

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Original Poetry.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL.

To Miss E. C.

Oh! 'tis sweet in a world of deception like this,
To find one true heart that to friendship is given,
And feel in its confidence earth's only bliss,
That mortals enjoy upon this side of Heaven;
Then turn not away from me that gentle look,
That is with affection and tenderness beaming,
The world and its follies, we mortals can brook,
If lovers and friends are not false to their seeming.

Thy heart is as free from all youthful deception,
As the spirits that sing around Allah's bright throne,
Thy smiles banish sorrow and heart-felt dejection,
And happiness reigns where its worth was unknown;
The afflicted in anguish seek thy consolation,
Contentment to find from remorse's dark power,
And leave thee with hearts full of reanimation,
As the rose, when refreshed by the gentle spring shower.

Excuse me fair maid if in love's gentle strain,
I indulge in those words that are full of emotion,
As the Pagan who kneels to his idol retains
Not a thought nor a wish, that can render devotion.

Like the dove in the tempest, in search of repose,
My poor wounded spirit is only here,
Then smile on me dearest while here I disclose,
That I love you to madness, yes! over the left.

AMERGIN.

Tales and Sketches.

A True Tale of a Funeral.

The point of the anecdote we are about to relate would be more appreciated were the parties who figure in it as well known here as they are in the city where the incident occurred. But as it is, it may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

There is a long-established and well-known club, in a northern metropolis of our country, one of the original members of which is a gentleman of the old school, a man of wealth and leisure, remarkable for the staid dignity of his manners, the primitive regularity of his habits, and his extreme devotion to the club, of which he is exceedingly proud. There he is to be found at almost all hours, making it his home and enjoying the comforts and conveniences it affords with the most complacent satisfaction. He is, in some sort, its oracle in certain matters, and is, moreover, the living record of its history from the beginning, doing its honors to visitors from other places, and keeping up its dignity and character to the best of his ability.

One of his strong points is to see to it that on the decease of any one of the members of the club, the funeral is attended by as many of the survivors as possible, so that an occasion of the kind is always sure to be quite an event in its history. Not long ago, one of the most eminent of its number, a gentleman distinguished in the literature of the country, as the author of several interesting and able books of foreign travel, died; and, of course, the members of the club determined to attend the funeral, several of them, the hero of our tale among the number, being designated as pall-bearers. The solemn services were to be performed at one of the principal churches in the city, and thither, on the afternoon appointed, the gentlemen repaired to assist in them.

Entering the porch, he asked the sexton to show him to the place set apart for the occupancy of the pall-bearers, and was shown into a pew, where sat a single individual, who happened to be not a member of the club, but a person who was, for some reason or other, peculiarly obnoxious to our hero, and who, for our present purpose, may be considered as entitled to the cognomen of Jones.

Though disappointed at not seeing a brother member in the place designated for him to occupy, rather than Jones, our friend composed himself as well as he could, under the circumstances, and paid a decent attention to the service, which commenced immediately after he entered. At the close, the corpse was lifted by the sexton and his assistants, and borne down the broad aisle of the church, followed by the pall-bearers, Jones and his dignified companion taking the lead. On arriving at the door they found carriages awaiting them, the place of sepulture being some four or five miles distant from the city. On entering the first carriage, the Colonel—as we shall call our friend of the club—found that his solitary companion on this sad journey was still to be the obnoxious Jones. But with his usual dignity he suppressed his feelings and resolved to make the best of his annoying situation. He even went so far as to make some courteous remarks to his fellow mourner, talked of the virtues and accomplishments of the eminent deceased, and eloquently and feelingly regretted his loss. Jones, of course, was sympathetic, and the slow and measured ride to the secluded city of the dead was at length concluded.

It was not until after nightfall that the funeral cortege reached home. Having dropped Jones at his domicile, down town, the Colonel ordered the driver to set him down at the club. Arriving, he entered the principal parlor of the establishment, where were assembled a goodly number of the members, reading the evening papers, smok-

ing segars, or conversing. Taking a seat, he commenced an indignant survey of the party present, and after some time spent in "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," his pent up feelings found vent in this wise:

"Well, gentlemen! You are a fine set of fellows to be members of such a club as this! Amn't you?"

"What's the matter now, Colonel?" exclaimed several at once.

"What's the matter? By—! I have been a member of the— Club for five and thirty years, and never saw it disgraced before to day! Yes, disgraced! I am ashamed of my membership in it! And so you all ought to be of yours!"

"But my dear Colonel," said one of the astonished party, "for what reason? What has given you offence? Pray tell us."

"I have been a member of this club five and thirty years, and have buried more than a dozen of its members; but I never went alone to one of their funerals before to-day. Where were you all this afternoon? Here was one of the most eminent men in the club, yes, in the world, buried to-day; and the only pall-bearers were myself and that d-d Jones!"

"Jones? What Jones? We were all at—'s funeral. We saw no Jones there, nor you either, Colonel. What are you talking about?" interjected several of the gentlemen addressed.

"That's all very well," rejoined our irate hero, "but I looked all over the church and not one of you could I see, to keep me in countenance. Do you think I would have rode five miles and back again, on a dog trot, in the same coach, with that fellow Jones, if I could have found a gentleman within hailing distance?—What right had such a man as Jones to be there at all? What did he even know of—, who, when alive, would have as soon been seen speaking to a boot-black as to him? And a pall-bearer, too! And in the same pew, and the same coach, with me!"

"Why, Colonel! I tell you we were all there. We went down to—, and saw the sad pined upon the grave of our lamented brother. It is now long since we returned, and we had not done wondering what could have kept you, of all the members of the club, away from the funeral, when you came in in high wrath with everybody, and your story about Jones. There is some mistake here, Colonel!"

A light began to glimmer over the case in the puzzled mind of the excited veteran. Lowering his tone somewhat, he asked slowly:

"Do you say, gentlemen, that you attended—'s funeral, this afternoon?"

"Most assuredly," replied all in a breath.

"At St. Thomas' Church?"

"Certainly, and nowhere else!"

"To-day? This afternoon?"

"Of course, Colonel! Of course!"

"At 4 o'clock?"

"No! My dear fellow! At three!"

"Then, gentlemen, I'm d-d if I haven't been at the wrong man's funeral!"

Feast of the Haters.

No one but a poet could have conceived this most admirable prose poem. A whole volume of thought, food for reflection, is embodied in the beautiful dream; and the whole is worth further credit than is usually given to daily newspaper articles. The author, William E. McLaren, local editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, is a poet of fine promise; and this "Wonderful Supper of the Haters" does him credit. We copy it from the *Plain Dealer*:

There was once a supper that was so full of love and glory and divinity that man has ever since commemorated it. It was a supper of Love. The table was surrounded by the holy men whose souls burned with love, and their eyes were all turned upon One Beaming Face, and their hearts drank in the great truths He uttered. It was a sublime scene.

Dreams are often not the meaningless things we usually think them. A dreamer dreamed one night some weeks ago about a Supper. But it was utterly antipodal to the supper of Love. The table appeared similar, and, in fact, all the accompanying circumstances seemed the same. But there was no beaming look of glory—no angelic smile—no Godlike brow—no heavenly light of eye. Nor did those who sat at the table seem happy. A fiend was nestling in every eye, and lurking in every heart, like a gnawing disease. They did not look at each other as at brothers, nor as at all like of the same race of beings. As each one spoke he scowled. He seemed like a vessel of subtlest poison, casting a noxious incense upon the air all about him. There were many, many more at this table than at that where the "beaming face of glory" was.

"I hate," said one, "because I love to hate. There's nothing good in this world. I love myself—but no more—no more. I hate everybody because—because—I hate them."

"I hate," said a huge, burly, black whiskered fellow, "because men hate me. They have imprisoned me, disgraced me. I'm not innocent, and wouldn't be. So I hate 'em all."

A sleek, white-necked, black-clothed, city parson next spoke. "I hate the Rev. Dr. Bobadink because he is more popular than I; because his church has a taller steeple and a prettier pulpit; because men call him 'pious' and me only 'good.' Besides, he gets \$300 more salary than I! And the preacher was about to pray that his hate might be increased, but he was interrupted by a man who sat opposite him.

"I hate," said he, "because I cannot help it. I hate man because I hate God. I disbelieve everything. There is no truth in the world, nor in heaven. There is no heaven, and no God. The idea of a future existence is loathsome. Ask me to love men! Pshaw! why not a dog as well!" And he struck the table an emphatic blow.

"No man can measure my hate," said a red nosed man, with a vacant eye and a nervous arm; "it might have been different but for rum. I hate man because I have made myself a brute. But there's one thing I love—love forever—that's whiskey!" And he seized a bottle of liquid fire, and guzzled a draught to drown memory.

A pale woman, in a gaudy dress, said she hated man and woman, and God and life. "I am a ruined wretch, without hope in the world, and why should I love? They have degraded me, and spit upon me. They have led me from virtue's path, and I walk in the ways of hell. I have no soul but hate."

Many others who sat at that horrid supper of Hate told their stories. Occasionally a chorus of curses would rise like a song of fiends. It reminded one of that "wailing and gnashing of teeth" spoken of by Him who once sat at the Supper of Love. The spirit of hate seemed to hang over them like a cloud, and envelop them in a Cimmerian darkness.

As they proceeded with their terrible orgy, a halo of light seemed to form above them, and, as they looked up, they were struck dumb. Silently a vision of glory was unfolded to their eyes. Far above, they saw a table, around which was seated thousands of immortals, clothed in the raiments of immortality. In their midst sat He, whom they crowned in thorns and spat upon—Golden letters glittered in the clouds around the vision, and the terror-stricken haters read such words as these: "GOD'S LOVE"—"LOVE ONE ANOTHER"—"COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT ARE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

The Haters fell upon their knees, and, as the dream ended, they were praying.

☞ A Yorkshire huntsman, in trying to prove that "the fox is the farmers' best friend," states some interesting, though inconclusive facts. He says:

"In Yorkshire, there are ten packs of fox hounds, one pack of stag hounds, and five or six of harriers, equal in all to thirteen or fourteen packs of fox hounds. Thirteen packs of fox hounds, of fifty couple each—namely, twelve hundred hounds, consume annually two hundred tons of oatmeal, at the cost of two thousand and six hundred pounds, besides the carcasses of about two thousand dead horses, worth nothing, if no hounds were kept. There are at least one thousand hunting men in Yorkshire, keeping up on an average four horses each; four hundred horses will cost them two hundred thousand pounds, at fifty pounds each; and their keeper at fifty pounds per annum, makes two thousand pounds more, four thousand horses employ two thousand men as grooms, generally the offspring of the agricultural population, and consume annually forty thousand quarters of oats, two thousand quarters of beans, and eight thousand tons of hay and grass. If fox hunting was given up, where would the farmer find a market for the above produce, or for a well bred horse of four or five years old! 'Foxes are the farmers' friends.' Some people would infer from the above statement that foxes are the farmer's worst enemies; since farmers earn the greater part of the vast sum required to keep the fox hunting system going, and pay it in the form of rent!"

MR. DRIESBACH INJURED BY A PET TIGER.—On Saturday evening, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, Mr. Driesbach, as usual, entered the den, in which were a lion, three leopards, a lioness, and a Brazilian tiger, for the purpose of exhibition. Scarcely, however, had he commenced the performance, when, from some unforeseen cause, the tiger sprang at Mr. Driesbach. The unexpected attack threw him from his feet, and the beast instantly fastened his teeth upon the breast of Mr. Driesbach and the claws upon the other part of his body. The lioness, observing the attack, took the part of her master, and pitched into the tiger; but in doing so she unluckily missed the tiger, and struck Mr. Driesbach a powerful blow with her paw, which only tended to increase the difficulty already pending. Mr. Moffitt, the principal attendant during the exhibition, kept the other animals back from entering into the melee, as they seemingly felt inclined to do so; at the same instant he opened the door, and he main force dragged Mr. Driesbach from the den. He was immediately conveyed to a private room, and a physician sent for to dress the injuries, which, on examination, proved only to be flesh wounds. The tiger is a pet animal, but had not been exhibited for three months, and it is supposed the gas light and the crowd of spectators confused and excited him, which led to the attack.

THINKING ALOUD.—The course of true love never does run smooth. A young gentleman of our acquaintance lately found it so; and, as he thought to punish the hesitating fair one, rushed off and married himself to another. He was a splendidly handsome fellow. The subject being talked of at some party, one of the company said, "Was it not very sudden? I did not know that he was even acquainted with her." He was a foolish fellow, and being angry with Miss Smith, determined to marry the first girl he met in his pique! "A young lady who was present, innocently exclaimed: 'O dear me, I wish he had met me in his pique!' We never heard of a better specimen of thinking aloud."

☞ One summer evening a gentleman called upon a lady—an acquaintance of his. After the compliments of the evening—the extreme heat, &c., she expressed her surprise at his appearing in slippers, despite his assertions as to their superior comfort. She continued her argument as to their great want of taste, and concluded by saying that, "As for her, she did not like to see a gentleman having anything on but boots!"

Psi Upsilon Society.

The above named fraternity, composed of graduates and students from the leading Colleges in the United States, meet together each year, and celebrate their anniversary. Their last festival, the twentieth annual one, was held at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in July last. The sauce, sentiment and song were quite piquant and spicy, of which the following, delivered on the occasion by the wit and poet, John G. Saxe, Esq., is a good specimen:

A POST-PRANDIAL POEM.

Dear Brethren, who sit round this bountiful board,
With excellent viands so lavishly stored,
That, in newspaper phrase 'twould undoubtably grow,
If groaning were but a convivial tone,
Which it is not—and, therefore, by sympathy led,
The table, no doubt, is rejoicing instead.

Dear Brethren, I rise—and it won't be surprising
If you find me, like bread, all the better for rising—
I rise to express my exceeding delight
In our cordial re-union, this glorious night,
And invoke every blessing a heart-hearted brother

In fullness of feeling could do for another;
And here let me pause for a moment, to say
In a negative, less than in a positive way,
(Like a person beginning his doctrinal task)
What a blessing for each I could specially ask:
May you never get in love or in debt, with a doubt

As to whether or not you will ever get out;
May you ne'er have a mistress who plays the coquette,
Or a neighbor who blows on a crack'd clarinet;
May you learn the first use of a lock on your door.

And ne'er like Adonis, be killed by a bore;
Shun eating and cantering with resolute force,
A "canter" is shocking, except in a horse;
At jovial parties mind what you are at;
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that the favorite son of your mother

Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other;
May you never, I pray, to worry your life,
Have a weak-minded friend, or a strong-minded wife.

A tailor distrustful, or partner suspicious;
A dog that is rabid, or nag that is vicious;
Above all—the chief blessings the gods can impart—
May you keep a clear head and a generous heart.

Remember, 'tis blessed to give and forgive;
Live chiefly to love, and love while you live,
And dying, when life's little journey is done,
May your last, fondest sigh, be Psi Upsilon.

One Vacant Chair.

We were talking, a few days since, with an esteemed friend of ours, who was reared after the good old New England fashion, and with whom "Thanksgiving," as a matter of course, is an institution, a day of family reunion, of domestic and social rejoicing. He is a man of noble sympathies and a big heart. In speaking of the coming Thanksgiving day, a cloud passed over his features, and a tear gathered in his eye. "I have," said he, "for many years gathered my family around me on that day. All my children have sat with me at my annual feast, and it never occurred to me that it could ever be otherwise. We ate, drank, and were merry, without thinking that a change must one day come. But that change has already come. At our annual banquet this year, there will be one vacant chair."

It is a sad, sad thought. Sorrowful memories come clustering around the heart, at the mention of that "one vacant chair." The pleasant features, the happy smile, the cheerful voice of the loved and the lost, come like a vision of sweetness from the sorrowful past. The pale still face, the marble brow, decked with the garlands of the grave, follow, and the eye dims with tears as the vision vanishes away, and the palpable presence only is left of that "one vacant chair."

And so it is, and so it will be always. Year by year those that we love drop from around us. Some are snatched away by death, going down in the bloom of their beauty to the city of death. Some swing into into the great world, and are borne by the currents of life far away from us. The day of annual reunion comes—we gather round the yearly banquet—we look for the cherished faces—we listen for the loved voices; but the heart swells, and the big tear trembles on the eyelids, for there, in the midst of that cherished circle, in the very place where one who nestled fondliest in our affections used to sit, is "one vacant chair."

We who sit at the head of those family feasts, should never forget that one day we shall be absent from the banquet. The time will surely come when we shall cease to occupy a place there. We know not when the vacancy may occur, but as surely as time rolls on, as surely as human destiny is sweeping onward and onward, always towards eternity, so surely will the day of our departure come; and struggle as we may, resist as we may, as all the aggregated energies of nature may, we must pass from among the living, and leave behind us for the next gathering, "one vacant chair."

☞ One of the ladies connected with the "Methodist Five Points Mission," who has under her charge some thirty little boys, called them together on the morning of Thanksgiving day, to perfect them in their answers to questions she intended asking them when before the visitors during the afternoon. After arranging them properly, the first boy on the right, in answer to the question, "Who made you?" was heard to say, "God." The next, "Of what were you made?" replied, "The dust of the earth," and soon, through the Catechism. The all-important moment having arrived, the little "shavers" were told to stand up. The little head boy, it seems, was missing, but the fact not being noticed by the teacher, she proceeded with the question, "Who made you?" which elicited the following laughable answer, "I was made out of the dirt of the 'ert; but the little fellow what God made, has got the belly-ache, and gone home."

A Yankee at the Crystal Palace.

A writer in the *Journal of Commerce* relates the following:

As we were sitting in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace, taking memoranda of its contents, a tall ill-dressed Vermont farmer attracted probably by the benignity of our visage, addressed us:

"Stranger what mought they charge to let a feller in this er's show?"

"Why do you ask; you paid at the entrance, did you not?"

"Ya-a-s! I didn't pay nothin', ef yew see anythin' green 'bout me jest write, will yew?"

"How did you gain admittance, then?"

"Wa-a-all, yew see I traded with a boy out there for a Herald, and gin him an extra cent to holler 'fire!' and when the man with the brass thing on his coat looked around, I kinder edged in behind him."

Of course we expressed our indignation, and were about to leave him, when he seized our button hole, saying, quickly:

"Say, Mister; don't be riled; guess they'll never miss it. Yew talk so all-fired honest, guess you must be a newspaper feller; been takin' notes, ain't you?—I've heard 'bout this short hand."

We assented; and he resumed:

"Mought your name be Greely, Mister? because I seed a nigger wench looked jest like a fergitive nigger, and if she is, it's a bully chance for you to spread—won't cost nothin', nuthin'."

We denied that imputation, when he continued:

"I atters like newspaper chaps, cause they're so clever. Been in the fine arts myself; taught school three winters—eighteen dollars a month and boarded 'round."

We next stopped to view the fine specimens of perfumery, among which were busts made of solid soap. "Hulo!" said Yankee, nosing the goods, "guess these is made of grave-stun, ain't they?"

"No they are made of soap."

Before we could prevent him he had pinched it to satisfy himself. "Wa-a-al guess it is, it feels spongy, any way; smells rare apocryphal tew, don't it? jest like old Mr. Slocum's 'pothecary shop tew hum'."

A few steps brought us to the statuary, where a number of persons were silently gazing at Powers' statue of the Greek Slave.

"Mister," said he, after a moment's inspection, pointing to the chains upon her wrists, "what's that critter heppled for?"

The bystanders roared; and we endeavored to explain to him the nature of the subject; and to prevent him from handling it as he was bent upon doing; pointed to the placard requesting visitors "NOT TO TOUCH THE ARTICLES."

"Don't touch the articles!" repeated he, "why she ain't got the first darned article on her!"

We left.

AN INSINUATION.—A friend gave us the other day a fine specimen of delicate insinuation.

Two fellows were quarrelling one day, one of them being dark-skinned. After some wrangling a friend of Fairskin's stepped up to him and told him to tell the other fellow that he had nigger blood in his veins:

"I hate to do so," said Fairskin.

"You can insinuate, I reckon!" replied the other.

"Look here!" said Fairskin, addressing his antagonist, "I say nothin' agin you or your blood. All I've got to say is this, if they'll dig down four feet, whar your grandfather was buried, they'll find woot."

"My son, take the jug and fetch me some beer."

"Give me some money, then, father."

"My son, to get beer with money, anybody can do that; but to get it without money, that's a trick."

So the boy took the jug, and out he goes—Shortly he returns and places the jug before his father.

"Drink," said the son.

"How can I drink when there is no beer in the jug?" said the father.

"To drink beer out of a jug," said the son, "when there is beer, anybody can do that; but, to drink beer out of a jug, when there is no beer, that's a trick."

☞ The Knickerbocker tells a good story of a little fellow who was forbidden by his mother going to the brook to swim. One day he broke her command, and in putting on his shirt he got the wrong side out. His mother quickly discovered this, and knowing he had been disobeying her orders, she asked how his shirt came inside out? This was a stumper under which the little rogue staggered for a moment, but brightening up he replied triumphantly, "O! I—I—guess I turned it gettin' over the fence!"

FEAR.—In a gambling room at Cairo, Illinois, old Mr. Maguire quarrelled with a green young man, and aimed an empty gun at him. The young man, to the delight of the spectators, ran round the room crying murder until he was cornered, when he drew his bowie knife and cut the old man into human meat. Such was the effect of fear on a coward.

☞ The amiably is a duty most certainly, but must not be exercised at the expense of any of the virtues. He who seeks to do the amiable always, can only be successful at the frequent expense of his manhood.

☞ The true poet is he who finds for the universal thought and feeling the becoming language.

☞ He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

Agricultural.

Curing Meats.

Mr. Editor.—I will take the responsibility of answering E. Langdon's inquiry proposed in your May number:—How to salt pork so as to keep. My plan is this, and I have kept house twenty years; it has never failed:

Cut your pork up, the sides clear of the ribs, six inches wide; let it lie over night. Next day salt as follows:—Sprinkle the bottom of the barrel with coarse salt—Turk's island, or some other good kind—put in a layer of meat set on edge, packed together as close as possible; then another layer of salt under, so on till your meat is all in the barrel. Then I take common eastern or lake salt as it is called, and make a brine as strong as it can be made: let it stand two or three days and then pour off the clear brine, and put it on the meat and then it is safe. Keep it under the brine by placing a weight on it. One bushel of coarse salt is enough for the side meat of six good hogs.

After trying almost all methods to keep smoked hams without success, I have for the last four years kept them with complete success by the following plan:

Put a layer of fine, dry charcoal, then a layer of hams, then charcoal and so on. No bugs, nor skippers, nor mould ever touch them. Keep in a dry and cool place and they will keep perfectly sweet, if in good order when put down.—*Frank Farmer.*

A. B. FISHER.

Training of Trees.

The editor of the *Horticultural Review*, says:—Trees with low heads do bear sooner and better, and will bear longer, than whip-stalks and bean poles. In our prairies, low headed trees are the only ones that can hold up their heads, or hold on their fruit. They are naturally shaped Fruit Bearers, but they are miserably unpopular with that class of purchasers, who "know more about trees, than the men who raise them." This is a most important subject; and fruit growers will never regret but once, if their trees up high. Like most others we began so too; and it has inflicted one perpetual sorrow upon us. The low tree is healthier, not subject to indications of the birds or insects, not injured by wind, the fruit is easier gathered; in fact, every reason is in favor of low growth. We now try to form a head not higher than three feet from the ground, for apples, letting the branches grow out.

Don't Sell Your Best Stock.

Don't allow those speculators or drovers to pick out the likeliest and best of your stock, leaving you only the poorest and ordinary to breed from. It is the worst policy you can adopt. By continuing such a course, it will be but a short time before you will have only poor and ordinary to select from. Supposing you can get a little more for those likely lambs than for others, you will do well to remember that it costs no more to keep them than it does poor ones; and next shearing time the large fleeces will tell the story in favor of keeping the best you have.

If you intend to make a practice of raising a colt every year, keep the best mare you can afford. Haven't you noticed that when a man comes to purchase a young horse he is always particular to know all about the stock, etc., before he concludes his trade? Keep the best, then, for yourself.

Don't sell your best cow because you can get five dollars more for her. Keep her, and she will more than make up the difference ere another year comes around. Just so with everything.—Select the best seed for your own use, and you will always have as good as any one, and be sure of the highest prices for any you wish to dispose of. Think of it.

Worth Trying.

Have any of our farmers tried the following plan of keeping dogs away from their sheep? Let me publish to the sheep raising world a remedy against the destruction of sheep by dogs, which was given me a short time since by a highly respectable and valued friend, himself an extensive wool grower. It consists simply in placing on one sheep in every ten of the flock a bell the usual size for sheep. The reasoning of my friend is this: The instinct of the dog prompts him to do all his acts in a stealthy manner—his attack upon sheep is most frequently made at night, while they are at rest, and the sudden and simultaneously jingling of the bells will lead to their exposure. The importance of sheep preservation from dogs the writer hopes, will claim for this communication an insertion in most of the papers of the Union, that a remedy so cheap and simple may be fully tested.

TO ROAST A GOOSE.—Pick, singe, and wash the goose. Stuff the body with mashed potato, chopped onions, salt, pepper, a little clove, a very little piece of butter, a little pounded cracker, and a beaten egg. Only a little onion as seasoning. Truss as you do the turkey. It will baste itself, and of course needs no butter. Put flour and water in the dripping pan to brown for gravy. Make a giblet gravy, the same as for turkey. Boil the neck of both goose and turkey for giblet gravy. It takes an hour to roast a common sized goose.

FOR CURING WOUNDS IN SHEEP.—Take the leaves of the Elder tree, and make a decoction, and wash the parts injured from one to three times a day and you will not be troubled with flies or worms on the wound. It also removes fever from the wound, and is healing.—*German-town Telegraph.*

☞ Will is the root, knowledge the stem and leaves, and feeling the flower.