Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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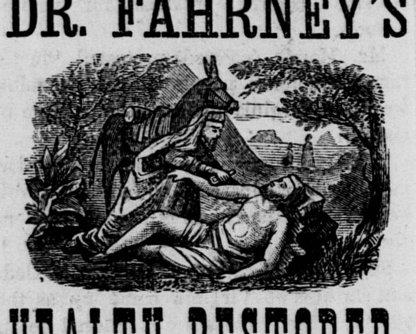

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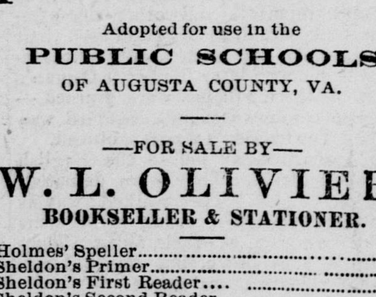

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POETRY.

THE DIMPLE ON HER CHEEK.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Within a nest of roses,
Half hidden from the sight,
Until a smile discloses
Its loveliness aright,
Behold the work of Cupid,
Who wrought it in a freak,
The witching little dimple—
The dimple on her cheek!

The Sirens' lays and glances
To lure the sailor nigh;
The perilous romances
Of fabled Lorelie,
And all the spells of Circe
Are reft of charm and weak
Beside the dainty dimple—
The dimple on her cheek!

Were these the golden ages
Of knights and troubadours,
Who brighten olden pages
With tourneys and amours,
What lances would be broken,
What silver lutes would speak,
In honor of the dimple—
The dimple on her cheek!
—*The Manhattan.*

YOU KNOW YOU DO.

When some one's step comes up the walk
Your cheeks take on a rosier hue,
And though no other hears his knock,
You hear it well—you know you do.

And though it may be very wrong,
When Pa is quite ignored by you,
You sing for him your sweetest song,
You cunning thing—you know you do!

And when he talks of other girls,
Of hateful Kate and Jennie, too,
You fling at him your auburn curls,
You jealous thing—you know you do!

He blushes deep and looks afraid,
To be thus left alone with you,
But your eyes tell there ne'er was maid,
But could be wooed—you know you do!

You peep at some one 'neath your curls,
Until with love you burn him through,
And make him hate all other girls—
In love for you—you know you do!

And when his arm steals round your chair
You give a smothered scream or two,
As if you didn't want it there.
But O, you do—you know you do!

You let kim kiss your blushing cheeks.
Somehow your lips meet his lips too,
You tempt him, silly thing, to speak,
You wicked flirt—you know you do!

And when he timidly doth press
His wish to make a wife of you,
With happy heart you answer yes,
You darling girl—you know you do!

MUSIC OF THE MILL WHEEL.

BY A. WARNER.

The miller sat at his open door,
And, as he heard the sound—
The merry sound of the mossy wheel,
As it went round and round—
He sang to himself in a fit of glee,
"Oh, that is the music that's sweet to me!"

And the mill-wheel played in his ears all day,
And filled his soul with song;
And he never groaned, and he never cared,
If the day was short or long;
For the merry tones that the mill wheel told,
To the miller's coffers brought much gold.

The miller was happy all the time,
And never had a care,
As he danced to the music of the wheel,
And gaily threw in the air
His old slouch hat made white with meal,
And said he was dancing Fortune's reel.

He never thought of the busy mart,
Or speculation's snare,
Or marble castles furnished up
In fashion rich and rare,
Or styles which all to him did seem
In every way, a hollow dream.

But he labored hard in the humble mill,
And paid his debts, alway,
And often he'd climb up on the bags
Just like a child in play,
And look through the window, and in his ken
Would blossom his cottage down in the glen.

And still he sits at his open door
And the burdens his songs express
Are that the notes of the old mill wheel
Are the gamut of success.
And he chants: "The music of toil for me,
For the music of toil is the music of health,
As the music of toil is the music of wealth!"
And tosses his hat in the air with glee.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

BY S. A.

The other day, while the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle was traveling on a railroad just completed through a hitherto "unopened-to-the-world" section of Arkansas, a man wearing high top boots and a long "yaller" jeans coat, sat down by him and attempted to engage the good man in conversation. There is a great deal of the Englishman in Mr. Mulkittle's character. He would travel all day and never throw off the cloak of severe reserve if allowed to do so, and when the roughly-dressed man sat down by him he moved uneasily in his seat. The man noted this sign with something of encouragement, and when he smiled the curved lines on his cheeks made his mouth look as though it were set in parentheses.

"How fur air you goin'?" asked the man.

Again Mr. Mulkittle moved uneasily, and pretending to devote himself to a newspaper.

"I ask, cap'n, how fur air you goin?"

"I know what you ask, sir. I am not feeling very well to-day, and, with your kind permission, I prefer to be left alone."

"I reckin so. Whar did you git on?"

"None of your business."

"Pears to me like it is my business." And placing a rude hand on Mr. Mulkittle's shoulder, he said, "You are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner!" gasped the minister. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Don't cut no scallops with me, cap'n. You think I don't know you, but you air mistaken. I've been layin' for you for some time."

"What have I done?" demanded Mr. Mulkittle, attempting to rise.

"Set down, sir. You know what you've done. If you've forgot, why the folks at Hickory Flat will remind you."

"I was never at Hickory Flat in my life sir."

"I expected you to kick, cap'n. You didn't come thar last month an' beat Col. Mainly outen a watch, eh?"

"Never saw Col. Mainly in my life. Make these people sit down. I don't want a crowd around me."

"Didn't beat old man 'Lias Gregg outen two weeks' board, oh no. Oh, I know you, Nick Peyton. Here's a man who lives in the Flat. Here, Mr. Morgan, who is this feller?"

Mr. Morgan, after a moment's scrutiny, replied:

"That's him," and after rubbing his spectacles, added: "I swar ter it. He wanted ter git board at my house, but I turned him away, 'cause why? His clothes were too sleek, I like a straightfor'ard man, but when a feller comes aroun' with a 'spicious eye and sleek duds I let him slide."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mulkittle, becoming aroused to a truer sense of his unenviable position, "I am sorry that you so misjudge me. I have no doubt that some rascal has imposed upon you, and I assure you that no one sooner than I would assist you in bringing him to justice, but I am innocent. I am a minister of the gospel, and live in Little Rock. If you will stop at the next station and let me send a dispatch to the Governor of the State, he will identify me as the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle, of St. Simon Church."

"The next station is Hickory Flat," replied the officer, "an' we will tillygraf from thar. Ef your name is what you say it is, you may go."

The train soon reached the station, and the minister, followed by a crowd, sought the telegraph office.

"How will this do?" said Mr. Mulkittle, 'Have arrested a man for one Nick Payton. Says that his name is the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle. Do you know him?' Now" continued the minister, "sign your name to this and send it."

The officer, thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement, affixed his signature and handed the message to the operator. A few moments afterward the dispatch was received in Little Rock as follows:

"Have arrested a man for Nick Payton. Says that his name is Robt. Mulkittle. Do you know him?"

Mr. Mulkittle waited impatiently but confidently. After awhile the operator announced that the dispatch was at hand, and then he wrote the following:

"Don't know the man, but think he is wanted here. Hold him until officers from here arrive."

Mr. Mulkittle groaned and sank upon a bench. The crowd gathered around and commented on his appearance.

"Bad lookin' man," said old Driver, the black-smith. "Dangerous eye, an' a mighty bad mouth."

"Wouldn't trust him ten steps," said old Morgan. "Whar's old Gregg an' his darter? They can identify him."

A messenger was sent for Gregg and the young lady who had been so shamefully treated. When the girl saw Mr. Mulkittle, she screamed and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Nick, don't try to disguise yourself. Oh, why did you run away from me? Promise that you will marry me now.

"Look out, miss; look out," gasped Mr. Mulkittle, trying to shove her away. "You are certainly a very improper young woman. Don't make yourself so ridiculous. I never saw you before."

"You kaint say that and tell the truth," said old Gregg. "You've changed yourself around a little, but you air the same man. I don't so much mind the board bill he owes me, gentlemen, but I'll be blamed ef any man shall tamper with the 'fections, of that gal thar. A tender-hearted critter as ever lived, she is, an' this man has pizened her life. She won't never be happy without him, an' I ax you all ef you air goin' to let a man come into the community an' destroy the happiness of a likely gal? I wanter know ef yer won't see this wrong righted? I ax ef yer won't all jine in an' make him marry the heart-broken gal?"

Here the girl pressed Mr. Mulkittle's head against her excited self and wept over him. "Look out, young woman," he exclaimed, freeing himself. "I never saw such an improper person. Gentlemen, I have a wife and three children at home, which, aside from the fact that I never saw the bold young woman before, much less made overtures to her, would place me beyond any possible matrimonial alliance."

"He's tellin' a lie," shouted old Gregg, "fur he told us he was a widower. Go fetch the license, somebody, an' we'll make him marry, no matter ef the Governor does want him."

"Gentlemen," implored the minister, do not act in a manner so rash."

"I'll git the license," exclaimed old Gregg, and he started off at a trot. He soon returned with the papers and a circuit rider. "Take yer place thar," said the old man.

The girl seized Mr. Mulkittle and attempted to drag him.

"Great God! this won't do. Confound the telegraph wires; there must have been a terrible mistake. Give me one more chance, gentlemen. Send one more dispatch."

They agreed, and he wrote:

"Governor, I am arrested here by mistake for a man named Nick Payton. Please say who I am. Mulkittle."

In a few minutes the reply came:

"First dispatch received wrong. Mulkittle is one of our best-known preachers. Liberate him at once."

"That settles it," said the officers. "You ken go."

"Oh, ye generation of vipers," said the minister, as he stood on the rear platform ot a train which fortunately came along. "I have prayed for the world's redemption, but I shall ever make an exception of this infernal place. Oh, ye generation of vipers!"—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

A Girl in Blue.

"There she sits in her elegant new morning dress, nothing in the world to do but amuse herself; and I must stain my hands paring potatoes and onions, and I don't know what all for dinner! A dress with a train, and she only sixteen! Only two years and a few months older than I am! How would I look in a train? I never expect to have such an elegant dress as she has on this minute, and it is only her morning dress. To-night she will wear that lovely garnet silk trimmed with white lace. Think of me in my old blue flannel! It is everything I have to wear! I don't see why there should be such a difference between cousins! I wish Helen had staid in New York. Why she wanted to come to the country in the winter is more than I can understand. She isn't homesick a bit. I just believe I'll stay at home to-night. Almost all the girls will wear new dresses and my old one will look older than ever beside Helen's grand one."

"Carrie," called that young lady's mother, and Carrie went to the kitchen.

There she gave her hands to the potatoes and her thoughts to the discouragements around her. At last she spoke some of them aloud.

"Mother, I don't think I'll go to-night, after all."

"Not go to Kate's party. Why, what has happened? Is the child sick?"

"No'm, I'm not sick, I'm discouraged. I don't want to go and wear that old blue dress, and that's the truth. I shall look different from the others, and seeing me with Helen will make everybody notice it more."

"My child, Helen's father is worth a million, and your father is not worth a thousand dollars besides what it takes to support his family."

"I know it, ma'am; I'm not finding fault, only I don't want to go to be looked at, that's all."

The mother looked very sober, and something besides the steam that puffed out of the pudding dish made her eyes moist. Carrie split a large potato in two and looked gloomy. Then the mother said, speaking low:

"Won't you disappoint a good many people to-night, daughter? Isn't Kate depending on you to help her with the charades and the music?"

I can't help it, mother. People must not depend on me. Most every girl but me has a new dress for to-night, and I can't be going there just to help other people have a good time, when I know I shall be mortified all the evening."

"Can't you? Why, daughter, even Christ pleased not himself."

After that not another word was said in the kithen for nearly an hour. Carrie finished the potatoes and ran away. Where she went and what she did her mother did not know, but when she came to set the table her face was pleasant to look at and she stooped on her way to the pantry to kiss her mother.

"I'm goiug, mother, and I'll have as nice a time as I can and not grumble a bit."

She looked very pretty in her blue dress, with its deep, low collar and nice ribbons in her hair. At least her mother thought so, though when Helen came down in all the glory of her garnet silk and gold bracelets there was certainly a difference.

It was a sort of family gathering, to which the city aunts and uncles had come; and there were some elegant dresses there, and Carrie in her old blue one did really feel very much alone. Yet she went cheerfully through the evening, helping with the charades and the music, helping in a dozen quiet little ways that nobody knew about, and yet trying to keep out of notice as much as possible.

Cousin Helen played and sang, and did both very nicely, while Carrie only played accompaniments for others to sing.

Later in the evening there was a whispering between two of the city cousins, and presently it became known that Mr. Ames, who was Uncle Howard's college friend, was a wonderful singer, and would entertain the company if anybody could be found who would play for him.

"I wish he would sing 'The Storm King' for us," said Aunt Alice, "it is the most wonderful thing! I would like to have mother hear it. Helen, couldn't you play for him?"

"I! No, indeed; his music is all awfully hard, and he is awfully particular, and that piece I don't know, anyway."

But Aunt Alice was determined that her mother should hear "The Storm King." She talked with Mr. Ames, and then she moved among her guests trying to find one who was willing to play the accompaniment. Not a cousin could be found; they were all afraid of the great singer and the difficult looking music. At last the girl in the blue dress grew ashamed of herself.

"Aunt Alice, I will play it," she said, coming out of her corner.

"You," said Alice in surprise, for Carrie was one of the youngest of the cousins. "Do you know it?"

"No ma'am. I don't know it, but I can play from the notes."

Then did Helen look at her young cousin in respectful astonishment.

"Can you play pieces you do not know?" she asked her.

"Why, yes," said Carrie laughing, "if they are not very hard. I ought to, I have been taking lessons for thee years."

"Well, I have taken lessons for five years and I can't do it."

"Carrie is very faithful in her practicing," said Carrie's mother.

And Carrie played the accompaniment, which really was difficult, and played it so well that Mr. Ames, the great singer, told her he had never had a player who pleased him better.

And don't you think she forgot all about her blue dress, until her attention was called to it in a very strange way.

"She not only plays remarkably well," said Mr. Ames to his wife, "but she is the best dressed young girl in the room."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames, "I noticed that, all the rest of the young people are overdressed. She must have a sensible mother."

They did not know that Carrie stood just behind them and heard it all. But, really, I think it did her good, just as honest compliments often do good. It made her realize that there were two sides to the question of fine dressing.

For the SPECTATOR.

Letter from Maryland.

ROXBURY, HOWARD CO., MD.

MR. EDITOR:—During the "late unpleasantness" while camping out in the mountains of West Virginia, one of our "brave soldier boys" fell a victim to disease: he was kindly taken into the hospitable home of a hardy mountaineer and carefully nursed by the "Gude" wife and daughter—"a maiden fair to see." After his recovery, when the fortunes of war bade him take his knapsack on his back and "March, march away," prompted by gratitude, and, it may be, a warmer feeling, he wrote to the latter soliciting a correspondence to which she consented, warning him that she was likely to prove an uninteresting correspondent as she had never "writ to a gentleman before." Now substitute Editor for gentleman, and her dilemma is mine.

To write to an editor, however, may not be so formidable an undertaking as I have imagined; so, if you will make due allowance for my maiden effort, and grant me space in your valuable paper, I shall send you an occasional communication.

Here, in the "sister State," among the kindest, most hospitable people to be found outside the limits of the "Old Dominion," several of Augusta's sons and daughters have found homes.

Howard, the smallest county in the State, is situated between the head waters of the Patapsco and the Patuxent. Until 1850, it formed a part of Anne Arundel—the Anne Arundel so famous for its strawberries and tomatoes as the inhabitant of Baltimore is painfully aware since the cry of "Annerund'l s-t-r-a-w-berries" still sounds in his ear when that of "tomats-tomats Annerund'l to-o-mats" begins.

Howard, they tell me, was not always the fruitful country I find it. Forty years ago, many of these fertile fields were lying out as commons. What has caused the wondrous change? What has transformed the struggling man whose life was a hand-to-hand fight with poverty, whose home was a log cabin, whose bread was made from the corn raised only in the new grounds, whose clothes were homespun, whose tobacco was his currency, into the comfortable, and, in many instances, wealthy land-owner of to-day? Ask the farmer and he will answer, "lime." They talk lime, they haul lime, they sow lime; and, in due time, they reap it in the form of abundant crops of wheat and corn, beautiful fields of clover and timothy, and generous receipts from the market man.

One feature of the country which impresses the stranger unpleasantly is the persistency with which the Marylander insists that the "first shall be last" and "the last first" in the way of buildings, the dwelling being approached, almost invariably, by way of the dairy, the barn, the stable, and the corn-house. These are, generally, neat, substantial buildings, it is true; but we confess to a prejudice against surveying them from the front windows.

We paid a visit not long since to Ellicott City, the county-seat. Built upon the bluffs of the Patapsco, a more picturesque situation can scarcely be imagined. A resident of the town would certainly pronounce the *Soubriquet* of Staunton a misnomer. We were struck by the absence of the "life" and energy which characterizes our own "City of the Hills." The appearance of the streets suggested the probability that the inhabitants had met with the fate of Rip Van Winkle, while an entrance into one of the shops confirmed the impression; nor was the display of dry goods sufficient to excite a temptation to take advantage of their somnolence.

After waiting fully five minutes, a step sounded in the distance, and the form of the proprietor was seen to emerge slowly from the gloom of a back room chewing the last mouthful of his dinner, and glaring upon us as if in reproach for disturbing him at such an unseasonable hour.

Then there came a vision of the attractive store-rooms and handsome obliging clerks at Weller's, Kayser's, and Funkhouser's, and we sighed for "what might have been."

I suppose the proximity of Baltimore accounts for the dullness of trade in Ellicott.

A calm in the political world has succeeded the storm of opposition occasioned by the introduction of the McLane Labor Bill, and the discussion of the bill proposing to reduce the marriage license from $4.50 to fifty cents; consequently the gentlemen are grumbling that there is nothing in the papers this week. What would life be without politics to a man? They are disappointed that the latter bill has been defeated, while the ladies are inclined to resent the low estimate placed by their statesmen upon "God's last, best gift to man." Marylanders, as well as Virginians, are rejoiced at the late Democratic victory, and hopes are expressed that the record "so foul with dishonor" of the past few years may soon be buried in the oblivion of the "dead past," and that the "Mother of States and of statesmen" may "live down" the obloquy cast upon her fair fame by the recreant Mahone, and the "Readjuster Republican Coalition" party, and that in the future, as in the past, she may stand among her sister states the proudest, noblest of them all.

N. M. D.

For the SPECTATOR.

The Old Lutheran Church, Woodstock.

This venerable building, whose associate history dates back of the Revolutionary war and links us to early Colonial times, is fast being dismantled preparatory to the erection of a new edifice by the congregation.

The Lutheran congregation in Woodstock, Va, is one of the oldest in the Lutheran Synod, and has connected with it not a little of historic interest. Although the present church building was begun as late as 1803, the earliest records of the congregation begins with the baptism of an infant the 12th of June, 1763. The old communion service still in use, and quaintly embroidered altar cloth, bear the date of 1767.

The congregation at that period probably received occasional visits and service from the pastor of the Lutheran church in Madison county, the history of which goes back to 1720, and reckoned among its supporters the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden.

There is no mention of a regular pastor in Woodstock until 1772, when John Peter Muhlenburg (the son of Dr. Henry Melchion Muhlenburg, the patriarch of Lutheranism in America) removed from Pennsylvania to the Valley of Virginia, at the request of the German settlers, who had formed themselves into a congregation and desired a pastor. In order that the Lutheran minister might enforce the payment of tithes, it was necessary he should be invested with Episcopal ordination. Accordingly, Mr. Muhlenburg repaired to England and was ordained as priest by the Lord Bishop of London. On his return, he immediately took charge of the field of labor to which he had been invited, among the Lutherans of Shenandoah, then Dunmore county. It has been but a few years since the low, weather-beaten house, once occupied by Peter Muhlenburg, was torn down to give place to a handsome drug-store. In its low-ceiled, heavily-timbered rooms, with their immense fire-places, George Washington—tradition says—has been a guest, while passing up and down the Valley of Virginia on his surveying expeditions or Indian campaigns. When Muhlenburg's Lutheran church stood just across the way, and prayers for the welfare of His Majesty, George the Third, were duly offered. It was doubtless in the hospitality of the Lutheran parsonage that the intimacy and friendship between Washington and Muhlenburg began, which seems never to have been broken. For it was at the solicitation of Washington that the pastor laid aside his clerical gown to assume the garb of a soldier.

The stirring words of Mr. Muhlenburg's valedictory sermon to his flock have come down to us. When eloquently depicting the wrong suffered by the Colonies at the hands of Great Britain, he concluded thus: "There is a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to pray; but there is also a *time to fight, and that time has now come!*" Then pronouncing the benediction, he laid off his gown, displaying the uniform he wore beneath, and proceeding to the church door, he ordered the drums to beat for recruits. He returned no more to the pulpit; but after serving his country, both as soldier and statesman, he died in the vicinity of Philadelphia in 1807. It is interesting to note in this connection, that the initial revolutionary steps in Virginia were taken at a meeting held in Woodstock, June 16th, 1774, a year prior to the celebrated Mecklenburg meeting. Spirited resolutions were adopted, and Rev. Peter Muhlenburg was chosen moderator of the meeting, and afterward chairman of the committee. He writes to his brother at this time: "I am again chosen chairman, so whether I choose or not I am to be a politician."

After Muhlenburg entered the army, Woodstock Lutheran church had no regular pastor until about 1806, when Rev. Nicholas Schmucker took charge of the church in connection with several neighboring congregations. For many years the services had been conducted exclusively in German. But the children of the sturdy settlers were Americans, and desired a church-service in *their* native tongue; and despite the murmurings and bitter objections of those who remembered the church of the Fatherland, the ecclesiastic authorities sanctioned the use of the English language. And now another generation calls for the removal of the time-worn temple; and, as I write, the old walls, where cluster pathetic, solemn memories, are being taken down, brick by brick. The high pulpit, ascended by half-a-dozen steps, was removed some years ago. Now, the wide, square galleries, the straight, narrow pews, the many-paned windows, all, all are gone. The sound of saw and hammer will soon disturb the silence of the old church-yard, where sleep many who hearkened to the voices of Schmucker, Ulrich, Campbell, Cline, and other pastors, who have broken to this people the bread of life. We bid farewell with half regret to this interesting old house of worship, whose church-life first arose amid stormy times; we fold it away with the pages of Virginia's early history, hoping that the congregation in the new edifice meditated may go on from strength to strength.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.
The Manse, Woodstock, Va.

Stock and Poultry.

Early Pullets.—It is the March pullets that lay the most eggs in winter. Set as many hens as practicable now, and take care of the chicks when hatched.

Lambs.—Keep the lambs off the pastures where the old sheep run, if you would have them free from the disease known under the various names of cough, husk, paper-skin, bloodlessness, &c.

Early Lambs.—Early lambs must be kept growing to bring fancy prices. They will eat when they are from ten to fourteen days old, and there is nothing better for them than whole oats. Place the oats in shallow troughs where the sheep do not run.

Work Horses.—If work horses are not in good condition when they commence spring work they will continually get poorer. It pays to have them in fine working order before the spring opens.

Beets for Cows.—Lane's sugar beet is far more nutritious than the yellow mangel, because it contains about 8 per cent. of sugar. It keeps quite as well as any beet. An excellent ration for a cow in a butter dairy is three quarts of feed made of finely ground-corn and coarse middlings, or fine bran with five pounds of cut hay wetted. This is for morning and night. At night two pecks of sliced mangels.

Pustular Eruption in a Horse.—Newtown Mills: Pimples on the skin of a horse may be caused by congestion of the skin from various causes, or by impurity of the blood. They are usually accompanied by severe itching. It is probable that a simple medicine may relieve the trouble; for instance, to give a pint of linseed-oil and repeat it the third day. Then give one dram of chlorate of potash in a bran mash, with a quart of linseed added, daily for ten days or two weeks.

A country clergyman who preached recently in an Austin church, is an admirer of the writings of Charles Dickens, and quotes from his novels almost as often as he does from the Bible. He surprised his congregation by winding up a gorgeous peroration with: "It is thus, you see, brethren, as the Scriptures say: 'Barkis is willin', but the flesh is weak.'"

An individual applied to the cab company for a situation. "Do you know how to drive?" "Yes, sir." "You know that you must be polite with all your passengers?" "Ah!" "And honest. For example, what would you do if you should find in your cab a pocketbook containing $10,000?" "Nothing at all. I should live on my income."

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity."

"Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."

For the SPECTATOR.

Religion Enough.

"NEAR THE CHURCH, BUT FAR FROM GOD,"

Never since its origin has there been so stupendous and fatal a hindrance to the glorious cause of Jesus Christ as the cultivated conviction, now prevalent with the majority of church members, that one can have Religion Enough.

The predominance of so frozen a belief will forever blight all the zealous efforts that any minister may assiduously prosecute, because no profanation can so completely impede the success of the gospel as this single proclaimed conclusion. There cannot be a more grotesque idea, there never will be a more damnatory result. The surprising revelation that a revolting leper is as congenial as an untainted believer! The gross assumption that a detestable hypocrite is as good as a pure Christian! The amazing impudence that a sneering devil is a fit companion for a guileless angel! The startling absurdity that a loathsome non-conformer is equal to a consistent worshiper!

Some might possibly have Religion Enough to meagrely silence upbraiding conscience when in questionable places or engaged in doubtful acts, but that is not Enough to cancel their willful sins and to take them heaven—for which Religion was instituted and ordained to accomplish as the great feat that should crown its delicate birth, but illustrious mission.

Religion Enough to permit men to deliberately quote the most shocking oaths, but not Enough to reprove them for a diabolical blasphemy.

Religion Enough to partially appease the constant cravings of a famishing soul, but not Enough to redeem it to immortal life.

Religion Enough to allow them to be selfish, prejudiced, and proud, but not Enough to characterize them as effectual examples for ungodly sinners to imitate.

Religion Enough to attend church when every surrounding is propitious, but not Enough to make even the least sacrifice for the cause they so eagerly espouse.

Religion Enough to go through the congregation and talk to others, but not Enough to so live both in and out of the church that their marked devotion will constrain sinners to follow Christ without a second invitation.

Religion Enough to be screaming formalists, but not Enough to experience the hallowed influence enjoyed by those who pray more in private than plead in public.

Religion Enough to invite ridicule upon the cause of Christ by conspicuous demonstrations, but not Enough to silently implore others to seek redemption from the frightful consequences of sin.

Religion Enough to single out a person in an assembly and make him the subject of deceitful entreaties, but not Enough to control those same back-biting tongues when at home.

Religion Enough to let one sit upright during prayer, but not Enough to compel the same person to kneel and earnestly supplicate for more converting power within the church.

Religion Enough to shield a man by the shadow of holiness, but not Enough to deny him the coveted privilege of defrauding his fellow-man with impunity.

Religion Enough to make them admissible to the communion table, but not Enough to save their perjured souls from an endless death after such desecration.

Religion Enough to harshly condemn one's most trivial faults, but not Enough to cover those errors with unassuming charity.

Religion Enough to take a mean advantage of others, but not Enough to assist the helplessly fallen.

Religion Enough to be a slick-tongue dissembler, but not Enough to talk to poor children if they are penitents, even though they kneel at the same altar beside the rich, and are as earnest in their desire to know the way of eternal life.

Religion Enough to permit them upon the least provocation to resent the most harmless thought with their faces gleaming with revenge, aglow with scorn, ablaze with pride, and flushed with contempt, but not Enough to exercise that brotherly forbearance toward their weak fellow-creature that they claim to possess.

Religion Enough to abuse, but not Enough to "love thy neighbor as thyself."

Religion Enough to be everything but what they should be—so false that they are the very incarnation of intolerance, malice, hatred, uncharitableness, hypocrisy, and deceit.

The great, wide thoroughfare from the golden gates of heaven to the burning depths of hell, is crowded with the warped victims of Religion Enough.

Oh, ye whited sepulchres, how shall you escape the deep damnation justly awaiting you for such shameful mockery!

At the last day, the deep inner heart of those pretending apostles will be laid bare, its dark corruption exposed, and their utter falseness to the great underlying principles of Christianity proven.

It is less arduous to connect yourself with the church than to be a successful servant of Christ. Less of contemptible form and more of heart-felt earnestness would be highly commendable and productive of greater good.

Vows may be easily assumed, but their enjoined obligations are lasting. Thoughts are decipherable, acts are transparent, judgment is searching, hell is uninviting. Many will find it too late to cry for pleading mercy when it is time for remorseless judgment.

Religion Enough will be the hideous, ghastly monster grinningly pointing its blistered fingers at the base acts of those self-righteous saints, and which will taunt them with mocking accusations when they have been damned to a burning perdition to commingle with the great horde of dupes, hypocrites, and non-conformers which will comprise that numberless throng of demoniacal wretches, while the besmutted walls of hell re-echo with their piercing lamentation, "for years were we in the church, but now are we forever out of heaven!" God never intended that the church should be a shield to protect the evil from the darts of His wrath or the power of His anger.

As only "the pure in heart shall see God," may the time soon come when devout Christianity shall prevail, and all those who profess to know Christ, shall know Him in deed and in truth. P. A. ROSS.

WHAT CHINAMEN HAVE DONE.—China is nearly as large as Europe, and contains a much larger population, every third man in the world being, it is calculated, a Chinaman. Their progress in the past has been most marked; thus the Chinese appear to have been among the earliest, if not the very earliest, of the human race to emerge from barbarism. They have a literature older than the days of Moses, and astronomical observations that go back at least to the days of Abraham. Comparing their early progress with that of European nations, they were clothed in silk robes when our savage ancestors still painted their naked bodies. They invented printing, and had printed books about the middle of the tenth century, five hundred years before the time of Caxton. Gunpowder and the mariner's compass were Chinese inventions long before they were known to Europeans. Lieut. H. N. Shore pointed out, in a recent paper read before the Society of Arts, that in the matter of canals, the utilization of carrier pigeons, the artificial culture of oysters, fish and poultry, and in the satisfactory solution of the great sewage question, the Chinese have been before us in time, and in some of these at least, are still ahead of us in results.

Lord Tennyson is to be introduced by Earl Sydney, Lord Chamberlain, and the Duke of Argyl, as being the two peers nearest to the Queen, to his place in the House of Lords. It is stated that the Queen has expressed an eager intention to confer on him the Garter at the first fair opportunity. He will be the first poet who has worn the blue ribbon.

For the SPECTATOR.

PROTECTION vs. FREE TRADE.

"Canst thou not go to-night?" said she,
(As man and wife they sipped their tea,)
"The Jones's will expect you down!"
"I know," said he, "but Deacon Brown
My chest-protector borrow-ed
Last night, and should I go without
Through this bleak air, there's little doubt
The morrow's eve would find me dead."

She gat her from her seat, and soon
From kitchen stove she brang a boon—
A goodly griddle-cake—said she,
"A substitute I bring to thee,
A batter thing than this to suit
Thy need, holds not the marts of men,
Adjust it to thy breast, and then
To Jones's we will make pursuit."

He straightway to his closet hied,
And there the griddle fabric tied
Athwart his breast: "Ha! Ha!" cried he,—
As coming forth right merrily—
"No cold can now assault my bones,
A goodly thought, sweet wife!" The spouse
Said naught, and shortly from the house
They journeyed unto neighbor Jones'.

Here was a merry group; that is,
As merry as doth e'er, I wis,
Convene at weekly church affairs
Called "sociables"; the rigid chairs
Were filled, and walls were sort of hung
With human drapes, while maidens nice
Did wait for wag to break the ice
That numbed the congregation's tongue.

Anon there straggled in a cat
To where our quiet hero sat;
He gave her back a coaxing tap,
Then sprang she nimbly to his lap.
That she was on a forage hunt
Her lean and hungry look bespake,
As did the nasal sniff, that brake
The silence of his linen front.

Alas! alas! Despite his blows,
Urged by the dictates of her nose
The feline broke the "coat of mail";
Though pulled the circle at her tail,
Though shrieked they all, though canes they brake,
Though stalwart acts the scene begat,
Ne'er ceased the struggle till the cat
Did excavate the griddle-cake.

O man of fragile breast! Dost see
In this event thy jeopardy?
If thou must needs thy chest protect,
And will such savory shield select,
Take not thy glimmering linen disc
In company, for cats will run
At large, and oft will weigh upon
Thy spirits like an obelisk.
—WADE WHIPPLE.

STAUNTON, March, 1884.

The Farm and Garden.

STRAWBERRIES.—An exchange says: "It is not the actual low temperature which endangers the safety of such plants as strawberries and other small fruits, grapevines, roses, and shrubs, but the sudden changes or the exposure to severe drying winds.—Now that the soil is covered by the sheltering mantle of snow it is a good time to make a permanent covering of coarse litter or manure, which will protect the plants from the warmth of a clear, sunny day and the following cold of a sharp, clear night. It is change like this which is fatal to many really hardy plants. which might be saved by the protection of a few evergreen boughs some straw or some coarse litter from the stables."

ASPARAGUS.—The *Country Gentleman* says two things are necessary for the growing of good asparagus, namely, plenty of room for the plant to grow and copious manuring. The latter is best applied to thick beds by covering the whole surface with manure two or three inches thick late in the autumn and forking it in very early spring before the new shoots start. Thick beds, however, should not be planted, but the plants allowed three or four feet each way to each. Three by five is a common and suitable distance, and large stalks may be obtained in this way.

USEFULNESS OF LIME.—We can state in what situation lime has been found useful. From its power to decompose it has been found useful on poor granite soils. From its caustic nature it corrects injurious matter, such as sulphate of iron in soil. Lime breaks up and pulverizes stiff clays, improving their texture. It decomposes inert vegetable matter, peat, roots, &c. It hastens the decay of stable manure and dead carcasses, putrescent matter, &c., but in all such cases if the manurial qualities are to be made useful they must be covered with earth during the action of the lime to absorb the ammonia.—*Iowa Register.*

TOBACCO FERTILIZERS.—Superphosphate, says a tobacco grower, is very quick in its effects, and it has always been remarked that a spoonful of it in the hill would ripen the tobacco plant a week or more sooner than when well rotted manure was alone used. It has been the experience of our growers that superphosphate gives a fine, thin leaf. This ripening is now thought objectionable by many since if the plant remains of a dark green, exhibiting a healthy growing appearance for a long time, the leaf will be heavier and of a darker color. This is effected, as is claimed, by the use of castor pomace and cottonseed meal. Perhaps this theory needs longer testing before it becomes a fixed principle, yet this is the common view of the growers.

A NEW WAY OF BLEACHING CELERY.—Some time since, in strolling through Stratford, the market garden of Bridgeport and Birmingham, Conn., I was much interested in meeting W. H. Benjamin and learning his method of bleaching celery. Instead of earthing it up, as is usually done, Mr. Benjamin simply ties it up closely in old news or other papers when it is ready for bleaching, and at the end of from twelve to twenty days finds it as nicely bleached as though it had been laboriously banked up. He says one-third more celery can be got from an acre, because when it is not banked it does not need to be planted so far apart; that a great amount of labor is saved, and that by this process the celery never rusts.—*Canadian Horticulturist*

COAL ASHES FOR HEAVY SOILS.—For the purpose of making stiff soil friable, sifted coal ashes, where they can be readily had, are better than sand. They are more easily disseminated through the mass, and contain a small proportion of mineral salts likewise, though their merit is principally mechanical. I had a patch of clay over talc-rock that after a rain took on the consistence of putty. I could do nothing with it. Vegetable manure it scorned, and the spade cut in it as though it was skim milk cheese. The place was the receptacle of the winter's ashes. Two years after it was dug up through a mistaken order in the fall.—Next spring I manured it and had it dug over. Then I planted it, of all things in the world, with melons. They were a striking success. More than that the friability of the soil remained permanent.—*American Garden.*

A little boy at a Presbytery examination was asked, "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "Oh, to be born again," he replied. "Quite right, Tommy. You're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy hesitated, but on being pressed for an answer, he said: "No," "Why, Tommie?" "For fear I might be born a lassie!" he replied.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—The following is said to be a good receipt for chicken cholera: One-half teaspoonful of copperas, and one-half teaspoonful of alum, dissolve in a gallon of water, and place for them to drink. While sick give them all they will take, then give about once a month as a preventive.