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BY DAVIS & CREWS.

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THE HORSE RACE;

OR, THE GREY-BAY MARE.

Well, sir, I can bring a mare that will trot the legs off your horse, any day! She can go inside—

"Of the track!" interrupted a bystander. "You may bet high she'll try for it," was the answer. The speaker, familiarly known as Big Bill, here rose from his seat near the stove, in the Horse and Halter bar-room, and advancing towards the man he first addressed, added, "And now, Sifter, if you want to trot your horse, Ragbag agin my grey mare, Lady Shinbone, say the word, and we'll trot!"

"Done," said Sifter; "I'll trot my horse against your grey mare, a mile heat, to-morrow afternoon, weather permitting—Fifty dollars a side."

This little affair settled, all parties at once renewed their legitimate business—whisky drinking and talking horse.

"I never saw flies worse than they are now," said Big Bill; they worry Lady Shinbone's life out of her. She's 'blood' all over and a mighty thin skinned beast, to that; consequence is, the flies peg it into her like sixty, I'd give something to know how to drive them off."

"Keep your stable dark," said a man with a white hat.

"Keep a fly-net on her," added the man who struck Bill Patterson.

"Rub her with pen'ryal," suggested an apothecary.

"Try pizzerinum intment," said the apothecary's enemy.

"Use a fly brush," spiky insinuated old Uncle Ned, and as he spoke a bright light shot into his black eyes; there was an idea behind them, and he jerked the corners of his mouth down and looked serious, a looker on in the Horse and Halter took a little note of it. A few minutes afterwards he motioned to Big Bill, and drawing him away from the rest of the crowd into a corner, said with a mysterious air:

"I know an infallible recipe, Bill; there is no use in telling the crowd of it, but as you are a friend, I will tell you confidentially, remember, confidentially."

"Certain, honor bright," confirmed Big Bill.

"Well, then, you git a lot of walnut leaves and make a decoction just as strong as you can make it. Wash your grey mare with it, and to-morrow you'll see if she don't look like a different beast."

"Did you ever try it yourself?" asked Bill.

"Yes!" answered Ned "my old bay horse owes half his good looks to the decoction." Whereupon, Big Bill again joined the social circle and after a few flirtations with the whisky bottle rose up and departed. The decoction was on his mind, liquor in his hand, and the grey mare in the stable. As he got near home he remembered that a walnut tree stood back of the road near his house, so hauling down a fence rail he made a vigorous attack on the lower limbs of the tree, and soon had leaves enough on the ground to "keep the flies out of the whole state," as he judiciously remarked to himself, while employed in trying to gather up the leaves.

"Never see such leaves," he soliloquized, "they stick to the ground like as if they were glued there." He said this after making several futile attempts at gathering up one especially large one that kept eluding his grasp. He made a desperate lunge at it, and over he went. "Take care, old boy," said he don't go to cutting up such experts. Steady now, steady!" and like the memorable Toadde, he balanced himself on one thumb, preparatory to assuming the perpendicular—he assumed it. "Guess I've got enough; no use taking more than you want, you know," said he, as he cast a longing look at the big leaf which had already caressed him one tumble. "Old fellow, I'll leave you just where you are; I don't mind you," and closely grasping to his breast all he had gathered, he went home. When had got there he had just two ideas left, one was a big copper kettle to boil the leaves in, and the other was the grey mare, whether he had put the copper kettle into the grey mare, or the mare into the kettle, was more than he could cypher out. Luckily he stumbled over the pump, and finding a bucket there filled with water, he instantly plunged his head in "up to the handle," several times; then taking breath he went in several times more, finally feeling "as if somebody had taken a lot of blanket off his brains?" Cooled off, he boiled up the walnut leaves, made the decoction, and going out to the stable, by the light of the young moon which kindly lent itself for the occasion, he "soused the beast," to use his own expression, "till she hadn't a dry hair on her hide." "Now, my lady," continued he, "you won't be at home to receive no more fly-calls, and that tail of yours will know a little rest. To-morrow you've got to spread yourself agin Ragbag, a mile heat. I've got fifty on you, old woman; don't disappoint me." And after this exhortation Big Bill cleared out of the stable.

Next morning Big Bill went out to the table, threw open the door, looked in; the grey mare was gone! and there stood a bay mare in her place. Bill opened his eyes till they reached the roots of his hair, which stood up straight. "What are you

doing here, my lady?" asked he of the bay mare. A peculiar switch of the tail, a shake of her main, and a side look from her large liquid eyes, induced Bill to look closer at her. "By all that trots!" he burst out, "that cleans down anything I've heard of lately; a grey mare turned into a bay; somebody held me! the end of the world! the——" Bill suddenly checked himself, "the walnut leaves boiled. They did it" Yes, they did it; and Lady Shinbone, the grey mare was now a sight to behold; she was of an ugly bay color, with stripes, something of the appearance of a piece of malony veneering in the rough. "Now," continued Bill, you're a beauty, you are! Nothing can take the shine out of that eye of yours; though; there's grit there, proof agin all walnut leaves, Past, Present, and Future."

In the afternoon Bill was on hand with his "variegated" mare, and having duly driven over to the Horse and Halter tavern, he gave the mare in charge of the holster, first seeing her well blanketed, and then went to the bar room. Here he found Sifter the owner of the bay horse, Ragbag, who at once accosted Bill:

"Here I am, you see, ready for the trot, put up your money. Colonel Stubbs shall hold the stakes. You are to trot your grey mare against my bay horse, that's the agreement. Fetch out your animal."

Bill had lady Shinbone brought to the door, the crowd gathered round. "Don't touch a rag till I have the reins!" said he, and jumping into his light trotting wagon, the holster at the moment pulled off the cover and the lady came up to the starting post in fine style. Just at the same time Sifter came up with his bay.

"Well, Bill! why don't you bring out your grey mare?"

"What do you call this?" answered Bill, as he held the lady in with a taut rein.

"It may be a Zelra, 'tain't a grey mare this side of Jordan?" replied Sifter.

"I tell you!" says Bill, "this is my grey mare!"

"And I tell you," replied Sifter, "there ain't a grey hair on her. You've gone and got some kind of a wild beast, and want to come the giraffe over me; twon't work! The race was between my bay horse and your grey mare, and the colonel holds the stakes. So fetch on your grey mare?"

"This is a grey mare, one of the greyest kind of greys, only, you see, Uncle Ned he told me——"

"To thunders with Uncle Ned! roars Sifter. 'I don't want any cock and bull stories; I want your grey mare. If you can't produce her I claim the stakes as forfeit.'

"I tell you this is a grey mare, only I washed her with bile'd walnut!"

"Picked her, I s'pose," broke in Sifter.

"Washed her," shouted Bill, "with the walnut leaves which dyed every hair in her hide, and that's a fact by all that trots!"

Just at this instant old Uncle Ned made his appearance, usually on the track, and Bill, who had his eye upon him, at once jumping from his wagon, caught that respected gentleman by the arm.

"You've done it, my boy," roared Bill; "put your foot in it this time! Fork over fifty dollars, or by all that trots you'll believe his rainin mill stones on you. Didn't you tell me to wash that grey mare with walnut leaves? didn't I do it? look at her! She looks like a brown stone horse gone to seed!"

"Well," says Uncle Ned, "what if I tell you to wash her with walnut leaves? Didn't I tell you at the same time it would make her look like a different beast? and don't s'f? Didn't I tell you my bay horse owed half his beauty to this decoction, which is apt to beat Tripherous at dyeing. Didn't I tell you all this? Here the laughter and cheers of the crowd came in as a grand chorus, and Bill was waxing "tremendously wrathful," when Sifter rode up and shouted out:

"All right, Bill! I'm satisfied to trot against Lady Shinbone, although she isn't a grey mare, and has been in a dying condition; only the next time you intend to trot her don't ask your Uncle Ned for another fly recipe for your mare, it might hurt her inside out."

"G'lang! The grey bay won the race!"

The Beautiful.—All the world worships beauty. The infant exhibits unmistakable, though particular delight, on perceiving certain motions or sounds, and is attracted by any bright color or dazzling glitter, be it of the costly jewel or gaw gaw, the painted dabb, or the marvel of art, flower or star.

The young man, when "she comes whom God sends," finds the whole face of things more lovely, nay, glorified for her sake.—Lenaty—"smid all beauty beautiful, having made for itself a silence in his heart.

The old man after gazing in silent wonder on the setting sun, speaks kindly to those merry children who have been gathering buttercups and daisies. His thoughts wander away and dwell with a lingering fondness on "the days that are no more; and as he gives the little ones his blessing, the subdued sweetness which beams from his face tells that a chastened heart is filled with the beauty of holiness."

MARRIED POLITENESS.

There is much of truth as well as of that kind of philosophy which comes into every day requisition, helping to strengthen and brighten the ties of social affection, in the subjoined brief article, taken from the Ladies' Enterprise:

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly, but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural, and very affectionate. We thought how pleasant that courteous reply, how gratifying it must be to the wife. Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the common courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger whom they may have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, although the subject may not be of the most pleasant nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed, or listened to with ily-concealed impatience. Oh! how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request? "O, don't bother me!" cries her gracious lord and master. Does she ask for necessary funds for "Susie's shoes or Tommy's hat?" "Seems to me you are always wanting money," is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite, it is ordered, not requested.

"Look here, I want you to do so and so; just see that it is done;" and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow of gentlemanly polish and friendly sweetness for every casual acquaintance he may choose to recognize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." "I beg your pardon," comes as rapidly to his lips, when by a little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette.

This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to his precedence. He loves her best, why should he hesitate to show it; not in sickly, baudin attention, but in preferring her pleasure, and honoring her in public as in private. He knows her; why should he hesitate to attest it? "And the husband, he praiseth her," saith the Holy Writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking, as opportunity occurs, in a manly way, of her features. Though words may seem little things, and a slight attention seem almost valueless, yet depend upon it, they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in better moral atmospheres, and learn to respect their parents, as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly, he gathers to his bosom the same habits, and the thoughts and feelings they engender, and in his turn he becomes the petty tyrant. "Only his mother—why should he thank her? Father never does. Thus, the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness to any but those who have the justest claims.—Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead, the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly—"Yes, my dear—with pleasure."

Management of Children.—All parents, and others having the control and management of children, should remember that it is difficult to make a child really understand precisely what is meant by truth and honesty. It is not every departure from veracity in a child just learning to speak, or every misappropriation of property into which it may slide, that should be branded with the opprobrious name of falsehood or theft. The culprit may be clear of any bad intention and ignorant of any fault, although the fact may be clearly proved.—Caution, discrimination and much kindness are therefore requisite in correcting these evident faults, while advantage should be taken to inform the understanding and quicken the conscience, as to the broad difference between right and wrong. With those children who are the most sensible of this difference and on whom the guilt of falsehood has been most firmly impressed, a frequent incentive to its commission is fear. An active and unobtrusive urchin meets with some trifling accident or perhaps perpetrates some wanton mischief. Immediately his little heart beats quickly with dread of the consequences. He knows that if found out he will be put to bodily pain. This his nature shrinks from and he seeks means to avoid it. If he tells a lie, he may escape punishment and accordingly he lies. This is sad, but what else can be expected? We do not look for the heroism of martyrs in our children, and we ought not to look for it. Now all this temptation and wrong—we would have every parent lay down an absolute rule for himself or herself, never severely to punish a child for a fault freely and frankly confessed.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF WASHINGTON.

The Washington States says: We have been favored with the following extracts from a letter written by an estimable and enlightened German gentleman, now in his eighty-fourth year, to his friend in this city. Although fifty eight years have elapsed since this good old German was last in this country, yet we understand he has made it an invariable custom, ever since, to celebrate at his own house, our two great national holidays—the 4th of July and 22d of February—annually.

BREMAN, Jan. 15, 1859.

My Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 20th December, and avail myself of the first post to express my thanks for the interesting intelligence which it communicates. That which affords me the most joy is the reference made to the purchase, by American ladies, of Mount Vernon, the domestic residence of the immortal father of your great republic. The noble purpose of your fair countrywomen to rescue the hallowed spot upon which he passed the last days of his glorious life from further dilapidation, to preserve the unpretending old mansion from utter ruin, and to embellish the grounds, is as praiseworthy and creditable to the Union as the lofty patriotism which distinguished the Spartan mothers. May Almighty God bless them for this work of national gratitude—too long, alas! delayed by their fathers, husbands and brothers.

In my parlor is suspended an engraving of Mt. Vernon, and in my front hall a picture of General Washington, which embraces Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis. My eyes love to linger upon those faithful mementoes of other years. They vividly call to my mind the day—the proudest day of my life—that I passed upon the beautiful banks of the Potomac, in the family of the best and greatest personage that the world has ever produced. It was in May, 1798, now nearly sixty years. I was seated at his right at dinner, and I recollect as distinctly his majestic bearing as if it were yesterday. Though of mortality, his overpowering presence inspired an impression that he belonged to immortality. His stateliness, his serene face, the perfect simplicity of his manners, his modest demeanor, and the words of wisdom which he uttered, led me irresistibly to the belief that he was an emanation of the Omnipotent, for the marvellous work that he had just consummated. It was my good fortune to contemplate him in his retirement—after he had left nothing undone that he could perform for the republic of his creation, and after he had quitted office forever. What a privilege I enjoyed in being his welcome guest! Of the 240,000,000 of people in Europe, I imagine I am the only person, since the death of Lafayette, who was so favored as to break bread and take wine with him at his own table. May his pure spirit guide your government in all coming time, through any difficulties in which it may find itself encompassed! May his disinterested patriotism be emulated through countless generations, by his successors in the Executive Mansion.

The Presidential task, however, becomes more and more difficult as your population increases and your boundaries extend. I thank you much for Mr. Buchanan's message. It is replete with information, such as we could expect from so experienced and enlightened a statesman. It has been favorably received in Germany. But will Congress assist him in carrying out the measure he proposes? The exercise of a controlling influence in Central America appears to be an absolute necessity for your commercial intercourse with the Western States, as also the annexation of Cuba; and yet I think your republic wants no addition of Territory. For my part, I liked your fifteen United States, during my stay, from 1796 to 1800, much more than I do now your thirty two, with all the gold of California. But I will indulge no gloomy foreodings, but, as ever, will implore God to protect your Union, bind its citizens together with cords of enduring fraternal regard.

A Boy's first Purchase.—There is now a young man, doing a flourishing business in Massachusetts, whose boyhood was adorned by the following act:

He was reared in poverty, and was early instructed to save his money. This he did with extreme care, until he had enough to pay for a Bible, when he hid it out for this book of books. As fast as he acquired the means he purchased other volumes, and read them over with the deepest interest. He grew up a model young man, and has been pursuing a successful business for some years.

Although a young man now he is the possessor of much property. If he had spent the first twenty-five cents he possessed for a visit to the theatre, or in some other pleasure, he might have been a miserable spendthrift now, without wealth or character.—Bible Society Record.

One of our exchanges says: "It is a popular idea that courtship was the consequence of original sin. We don't know how that may be, but it is plain enough that a good deal of original sin is the consequence of courtship."

ANECDOTE OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

During sixteen year's residence in New York, it was my custom, when the birthday of Washington came round, to get the following anecdote inserted in one or two of the daily papers. A good story is not the worse for being twice told, nor a good sermon the worse for being twice read. In 1796 I heard the farmer referred to narrate the following incident. Said he: "When the British army held possession of New York, and Washington with the American army lay near West Point, one morning I went out at sunrise to bring home the cows. In passing a clump of brush-wood I heard a moaning sound, like a person in distress. On nearing the spot I heard the words of a man at prayer. I listened behind a tree. The man came forth—it was George Washington, the Captain of the Lord's hosts in North America."

This farmer was a member of the Society of Friends, who, being opposed to war under any pretext, was lukewarm, and in some cases opposed to the cause of his country. This farmer, was a tory. However, having seen the General enter the camp, he went to his own house, and said to his wife, "Martha, we must not oppose this war any longer. This morning I heard the man George Washington send up a prayer to heaven for his country, and I know it will be heard." This friend dwelt between the lines of the two armies, and subsequently gave Washington many items concerning the movements of the enemy, which rendered good service to the American cause.

From this incident we may infer that Washington rose with the sun to pray for his country, he fought for her at the meridian, and watched for her at midnight.

Now, Mr. Printer, I advise every editor of a newspaper between Montauk Point and the Rocky Mountains, if three drops of American blood is running in their veins, that they insert this anecdote in their daily or weekly journal every twenty-second of February, (Washington's birthday), as long as trees grow and water runs.

I voted three years while Washington was President—I married three bonnie Yankee lassies—this, I think is being naturalized enough, in all good conscience. I therefore hold myself an American to all intents and purposes. This day I enter my 87th year.—Cor. Thorburn in New Haven News.

New Haven, February 18th, 1859.

Newspaper Borrowers.—An exchange paper says: A 'borrower' is an unfinished being. He is incomplete. There is a screw loose in his organization. He is a bad man—that is an unsafe one. He never comes to anything good, and is always poor. It is an old Scandinavian proverb that when Satan wished to angle with an finally catch a man he first sets him borrowing. The whole tribe of borrowers are utterly mean, and the newspaper borrower is the meanest of the tribe. In this country newspapers are so cheap that every man can—and every decent man does buy his own. At any rate, no decent man will borrow a newspaper. If he can't get one of his own he will do without. It dirties of his own he will do without. It dirties and rumples a newspaper to handle it and no man likes to have his favorite family journal soiled by borrowers' unclean hands. Subscribers to good papers like to preserve them in good condition; and in order that they may do this, the papers must be kept clean, smooth and whole. No one likes to preserve a dirty, torn, or rumpled paper, and one such unsightly copy spoils a whole—one number of a paper lost breaks the continuity of a volume, and there is a degree of sentiment, too, about a favorite family newspaper. A man acquires an affection for it, and as in the case of his wife and baby, he don't want anything else to meddle with it. Therefore the newspaper borrower is a disturber of the peace and happiness of families; he is a pest, a nuisance, and should be permanently disposed of in a manner that would forever prevent him from annoying honest, decent people, who pay for their newspapers, and should be allowed to read and preserve them in peace.

Curious Facts About the Sexes.—It is a singular fact, says a writer in one of our exchanges, that even after death, nature respects the inherent modesty of woman, when drowned she floats on her face, and a drowned man upon his back. The noblest part of a human being is the head; but the man's head is liable to baldness; woman is never bald. The man's face is often made repulsive on account of a harsh growing beard, so covered with solid hairs, as something scarcely to be distinguished from the face of a beast; in a woman, on the other hand, the face always remains pure and decent. For this reason women were, by the laws of the twelve tables, forbidden to rub their cheeks, lest hair should grow and obscure their blushing modesty. But the most evident proof of the innate purity of the female sex is, that a woman having once washed is clean, and if she wash in a second water will not soil it; but that a man is never clean—though he should wash in ten successive waters, he will cloud and infect them all.

TRIAL BY JURY.

Two hundred years before the Magna Charta, and perhaps much earlier, the trial by jury was esteemed a privilege of the highest and most beneficial nature, and since that time it has always been insisted upon, in England and this country, as the bulwark of liberty; but there is no denying that, on this side of the Atlantic, it has latterly fallen into much disrepute.

Every one admitted that a trial by one's peers, (sanctified as it was by antiquity, and its glorious efforts against tyrannical persecution,) was most equitable—at least in theory; much better than the old trial by battle or the arbitrary decision of a single man, be he Calipha or Emperor. *Quod placuit principi* was altogether inconsistent with Anglo-Saxon notions of liberty.

But the theory and the practice were different. In the working of our jury system, idlers, tavern-loafers, ignorant or unscrupulous men are frequently selected; and where there was an atom of respectability in the juror, it was more than over-balanced by the fact that he was superannuated, or deaf, or otherwise disqualified. Through favoritism or solicitation, incompetent men were drawn, and the trial, whether in a civil or criminal court, was a mere farce. In the former, the most senseless verdicts were sometimes rendered, and in the latter corruption secured an immunity for the most desperate and hardened offenders.

It is not necessary to refer to instances in which juries were packed to accomplish a certain end. Some of them are too recent to be forgotten. Grand Juries were defiled by the introduction of infamous men; and the court house filled with bravos and convicts anxious to be called as jurors when the panels were exhausted and a *bles* prayed, in any case where one of their loon companions might be defendant, no matter what his guilt. The law was set at naught and justice derided. No supervision of the judges and law officer could prevent these outrages.

This state of affairs demanded reform, and we have it in a most satisfactory shape. The old system has been abolished, and now it is nearly impossible to have an incompetent jury. It was provided by law, by our last Legislature, that the judges and some municipal officers should meet and make out a list of men comprising our best citizens, who should be liable to jury duty. This has been done, and now jurors are drawn in open court from this select list.—In making out this list precaution has been taken to select men from all the walks and avocations of life, only taking care to exclude the objectionable and worthless.

We need hardly say that already a most gratifying change has been experienced.—The society of the court room has been improved. Moving about, may now be seen unusual faces. The thriving mechanic, the active merchant, the retired citizen—in fact, a better class of men altogether.—The business of the court progresses more rapidly, and the verdicts give general satisfaction. All that is required to make this new order of things a permanent blessing is a determination to perform this jury duty, and no attempts to avoid it by applications to judges to be relieved.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Desire for Recreation.—The following remarks on the necessity of recreation were recently made before one of the Young Men's Christian Associations of England, by Dr. Gladstone, F. R. S.

Gladstone contended that the desire for recreation was part of man's mental constitution—one of the features impressed on his spirit by the Divine Creator who lavished beauties on the world, and gave us all things richly to enjoy. The English have a proverb, that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and Schiller even makes bold to say that 'we are never great but when we play.' The author enumerated various kinds of recreation now in practice—cricket, the chase, etc., and argued that the practice of these recreations must produce immense effect upon the national character. The Americans seemed to be awaking to a perception of this, by encouraging manly sports among their youth. The question now presented itself, "How does personal religion affect this desire for recreation?"

"The possession of religion reduced amusement from being the main object of life to that which ought to be sought after as a necessity; and religion also had the effect of recognizing what was proper and what was positively wrong. Though the influence of Christianity, the cruel amusements of some continental nations had been abolished; and the cruel games which were once practised in our own country had been done away with through the same influence. Religion rendered external amusements doubly necessary to some minds. Cowper must solace himself with his hares, or writes John Gilpin, Luther must burst forth into music, or romp with his children. But the more practical part of the inquiry was, 'Ought Christian Associations, to occupy themselves with this want?' It was the love of the world that was civil, and not the use of it. The state of mind made all the difference. He thought that if the neighborhood of a Christian Association did not furnish means of innocent recreation for young men, the Association ought to provide for it."

FOUL FEET IF SHEEP.
As many farmers are much troubled with foot-rot, or fouts in the feet of their sheep, I would say that, according to my knowledge of the diseased foot, that there is no certainty of curing without a thorough application of the knife. The reason I speak of this is, many attempt a cure by running their sheep through a trough of vitriol or lime.

The first appearance of disease is an irritation between the toes; second, a slight separation commences between the toes and near the back of the hoof. If the proper remedies are applied before any separation takes place, paring the hoof will not be necessary; but if the medicine does not reach the whole of the diseased part it will appear again in a more aggravated form; hence the necessity of following the disease by paring the foot as far as you can find the least sign of the rot. Many say that the remedies applied make their sheep worse. The reason is obvious, from the fact that any remedies to cure the disease have a tendency to harden the hoof, and if the disease is beyond the reach of the medicine, the outside becomes hard, and the disease is still at work in the foot. This will be seen by a continued lameness and inflammation.

Sheep, after doctoring, must be so caud be turned back in the same lot until sufficient rains or frosts have cleansed it, as the disease is highly infectious. I will give a receipt for curing foot-rot, which is infallible, if rightly applied:

To 100 sheep take 2 lbs. plug tobacco, boil it in a sufficient quantity of water to get the strength, strain it, then pulverize 6 ounces of blue vitriol, put it in the tobacco, while hot. One quart of the liquid will be sufficient. The stronger the better.—When cold add a half tea cupful of turpentine; and after paring the foot, apply the liquid with a swab.—*Cor. Medina Gazette.*

A Word to Apprentices.—Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. If he spare no labor in its proper culture, he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil, he follows the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them, he will find the seeding time past, and his ground only bringing forth weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improves the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can become master of his business only through the closest application and the most persevering industry; and that unless he does master it, he may bid farewell to all the visions of future prospects and success. The apprenticeship is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere, be studious and attentive; study well all the branches of your business both practical and theoretical—and when the time shall come for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use, not only in your own particular business, but in society.

An Arctic Voyager.—A charming young lady was kind enough to give me the particulars for her pet dove, who is a great Arctic voyager. This tender bird has been twice to the North Pole, and spent the summers of 1853-54 there on board Captain Inglefield's ship the "Plover." She then remained with Captain Inglefield in the "Sidon," in the Black Sea. Not only is this dove a great traveler, but she is a fighting dove as well, for she was present at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and her cage was knocked to pieces by a shot. Her only other adventure was making herself ill by eating some strange berries, but she recovered after the administration of an emetic. This bird has picked up wisdom in her travels, and now considers herself a veteran bird, and entitled to take liberties. When a stranger comes into the room, she flies, as often as she can get out of her cage, on to his head, or on to his head, or on to the nearest corner of the table or floor; then she stands at his feet, and commences the funniest succession of jerks and bows, cooing loudly and hoarsely all the time. A few weeks after she came home from the North Pole, an officer of the ship happening to call upon her mistress, she manifested the utmost impatience to get out of the cage even when she only heard his voice, but the moment she saw him she flew direct into the breast of his coat, where she had been accustomed to nestle in the homeward voyage. She was scarcely ever in her cage on board ship, as she was too tame to fly away.—Captain Inglefield took a large quantity of wheat and canary-seed and gravel with him on each voyage, as the dove's provision.

He that goes borrowing goes sorrowing.