to disturb her husband, who she knew to be weary, slipped out while he was down stairs, and went up to Fourth street to get the omitted bundle. She was successful in her search for the store and the articles, but on her way back mistook from her ignorance of the city, Main street for Broadway, and the Madison for the Spencer House, which are situated nearly opposite to each other.

Mrs. R. went into the hotel and thinking it looked rather different from the other, asked one of the waiters she met in the hall, in rather a low and modest tone, if that was the "Spencer," to which he, failing to understand her, replied in the affirmative. She then ordered him to bring her the key to No. 48, which he did, and she entered it, and removed her bonnet, shawl and other paraphernalia, and crept between the sheets of the bed to enjoy a little nap after her long walk, never dreaming she was in the wrong house, for the reason that the apartment happened to have the same position, and furnished very much like her room at the "Spencer."

Instead of taking a "little nap," she fell into a profound sleep, that continued hour after hour until 11 o'clock, at which time she was disturbed by a most unexpected incident.

The rightful occupant of No. 48, a merchant, from a town in Indiana, who had been to the theatre and become a little intoxicated, went to the Madison, and wishing no one to see his condition, walked up to his room without a light, and fortunately found the door unlocked. He entered quietly, and as a total darkness reigned there, he removed his garments and crept into the spacious double bed, not dreaming in the least the fair bride who lay near the wall.

How long the two remained there side by side, with only a foot of space between them, all unconscious of the other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment from which female screams issued, wildly, piercingly and incessantly.

The hotel was in an uproar—proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters and guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of "48" in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance and asking each other eagerly, "What is the matter?" "For God's sake, tell us what is the trouble?"

The cause of this outcry may be imagined. The bride had awakened about midnight, and putting her hand over for her husband it fell upon the bald man's face, and the soft warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exactly, though he did not dislike it, and in a moment more Mr. R. said: "My dearest husband, where have you been all this while?"

"Husband," echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord 틀ﾄ, that he had "made a small mistake here;" "I am nobody's husband. I reckon, my dear madam, you're in the wrong bed."

The wrong bed—horror of horrors, tho't the bride—what would her liege lord, what would the curious world say! And Mrs. R. screamed terribly, and sprang from her couch just as her companion did the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged—he'd make oath to that.

Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to his kindly proposition.

"My God, madam, don't yell so; you'll wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences. I don't want to hurt you—I swear I don't. You'll get me shot and yourself—well, I won't say what."

The screams increased, and the poor Indianian expecting every moment to see a pistol flash in his face by a jealous husband, turned pale as death, which he expected, and resigned himself to his fate.

Just at this juncture, the throng outside presented itself at the door, and behold Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the individual in the middle of the room, enveloped in a counterpane, ejaculating "My God, madam, don't."

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out with him into another room, and there learned the whole story. The Doctor then sent one of the ladies of the hotel to Mrs. R., and two words serve to explain, greatly to her relief—though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance which might have ruined her reputation forever. Under the escort of the Doctor, she was conveyed to the "Spencer," where the husband was found pacing the corridors with frantic mein and half-crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain or murdered for her jewels in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed it, "they would kill a man for a dollar any time."

☞ Women are called the 'softer sex' because they are easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

☞ A scientific gentleman, after searching diligently for the cause of the potato blight, has arrived at the conclusion that it is the rotatory movement of the earth.

☞ It's all around my hat! as the hypocrite said when he put on mourning for his dead wife.

Strange Story.

An account, it may be remembered, was given in September of a very curious affair having occured at Calais. A young man of gentlemanly appearance arrived in that town to embark for England, but being prevented from doing so from want of a passport, spent several days in the place under the surveillance of the police. He then obtained permission to go in an excursion steamer to Ramsgate on promise of returning in the evening, and as there was a good deal of mystery about him, a police officer was unknown to him, charged to watch over him. During his absence at Ramsgate, orders arrived from Paris by telegraph, to arrest him on the charge of having attempted to commit a murder and robbery in the department of the Seine et Marne, and the moment he landed he was arrested. Having been conveyed to the office of commissary of police, he jumped through a window, took to flight, and attempted to commit suicide by leaping into one of the docks, but was rescued when half drowned. This man whose name is Pesty, was afterwards given up to the authorities of the Seine et Marne, and the day before yesterday he was brought to trial before the court assizes of the department, on the charge of attempted murder and robbery. The prisoner who seemed much affected, said in answer to questions put to him, that he was twenty four years of age and a farmer in Beaune la Rollande, in the Loiret. The following singular facts were then stated:

A shepherd named Masson was in the evening of the 1st of September last, driving a flock of two hundred and fifty sheep from Bransles to a place beyond Nemours. At some distance from the latter town he was overtaken by a man in a light cart, who, putting his horse into a walk, expressed admiration of his flock and got into a conversation with him. Having ascertained the direction which he was going, the stranger drove on to Nemours, and after the shepherd had passed that town, the man again overtook him in his cart, and descending from his vehicle, began chatting with him. On passing through a wood, he suddenly drew a double-barreled pistol from his pocket and discharged it at the shepherd, wounding him in the head with a ball of one barrel, and in the neck with that of the other, after which he beat him about the head with the butt end of the pistol. The shepherd fell bathed in blood, and his assailant thinking he was dead, dragged him into the wood. The man then examined the shepherd, as if to make sure that he was dead, fired his pistol again at him, wounded him again, and then left him. The shepherd remained senseless some time, and when he recovered, found that his flock had disappeared, but that his dog was at his side licking his wounds. He crawled to the nearest farm house, and had his wounds dressed.

The gendarmes immediately commenced a search after the assassin; and had little difficulty in finding who he was. They learned that a man whose appearance corresponded exactly with the description which the shepherd gave of him, had, a few hours after the attempted murder, arrived at a place called Chateau Landon, with a flock of two hundred and fifty sheep, and there placed them under the care of one Lejeune, shepherd of Pesty, of Beaune la Rollande, who was driving a flock of one hundred sheep from Bransles for his master.—This Lejeune was found at Beaune la Rolande, with two hundred and fifty sheep, and he stated that it was his master himself, young Pesty, who had confided them to him. He added that Pesty, on arriving at the village, had joined him, and remarked: "I shall get into trouble about these two hundred sheep, they are stolen, and the shepherd who drove them, has been murdered!" Lejeune further stated that Pesty made a similar statement to his (Pesty's) father, on which the latter, with great emotion, cried out, "If it be you who have committed the crime, the best thing you can do is to kill yourself!"

On that young Pesty took flight, and was no more heard of by his own people until after the arrest at Calais. The shepherd recovered from his wounds, and his recovery was mainly owing to the dog having licked them. After that incident Pesty was confronted with Masson, and the latter distinctly recognized him. Pesty himself, after some vain denials, admitted his guilt, and also that he had deliberately premeditated the murder of the shepherd. This man was, of course, the principal witness against him, and he created some sensation after giving his evidence, by remarking, "Its a bad thing to say that a fellow creature attempted to take away my life, and that a poor dog was the principal means of saving me!"

Pesty's crime, it was stated to court, is perfectly inexplicable, inasmuch as he is the son of a most respectable man of good property, was in comfortable circumstances himself at the time the crime was perpetrated, married to a charming young woman of nineteen years of age, is the father of a child still in the cradle, and had received a good education. It appears, however, that last year he was tried for stealing 19 sheep, but was acquitted.

The jury declared the man guilty with extenuating circumstances, and the court condemned him to hard labor for life, also to pay 6,000 francs damages to the shepherd.—*Galignani.*

☞ AN ARREST.—Some years ago, a small sized man went to the plantation of a gentleman not far from Louisville, who was light in wit, but rather heavy in flesh, with a piece of paper in his hand, folded in form, and known by the abbreviation of *co. sa.* Having found the owner of the plantation in the field, he explained his business, when he was required to read his papers, which commenced as usual—

"You are hereby commanded without delay to take the body of," etc.

"Humph!" says the prisoner, stretching himself on his back, "I'm ready."

"O, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms!"

"Certainly; you must take my body, you know. I do not resist the process of the law, but submit with cheerfulness."

"Will you wait until I can bring a cart?"

"Can't promise, I may recover from my fatigue in the mean time."

"Well, what must I do?"

"You must do your duty."

And there he lay immovable until the sheriff left, when he left also.

☞ When does a man become four handed? When he doubles his fists.

Sleeping with the Landlord's Wife.

We give the annexed incident in regard to Rev. Zeb Twitchel, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont conference:

At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. Zeb, says our informant, is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified, and a thorough systematic sermonizer; but of it there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion he was wending his way towards the seat of the Annual Conference of Ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to the other clergyman:

'The last time I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife.'

In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

'I mean just what I say,' replied Zeb; and on went the two travellers in unbroken silence until they reached the conference.

In the early part of the session, the conference sat with doors closed for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year. For this purpose the clerk called Zeb's name.

'Does any one know aught against the character of brother Twitchell during the past year?' asked the bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's travelling companion arose with a heavy heart and grave countenance; said he had a duty to perform—one that he owed to God and the church, and to himself; he must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though trembingly. He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, etc.

The grave body of ministers were struck as with a thunderbolt, although a few smiled and looked first at Zeb, then upon the bishop, knowingly, for they knew better than the others the character of the accused.

The bishop called upon brother Twitchell and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb rose and said:

'I did the deed! I never lie!'

Then pausing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded with a slow and solemn deliberation:

'There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it: When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself.'

Lodgings for Boots.

A Georgia exchange tells the following "boots" story:

A short time ago one of our citizens who loves his joke about as well as folks usually do, had occasion to visit one of the small towns in the interior of the State, and knowing he would have considerable walking over muddy roads, he took with him a pair of long rubber boots. He arrived at his destination about nine o'clock in the evening, and, upon inquiry, he found the only tavern in the place was half a mile from the station. No conveyance was to be had and the road was muddy in the extreme. Congratulating himself on having his long boots, he set off and found the mud in some spots so deep that his boots were barely long enough. He reached the hotel at last, looking rather soiled about the feet. After supper, he inquired the charge for lodgings.

'We usually charge,' answered the landlord who also had some fun in his composition, 'twenty-five cents; but if a man goes to bed with such boots as them you have on,' (pointing to his customer's feet,) 'we charge fifty cents.'

'A very good idea, I should think,' returned the traveler.

After an hour's conversation, the landlord showed him to his room, and they parted for the night mutually pleased with each other.

The next morning our friend arose late, and inquiring for the landlord, learned that he had gone from home to attend to some business. After breakfast he handed a dollar to the landlady, saying:

'There are fifty cents for my supper and breakfast, and fifty cents more for my lodging.'

'Twenty five cents is all we charge for lodging,' said the landlady.

'Yes,' returned the traveler, 'under ordinary circumstances; but in this case fifty cents is not too much.'

The stranger departed, and the lady was deep in conjecture as to what could be the circumstances which required a man to pay double price for lodging, when her husband returned.

'Has that man who slept in the front chamber come down yet?' he asked.

'Yes,' answered his wife, 'and he has gone away. He paid me fifty cents for his lodgings, and said under the circumstances it was right.'

'The d—l he did!' exclaimed the landlord, rushing up stairs.

His wife followed, to learn the meaning of such strange proceedings, and found her husband with the bed clothes turned down, and the best bed looking more fit to plant potatoes in than it did for any human being to sleep in.

'You saw that man when he came here last night?' said her husband.

'Yes.'

'You saw his boots, didn't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well,' said the landlord, 'the infernal cuss slept in 'em.'

A few days after, the traveler, on his return home, put up again at the same tavern. Neither himself nor the landlord said anything about the boots, which were about in the same condition as on the previous evening; but the landlady looked daggers at him, and eyed his boots with much anxiety. About 10 o'clock he said he would retire.

'And, by the way, landlord,' said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'what do you usually charge for lodgings?'

'We charge,' answered the landlord with tremendous emphasis, 'twenty-five cents!'

☞ 'Come, Bob, how much have you cleared by your speculations?' said a friend to his companion.

'Cleared?' answered Bob, with a frown; 'why I've cleared my pockets.'

Mountain Snow Storms.

"How carols the lusty muleteer," said Childe Harold, but Harold's muleteer didn't travel the snow mountains of California, or he would have occasionally stopped singing to "thrash" his benumbed fingers, or dig his mule from a drift. There are times when our northern mule drivers display heroism and endurance deserving of celebrity even in a poem great as that from which we have borrowed a line. None but mountaineers may relate the perils of a snow storm on the "divides" which separate busy settlements; yet in the little distance of ten or fifteen miles between there may be danger and death. Some of the trails to populous places traverse mountains where the snow falls ten, fifteen or twenty feet in depth. Then the wind piles up huge drifts of incredible magnitude, then the air-currents changing, they are again torn down and wirled away to some other place, until a few hours sunshine, and a subsequent frost hardens the snow surface, leaving the trail in many places to be sought up among the boughs and trees. Of course the traveler cannot pass the fury of such a storm, but for several months in the year he may encounter lesser ones, which without a pilot, would be quite a certain death. The trail is soon buried, tree marks are hidden, and if the traveler should make the wrong descent the chasm on either side, the chances are that he will not have the strength to get back. Occasionally we hear of some one losing his way and freezing to death, but few realize how frightful is death in a mount in storm, where the last one slowly perishes almost in sight of salvation.

But there are now pilots who guide travelers over these solitary ways. Many are their heroic and good Samaritan deeds, equalling the man-hunters of St. Bernard, yet uncelebrated. A while ago young Gilroy, who drives a saddle train across Scott's mountain, passed a man on foot, laboring through the snow, whom he admonished of danger and besought to throw away his blanket and travel for his life. But the man refused, and as the animals were already fainting he was left. When they reached the next station it was dark and snowing. Gilroy proposed returning for the lost man, but no one had strength to accompany him. He returned alone, and found the traveler speechless, and apparently insane; he had unrolled his blankets and spread them in separate places on the snow. With great difficulty he was dragged within bearing of the house, where the cries of his rescuer brought assistance, and from which place he was carried in and warmed into life. In the morning he departed with severe an acknowledgement of gratitude.—*Trinity (Col) Journal.*

SHERIDAN'S WIT.—The following is an authentic anecdote in connection with the Drury Lane Theatre, built by Holland, the architect, in 1694, and by him leased to Sheridan, who became largely in his doubt:

Holland could never obtain a settlement or an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theater, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage door, rushed in, in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen whom he had invited to show them the theater. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was the time impossible, put a bold face on the matter.

"Ah! my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos.* I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be a liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first, you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theater. That, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they are so noisy of late."

"Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that was ever erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless."

"So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitely, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here and talk to you."

"Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure."

A lantern was provided, with trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached the distant elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there, and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan."

So saying, Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

☞ Young man keep your eyes open when you are after a woman. If you bite at a naked hook, you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive, or even a pretty face? Flounces, boys, are of no consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint washes off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The coquette will chine in the kitchen corner, and with one sparkling eye and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! If the dear is cross, and scolds at her mother in the back room you may be sure you'll get particular fits all over the house. If she blushes when found at the wash tub, with her sleeves rolled up, be sure she is a dish-rag aristocrat, little knowledge and a good deal less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of merchandise ever got up. Find one whose mind is right in the kitchen.

☞ An Irishman being called to testify in court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand.

The man immediately held up his left hand.

'Hold up your right hand, sir!' said the clerk.

'Please yer honor,' said the witness, still keeping his left hand up, 'please yer honor, I am left handed.'

Spiritual Exposure.

Mr. C. H. Collagan, of West-Newton, has written a long letter to the Boston Courier, in which he makes certain statements in regard to J. V. Mansfield a well-known "spirit medium" of this city. Mr. Mansfield has carried on quite an extensive business in selling portraits of the departed, which purport to have been painted by spirits, but which, in reality, were painted by Mr. Collagan under the direction of Mr. M., either from daguerrotype likenesses or from Mr. M.'s descriptions. Mr. Collagan relates several instances of this nature, and is desirous of corresponding with any person who may have received such portraits from Mansfield. one of the last pictures he drew for Mansfield was what purported to be the spirit bride of a clergyman of Portsmouth New Hampshire. Mansfield said there had been a great wedding, at which the clergyman had been wedded to a spirit, but afterward owned up to the humbug of the affair.

He requested Mr. Collagan to draw the picture, saying it was not so material as to the style of face, so long as it was very beautiful. It was drawn in mourning robes, and a rose was placed in the bride's hand, because the minister was fond of flowers. Mansfield said the clergyman paid ten dollars for the picture, and it was to be hung up in his church in Portsmouth. Mr C. was next asked to draw a pic ure of the clergyman's deceased mother, and commenced the work, and threw up the business before finishing. Mansfield would sometimes say when he gave an order that it was for a believer, and that Mr. C. need not be very particular about it, as they were easy to please. Mr. Collagan first formed the acquaintance of this "medium" two years ago. He had several sittings with him and received through him several communications which purported to have emanated from the spirit world.

In conclusion, he says: "I have spent a great deal of money in investigating Spiritualism, and, whatever may be my opinion as regards the phenomena I have witnessed, I am fully satisfied that there never has been a portrait drawn through spirit influence, and that all the so-called spirit artists are impostors, and their disgraceful attempts are lacking in talent, taste and education in art." Mr. Collagan has been led to make these disclosures on account of Mansfield's failure to pay him for his labor, the account having once been placed in a lawyer's hands for collection.

Confessions of a Table-Mover.

For a long time, Mr. George P. Paine of Worcester, Mass., has been known as a powerful "physical medium," and his achievements in the line of table-moving have converted hundreds of people to Spiritualism, and been an argument in the mouth of its believers. His demonstrations were not in the dark, like those of the Davenport boys, but under a full blaze of gas, or in broad day light. He has made tables move apparently without human contact, to the comfort of believers and the confounding of sceptics.

Recently Mr. Paine came to this city, mainly for the purpose of convicting Mr. Coles, a former medium, who has recently concluded that physical manifestations are a humbug. For this purpose, a circle was held in Mr. Paine's rooms, and Mr. Coles with several others, attended, and were unable to detect any deception. At last, a small hole in the floor, and a rent in the carpet, were discovered in close proximity with the table legs.—Three gentlemen proposed to take up the carpet; but Mr. Paine demurred, and requested them to call the next day. Mr. Coles and his associates, however, determined not to yield the point, and gave Mr. Paine clearly to understand that they would not leave the room until they had taken up the carpet.

Mr. Paine, finding that he could not stave off an examination, finally acknowledged that the whole thing was a fraud; that he had cheated, not only on this occasion, but from the beginning; his wife and his most intimate friends, as well as his numerous converts, having been the dupes of his premeditated deception.

Mr. Coles stated these facts in the Spiritual Conference, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of Mr. Paine; and after he had concluded, the bogus medium got up and publicly acknowledged the fraud, and defended it on the ground that the end justified the means. He believed that the great share of the reputed spiritual phenomena is sham, although he was of opinion that some of them are real. He stood commended to his own conscience, and counted it among his treasures in heaven that he had charged nothing, although small presents had, from time to time, flown into his earthly coffers; his labor had been one of love. He had resorted to deception in order to meet deception, and ultimately expose it.

Having defended his course, Mr. Paine exhibited a piece of No. 2 wire, as the veritable apparatus by which he had moved tables and converted hundreds to Spiritualism.—*Worcester Republican.*

A BRAIN AND NERVE PEOPLE.—One who appears to comprehend the American people, physically speaking, says with no little justice:

"The Americans are in fact becoming nothing but brain and nerves. Fat and fibrine are only valued as they sell in market, and muscle is only thought of as it pertains to our draught animals. Our stimulating climate and our fast habits make us so nervous that life is becoming to us but one continued spasm. Our movements are like those of a dancing jack. Even our pastimes are so intense that they fatigue us as much as our business. The so called rest which we begrudgingly give ourselves, wears us as much as our work. We cannot bear to have another called more 'smart' than ourselves, and we will die and be buried rather than not become as rich as our neighbors. There is ever the same unsatisfied restlessness, whether we go abroad or stay at home. Nobody shall travel faster or see a given number of objects in a less number of hours than ourselves, no matter at what cost of money or health. There is no impossible Alps that we will not climb, and no deep cave of the earth or sea, that we will not explore. There are none who shall not grow numb before ourselves on the highest frozen peak, and there shall be none who can hold their breath longer under water. When the guide is not looking, there is no king's throne or pope's chair on which we will not sit. There is nothing within the scope of human ability which we will not undertake, and when we boast of what we have accomplished, there are none who shall draw a longer bow."

Agricultural.

Cultivate the Farmer, as well as the Farm.

On The Most Economical Way Of Wintering Horses.

We copy the appended letter from the columns of the "Genesee Farmer":

"In response to your call on this subject, I offer the following suggestions as the confirmation of experience.

"The quantity of food which any animal consumes and seems to require, is no doubt, to a great extent, the result of habit. This no one will question with reference to man; and, if so in one part of the animal economy, may it not be throughout the whole? It is my belief that a horse or an ox, fed irregularly and with promiscuous quantities—as he will dispose of,—eats more than nature requires, and more than she can properly appropriate. The overplus is rejected and thrown off by a prostrating and debilitating effort of the system, and is worse than wasted—is actually prejudicious.—Enough, is the point to be sought in the supply of food to any and all animals. Regularity, also, as to time, quality, and condition of that food. Frequent changes of feed are to be avoided.

"Cut feed, so called, I regard as best adapted to horse-keeping, both as regards economy and the wants of the animal. Of course, the amount and quality must be modified by circumstances. The age, size, condition, former keeping, and present use of the animal, must be considered, in determining how much or how little is required to keep the least in good condition. If a horse is to labor, he needs more sustenance than if he stands idle, though not so much more as is some times supposed. A man in health, requires and uses about the same quantity of food, whether he works or plays; and this principle guides me in the care of my horse. The same quantity or quality, whether he works or not, given about the same time each day, keeps him always in condition for any service required, besides conducing to his health and soundness. At this time, I am keeping an eleven hundred horse on three bushels cut hay and nine quarts of shorts daily, wet and put before him at regular intervals—morning, noon, and night,—and though he is used considerable and for various purposes, he gains in condition constantly.

"This method I have tried with a number of horses, in the last fifteen years, with the same satisfactory results. I once kept a nine hundred horse three months on ten hundred pounds of hay and five bushels of corn meal, given cut, wet, and mixed, and found him some pounds havier at the end than at the beginning of the time.

"Carrots, given once each day, instead of the meal, I have found satisfactory; and my impression is, that this root is not properly valued as food for horses, and perhaps cattle also.

"In my opinion, if the regimen above suggested were to be adopted generally by horse-keepers, we should have fewer horses affected with heaves and otherwise defective. Over feeding with dry hay is more frequently the cause of heaves than all other causes combined. But it is objected that it is too much work thus to prepare food for horses. With such objectors I have no argument, or patience to waste. A person of properly regulated habits always finds time and a willingness to do what ought to be done, while laziness never wants an excuse for negligence.

E. INGHAM."

Springfield, Conn., Nov., 1858.

Rail vs. Board Fences.

Rail fences occupy, on an average, eighteen feet of land, board fences only six, in plowed land. Rail fences are not so objectionable in meadows and pastures; still there is a half to two thirds difference in favor of board, and full two thirds in saving the material. Timber can be made into board fences that cannot be used in rail fences. Board fences withstand winds that rail hardly can, even staked and capped. Some may object that frost pulls up fence posts, and they cannot be put up as easily as to lay up rails.

I will give a description of my board fence, manner of building, etc. I cut logs for boards of chestnut, black or white oak, in fall or winter. For each rod of fence it requires one board each ten, eight, seven, six or five inches in width; also one five inch board extra for battens on every four posts or two rods of fence. Fence posts made of good white oak, sawed 5 by 6 at the bottom, and 2 by 5 at the top, leaving them 5 by 5 where they come to the top of the ground. For every three rods of fence I use one 4 by 4 scantling, twelve feet long, sawing the same in six pieces, two feet each, which I use as follows: Halve each post at the bolt on 4 inches up, and make a dove-tail. Lay it on the two feet piece, in the middle, and mark the dove tail, taking half of that, then drive it into the post, forming a sort of foot. One hand will bottom fifty posts a day, and it can be done in the barn in the winter and on wet days. I find that the holes can be dug two feet long and two feet deep as easily and as quickly as if only eight inches square. Such a fence costs about 87½ cents per rod, and will last fourteen to twenty years, if the posts are well seasoned previous to setting, and a coat of coal tar put on six inches up, and down at the surface of the ground. This will not pull up by frost, nor lift with wind. Mine, seven years old, is as firm as can be. Seasoned posts will last double the time as green ones. Coal tar can be got at gas works at $1.00 per barrel, and should be put on hot. A farmer that can make a hay rack with a good saw, square, chisel, and hammer, can build such a fence. I use the five inch boards for caps and battens. The fence is four boards high and four feet four inches high. I cut logs for posts thirteen feet long, and saw in two at the mill; fence boards, sixteen feet, six inches, and one inch thick. Brash white oak is the best.—*Corr. in Genesee Farmer.*

☞ The candles you sold me last night were very bad,' said Snott to a tallow chandler.

'Indeed, sir,' said he, 'I'm very sorry for that.'

'Yes, sir; do you know that they burned to the middle, and then wouldn't burn any longer?'

'You surprise me; what, sir! did they go out?'

'No, sir.'

'What then?'

'They burned shorter.'

The old Senate Chamber.

On the occasion of the removal of the U. S. Senate to the new Hall, Vice President Breckinridge delivered an address, the following passages of which, we are certain, will be perused with pleasure by our readers:

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses, yet it must remain forever connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of the departed orators and statesmen who have engaged in high debates and shaped the policy of their country. Hereafter, the American and the stranger, as they wander through the Capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and the good; whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three, whose names and fame, associated in life, death has not been able to sever; illustrious men, who in their generation sometimes bladed, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion—for they were of that higher sort of statesmen who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, *the* Senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions; seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it; a man whose unsparing intellect compelled all his emotions to harmonize with the deductions of his vigorous logic, and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was even such a Senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed, with confidence on himself; and scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his Senatorial demeanor. Type of his Northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock repelling a New England wave. As a writer, his productions will be cherished by statesmen and scholars while the English tongue is spoken. As a Senatorial orator, his great effects are historically associated with this chamber, whose very air seems yet to vibrate beneath the stroke of his deep tones and his mighty words.

On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age, and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that once electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which, in any age, would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly subjects. He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man—orator, patriot, philanthropist—his light at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world; and his declining sun, as it hastened down the west, threw back its level beams in hues of mellowed splendor to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well.

All the States may point, with gratified pride, to the seats in the Senate of their patriot sons. Crowding the memory, come the names of Adams, Hayne, Mason, Otis, Mason; Pinckney, and the rest—I cannot number them—who, in the record of their acts and utterances appeal to their successors to give the Union a destiny not unworthy of the past. What models were these to awaken emulation or to plunge in despair! Fortunate will be the American statesman who, in this age, or in succeeding times, shall contribute to invest the new hall to which we go with historic memories like those which cluster here.

And now, Senators, we leave this memorable chamber, bearing with us unimpaired, the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgements to the Divine Power who controls the destinies of empires and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the crowding tooth of time. These marble walls must moulder into ruin; but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger chamber this Constitution, vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the Representatives of American States still united, prosperous, and free.

☞ When a stone was once thrown into the pulpit where John Murray was preaching in Boston, he picked it up and holding it before his congregation, said:

'This is a weighty argument, but neither rational nor convincing.'

☞ A Dutchman having a friend hung in this country, wrote to his friends informing them of his sudden death, that after addressing a large crowd of citizens, the scaffold gave way, owing to which he fell and broke his neck.

☞ A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him, inquired his name. 'Walsh,' was the answer. 'Walsh,' responded Pat, 'are you from Dublin? I know two old maids there of that name—was either of them your mother?'

A VENERABLE RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION.—On Saturday night last says the Calhoun (Ga.) *Platform*, we had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with the oldest man in Gordon county, Mr. Wm. Coggin. He was born in Camden, South Carolina, in the year 1754, and is consequently 104 years of age. He was a soldier in the Revolution, and served under Gen Greene a part of the time, and was at the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs. He is yet comparatively active, and is able to walk several miles during the day.

CHARMS.—An enterprising jeweler in Washington has found and cut up that *brick* which Montgomery of Pennsylvania, shied at the leg of English, of Indiana, into the most delightful "charms" to adorn the watch chains of the sporting fraternity. Another, not to be outdone in metropolitan taste and skill, has had English's silvered cane picked up, brought in, and carved into beautiful rings, for Christmas presents.