

# WATCHMAN & OLD NORTH STATE.

NEW SERIES.]

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TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.  
WATCHMAN & OLD NORTH STATE.  
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For the Watchman & Old North State.

"HOME."  
Sweet home of my childhood,  
To memory dear,  
Though in climes far away,  
Thou art still with me here!  
Still through some well remembered  
In fancy I roam,  
And beguile my dull hours  
With the echoes of home!  
Still, still on each lost one,  
In each loving face,  
Each tear shed in sorrow,  
Each smile full of peace,  
Take pleasure in counting  
Them jealously o'er,  
That nothing so precious  
Be lost from her store!

From the American Farmer.  
**Wine's Work.**  
BY HOWARD GLENNON.

"Promise me, Charlie!"  
She was leaning fully over the  
back of his chair, looking down into his  
eyes. "By 'sbe," I mean Mrs. Gale, and  
Charlie was her husband. He had  
settled himself for a quiet after-dinner  
nap. But Mrs. Gale had mysteriously  
sneaked in from the kitchen, threatening  
to withhold it until he gave her the required  
sum. And now she laid one hand  
firmly on his forehead, and stealing  
the other under his chin, she looked arch-  
ly, yet half earnestly, down into the deep  
blue eyes, with tender blue ones, as she  
whispered, "Promise me, Charlie. Now  
what's a dear!"  
"Nonsense, Virginia!" and he tried to  
at her hand.  
"Oh! Charlie," reproachfully.  
"Pshaw, do let me go. You'll choke  
if I said, half impatiently.  
"So I will," she cried, merrily. "If you  
don't promise me, this very minute, not to  
take any thing stronger than pure cold  
tea at Uncle Logan's party to-night."  
And forthwith she made a small, but  
vigilant attack upon him, pulling his head  
back as far as she could get it, and mak-  
ing believe to clutch him by the throat  
in intense mock fury.  
"Stop, Virginia, stop! Why, what are  
you about? Only let me get clear, and  
I'll pay you off for this little mischief.  
There, now, you'll put out my eye with  
that pin in your sleeve. Oh, murder, my  
eye! I'll promise. Oh, yes—anything!"  
She still persevered in her spirited mode  
of enforcing an argument.  
"He shouted out, 'Yes, yes! There  
I hope I have promised often enough  
to satisfy you."  
"On your honor!"  
"Certainly. Yes, of course."  
"Oh, sir, I thought I could bring you  
some. Recollect, you have said on  
your honor. I shall hold you to your  
promise."  
And she came around and seated her-  
self on his knee very demurely indeed, af-  
ter the manner of potted young wives  
when they have just gained a point.  
"You sassy little puss, how dare you  
do just see how you've scratched my  
eye."  
"Shall I kiss it and make it well?" she  
asked, playfully. And then, while her  
eyes were earnest in his pleading expres-  
sion, she added, "Oh! Charlie, you do  
not know how anxious I have felt about  
this party ever since we decided to go."  
"You always have such a gay time at  
Uncle Logan's. And you know, dear  
thing, how easy it is for your compan-  
ions to make you go too far, because you  
are such a dear, good-natured fellow."  
"I'll tell you, that you have promised me,  
I'll quite say. And, dear, don't forget,  
when the young men begin to get too gay,  
I'll see you up stairs to me and baby."  
And he promised.  
Going out to an evening party at Uncle  
Logan's was no small affair, after consid-  
ering that it was a good five miles ride  
on the Glendale, out into the country, over  
rough roads, with Gunpowder river—  
often by recent rains—to be crossed—  
and this was in a remote and secluded  
part of Maryland, distant from any rail-  
road, and with no tavern where a visit-  
ing party could be accommodated. Vir-  
ginia, therefore, had not thought  
of asking her husband to accompany her,  
and she had to go alone.

"Dear little fellow, how bright he  
looks," she said, fondly pulling down the  
corner of the shawl. "Look, Charlie."  
And the little one gave a soft coo, in  
answer to papa's merry chirrup, as he  
looked into the huge bundle of shawls,  
and patted the tiny, rosy face, just peep-  
ing out of its snug enclosure. Then, after  
a moment had given her parting directions  
to Hester—to promise to be housekeeper in  
her absence—they started off, the light,  
crisp snow cracking under the feet of their  
horses.  
"Give Charlie to me, 'Virgie,' her  
husband said, when they reached the river,  
and reined in their horses upon its  
bank.  
"Keep close to me," he added, and not  
another word was spoken until they reached  
the opposite bank; for the fording of  
the river, in its present condition, was a  
difficult, almost dangerous undertaking.  
"I do hope the moon will be up when  
we come back," Virgie said. Then, ad-  
vancing, anxiously, as he again deposited the  
child in her arms:  
"The river is deeper than I thought,  
and really it would be dangerous to cross  
in the dark."  
Lights were glimmering from the win-  
dows as they rode up to Uncle Logan's  
gate; and as the number of horses and  
vehicles already congregated around it  
showed that the invited guests of the  
Christmas Eve party were already begin-  
ning to drop in. Aunt Lizzie came out to  
the door to meet them, and took the sleeping  
baby from Virgie's poor, tired arms.  
"Remember, Charlie," she said imperi-  
ously, as they were on the point of separa-  
ting—she, for Aunt Lizzie's comfortable  
room above stairs—in, for the society of  
his boon companions.  
"Never fear me!" and he went gaily  
away.  
Alas! for the promise made to the fond,  
cerulous wife, sitting up stairs in the  
quiet matronly circle, with her babe on  
her knee, so proud and happy, for it was  
her first child. And what young mother  
ever failed to appreciate the dignity of her  
position at such a time!  
In less than half an hour Charlie Gale  
had forgotten his promise, with child, ev-  
erything; and again and again his glass  
was filled, and his voice raised in riotous  
chorus with the loudster.  
The night waned, and the guests began  
to disperse. Virgie sat in the dressing  
room, all ready for the ride, holding in  
her lap what seemed to be a huge bundle  
of shawls, but which was in reality little  
Charlie, who lay curled up in his warm  
nest fast asleep, with one little fat thumb  
in his mouth.  
"I wonder what makes Charlie so late?"  
she said, at last, impatiently.  
"Aunt Lizzie, will you please send for  
him, and say I'm waiting?"  
He came at length, but the first words  
he spoke told her all. She knew at once  
that he was intoxicated, although to others  
only a very slight excitement was all that  
appeared unusual about him.  
"Oh! the shame! She hardly dared  
speak to him. All her thought was to  
get him away before he betrayed his con-  
dition to other eyes.  
"Give me the child," he said.  
And as she did so, she felt that his arm  
was unsteady.  
"Oh! I dare not trust the baby with  
him," was her thought, but she was silent.  
She could not bear that those around  
should know the mortifying truth.  
"I do wish you would stay all night,  
Virgie," spoke Aunt Lizzie, renewing her  
entreaties. "It is so late, and it is grow-  
ing colder."  
Virgie thought of the dreary five miles  
ride, with a drunken husband, and then  
the river! She had before refused to stay,  
but now she thought better of it.  
"What do you think of it, Charlie? I  
hadn't better stay?" she asked per-  
sistently.  
"But liquor had made him un-  
steady.  
"No, we must go home," he said, sur-  
rily.  
She knew it would avail nothing to  
argue the matter with him, but only led to  
a painful exposure; so she commenced  
paying her debts.  
"By dint of gentle coaxing she induced  
him to give the baby to her before they  
started.  
As they rode away, Uncle Logan shout-  
ed out to them:  
"Look out for the river!"  
Virgie's heart was too heavy for a re-  
ply, but Charlie shouted back, with man-  
dlin cheerfulness:  
"All right!"  
As they rode on, she saw that he was  
sinking into a dream. "Oh, if only  
they were only safe," she thought, and  
she would have given anything to have  
the river yet. The determination  
breath was not to let her husband  
go, but to let him know that she  
was not to be trifled with. She  
did not think of asking her husband  
to accompany her, and she had to go  
alone.

you can guide your horse over safely as  
you are."  
"Ha! What do you mean by that?"  
She made him no answer.  
"Do you take me for a fool?" he said  
roughly and angrily.  
Now, Charlie, don't lose! You know  
your arm is very unsteady just now. It  
is, indeed!"  
"Ah, I understand you now. So mad-  
am, I suppose you think I am drunk!"  
Again she was silent.  
"Give me the child!" he said fiercely.  
"O, Charlie! For God's sake—"  
"Give him to me, I say! Do you think  
to brave me so? Give him here this min-  
ute."  
Resistance, she knew, was useless. It  
would only serve to infuriate him; and  
what will not a drunken man do?  
Uncovering the little sleeping face, she  
kissed it once—then drawing the thick  
shawls which enveloped the little figure,  
she covered the face again, and gave him  
into her husband's arms.  
"Charlie! For the love of heaven be-  
careful."  
"Don't be a fool!"  
So they plunged in, and she did not  
take her eyes from the other two, until  
they had nearly reached the opposite bank.  
Then her horse stopped on a stone, and  
slipping, nearly precipitated her into the  
water. When her attention was again  
free they had reached the opposite bank.  
"There he is!" said Charlie triumph-  
antly, as he placed the bundle in her arms.  
"What a simper you were to think I  
couldn't bring him over safely!"  
How very light it was! Good heaven!  
She moved it about in her arms—pressed  
it closer; then uttered an awful shriek.  
"My child! My little child! My  
Charlie! O, my child!"  
Both turned simultaneously back to the  
water. The quick eye of the mother was  
just in time to catch one last brief glimpse  
of a little rosy, pitiful, upturned face—and  
then it disappeared down the current, and  
the rapid waters flowed on.  
In his drunken unconsciousness Charlie  
had let the sleeping infant slip out of his  
arms, and nothing could be heard above the  
noise of the waters. He did not know it  
till the mother screamed.  
There was no help. Oh, it was pitiful,  
heart-breaking! Poor young mother!  
The home of the Gales is very still now.  
Virgie's pale face seems paler yet, for  
contrast with her black dress. The cran-  
tine looks so dreary, standing always  
back in one corner of the nursery. She  
never passes it without having her heart  
wring anew; and will sit for hours, fold-  
ing and unfolding the little clothes, and  
her hands linger lovingly among them.  
"There is a pair of tiny shoes in the draw-  
er of her work table, and a lock of baby  
hair, in the great Bible.  
Let us hope that Charlie Gale is a bet-  
ter though a sadder man; for, ever since  
that fatal night, he has given up strong  
drink.  
BABS IN THE WOODS.—A corre-  
spondent of the Portsmouth (N. H.)  
Times says that the town of Atkinson, in  
that State, was thrown into excitement on  
Monday afternoon by the announcement  
that two little children and one-half year  
aged three and four and one-half year  
and though dozens of persons had search-  
ed for them for several hours, no traces  
could be found of the missing babies. Be-  
lieve me that the inhabitants of Atkinson  
were engaged in the search.  
The moon set that evening about eight  
o'clock, but until about eleven the search  
was continued, but was fruitless, but all  
parents were nearly distracted, but all  
efforts made failed to bring the slightest  
clue to the lost ones. When nearly all  
had given up and no hope was enter-  
tained of their being found that night, a  
Hampstead man, named Tristram Little,  
plunged into a swamp about one and a  
half miles from the home of Morse, and  
found the little ones exhausted and almost  
dead. The three year old was sleeping  
in the water, and was sleeping  
with his head resting on a log. How they  
came there they cannot tell, except that  
the four-year old says he kept going, and  
thought he saw a light, which he tried to  
reach.  
REMARKABLE EXTRACT.—The fol-  
lowing will, about on the "sea of reading,"  
we clip from an exchange. We do not  
know its paternity, but it contains some  
wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:  
"I seldom think of the great evils  
which shadow our race, and which fall across  
their path, and which forever from their eyes  
the sunlight of their existence.  
The great antagonism of life, and  
the thought of the tomb is the skeleton  
of all life."  
Pat Baby.—A fat baby arrived here  
this morning, which attracted the attention of all at  
the depot. The child is accompanied by its  
parents, and weighs from one hundred  
and seventy to two hundred pounds. It  
is a boy, aged five years, and is about  
three feet in height, and fully two feet in  
diameter, with a small head and child-  
like face, and walks with some difficulty  
—his legs, although very large, having  
apparently too much to carry.  
Washington Star.

**A FATAL RIOT ON TUESDAY.**  
With feelings of deep regret we record  
the fact that a fatal riot occurred in our  
streets on Tuesday last, in which one ne-  
gro was killed and seven or eight wound-  
ed.  
We have made diligent enquiry of gen-  
tlemen of reliability, who witnessed the  
rise and progress of the melancholy dis-  
turbance, and have no hesitancy in endorsing  
the following as the facts, for they can  
and will be substantiated, if necessary, by  
our informants before a judicial tribunal:  
Soon after the polls were opened, on  
Tuesday morning, a negro presented his  
ballot to vote, who was known by the clerk  
of the election to have been once con-  
victed of felony and publicly whipped.  
The clerk reminded him of it, but the ne-  
gro told him he could not prove it. A per-  
son standing by, who knew the fact, was  
appalled to and corroborated the state-  
ment of the clerk. Upon this the negro  
turned to the clerk and said it was a d—  
d lie. Of course, a knock down was the re-  
sponse, and for a few moments there was  
great danger of a general row, but the  
contestants were separated, with "bodily  
hurt." A large number of negroes were  
assembled around the polls at the time,  
who became greatly excited, and many of  
them immediately left, but in a few mo-  
ments returned armed with clubs and  
bludgeons.  
From that time until about 1 o'clock,  
the negroes banded together in squads of  
twenty to forty, almost occupied the pub-  
lic square, while one or perhaps two walk-  
ed up and down the Main street, with  
sleeves rolled up, cudgel in hand, and  
in a bullying swaggering manner. But the  
attention was paid to this folly, by the  
white people, and no difficulty occurred  
until a number of negroes commenced an  
attack upon one of their color, who had  
voted the Conservative ticket. It was  
evident that this man's life was in dan-  
ger, and a few young men, determined to  
protect him, took him under their care.  
At this the negroes (about 200) gathered  
around and commenced abusing them—  
One negro fired a pistol at Mr. M. Led-  
ford, while another struck him with a  
stone, and stones were thrown at the white  
men from various quarters. At this an  
indiscriminate firing commenced from the  
white men, and a general, hasty retreat of  
the negroes followed.  
We regret to state that one poor negro  
was killed, while seven or eight were  
wounded—mostly flesh wounds.  
No man declares the occurrence more  
than ourselves; and we believe in that we  
express the feelings of every white citizen  
of the town; and if the true citizens of  
Asheville had had any influence with the  
negroes, it would not have occurred, for  
it was evident, from the time of the first  
frays, that a terrible outbreak was brew-  
ing, and if the proper authorities, or those  
who profess to be the only friends of the  
negroes, had advised them to go home af-  
ter voting, the last and fatal difficulty  
would not have happened. Instead of  
that, no friendly advice was given the ne-  
groes, and a few of the more ignorant of  
them became insolent. Reports were  
started early in the morning that it was  
the intention of the negroes to take down  
the Seymour and Blair flag; while in the  
kitchens the negro girls said they wished  
to hurry up their work to see the fight  
that was to take place between the blacks  
and whites. Whether these foolish re-  
ports were true or false, it matters not;  
they came from the negroes, and their  
hanging around the flag pole, in large  
numbers, all the morning, gave some color  
of suspicion, at least, that there was some-  
thing in them. So long as the negroes  
showed any disposition to be peaceable  
and orderly, there was no danger of any  
disturbance; but just as soon as any man,  
white or black, was in danger, for voting  
as he pleased, then it was time the white  
people should show to these deluded crea-  
tures that they are determined to protect  
every voter in his right to exercise the  
elective franchise according to the dic-  
tates of his own conscience, irrespective of  
Loyal League dictation or negro mobs.  
But there are strong suspicions in  
the minds of many that it was a pre-  
concerted plot against the white people  
of Asheville, and we are more im-  
pressed with that suspicion, from the  
fact that as one of our most respected  
and aged citizens was coming into town,  
before the last difficulty occurred,  
he heard a drum beating, and en-  
quiring of some armed negroes that he  
saw in the road, what was meant, they  
told him it was to gather the negroes  
together; that they intended to go in-  
to Asheville and drive the white peo-  
ple out.  
That the negroes fired first, and  
threw a number of stones at the white  
people who were protecting a conserva-  
tive negro, and that the white peo-  
ple fired in self defence, there is suffi-  
cient of the most reliable proof.  
That the proper authorities could  
have prevented it, we have not the least  
doubt, and if the feelings of the ne-  
groes had not been so completely  
alienated from our best white citizens,  
we repeat, it would have been pre-  
vented.  
We will also state that not more  
than eight white men were engaged in  
it, and they routed at least two  
hundred negroes, showing what will  
be the result, if the Radicals continue  
in exciting the negroes to acts of vio-  
lence upon the white people of the  
South.  
God grant that the fatal occurrence  
at Asheville was the only one in the  
South on Tuesday last. But we all

most fear to open an exchange from  
other portions of the State. From all  
we can see and learn, the poor negroes  
have been drilled in every way by the  
Radical leaders, to bring on such  
outrages.—Asheville News, 5th.  
(Correspondence Richmond Dispatch.)  
The following is from the Rich-  
mond Dispatch:  
"The speech of Secretary Seward  
at Auburn yesterday does not sur-  
prise any well informed politician at  
Washington. That he would enter  
his voice for Grant and Colfax be-  
fore election day was really predicted  
shortly after the nomination of Mr.  
Seymour; and there are quite a num-  
ber of intelligent observers of polit-  
ical workings about the Capitol who  
will not believe that the State De-  
partment will be shortly deprived of  
Mr. Seward—unless Seymour should  
be elected on Tuesday.  
It is becoming a common subject  
of remark here that Gen. Grant, if  
elected, will not yield his natural  
conservatism to the demands of ex-  
treme Radicals, but that he will be in  
all respects a national President.  
How far this is a correct prediction  
remains to be seen; but it is really  
undeniable that the impression will  
get many votes for him that other-  
wise would either go for Seymour or  
not be cast at all. Others declare  
that the Radicals will be thoroughly  
and completely satisfied with their  
choice. As Gen. Grant has given no  
assurances of any kind beyond his  
past record, both parties may hold to  
their impressions without contradic-  
tion."  
(From the North Wellington Canada Times.)  
**A LIZARD FOUND IN A WO-  
MAN'S STOMACH.**  
On Monday last, we were shown a  
phial containing a living lizard,  
which, it is supposed, had been in a  
woman's stomach for nearly two  
years. Dr. Middleton, of Elora, had  
been attending a married woman for  
about eighteen months. She was  
troubled with a gnawing sensation in  
the stomach, and sometimes a jump-  
ing or palpitation there; her appe-  
tite was irregular, at times totally  
gone. Tonics and other medicines  
were given, but they afforded no re-  
lief. On Sunday last, a live lizard  
passed away. It is needless to say  
that the woman got immediate relief,  
and is now rapidly improving in  
health. The lizard is about four inches  
long, and exactly those seen in  
Canadian swamps, beautifully spotted  
with black on an orange ground,  
and was active and lively.  
THE ELECTION.—The announcement  
that General Grant is the President elect  
of the United States will, we are sure,  
surprise few if any of our readers. Prob-  
abilities approximating certainty of late,  
have long pointed to that result. Hav-  
ing no choice but to submit, even if we  
were otherwise disposed, and having in  
better days been brought by the disci-  
pline of frequent disappointment to the in-  
dulgence of only the most moderate hopes  
in political affairs, it requires no effort  
to abstain from the expression of unavail-  
ing regrets. That General Grant is the choice  
of a majority of the real people of the  
country, the only legitimate dispenser of  
power, cannot be claimed; and for no act  
or expression a fair representative of the  
policy and sentiments of the Radical party,  
we do not see that his election affords  
them occasion for any very triumphant  
demonstrations. By a sort of self-repu-  
diation, and by putting a victorious sol-  
dier before the country instead of them-  
selves, they have escaped defeat, and that  
is all. What may come of it we cannot  
foresee, but can await with composure.  
Rich. Whig.

**PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LETTER TO  
GENERAL EWING ON THE FINANCES.**  
The letter of President Johnson to Gen-  
eral Ewing on the national expenditures  
and the public debt, embraces a compre-  
hensive survey of the financial history of  
the United States. It exhibits the start-  
ling fact that while from 1791 to 1861 our  
debt was at no time more than \$127,000,  
000, four years of war subsequently ex-  
panded it to \$2,800,000,000. In view of  
the enormous expenditures demanded  
"for purposes, the accomplishment of  
which require a large standing army, the  
perpetuation of the constitution and the  
subjugation of the States to negro domi-  
nion," the President emphatically insists  
on retrenchment as an absolute necessity.  
He expresses the hope that "if a wise  
economy be adopted the taxes may soon  
be materially reduced, not merely for the  
benefit of a few but in the interest of all."  
President Johnson, however, does not  
unfurl any definite plan for securing a con-  
summation so devoutly to be desired. He  
declares his convictions as to the vital is-  
sues of the great questions now being ag-  
itated throughout the country, and asserts  
that "the contest is not merely who shall  
occupy the principal offices in the peo-  
ple's gift, but whether the high benefits of  
the federal constitution shall be observed  
and maintained in order that our liberties  
may be preserved." For the purposes of  
great wrongs and the corruption of the  
many abuses under which the country is  
laboring his hope is in the American peo-  
ple.—N. Y. Herald.

**From the American Farmer.**  
**WORK FOR NOVEMBER.**  
It is presumed that the seeding of  
all fall crops has been some time com-  
pleted, and that no further work re-  
mains to be done in securing the to-  
bacco. The saving properly the corn  
and fodder, and securing them against  
depreciation and damage; the se-  
curing of potato and other root crops,  
and general preparations for winter  
will command attention. If leisure  
can be found the spring work may be  
much forwarded by breaking any old  
wood land, and if it be stiff clay, with  
advantage to the next year's cultiva-  
tion.  
TOBACCO.  
The tobacco as it cures should be  
as much protected as circumstances  
may admit against rain and damp  
winds. All exposure to fogs or damp  
weather injures the appearance of the  
crop, and high winds break and de-  
face it when it is dry. As soon as  
the stems of the leaves are free from  
sap, the tobacco is sufficiently cured  
for stripping from the stalks, and  
every moist season should be avoided  
for the purpose. The earlier this  
work can be done, the better on ev-  
ery account. Tobacco loses in weight  
and quality while hanging in the  
house; and it is very important that  
it be prepared for market at the earli-  
est practicable time, for these reasons,  
as well as because we should be pre-  
pared to take advantage of the early  
market, and have the preparation of  
the crop out of the way of spring  
work.  
In stripping let every attention be  
given to be proper sorting of the dif-  
ferent colors, and the utmost neatness  
be observed in tying and handing. It  
is not generally known how much the  
appearance of a sample depends on  
these apparently small matters, and  
consequently, the sale of the crop.  
CORN.  
The corn crop is now in condition to  
be secured. As long as it is in the  
field it is liable to loss from the vari-  
ous sources, and the gathering should  
be pressed forward to get it under  
lock and key.  
Fodder, after separating the corn,  
should be hauled to where it may be  
wanted for feeding, and properly  
stacked. If practicable, the stalks  
should be fed early, that their decom-  
position may be advanced by the  
tramping they may get through the  
winter. If blades have been pre-  
served in proper season they make  
the best fodder for working horses in  
hot weather, and a portion should be  
preserved for that purpose.  
POTATOES AND OTHER ROOT CROPS.  
They should all now be promptly gath-  
ered and made secure from frost, ex-  
cept such as are not damaged by expo-  
sure.—Parsnips and salsify are better  
for the frosts of winter, and may be  
dug only when wanted. Ruta-bagas  
and other turnips are not hurt by the  
moderate frosts of this month, but  
should be got up before the ground  
freezes hard. If not stored in a  
cellar, the best and safest way is to  
pile them in conical heaps, on top of  
the ground, where it is dry and well  
drained, and covered well with straw  
and earth.  
This makes them more secure if well  
covered, than when put in pits in the  
ground. Twenty to fifty bushels may  
not be exposed to sun and air longer  
than necessary to dry off the external  
moisture. Their quality is very soon  
impaired, especially the action of  
light. Ruta-bagas should be stored  
where convenient for feeding. They  
require less covering than potatoes—  
indeed, are not seriously damaged by  
pretty hard freezing. If potatoes are  
not thoroughly protected against frost  
they will be destroyed, and before  
severe weather sets in they should  
have another covering of straw upon  
the earth first used, and then an ad-  
ditional covering of earth.  
HOGS.  
Let no time be now lost in fatten-  
ing pen hogs. Let the best practicable  
economy be used in feeding. If  
grinding of the corn can be effected,  
great saving will be made in feed, and  
if it can be boiled or steamed, there  
will be still greater economy. But if  
neither be practicable, at least have  
the corn thrown on a close plank  
floor, when everything will be eaten  
clean, and no waste from tramping  
in mud or dirt. Fattening hogs  
should be made in all respects com-  
fortable; should have a dry but not  
too warm bed to sleep on, sufficient  
protection against weather, with shed  
opening to the South, and be well  
supplied always with clean water.  
BEEVES AND SHEEP.  
For the same reason, all stock to be  
prepared for the butcher should now  
be fed with the utmost regularity.—  
The same food makes much more  
meat in moderate weather than when  
it is cold. Our observation teaches  
us that in the moderate fall weather  
there is peculiar aptitude in our do-

estic animals to lay on fat. They are  
free from the annoyance of insects,  
and the temperature combines with  
this circumstance to give them com-  
fort and quiet, two necessary aids to  
improvement in condition. Both  
sheep and beef cattle must, there-  
fore, be fed early, though they can-  
not be forced so rapidly as hogs.  
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.  
These should include everything  
necessary for the comfort and health  
of animals. The confinement we  
necessarily impose on our stock is an  
unnatural condition, and they are  
liable to suffer more or less, unless  
we give them the most judicious at-  
tention, after providing suitably for  
their comfort. They must have pro-  
tection from the direct pelting of  
storms and from the prevailing cold  
winds. For horned cattle, well cov-  
ered sheds, open only to the South,  
are perhaps, on the whole, the best  
winter accommodation. Not that  
there would be the same economy of  
food as in close stables, but because  
of the vital necessity of the amplest  
supply of fresh air, and the difficulty  
of furnishing this in close stables,  
without exposure to cold draught,  
which may produce dangerous in-  
flammatory diseases. Cattle seem to  
suffer little from the cold if they be  
kept dry, and this latter point should  
have special attention. All water  
from the roof should be well throw-  
off, so that it may not interfere with  
their comfort, nor should they at any  
time be allowed to plunge through  
mud to get to water, or under pre-  
tense of any necessity of making ma-  
nure of the coarse material of the  
farm yard. Cattle should be well  
supplied with dry bedding; working  
oxen, milk cows, and calves, should  
have separate apartments. Horses  
should, if practicable, have boxes  
where they may freely turn them-  
selves, and not be tied to halters or  
confined in stalls.  
Sheep, unless they are being fed  
for the butcher, should not be con-  
fined at all, but should have a shed  
to which they may have access from  
bad weather. They are the most  
healthy when they have the largest  
liberty. Provisions, of course, must  
be made for swes having lambs,  
that they may be entirely protected  
against aggression of every sort.  
Stock hogs should have accommo-  
dations apart from other kinds of  
stock, with shelter open to the sun,  
and dry bedding. If they can have  
a woodland range at the same time,  
it is the best provision that can be  
made for them. Let them by no  
means be allowed to lie in heaps of  
manure, or filth, which cause diseases  
of the skin and other affections.  
MANURE.  
During the winter months large ac-  
cumulations of manure can be made,  
if the materials be gathered with  
diligence. If composted with wood's  
mould, or any other good, rich earth.  
The manure may be thus greatly in-  
creased in quantity. But more ac-  
cumulations of coarse, raw material  
in the yards, do not effect that pur-  
pose, unless there is a due proportion  
of rich manure with which to com-  
post them.  
The following advertisement appeared  
in a Texas paper: "If the person who  
took [it is concluded by mistake] the white  
water-proof coat belonging to Captain  
Johnson, will apply to the barracks, he  
can have the peg it used to hang upon,  
as it is of no further use to the owner."  
GOOD LARD DELIVER US!—General  
Howard has just sent in his annual re-  
port. He asks a continuance of the De-  
partment, which amazes us after hearing from  
him some little time ago that it would  
wind up in January. Why this change?  
Are the negroes more incapable of taking  
care of themselves since the late elections,  
or is there a better chance of containing  
the Great National Clothing Store and  
Grocery with a profit to the keeper.  
Navy's Virginia.  
A colored man from Liberia, having  
studied dentistry five years in this  
country, has returned to Liberia to practice his  
profession.  
Below will be found what is deemed a  
proper text from which to preach the fu-  
neral sermon of Ben Butler:  
From Jeremiah iii, 19: "And the bas-  
ins, and the fire-pans, and the bowls, and  
the cauldrons, and the candlesticks, and  
the spoons, and the cups; that which was of  
gold, in gold, and that which was of  
silver, in silver, the captain of the guard  
took away."  
Partial returns from the 7th District in-  
dicate the election of Durban (Conserva-