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[D. A. DUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

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[WHOLE NO. 813.]

POETRY.

Those of our readers who are fond of good, genuine Poetry, will find it in the annexed sublime Ode of the gifted COLERIDGE. It is Poetry throughout—every line and every word!

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE TO MONT BLANC.

BY COLERIDGE.

[Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its side; and, with a few pebbles of the glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its flowers of loveliest blue.]

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black;
An agon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from Eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
Thought,
Yea, with my Life, and Life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing,—there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven!

Awake, my Soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all night long,
And all night visited by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rose star, and of the dawn
Coherald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Increasing thunders, and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest!

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope arid down,
Torrents, methinks, that lead a mighty voice,
And stopped at once, amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon?—Who, with living
flowers

Of liveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
O let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, Gun!
Gon! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome
voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, ye piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, Gon!

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrow of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth Gon! and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hear Mount, with thy sky-pointing
peaks,
Of from whose feet, the Avalanche, unheard,
Shouts downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast,
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That, as I raised my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upwards from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapour cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throne among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! I tell thee the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell thy rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises Gon!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Battle of Trenton.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE-WITNESS,
"Whose bullet on the night air rang."

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup
before an aid-de-camp from the Commander-in-Chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. "The General-in-chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me, than he waved his hat as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and, lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

"You are a native of this country?"
"Yes, your Excellency."
"You know the road from M'Conhey's ferry to Trenton, by the river and Pennington—the by-roads and all?"
"As well as I know my own alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff; ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer," he added, smiling, as the fiery beast made a demivolt, and set half the group in commotion.

"Your Excellency."
"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the columns are in motion;

you will remember; and, waving his hand, he gave rein to his steed—while I felt bewildered in the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march any thing but pleasant. We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country, by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the last detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look through the obscurity of the scene. The night was dark, wild and threatening; the clouds betokened an approaching tempest; and I could with difficulty penetrate with the eye the increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brow to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face, and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and the ice now jammed with a crash together, and floated slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can be better imagined than described, for the utmost exertions could just prevent the frail structure from being crushed. Occasionally a stray life would be heard whistling over the waters, mingling freely with the fierce piping of the winds, and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neigh of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jumping ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoners beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant, a band of the regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plunging my rowels into my steed, I whirled him round in the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now ten o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree; the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington—let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach the outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of the troops to come up to the enemy, was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatening storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold, the sleet and rain rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks; and the wind shrieked, howled and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity; and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying round and round, sweeping away on the whistling tempest far down in the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket, were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued to march in profound silence, increasing as we drew near the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope for a successful surprise. Nor were those sufferings light. Through that dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of freemen, could have sustained them. Half clothed, many without shoes, whole companies without blankets, they yet pressed heavily on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am, the recollection is still vivid in my mind.—God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again.

The dawn at last came; but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with the sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The fields that we passed were covered with wet, spongy snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness but few such forbidding scenes. At this instant a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

"Forward—forward!" cried Washington, himself galloping at the head of the columns, "push on, my brave fellows—on." The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack, as the General's voice, seconded by a hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting everything but the foe, marched rapidly in silent eagerness towards the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the woods the scene burst upon them.

The town lay a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemed buried in repose. The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen however fleeing a moment through the mist—he was lost behind a clump of trees, and then re-appeared dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt but that he was a messenger from the out-posts for a reinforcement, and if suffered to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he left, we now turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly in disorder, before our vanguard. A few moments had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties; and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals!" shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forebore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By Heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of a half mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day is our own."

"Charge that artillery from a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General, as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to the right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the mouth of the cannon, and before the artillery could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy were seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted the Commander-in-chief—"charge them before they can form—follow me." The effect was electric. Gallant as they had been before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their Commander's daring, and dashing into the town carried every thing before them.

The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in five minutes were flying pell-mell through the town, while our troops, with admirable discipline still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mists ahead—a cheer burst from our men, it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, the whole regiment we had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe, having surrendered, every unmanly exultation had disappeared from the countenances of our troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foe, it was not the part of brave men to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an aid-de-camp wheeled round the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly,

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."

Quick as thought the Commander-in-chief lunged himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the troop of officers, singled me out.

"Lieutenant Archer, you know the roads. Colonel C—, will march his regiment around and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route." I bowed in humble submission to the saddle bow, and perceiving the Colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retreating foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross path, which, making as it were the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a little distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off the enemy's retreat. The struggle to obtain the desired point, where the two roads intersected, was short but fierce. We had already advanced, and although the enemy pressed on with eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were on their part animated with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead, a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe, and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the road, we summoned them the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aid-de-camp to Colonel C—, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory at Trenton; no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia, and we were hailed every where as the saviours of our country. The drooping spirits of the colonies were re-animated by the news, the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more aroused, and the enemy, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder toward Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed since then, but I shall never forget the battle of Trenton.

Women and Adversity.—We clip the following truthful paragraph from a communication in the New York Tribune. It is indeed a sterling thought:

"There is not on earth a more noble or sublime spectacle than a virtuous woman, alone and unfringed in the cold world, struggling bravely against the frowns of fortune and the temptations of society run mad with riot and licentiousness, and maintaining herself pure, uncontaminated and above reproach—perhaps, too, feeding the hungry mouths of her fatherless children—by the labors of her own hand; and the wretch who would rob her of one single penny of a subsistence thus acquired, deserves to be scourged with scorpions."

Proud and happy are we at all times, in all circumstances, to stand up as the champion and defender of such uncomplaining, unpretending virtue and beauty—for virtue is beautiful, and all the charms which ever flushed intoxication to the senses (from woman's face and form are hideous mockeries, if virtue commend them not to the heart and soul of the beholder.)

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—As the good Deacon A., on a cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbor F., the latter was chopping wood and threshing his hands at his door. The usual salutations were exchanged, and the severity of the weather discussed, and the horseman made demonstration of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with "Don't be in a hurry, Deacon; would you like a glass of good old Jamaica this cold morning?" "Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do." Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the wag, "I merely asked for information; we haven't a drop of rum in the house."

BUTTON HOLES ON BOTH SIDES.—A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black fellow as an attendant who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at the table. At length, his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston single breasted, in the present quaker fashion, he told Sambo always to hand the plate, &c., to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor negro, on the day after he had received his ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner, a foreign gentleman with a double-breasted coat. Sambo was for awhile completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, and then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming in a loud voice, "Button holes on both sides, massa," handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

Scientific.—The three following items come legitimately under the head of science:—

"Bobby, what is steam?"
"Boiling water."
"That's right, compare it."
"Positive boy; comparative boiler; superlative burst."
"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"
"Yes, sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents him from getting up again."
"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?"
"A clothes-line, daddy."
"Prove it, my son."
"Because it stretches from pole to pole."

USE OF A BUSTLE.—A few days since one of very capacious dimensions was seen floating in the Prince's dock. On drawing or rather hauling it to land it was found to be very tightly stuffed and, on opening the seam it was ascertained that the stuffing consisted of several pounds of tea. It is supposed to have dropped from some female while in the act of crossing from a Chinese vessel to the quay. It has since been conveyed to the central police office, where it lies for the inspection of the curious in matters of the kind.—Liverpool paper.

It is said of the eccentric John Randolph that a political opponent who wished to draw him into quarrel, one day boldly met him on the side-walk, in the city of Washington, with the remark,
"I do not turn out for every vile scoundrel I meet."
"But I always do," said Randolph, and suiting the action to the word, he turned to one side and passed on.

TEACHERS AND THEIR SALARIES.—The Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has addressed an official communication to the Directors of the District Schools, on the subject of employing competent teachers, and of paying better salaries, as an inducement to competent persons to engage in the important duty of school teaching.

To give some idea of the extent to which the pork and beef packing business is carried on in the West, we find even in such an out of the way place as Alton, (Ill.), such complete establishments as the following paragraph which we clip from the Alton Telegraph, partly describes:

"The establishment consists of two large stone ware houses, fifty feet front, by one hundred and eleven feet deep, fronting on Water and Second streets. In one of the buildings we noticed two rows of large vats erected for the purpose of preparing Beef for foreign and domestic use, upon the most approved plan. These vats are of sufficient dimensions to hold three hundred head of cattle at a time, after they are cut and prepared for the brine. Their lard house adjoins these buildings, and contains a double set of stoves and kettles, besides two presses. With this establishment is also connected a force pump, the pipes of which communicate with the river, so that they can carry, by means of this pump, any quantity of water they may desire to any part of their buildings."

VERMONT BUTTER.—The Boston Traveller says a Vermont merchant came to the city last week to sell his fall supply of butter—ninety tons! Pretty well, for a single trader, in a small town among the mountains.

To Polish Mahogany Furniture.—Rub it with cold drawn Linseed Oil, and polish by rubbing with a clean dry cloth, after wiping off the oil. Do this once a week, and your mahogany tables will be so finely polished that hot water will not injure them. The reason of this is, Linseed oil hardens when exposed to the air, and when it has filled all the pores of the wood, the surface becomes hard and smooth, like glass.

WINTER IS COMING.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Winter is coming! who cares? who cares?
Not the wealthy and proud, I trow;
"Let it come," they cry, "what matter to us
How chilly the blast may blow!"
"We'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
The goblet of wine we'll drain,
We'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
And music's echoing train."

"Little care we for the biting frost,
While the fire gives forth its blaze;
And what to us is the dreary night,
While we dance in the waxlight's rays!"
"Tis thus the rich of the land will talk,
But think! oh, ye pompous great,
That the harrowing storm ye laugh at within,
Falls bleak on the roof at your gates!"
They have blood in their veins, ay, pure as mine,
But bought to quicken its flow;
They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh! think, ye great,
On the roofless, naked and old;
Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
And spare them a tithing of your gold!

AGRICULTURAL.

Heading Cabbage in Winter.

In the fall of the year when it is time to gather cabbages, we always find more or less of them that have not formed any heads. They may have grown well and have a large stock of leaves, but have not closed up in the form necessary to make a good, solid, compact cabbage.

A farmer friend of ours, has practiced for many years the following method, which effectually closes these loose leaves in the course of the winter, thereby furnishing him a supply of the best kind early in the Spring. In the fall of the year, just before the ground closes up, he gathers all the cabbages which have not headed, together. He then digs a trench eighteen inches or more deep, and of sufficient width to admit the cabbages. He then closes the leaves together by hand, winding a wisp of straw or something else around them to keep them together; and then puts them into this trench, with heads down and roots up. He then packs straw or leaves, and earth snug about them, and rounds up the earth over them. The trench should be dug in a place where the water of the rains and the snows run off and will not stand about them. A board, or a couple of boards nailed together in the form of a roof and put over the mound, may be useful.

In the spring of the year open your trench and you will find that your cabbages are all headed firmly together, and if the water has not got in, will be solid and hard. We once tried a few heads formed in this way which were very nice. By following this plan, we not only preserve the cabbages well during the winter, but save much of the crop which is considered worthless but a trifle.—Maine Farmer.

WIRE FENCES.—Wire fences are now made and highly approved in Scotland.—Five wires are used with an oak post, costing about two 2-2 cents per yard. The top wire is No. 8, and the others No. 5.—This fence is said to be cheaper than one of boards, or posts and rails. As iron wire is becoming cheap and abundant in this country, we have no doubt it will be used extensively in this way in our Atlantic cities and states.

Horse-Radish.—A paper states that it is easy to have a supply of horse-radish all winter. "Have a quantity grated while the root is in perfection, put it in a bottle, fill it with vinegar and keep it corked tight." Nothing easier, provided the keeping it corked tightly is attended to.

ROOTS '77. HAY.

The following extracts are from a Report made to the Massachusetts Agricultural Society by the Messrs. Colt, of Pittsfield, Berkshire county. We would solicit the candid attention of our agricultural friends to the facts detailed, as they seem to exhibit, in a most striking light, the advantage of substituting roots for hay in feeding neat stock. The writer says:—"My stock now consists of 1000 sheep, 8 young oxen, 6 cows, 1 pair of horses, and a single horse. I have raised this season, for the use of my stock, 5,644 bushels of vegetables, and all to be grated and fed out with cut straw, the cattle constantly, the sheep one feed per day, which seems to be a necessary food in our long cold winters. It keeps them in health and also in flesh. As to the respective value of the vegetable feed, the following statement will perhaps best exhibit. I have commenced feeding, and shall continue to feed—

Fourteen head of horned cattle with twenty pounds of cut straw each per day, four cents for each twenty pounds, 56 cents.—Also, to 8 pounds of grated roots, mix with straw, three cents, 42 cents. And now allow one hundred and fifty days for the season of feeding at ninety-eight cents, \$147. The same stock would require 20 pounds of hay each, per day; for 150 days, they would consume 42,000 pounds, equal to 21 tons; at the moderate price of \$10 per ton, \$210; and I am sure the stock will appear far better at the opening of the spring.—You will perceive that the respective value of roots for food is six cents per bushel, while hay is at ten, and straw at four. It may be said that there is some cost in preparing food, but this is more than compensated, if properly done, by the extra quantity of manure made. Thus it appears that mixed straw and roots afford a larger amount of nutriment, in the above proportions, than the same amount of hay, and at a much less cost. It is believed that fifteen tons of roots—that is of ruta baga or mangold wurtzel, is a moderate crop, per acre, while the hay crop, taking the farms in general, will in all probability fall considerably short of an average of two tons."

The statements, above presented, are worthy of attention on several accounts.—In the first place, a farmer will raise twenty tons of roots, providing the circumstances of soil and season favor the enterprise, with more ease than he can cut the same amount of hay. In the second place, the roots will enable him to appropriate, profitably, a large amount of straw and other fodder, which might otherwise be of no value, while his manure heaps will be augmented in no inconsiderable degree, both in quantity and extent. The business of cultivating roots for stock, with the exception of the potato, to which our soil and climate are admirably adapted, is one in which our farmers should embark with caution.—Maine Cultivator.

THE TREATMENT OF HORSES.

WHERE a horse shys or shears at some unaccustomed object, which all young horses will do, never speak sharply, or worse than that strike him, if you would avoid his starting the next time he sees the same same or a similar object. Almost any horse may be brought to a confirmed habit of shying by such treatment.—What should be done then? Check him to a walk; get him to see the object, and he will take little or no notice of it.

If a horse stumbles or trips it is a common practice to strike him for that. This will not mend his habit of tripping or stumbling, but will add to it, if he has spirit, that of springing forward with dangerous quickness, whenever it occurs he will expect the lash as a matter of course. The remedy, if it may be called one, is to keep an eye upon the road, and where from stones or unevenness the falling is apprehended, tighten the reign and enliven the horse, but never strike him after the accident.

As you would save the strength and wind of your horse drive slow up the hill, and as you would save his limbs and your own drive slowly down hill.

Never wash off your horse with cold water when he is hot, or let him drink freely in that state. If the water is quite warm it will not hurt him.

Do not permit the smith when he shoes your horse to cut any portion of the soft part or what is called the frog of the foot. This is apt gradually to draw in the quarters of the hoof and cripple the animal—and is recommended only by the smooth appearance it gives to the bottom of the hoof, which is more apt to catch a round stone in the crook of the shoe than otherwise.

Do not feed with grain, especially corn, when a horse is warm or very much fatigued; if you do you may founder and ruin him.

If you want your horse to last and your carriage also, drive slow.

Do not keep a horse too fat, or too lean, as either disqualifies him for hard labor. The more kindness and good temper extended to a horse the better he will behave in return. Bad temper and bad habits are generally from bad usage.

Farmers' Monthly Visitor.

To take Stains out of Silk.—Gather in a phial, two ounces of lemon and once ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silks, rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the above composition.

The mechanic who is ashamed of his flock, is himself a shame in his profession.