The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1868.

Contributed to the Sunday Crescent.]

## I Always Was a Lonely Thing.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE LATE HON. FRANKLIN SAWYER, JR.

I always was a lonely thing,
And yet I know not why—
My mother used to fondle me,
And beg I would not cry;
My father, too, would take me up
And kiss the tear away.
Then call me his best little girl
And bid me go and play;
But still I could not feel like those
Who laugh when *all* is gone,
For, spite of me, the tears *would* fall—
And *then*—I felt alone.

I had a little brother, too,
On whom my heart was set;
Who, when full oft in summer time,
The morning flowers were wet,
And birds were happy in the trees
High up above the dew,
Before the sun came stealing down
With his rich, golden hue—
Would take me by the hand and speak
His love in *such* a tone,
That none but a poor, simple girl
*Could* feel she was alone.

We'd ramble from our father's house
Out through the narrow lane,
Then, up into the green oak grove
That looks upon the plain,
To where the gelid fountain sports
All through the live long day,
And gives its music to the night,
And to pale Luna's ray;
And on the pebbly bed that with
Its own bright beauties shone,
We'd sit and gaze—'twas then I felt
That I was *all* alone.

Youth passed with me—and as it passed,
The cloud, that first hung light,
Soon gathered darkness in its path,
And settled down in night;
The stars that glimmered through the gloom,
All, one by one, went out,
And cold and melancholy then
Was everything about.
My father, mother, brother—all
To the damp grave had gone
And I was left—but *not* to feel
That I was *all* alone.

A beam more bright than earth can give,
Flashed from the upper heaven,
And burst upon a soul that long
With its own grief had striven;
And in a voice so soft, so sweet,
So eloquent with love,
So like the tones that fall from Him
Whom seraphs praise above,
The whispered invitation came,
That I were *more* than *stone*
Not to confess I do not feel,
That I am *now* alone.

## Mr. Pendleton.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.]

CINCINNATI, June 8, 1868.

"Mr. Pendleton?"

"That's my name, sir. Walk in. Take a seat."

The inquiry was mine. The response was that of Mr. George H. Pendleton Democratic candidate for the vice presidency in 1864 and an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for president at the New York convention next month. He was seated at his desk and had suspended writing a letter to answer the inquiry which I addressed him from the threshold of his law office, a plainly but substantially furnished apartment, about twelve by twelve in size, situated in a Jauncey court of law chambers on Third street, in this city. Waving me to the proffered seat with a genial smile which made me feel at home with him, on the instant, he wished to know what he could do for me. The brief interval which had elapsed to this moment was sufficient to give me an opportunity of perceiving that he is a man of about forty-two years of age, and possessed of a manner which readily accounts for his personal popularity. His face seemed not at all strange; it was even familiar, though I had never seen him before. The person who makes his acquaintance hereafter will recognize the truth of this observation; his face is one of the kind that haunts the mind with the impression that it has been somewhere seen before, though for what reason the spectator will be at a loss to conceive.

In hight Mr. Pendleton is a little above the medium, the excess being unnoticeable from a very slight tendency to *embonpoint*. Not that he is stout or portly. The best description of him would be to say that he is very hearty, with a full robust figure. He is proportionately well built, and by the ladies would be deemed a handsome man; dark, though not black hair covers a large, finely formed head; mustache and whiskers, worn in the prevailing style, (the latter slightly sprinkled with gray, both inclined to be curly, and with a fineness and silkiness indicative of elegance of temperament,) surround a face which seems to perpetually wear the winning smile above referred to. A suit of black and dark blue completes the picture of the candidate whom the West is pressing so strenuously for the Democratic nomination.

Despite the public notoriety which Mr. Pendleton has achieved, he is steadily and earnestly devoted to the business of his profession, and it is a wonder how he has contrived to get time from his private duties to transact the public business which has made him so famous in the West. He resides in the country, outside the city of Cincinnati, coming in every morning to his office and desk, where, or in court, he labors industriously all day, until the hour for his return to his suburban home. No doubt a great deal of his success is due to the efforts of his friends, whose number is legion, and whom he has united to himself by the peculiar magnetism of his character. What he has been quick to conceive in politics, they have been as quick to execute in his interests. They are bound to him by a tie which it would seem impossible to sever. Their devotion to him is of the warmest kind, and he has become their leader without any apparent effort on his part. The details of any policy of his origination they have delighted to carry out. The understanding between man and party is of the most harmonious kind. I give these particulars concerning Mr. Pendleton because he is not known at the East, and especially as he will doubtless prove one of the most prominent candidates in the convention of July 4.

I made known my business without any circumlocution. The smile of interest changed to one of surprise. That a person should travel nearly nine hundred miles to hold a conversation with him was something a little out of the routine of matters coming within the range of his daily observation. Had I been a politician, even, from New York, to make a bargain regarding the nomination, it would have been surprising enough, particularly as the object might be attained just as well by letter. He had no objection—none whatever, he said—to talk with me upon political topics, but "did I want to print the conversation?" I explained that such was my wish, as the natural sequence of the interview, and as a part of the business which had brought me to see him.

Had Mr. Pendleton been a tortoise, I have no doubt that at this moment he would have rendered himself totally invisible to me excepting his shell. As he is not a tortoise, such a piece of zoological strategy was impossible. He did something approaching to it in the human way, however. The smile of welcome, which had changed to one of surprise as I told my mission, had now changed to one of startled appehension.

"As a friend, sir, I shall be happy to converse freely with you on any and all political subjects, but I will not do so for the sake of having it printed. These conversations between correspondents and public men are very ridiculous—very ridiculous."

And move him from this determination I could not. It was in vain that I plied every argument I was capable of. He was unalterable in his decision.

"No, sir, I could not think of it. Such a thing would do no good. Not that I have anything to conceal. My sentiments are well known. There is nothing I have to conceal. I will tell you everything in a private way, if you promise not to print it."

Of course, such a promise was out of the question. Not despairing yet, I exerted every artifice within my capacity and employed every weapon in my reportorial storehouse to induce a change of his decision. It was of no avail.

"I have no objection to telling you all I think," he continued, "but I do not wish to have a conversation with three or four hundred thousand readers of the Herald before breakfast."

The old smile came back to his face, and the conversation turned upon the weather or some equally interesting and important topic. This record of the interview, while serving to show Mr. Pendleton's sensitiveness and deep-rooted conviction of the ridiculousness of holding a conversation on political subjects for the benefit of the community, will also illustrate the difficulties under which a correspondent sometimes labors, and will convince the reader that a correspondent's duties are not always *couleur de rose*.

## "Confederate Times."

A SOUTH CAROLINA FAMILY DURING THE WAR.

The following letter from a young South Carolina lady contains some interesting particulars of the life of women and children in the Southern States during the war:

"Making cake we enjoyed hugely, inasmuch as we had not tasted cake all the time we were away at school, except on Christmas night.

"What we made was only common ginger cake, to be sure, for our only material in the way of sweetening was the sorghum which was then coming into use, of which my mother had a few gallons, and upon a prospective crop of which she greatly prided herself; for sugar, even common brown, was at that time ten dollars a pound, and everybody knows how little there is in a pound of sugar. Perhaps, after all, things are pretty evenly balanced, for I don't think anything ever tasted better than that same Confederate ginger cake—indeed, I am sure nothing ever was better.

"But human nature is progressive, and as soon as the novelty of the ginger-cake was over, we fell to thinking what else that was good could be manufactured from the resources at our command. The housekeepers of the neighborhood were about this time much exercised with regard to a late invention called Confederate fruit cake, introduced by I know not whom, but the author of which was acknowledged by all to be a person of superior genius. Instead of currents dried blackberries were substituted, in which the country abounded, and of which my mother, not having been sufficiently provident to have a stock ready prepared, a neighbor more up to the times generously presented us with a small bag full. The other ingredients were dried apples and peaches cut up fine, and the whole being made after the manner of orthodox fruit cake—sorghum again taking the place of sugar—was pronounced by all to be very good.

A PARTY.

"There was another thing, too, which we used to make—that is, Lucy made it and took great pride therein—that was Confederate custard.

"The manufacture of Confederate cake and custard being finally reduced to a scientific state of perfection, Lucy talked my mother into the idea of giving a little party—these being the principal dishes wherewith the company should be regaled. Tea and coffee being previously served, the whole would, we felt assured, be considered a handsome entertainment, even by the most fastidious, and so it came to pass.

MAKING GLOVES.

"But it was not altogether in experiments in cookery that we employed ourselves. As may be imagined, we wanted various things, and there being little of the wherewith to supply them, our mental activity traveled out in various directions, and suggested all manner of things we had never thought of before. There were gloves, for instance; we were obliged to have gloves, and what were we to do to get them? A kid glove was a rarity, and only worn by one or two persons related to blockade-runners, and were, therefore, not very popular. So we thought and thought about it, and I don't know which one of us hit upon the idea; but once having been suggested, it was immediately acted upon. In good times my mother used to wear silk stockings, and of these departed days some relics remained; among others, a couple of pairs perfectly new. These could be ripped up, the thread wound upon a ball, then doubled, then hanked, then died, then twisted upon a spinning wheel (spinning wheels, I may say, *en passant*, were quite the rage,) then wound into balls, and finally knit into gloves. This was a pretty slow process, to be sure, but it was very willingly gone through with, and brought to a triumphant issue by the production of two pairs of silk gloves, which really did look very pretty. Of this I am sure, that Jane looked quite jealous when she saw them, and compared them with her own, which were cotton. Another device, too, in regard to gloves, was at that time in vogue, which was to take bits of black silk, the older the better, ravel them entirely out, and mix these ravelings with cotton, have it spun, doubled and twisted, and then it was ready for knitting, and made gloves which were both soft and warm. Ours were particularly so, for my aunt Sophie, who lived in the low country, had sent us a pound or two of Sea Island cotton, which was far superior to that which was grown in the neighborhood.

"The only objection to these various domestic manufactures was that one heard too much of them. Before the war, in addition to the usual variety of gossip, and the narration of varied triumphs obtained over storekeepers, (between whom and elderly ladies there seems to exist an instinctive hostility,) it used to be the misdemeanors of Scipio, Cæsar, Pompey, Hannibal, Tom, John, Dick and Harry, the various waiting-men. All these things I used to listen to *ad nauseam*, and privately resolved that when I grew up I would board; but now it was homespun, homespun, homespun, till I never wanted to hear of homespun again; or it was factory-yarn and salt and provisions, till I used to wish a hundred times that people were not obliged either to eat, or, worst of all, wear clothes. Unfortunately there were no weddings to talk about—for nobody got married. The young men were at the war, and, of course, in their absence weddings were impossibilities; so the only thing to be done was to bear them in mind, knit socks and make shirts for them, and remember them in my prayers.

SORGHUM.

"Speaking of topics of conversation reminds me of how all the neighbors used to talk of their crops of sorghum, which were now in a state of progress. The year before only a few of the more adventurous spirits had embarked in the enterprise of its cultivation, and the success of their efforts was rewarded by the admiration of the neighboring planters and farmers, who, after giving directions for the day, were wont to unite themselves in village conclaves upon boxes and benches placed for their accommodation, in shady spots during summer, and sunny ones in winter; and what was more to the purpose, they had the satisfaction of extorting heavy prices from their less energetic associates. By these assemblies, whose *fiat* was generally conclusive, sorghum had long ago been voted a success, and crops were planted by everybody, including even my brother-in-law, Mr. Jones, who, when the matter was undecided, ventured not upon an opinion, being afraid to advocate, prophesy or oppose anything, remembering that he had advocated secession, and now things were going badly, especially as the expectation was that the men from forty to fifty would be drafted next, which last touched him sensibly; therefore, when any doubtful matter was broached he now made it a rule to look down and say nothing, whereupon persons not well acquainted with him might suppose him to be thinking deeply. Even he had a crop of sorghum, and my mother, being a woman of character, had one too, of course.

"And now, as fall drew on, such a time as everybody had getting mills, for everybody wanted one at the same time, and to make them there were only the usual supply of country carpenters—not even the usual supply, for some had gone to the war. There were a good many negro carpenters, though. At last our mill was done, and the first day it began to work was a day of great excitement to all, from my mother down to the little negroes who had been sucking sugar cane from morning till night for a week past; and now that the mill had begun to work, they all looked forward to a taste of molasses by evening, and an indefinite amount of scum in the meantime, as it should rise from the boiling pot. Everybody collected—even I, literary and absent-minded as I am. The cane was put in, the horses started off, and the mill began to grind.

THE SORGHUM MILL.

"I have put off giving any description of the mill, feeling a secret consciousness of my inability thereto, for I know nothing of machinery, nor indeed ever expect to. I remember well enough, though, that the first things set up were two upright posts connected by a cross-beam at the top. Between these posts were fixed two revolving cylinders side by side, between which as they turned the cane was mashed. In some way a horizontal beam or something of the sort was attached to these and to that a pair of horses. These were driven by a negro boy, who sat upon the beam in a state of high delight, while another of sedate and careful disposition undertook the office of putting in the cane, caution being requisite, as there was danger of the hand being caught together with the cane in the revolving cylinders. So much for the mill; near by stood the furnace. This consisted of a low, narrow structure of brick or stone, in which was fixed the boiler, which was made of poplar wood—the sides, that is, for the bottom was a sheet of iron, which, being thin, was quickly heated, the wooden sides being imbedded in the stone work, so that there was no danger of ignition. The sides, too, sloped outwards, so that it was much larger at the top than at the bottom. Beside this was another pot, the largest which the kitchen could furnish; this was also fastened in, and a little chimney was built at the end opposite the mouth of the furnace for the escape of the smoke. I know of nothing further in regard to our mill and furnace, and am in serious doubt whether what I have said is not incomprehensible. I have done my best however, and no one can do any more.

"Well, as I have said, everybody collected, the cane was put in, the horses started off, the mill began to grind and the juice began to flow. Just a little at first, for not more than a few stalks at a time could be put between the rollers. These being soon exhausted were flung upon one side and fresh ones substituted; thus the dripping of juice, if not in a very large stream, was continual. In process of time the tub began to fill. In the meanwhile the fire in the oven had been built, as soon as the tub was filled it was emptied into the pot, and things were now fully under way. It was discovered, ere long, however, to be much better to wait until a sufficient quantity of juice was obtained to fill the pot before setting it to boil, as in that case the whole was equally done and the flavor superior. One or two persons had iron mills, which were, of course, vastly superior, and these individuals made handsomely by grinding the cane of their neighbors on shares.

"If any of us had been afflicted with weak nerves we should have been seriously incommoded by the squeaking and squealing of our mill, but indeed all the mills squeaked and squealed, so there was no use complaining, for as a worthy farmer who on riding by heard the noise of ours, and came in, *sans ceremonie*, for 'a dish o' chat,' said, 'I heers em a squealin' wharever I go.'

"This matter of boiling molasses, however, was a troublesome business, for it was necessary that some one of intelligence should superintend matters. Negroes, however well intentioned, could not be relied upon where continued watchfulness was requisite, and this being the case Lucy and my mother shared the work between them. The presence and supervision of the overseer was necessary in the fields, and the syrup my mother undertook to manage with the aid of the house servants and those about the yard. In my abilities no confidence was placed, and I was therefore excluded ignominiously from all responsibility. Occasionally the syrup 'would not come;' it could not be left, and in that case I have known my mother or Lucy to remain watching till one or two o'clock at night. By ten, 'the mill,' which was throughout the day the center of attraction, was completely deserted, save by one of them, Lewis or Ben also remaining, for it required a man's strength to lift and thrust in the long, heavy logs of wood. As the night waned, whichever one it might be would be apt to stretch himself full length upon the ground and sleep as Africans only can; now and then, as the fire would need replenishing, Lucy or my mother, as the case might be, would awaken the dusky slumberer, and when all was done, the strong, brawny arms would empty the boiling contents and convey them safely to the store-room.

"My mother had cared for her servants with a care which was maternal in its character. She had tended them in sickness and prayed beside their deathbeds. In the exercise of discipline, sometimes even of severity, she looked down upon them with affectionate solicitude; they in turn looked up to her, sometimes, perhaps in a moment of rebellion, with a passing sentiment in which there was a mingling of hate. But these, however, were temporary and occasional, and found no abiding place; their accustomed state of mind towards her was one of respect and deep affection. The truth of this was fully tested no great length of time after, when we were, so to speak, wholly in their power, when, during the wide-spread convulsions attendent upon the death-throes of our cause, when old things had suddenly become new, when tauntings and bitter words could with impunity have been spoken, when the bands of all authority were suddenly, and, as they knew, completely broken, not one among them, even for a moment, caused us to feel the change.

"I do not exaggerate when I say that there was in the demeanor of these ignorant and uneducated creatures an exquisite delicacy which in deed and truth brought us nearer than before. Without an exception, they came as before to receive their orders and directions; orders which they knew themselves to be at full liberty to disobey. And this without the slightest expectation of reward, or for hire, for wages they neither received nor asked. They knew that we had no money to pay them; upon the other hand, they had no home to go to, nor bread to eat. And thus for the lapse of some months all went on as usual. We were served in the usual way, and they received their alloted portions.

"During this time one of the negro women wished to marry, and hitherto the consent of the respective owners had been a preliminary step in the adjustment of these matters. Martha came as she would have done six months before, and asked permission to marry, and this was not hypocrisy on her part, a delicacy of perception, which was beautiful and touching, prompted her so to do. And still more strongly was this manifested upon the occasion of my sister Lucy's wedding, for she was married in troublous times."

## Three Meetings.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Oh, the happy meeting from over the sea;
When I love my friend and my friend loves me,
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half strange,
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be—
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh, the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom faith has done all that faith could do,
And then dropped conquered; while over those slain
Dead years of anguish, parting and pain,
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air;
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But, oh, for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay;
When the standers by, with a pitying sign,
Shall softly cover this face of mine.
And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?
But outward, onward, as spirits must go;
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

## The Mondays of the Empress.

[Paris Correspondence of the Boston Post.]

These Monday receptions are divested of much of the formality, and a greater intimacy obtains than at any of the ceremonious entertainments of the Tuileries. The foreign ambassadors and two secretaries from each legation, the French marshals, admirals and great dignitaries of the empire, figure upon the list of the invited, which is supervised by the empress herself. Of those only who have been presented at court, strangers; French men of letters, artists, etc., that list is also formed, and at 10 o'clock the guests alight at the pavilion of l'Horloge, and, entering, take the staircase to the left, that to the right being the one of great occasions. *Huissiers* and *valets de pied* line the way and at the door of the hall a card is demanded. In former years dancing took place in a smaller saloon depending from the *petits appartements* of her majesty; but this year, owing to the much lengthened list of those bidden, it is in the *salle des maréchaux* that one finds the band of Strauss perched in the gallery, and the emperor and empress make their appearance only when the hall is nearly filled.

About the sides of this *salle des maréchaux*, superb with historical paintings, and Gobelins tapestry, are ranged sofas three or four deep, and on these, away behind, one sometimes perceives spectators standing. The number present rarely exceeds one thousand or twelve hundred people—enough at all events for their majesties, who, upon entering, are overwhelmed by the greetings of their visitors. The empress is generally of simple toilette—the emperor in evening dress, and an air of affable courtesy prevails which is foreign to state balls at the palace. The dancing commenced, the emperor wanders about the rooms, the polite and simple host; whilst in another saloon, a sort of sanctuary that, surrounding the empress, is a distinguished circle, and often one sees there Auber, Dumas *fils*, Nigra, the Princess Metternich, the Duchess of Mouchy, the Countess of Pourtalès, and *savans*, artists and others of rank and distinction. With such conversational talent as many of the above possess, wit and humor are not wanting, with beauty and amiability, to render altogether charming this little *salon* in opal gray, where, amid flowers, bronzes, works of art and magnificent tapestry the empress holds a delightful *petite cour*. Many a man has made his reputation there as *causeur* or *bel esprit*, the Count de Salms, the Prussian secretary, for one, and Dumas *fils* another, who owe much to the quick and friendly appreciation of the empress and Princess Metternich. The emperor, leaving the card room, ordinarily enters the sanctuary of the empress about midnight, when supper is announced, and all pass into the *salle de Deane*, where the collation is partaken of upright. During the supper the emperor and empress withdraw, and after it the great leaders of the German reign in glory, M. d'Apponyi, nephew of the Austrian ambassador, the Count Hoyos, and the Marquis de Caux are the most distinguished ones, though other young gentlemen owe not a little of their political advancement to a perfect step displayed at the *bals intimes* of Eugenie.

A child whose religious training had been constrained and somber, asked her mother one day: "Mother! do there be any Sundays up in Heaven?" The shocked mother replied severely: "Any Sundays? Why, Heaven is one everlasting Sunday." Who can tell what impious caricature of the City of God was painted by that single stroke before the child's vision? After pondering it some time in the light of memory, in ominous silence, she at last sobbed out: "O mother! Do—Don't you think that if I was just as good as I could be all the week, after I got up there, that may be He'd let me go down to hell, and play a little while, Saturday afternoon?"

## Grass.

[From Our Young Folks.]

Out in the fields to walk,
Hearing the grasses talk,
In the sweet month of June!
These are the words they say,
As in low whispers they
Speak tarough the silence of noon:

"Sunbeams, come lie on me;
Rain, here is room for thee;
Clouds, here your shadow may rest;
Wind, you may rustle through;
Cow, here is food for you;
Horse, come and roll on my breast.

"Ground-bird, come here and see
How you can nest with me;
Child, run about me and play.
Strong man, with cheek so brown,
Here come and cut me down,
Toss me and turn me to hay.

"Fill high the farmer's loft;
Then go and gather oft
Fodder for cattle at night;
Take all you need of me;
I'll not live selfishly,
Not for my own delight.

"Grasshopper, butterfly,
Bees, that with 'honeyed thigh'
Ever on busy wing rove,
Born of one parent we,
All of one family,
Linked to each other in love.

"Golden-hued buttercup,
Over me glancing up,
By the light summer breeze wooed,
You, too, shall share with me
This happy destiny,
Born to be useful and good.

"So shall the early spring,
Life to our bosoms bring,
Verdure and beauty restore;
Then, taking heed of us,
All who have need of us
Welcome shall be as before."

## What to Eat.

[From the Philosophy of Eating, by Dr. Bellows.]

The author gives the following classification of food:

First—Carbonates: that class which supplies the lungs with fuel, and thus furnishes heat to the system, and supplies fat or adipose substances.

Second—Nitrates: that class which supplies the waste of muscles.

Third—Phosphates: that class which supplies the bones, the brains, and the nerves, and gives vital power both muscular and mental.

We subjoin a portion of one of the many valuable and instructive tables in the volume, exhibiting an analysis of different kinds of food in their natural state:

| | Nitrates. | Carbonates. | Phosphates. | Water. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat | 15 | 69.8 | 1.6 | 14 |
| Barley | 17 | 69.5 | 3.5 | 14 |
| Oats | 17 | 66.4 | 3 | 13.6 |
| Northern Corn | 12 | 73 | 1 | 14 |
| Southern Corn | 35 | 45 | 3 | 14 |
| Buckwheat | 8.6 | 75.4 | 1.8 | 14.2 |
| Beans | 24 | 57.7 | 3.5 | 14.8 |
| Rice | 6.5 | 79.5 | .5 | 13.5 |
| Potatoes | 2.4 | 22.5 | .9 | 73.2 |
| Sweet Potatoes | 1.5 | 26.5 | 2.6 | 67.5 |
| Parsnips | 1.2 | 7 | 1 | 82 |
| Turnips | 1.1 | 4 | .5 | 93.5 |
| Cabbage | 4 | 5 | 1 | 90 |
| Cucumbers | 1.5 | 1 | .5 | 97 |
| Apples | 6 | 10 | 1 | 83 |
| Milk of cow | 5 | 8 | 1 | 86 |
| Veal | 16 | 16.5 | 4.5 | 62.6 |
| Beef | 15 | 30 | 5 | 50 |
| Lamb | 11 | 35 | 3.5 | 50 |
| Mutton | 12.5 | 40 | 4.5 | 44 |
| Pork | 10 | 50 | 1.5 | 38 |
| Chicken | 20 | 35 | 4.5 | 73 |

The author speaks as follows of the daily amount of food necessary for man:

Animals have been fed on pure starch, or sugar or fat alone, and they gradually pined away and died; and the nitrates in all the fine flour bread which the animal can eat, will not sustain life beyond fifty days; but others fed on unbolted flour bread would continue to thrive for an indefinite period. It is immaterial whether the general quantity of food be reduced too low, or whether either of the muscle-making or heat-producing principles be withdrawn while the other is fully supplied. In either case the effect will be the same. The animal will become weak, dwindle away and die sooner or later, according to the deficiency; and if food is eaten which is deficient in either principle, the appetite will demand it in quantity till the deficient element is supplied. All the food, beyond the amount necessary to supply the principle that is not deficient, is not only wasted, but burdens the system with efforts to dispose of it. Food, therefore, containing the right proportion of heaters and muscle-makers is not only best, but most economical.

In Boston, and probably in all American cities, a large part of the expenses of the table are for butter, superfine flour and sugar, neither of which contains enough of the muscle or brain feeding element to sustain life for fifty days, as has been proved with flour, while butter and sugar would not sustain life a single month without other food. As far as we have articles of food deficient in carbonates, we can use, without loss, butter or sugar to supply the deficiency; but most of our national food, both animal and vegetable, contains a due proportion, and if with them we use butter and sugar, they cannot be appropriated by the system, and are therefore lost. All meats, fat and lean together, all grain and milk, contain all the carbonates that are needed, or can be used to furnish heat in moderate weather. All the butter or sugar, therefore, that is added to either articles of food as they are used, in making cakes, custards, pies, etc., are not lost, but by adding too much fuel increase the tendency to inflammations, embarrass the stomach and induce dyspepsia, congestions, obstructions, etc.

With beefsteak, or any other lean meats, or fish, or potatoes, or any green vegetables, or fried beans, or peas, some oily substance seems to be needed, as all these articles are deficient in carbon, and in common use we have the choice between lard, sweet oil, or butter, or perhaps fat pork, all of which are precisely alike in chemical construction, and that one is most wholesome which is best relished.

Sugar is needed with the acid fruits and berries, and especially with apples, which in New England are the most valuable of all fruits, either with or without cooking, and which, with sugar, furnish excellent food, especially in winter and spring, when other fruit cannot be had.

But to find a good use for superfine flour, out of which has been taken nine tenths of its food for muscle or brains, is exceedingly difficult, indeed, impossible in health; and it can only be useful in disease when the irritability of the stomach or bowels forbids the use of their natural stimulant, just as inflammation of the eye makes it necessary to exclude the light.

The Doctor's recipe for making natural bread is as follows: "Bread, light, sweet, delicious, and eminently wholesome, may be made by mixing good unbolted wheat meal with cold water, or milk if preferred, making a paste of proper consistence, which can only be determined by experimen., pouring or dropping it quickly into a heated pan, and placing it quickly in a hot oven, and baking it as soon as possible without burning. The heat of the oven and pan suddenly coagulates the gluten of the outside, which retains the steam formed within, and each particle of water being interspersed with a particle of flour, and expanded into steam, separates the particles into cells, and being retained by the gluten, which is abundant in this natural flour, till it is cooked, the mass remains porous and digestible, and containing no carbonic acid gas, is wholesome when eaten immediately, and, of course, equallyso on becoming cold."

OUR NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—The Hon. Reverdy Johnson was born in Annapolis, Md., May 12, 1796. He received his education at St. John's College, in that city, and at the age of seventeen began to study law in his father's office in Prince George's county. In 1815 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1817 he moved to Baltimore, where he has since resided. His first appointment was that of State attorney. He was appointed in 1820 chief commissioner of insolvent debtors, which office he held until 1827, when he was elected to the State Senate, where he served two years, was re-elected, but resigned in the second year of that term. In 1845 he was chosen United States senator, and remained in the Senate until 1849, when he resigned to accept the post of attorney general of the United States, conferred on him by President Taylor. He devoted much time to his profession, practising chiefly in the United States Supreme Court. In conjunction with Mr. Thomas Harris, he reported seven volumes of the decisions of the Maryland Court of Appeals, known as "Harris' and Johnson's Reports," the first volume of which appeared in 1820, and the seventh in 1827. He was a delegate to the peace congress in 1861. He was again elected in 1861 a senator to Congress from his native State, for the term beginning March, 1863, and ending in 1869. He served on the library committee, on the judiciary, and on foreign relations, and also on the special joint committee on reconstruction. Mr. Johnson was one of the senators designated by the Senate to attend the funeral of General Scott, in 1866.

Never open oysters with your fingers. It is apt to tickle the oyster and put it into convulsions. An oyster in convulsions will generally collapse, and in this condition is unfit for food.

## IN BANKRUPTCY.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE R. W. OGDEN, individually, and as a member of the firm of Cusachs & Ogden—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 4, 1868. This is to give notice that on the second day of June, A. D. 1868, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of R. W. Ogden, individually, and as a member of the firm of Cusachs & Ogden, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be held at the Custom House building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.
No. 863. F. J. HERRON,
je9 3j3 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF J. D. DAMERON and H. P. Bonneval, individually, and as members of the firm of J. D. Dameron & Co—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 8, 1868. This is to give notice that on the 6th day of June, A. D. 1868, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of J. D. Dameron and H. P. Bonneval individually and as members of the firm of J. D. Dameron & Co., of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who have been adjudged bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts to them or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupts, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of their estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom House Building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 27th day of June, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.
No. 868. F. J. HERRON,
je9 27 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY — ESTATE OF JACOB Samuel—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 5th, 1868. This is to give notice that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1868, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Jacob Samuel, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom House Building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. G. Pitkin, Register, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.
No. 851. F. J. HERRON,
U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF JOHN CARden Stewart—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 8, 1868. This is to give notice that on the 6th day of June, A. D. 1868, a Warrant in Bankruptcy, was issued against the Estate of John Carden Stewart, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans, and state of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom House Building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.
No. 860. F. J. HERRON,
je9 3j3 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF WILLIAM D. Hardeman—United States Marshal's Office District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 8, 1868. This is to give notice that on the 6th day of June A. D. 1868, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Wm. D. Hardeman, of Lake Providence, in the parish of Carroll, and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom House Building, in the city of New Orleans, La., before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 3d day of July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.
No. 863. F. J. HERRON,
je9 3j3 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF AARON Hirsch, individually, and as a member of the firm of Hirsch & Adler—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans June 8, 1868. This is to give notice that on the 5th day of June, 1868, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Aaron Hirsch individually, and as a member of the firm of Hirsch & Adler, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Customhouse building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 3d day of July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.
No. 864. F. J. HERRON,
je9 3j3 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF ROBERT Bloomer individually, and as a member of the firms of Bloomer & Holmes, D. A. Holmes, and S. P. Griffin & Co.—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 8 1868—This is to give notice that on the 6th day of June, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Robert Bloomer, individually, and as a member of the firms of Bloomer & Holmes, D. A. Holmes, and S. P. Griffin & Co., of New Orleans, in the Parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom House Building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.
No. 861. F. J. HERRON,
je9 3j3 U. S. Marshal District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF JOHN Clement Morantini—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 19th, 1868. This is to give notice that on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1868, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of John Clement Morantini, of Cotile Postoffice, in the parish of Rapides, and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Customhouse building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.
No. 892 F. J. HERRON,
je20 3j3 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF HOMER H. Smith, individually and as a member of the firm of S. Smith & Sons—No. 863, United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 17, 1868.—This is to give notice that on the 17th day of June, A. D. 1868, a warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Homer H. Smith individually and as a member of the firm of S. Smith & Sons of Franklin, in the parish of St. Mary, and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom House Building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the 6th day or July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal,
je18 3j3 District Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF W. J. Q. Baker—United States Marshal's Office District of Louisiana, New Orleans June