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### TERMS.

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### BISHOP GEORGE, AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bound the horizon of that rich and picturesque country, in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty five miles, since morning, his pulses throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained, by one who had recognized the veteran soldier of the cross, and had ministered to him for his Master's sake, of the benefits himself had received from the hand of Him who feedeth the young lions when they lack; and he had travelled on refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile had he travelled over since then, and now as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxious looked for haven of rest. A middle aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I don't know," said she coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, "that we can take you in, old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the Minister of the circuit who is here to night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequently swaggering up to the old man, examined him for a few moments inquisitively, then asked a few impertinent questions—and finally after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, feeling his smoothly shaven chin, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house.

The traveller aged, and weary as he was, dismounted, and led his faithful animal to the stable where with his own hand, he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him food, and then entered the hospitable mansion, where he had expected so much kindness. A Methodist family resided in the house, and as the circuit preacher was to be there that day, great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of the Methodist young ladies in the neighborhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered, not one of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could notice all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in a trifling repartee with another, who was anxious to appear interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshment had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and minister. Taking from his saddle-bags a well worn bible, he seated himself in a chair, and was soon buried in thoughts holy and elevating, and food to eat which those who passed him by in pity and scorn, dreamed not of—Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old, worn down traveller, to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Towards eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a bed, which was to be the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose, and after partially disrobing himself, he went down, and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul, soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproaches of conscience for his own neglect of duty.

The old man now rose from his knees, and after addressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre and would not, voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position, the stranger lay for some time, in silence. At length the young preacher made a remark,

to which the old man replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?"

"Thirty-five miles."

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey, for one of your age."

"Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travelling, and I feel the journey of to-day, has exhausted me much."

The young minister moved over a little.

"You do not belong to Springfield then?"

"No, I have no abiding place."

"How?"

"I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister.

"How far have you travelled on your present journey?"

"From Philadelphia."

"From Philadelphia! (In evident surprise.) The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since—Had it broken up when you left?"

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed!—moving still farther over towards the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodation,

"Had Bishop George left when you came out?"

"Yes—he started the same day I did!—we left in company."

"Indeed."

Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space.

"How did the Bishop look? He is getting quite old and feeble, is he not?"

"He carries his age tolerably well. But his labor is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with this old veteran of the Cross? But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?"

"We travelled alone for a long distance."

"You travelled alone with the Bishop?"

"Yes! we have been intimate for years."

"You intimate with Bishop George?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Bliss me! Why did I not know that? But may I be so bold as to inquire your name?"

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied—

"George."

"George! George! Not Bishop George?"

"They call me Bishop George," meekly replied the old man.

"Why, why, bless me! Bishop George," exclaimed the now abashed preacher—springing from the bed—"You have had no supper! I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell me who you were?"

"Stop—stop, my friend," said the Bishop gravely, "I want no supper here, and should not eat if it were got for me. If an old man, toil-worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in this house, Bishop George surely is not. He is at best, but a man, and has no claims beyond common humanity."

A night of severer mortification, the young minister had never experienced.—The Bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and direct him to trust more in God, and less in his own strength.

In the morning the Bishop prayed with him, long and fervently, before he left the chamber; and was glad to see his heart melted in contrition. Soon after the Bishop descended, and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He mildly silenced them, and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the Bishop, taking up his saddle-bags, was preparing to depart.

"But surely, Bishop," urged the distressed matron, "you will not leave us?—Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table."

"No, sister L.—I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor, toil-worn traveller worthy of a meal, and your Bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges."

And thus he departed, leaving the minister and family in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time, the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as Deacon, and Bishop George was to be the presiding Bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of Convention, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable Bishop take his seat.

So great was his grief and agitation, that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening as the Bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr.— was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found that since they had before, a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious, as he was met before worldly-minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept as a child upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.

### PLANTING FRUIT TREES.

As nearly all fruit trees are raised first in nurseries, and then removed to their final position in the orchard or fruit garden; as upon the manner of this removal depends not only their slow or rapid growth, their feebleness or vigor afterwards, and in many cases even their life, it is evident that it is in the highest degree important to understand and practice well this transplanting.

The season best adapted for transplanting, fruit trees is a matter open to much difference of opinion among horticulturists; a difference founded mainly on experience, but without taking into account variation of climate and soils, two very important circumstances in all operations of this kind.

All physiologists, however agree that the best season for transplanting deciduous trees is in autumn directly after the fall of the leaf. The tree is then completely in a dormant state. Transplanted at this early season, whatever wounds may have been made in the roots commence healing at once, as a deposit directly takes place of granular matter from the wound, and when established, and ready to commence its growth. Autumn planting is for this reason greatly to be preferred in all mild climates, and dry soils; and even for very hardy trees, as the apple, in colder latitudes; as the fixed position in the ground, which trees planted then get by the autumnal and early spring rains, gives them an advantage at the next season of growth, over newly moved trees.

On the other hand, in northern portions of the Union, where the winters commence early, and are severe, spring planting is greatly preferred. There, autumn and winter are not mild enough to allow this gradual process of healing and establishing the roots to go on; for when the ground is frozen to the depth of the roots of a tree, all that slow growth and collection of nutriment is necessarily at an end.—And the more tender sorts of fruit trees, the Peach and Apricot, which are less hardy when newly planted than when their roots are entire, and well fixed in the soil, are liable to injury in the branches by the cold. The proper time in such a climate, is as early as the ground is in a fit condition in the spring.

Early in autumn, and in spring before the buds expand may as a general rule be considered the best seasons for transplanting. It is true that there are instances of excellent success in planting at all seasons, except midsummer; and there are many who from having been once or twice successful in transplanting when trees were nearly in leaf, avow that to be the best season; not taking into consideration that their success was probably entirely owing to a fortunately damp state of the atmosphere at the time, and abundant rains after the experiment was performed. In the middle States, we are frequently liable to a dry period in early summer, directly following the season of removal, and if transplanting is deferred to a late period in spring, many of the trees will perish from drouth, before their roots become established in the soil. Spring planting should, therefore, always be performed as soon as possible, that the roots may have the great benefit of the early and abundant rains of that season, and get well started before the heat commences. For the neighborhood of N. York, therefore, the best periods are, from the fall of the leaf, to the middle of November, in Autumn; and, from the close of winter, to the middle of April, in the spring; though commonly, the seasons of removal are frequently extended a month beyond these limits.

Taking up Trees is an important part of the operation. A transplant should never forget that it is by the delicate and tender points or extremities of the root that trees take up their food; and that the chance of complete success is lessened, by every one of these points that is bruised or destroyed. If we could remove trees with every fibre entire, as we do a plant in a pot, they would scarcely show any sign of their change of position. In most cases, especially in that of trees taken from nurseries, this is, by the operation of removal, nearly impossible. But although we may not hope to get every root entire, we may, with proper care, preserve by far the larger portion of them, and more particularly the small and delicate fibres. After being taken up, they should be planted directly; or, if this cannot be done, they should be kept from drying by a covering of mats,

uniformly showed the trees of the first, larger after five years, than those of the last after twelve.

No fruit tree should be planted in a hole of less size than three feet square, and eighteen inches to two feet deep. To this size and depth the soil should be removed and well pulverized, and it should if necessary be enriched by the application of manure, which must be thoroughly mixed with the whole mass of prepared soil by repeated turnings with the spade. This preparation will answer, but the most skilful cultivators among us make their spaces four or five feet in diameter or three times the size of the roots, and it is incredible how much the luxuriance and vigor of growth, even in a poor soil, is promoted by this. No after mending of the soil, or top dressings applied to the surface, can, in any climate of dry summers like ours, equal the effects of this early and deep loosening and enriching the soil. Its effects on the growth and health of the tree are permanent, and the little expense and care necessary in this preparation is a source of early and constant pleasure to the planter. This preparation may be made just before the tree is planted, but, in heavy soils, it is much better to do it several months previously; and no shallow plowing of the soil can obviate the necessity and advantage of the practice, where healthy, vigorous orchards or fruit gardens are desired.

The whole art of transplanting, after this, consists in placing the roots as they were before, or in the most favorable position for growth. Begin by filling the hole with the prepared soil, within as many inches of the top as will allow the tree to stand exactly as deep as it previously stood. With the spade, shape this soil for the roots in the form of a little hillock on which to place the roots—and not, as is commonly done, in the form of a hollow; the roots will then extend in their natural position, not being forced to turn up at the ends. Next examine the roots, and cut off all wounded parts, paring the wound smooth. Hold the tree upright on its little mound in the whole of prepared soil; extend the roots and cover them carefully with the remaining pulverized soil. As much of the success of transplanting depends on bringing the soil in contact with every fibre, so as to leave no hollows to cause the decay of the roots, not only must this be secured by patiently filling in all cavities among the roots, but when the trees are not quite small, it is customary to pour in a pint of water when the roots are nearly covered with soil. This carries the liquid mould to every hidden part. After the water has settled away, fill up the hole, pressing the earth gently about the tree with the foot, but avoiding the common practice of shaking up and down by the stem. In windy situations it will be necessary to place a stake by the side of each tree to hold it up-right, until it shall have taken firm root in the soil, but it is not useful in ordinary cases.

Avoid deep planting. More than half the losses in orchard planting in America arise from this cause, and the equally common one of crowding the earth too tightly about the roots. No tree should be planted deeper than it formerly grew, as its roots are stifled from the want of air, or

starved by the poverty of the soil at the depth where they are placed. It is much better and more natural process in fact to plant the tree so that it shall, when the whole is complete, appear just as deep as before, but standing on a little mound settles, will leave it nearly on the level with the previous surface.

Mulching is an excellent practice with transplanted trees, and more especially for those which are removed late in the spring. Mulching is nothing more than covering the ground about the stems with coarse straw, or litter from the barnyard, which by preventing the evaporation keeps the soil from becoming dry, and maintains it in that moist and equable condition of temperature most favorable to the growth of young roots. Very many trees, in a dry season, fail at midsummer, after having made a fine start, from a parched and variable condition of the earth about the roots. Watering, frequently fails to save such trees, but mulching when they are planted will entirely obviate the necessity of watering in dry seasons, and promote growth under any circumstances. Indeed, watering upon the surface, as commonly performed, is a most injurious practice, as the roots stimulated at one period of the day by water, are only rendered more susceptible to the action of the hot sun at another, and the surface of the ground becomes so hard, by repeated watering, that the beneficial access of the air is almost cut off. If trees are well watered in the holes, while transplanting is going on, they will rarely need it again, and we may say never, if they are well mulched directly after planting.

The best manure to be used in preparing the soil for transplanting trees is a compost formed of two-thirds muck or black peat earth, reduced by fermenting it several months in a heap with one-third fresh barnyard manure. Almost every farm will supply this, and it is more permanent in its effects, and less drying in its nature, than the common manure of the stable. An admirable manure, recently applied with great success, is charcoal—the small broken bits and refuse of the charcoal pits—mixed intimately with the soil. Air-slaked lime is an excellent manure for fruit trees in soils that are not naturally calcareous. Two or three handfuls may be mixed with the soil when preparing each space for planting, and a top dressing may be applied with advantage occasionally afterwards, to increase their productiveness. But wherever large orchards or fruit gardens are to be planted, the muck compost heap should be made ready beforehand, as it is the cheapest, most valuable, and durable of all manures for fruit trees.

Pruning the heads of transplanted trees, at the season of removal, we think generally an injurious practice. It is certainly needless and hurtful in the case of small trees, or those of such a size as will allow the roots to be taken up nearly entire; for as the action of the branches and the roots are rapidly formed just in proportion to the healthy action of the leaves, it follows that by needless cutting off branches we lessen the vital action of the whole tree.—At the same time, where trees are transplanted of so large a size that some of the roots are lost in removing them, it is necessary to cut back or shorten a few of the branches—as many as will restore the balance of the system—otherwise the perspiration of the leaves may be so great, as to exhaust the supply of sap faster than the roots can collect it. A little judgment only is necessary, to see at a glance, how much of the top must be pruned a way before planting the tree, to equalize the loss between the branches and the roots.

Complimentary.—You are the most handsome lady I ever saw," said a gentleman to one of the fair sex.

"I wish I could say as much for you," replied the lady.

"You could, madam, if you paid as little regard to the truth as I have."

Fashion.—When Paddy O'Rafferty was put into a sedan chair which had no bottom, he said, "if it were not for the name of the thing, he might as well be walking." The same might be said of the ladies' network gloves.

"Why, Siab, I am astonished," said a worthy Deacon—"did't we take you into our church a short time since?"

"I believe so," hiccupped Siab, "and between you and (hic) me, it was just a leetle of the (hic) darndest fake in, you ever (hic) saw or heard of."

"Oh, dear!" blubbered out a young Jonathan, suffering from the application of a birch, "Oh my! they tell me that forty rods makes a furlong, but let them get such a plighted lickin' as I've had, and they'll say one rod makes an (cher) acre."

Negotiations with Mexico.—Late Mexican papers confirm the reports here that negotiations have been opened between this country and that for a restoration of harmony. Father Ritchie some time ago gave a solemn denial to these reports; but we believe they are going to be verified in spite of him.—F. Sent.

The Senators from Florida have taken their seats. Mr. Levy for 6 years, and Mr. Prescott for 4.