

Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1857.

No. 1900.

A Valuable Plantation for Sale.

I intend moving to the North-west, I offer for sale the Plantation where I now live, in Orange county, on the waters of Eno, five miles south-east of Hillsborough, and two miles from University Station, containing 400 acres, about 150 acres of which are under fence in good repair. The plantation has on it a comfortable Dwelling House, two good Kitchens, a large Barn, Threshing Machine, good Stables, and all other necessary buildings. It is well-watered, with a number of never-failing Springs, Branches and Creek running through it. It has on it as good Meadows and Meadow Land as any in the county; and also a good Well of never-failing water within a few steps of the house. It contains good Orchards with choice fruit. About 250 acres of the tract is in woods with beautiful timber. It lies well for cultivation, and is as well adapted to the growth of wheat, corn and tobacco, as any in this section of the country.

With the Plantation I will dispose of my growing crops of Corn, Oats, Wheat and Hay, and my stock of Hogs and Cattle, if the purchaser so desires. A good bargain can be bought.

DAVID J. STRAYHORN.

A New Treatise on Trigonometry.

A MANUAL of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with some of its applications. By Charles Phillips, Professor in the University of North Carolina. MALLETT & CO., Chapel Hill, W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh.

June 17.

YEAST POWDERS.

Bull's Brand, best, Schenck's Schnapps, Calumet assortment.

J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.

July 15.

FOR SALE.

A LOT in the town of Graham, immediately in front of the Court House, on South Street, lying between the store houses of McLean & Hamner and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.

THOMAS WEBB.

January 28.

HOUSE and LOT for Sale.

I offer for sale, on accommodating terms, that desirable House and Lot on Queen Street, now occupied by Mr. Washington.

THOMAS WEBB.

October 20.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

North Carolina Presbyterian.

THE Presbyterian Church in North Carolina has long labored under a serious disadvantage from the want of a journal to advocate her claims and represent her interests. It is estimated that only one thousand Presbyterian Weeklies are taken in the bounds of our three Presbyteries. We have thirteen thousand Communicants, and it is safe to infer that there are thirty thousand Presbyterians in principle in the State. Our Synod stands fifth in the Union in point of numbers, and her membership is greater than that of any Synod South or West of Pennsylvania. Our sister States the North and South, neither of which has a membership so large as ours, publish the Central, and the Southern Presbyterian, for the benefit of their people. The time has come when the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina should likewise do her duty to her children. It is a conceded and important fact, that hundreds of our members will take a State paper who will take no other. The Paper is needed to be the organ of our Synod and Presbyteries—to elevate and enlighten the piety of our membership by diffusing evangelical knowledge—to promote the cause of Education—to develop the talents of our Ministry, and to strengthen the attachment of our people to the soil and sanctuaries of their own State.

If our Church in other States, and other Churches in this State, can supply their members with a Religious journal, why may not we? Are North Carolina Presbyterians inferior in talent, energy and patriotism to their neighbors on the North or South, or to Christians of other denominations at home? With the same or better opportunities of accomplishing this work, shall we leave it undone? In the language of one of our most able and useful Ministers, an adopted son of our State, "It ought to have been undertaken twenty years ago, but it is not too late to begin to do right."

In the last two or three months, a fund of about \$5,000 has been subscribed as a permanent capital. At a meeting of the contributors, held at Greensborough on the 14th of May, Rev. A. Baker, Chairman, the Paper was unanimously located at Fayetteville, under the name and title of the North Carolina Presbyterian. Rev. Wm. N. Melrose and Rev. George McNeill were elected Editors; Rev. Messrs. George McNeill, Wm. N. Melrose, A. Baker, and C. H. Wiley, and Messrs. George McNeill, Sr., John H. Cook and David Murphy were appointed an Executive Committee, to establish the Paper and manage its business affairs.

It is our wish and design to make the North Carolina Presbyterian a journal of the first class, equal to the best in the country in typographical appearance and in adaptation to the wants of our Churches. Its columns will afford the latest intelligence, both foreign and domestic, and special care will be taken to give a full and accurate summary of State news. The name of the Paper is designed to be an exponent of its character and contents. From conviction, it will advocate the conservative, orthodox, old school doctrines and order of the Church.

Our first appeal is to our own people—to North Carolina Presbyterians. Whilst we rely confidently upon their favor, we trust that the sensitive sons of North Carolina who have found homes in other States, and the adopted citizens of our State who so earnestly desire to see a deep interest in this enterprise and give it their hearty support.

TERMS:—\$2 per annum in advance, or on delivery of the first number; \$2 50 in six months; \$3 at the end of the year. To clubs of twenty-five or more, paying in advance and when the Paper is sent to one address, a discount of ten per cent. will be allowed. Our Ministers and Elders are earnestly desired to act as Agents, and all others friendly to the cause will please assist in procuring as many subscribers as possible, and forward the names, by August 1st, to this Office. As soon as 1,500 subscribers are obtained, the first number will be issued. If a faithful and vigorous effort is made in the next two months by those who take a lively interest in this work, we will, without doubt, be able to begin the publication at the end of that time with a paying subscription list of at least 3,000.

ESTABLISHED, Editor of the North Carolina Presbyterian, Fayetteville, N. C.

June 10.

BLANKS for sale at this Office.



RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil, Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour O'er every land."

COMPOSTING MANURE.

We copy the following article from an exchange paper. We believe, but are not certain, the credit is due to the American Farmer. His views are sound, and its suggestions valuable:

There are many opinions in regard to the propriety of composting manures, some considering it labor lost, while others think it a positive injury, and declare that all manure should be plowed under as fresh as possible, so that the land and the growing crops may have the benefit of the gasses escaping during fermentation. We shall not discuss this question at the present time; but will merely state that we think almost every farmer should have a good compost heap, and will give our reasons for this opinion, and some hints as to its formation. We cannot add to the elements of fertility by mixing manure, but we can prevent their loss, and affect both the chemical union of their elements and the mechanical properties of the mass. By a proper system of composting, the farmer is enabled to save and turn to valuable account as manure, many substances which otherwise would be entirely wasted, such as decaying vegetables, turf, soap-suds and other slops from the house, peat, muck, liquid manure, &c. Those who live near cities or villages can often obtain at a cheap rate very valuable materials for enriching the compost heap, such as bone and horn shavings, woolen waste from the cloth dressers, offal from slaughter houses, and many other things which we need not mention. These materials may be composted whenever they can be obtained, and the compost heap thus becomes the store-house where every thing valuable for manure is preserved until needed for the land. It would not be convenient or even practicable to apply such materials directly to the soil, and therefore many of them would never be obtained, and others wasted. The farmer who has a compost heap, the value of which he is anxious to increase, is always on the look out for some valuable material with which to enrich it. A gentleman who first paid particular attention to this matter in 1856, informs us that he was surprised at the size and value of his manure heap, even after the accumulation of only a few months. It seemed to be always on his mind, and when he saw anything in the yard, the corners of the fences, the swamp, or on the sides of the road, that he thought would add to its value, if its removal was not then convenient it was remembered until a leisure hour occurred, and was then carted to the compost heap. Composting is valuable in destroying the seeds of grass and weeds that abound in almost all manure, as well as those of the weeds which should help to swell the manure heap. If used as manure, without composting, these seeds will grow and be troublesome, and if permitted to lay around the corners of the fields, &c., they become scattered.

The compost heap is generally an agglomeration of every thing that can be raked or scraped together, and many seem to think that therefore its value depends upon its size. This is far from being the fact. It would be a waste of labor to cart common soil to the compost heap, to be again carted to the land, as the soil would gain nothing by the operation, unless made useful in retarding the too rapid fermentation of the manure, or in absorbing gasses evolved in the decomposition. Mixing two manures together in a compost does not necessarily improve them. Indeed, the value of each may be deteriorated by the mixture. For instance, if blood, offal, &c., from the slaughter house, should be composted with barn manure, a very active fermentation would take place, and the value of both be lessened. Lime we often see put into the compost heap, but if it should be mixed with a compost similar to the above, the mischief would be complete, as the nitrogen, contained in these organic substances, and the most valuable part of the manure, would be in a great measure dissipated. The rapidity with which lime dissipates ammonia can be easily tested on a small scale, by placing some moistened guano in the palm of the hand, then adding a little powdered lime and rubbing both together with the finger. The smell of ammonia will be as strong as from a bottle of hartshorn. If, instead of mixing these two strong manures (the slaughter house and barn yard) together, they had been composted separately, and fresh soil, dry swamp muck, burnt soils, or charcoal, using a greater portion of these materials with the animal than with the barn yard manure, decomposition would have been gradual, and most of the ammonia would have been retained. Composting would thus have been of advantage, particularly in the case of the offal, as this is too concentrated a manure to be applied directly to the land. We have seen crops destroyed by its use. The lime, too, though doing injury in the case we have presented, might be composted with advantage with any material whose decomposition it was desirable to hasten, as peat or saw dust.

It is somewhat difficult to manage a compost in this climate in the summer. Our summers are so warm and dry that composts, if formed of materials that will decompose

readily, become burnt or "fire fanged," and their value almost entirely destroyed. Using a large quantity of earth or swamp muck, and salt, or some similar materials that will retard decomposition, and frequent turning and wetting, is the only way we know of to prevent this, when exposed to the sun. This is laborious, and requires a large supply of water handy to the manure. Our nurserymen have a good deal of experience in managing manure, as they yearly spend large amounts of money in its purchase and preparation for the soil. Their practice, therefore, is worthy the consideration of our readers. They almost invariably compost all the manure they use. In the summer sheds or roofs supported on poles, for this purpose, something similar to the roofs in brick yards, under which the bricks are dried before burning. Under these sheds the compost heaps are formed, composed of about two-thirds manure and one-third earth, and to these heaps are added all the refuse collected in hoeing and weeding, &c. The sides and tops of the piles are well covered with earth, and they are forked over twice every season, so that all portions will become equally decomposed.

Some of our readers, particularly those on the fertile soils of the west, will think this is taking a good deal of trouble to obtain manure; but these must remember that with many it is no manure, no crop. Not long since we saw on Long Island leached ashes, brought from Western New York, to be used as manure on the light lands of that Island. These ashes were transported four hundred miles, and the cost of carriage only could not have been much less than twenty-five cents per bushel. When ashes are made use of at such a cost, and millions are annually paid for guano, a few hints on making and preserving manure, we think, will not be unprofitable.

STIRRING THE SOIL.

The following remarks by a correspondent of the Genesee Farmer, are worthy of especial attention at the present season of the year:—

I have known instances where a narrow strip has been left unbroken in a summer-fallow during a dry summer, and after harvest it was well cross-plowed together. The unbroken strip would appear almost destitute of moisture, while that which was ploughed and frequently stirred with the harrow or cultivator, exhibited quite a contrast.

It is the common experience of farmers, that wheat sown in a dry fall upon the fallow-ground is much more liable to come up well than when sown on stubble.

Again, in hoeing corn in hot weather, when you could fairly see the corn grow, upon leaving the field at night I have measured some hills that were hoed and some that were not, and the next night compared their growth during the twenty-four hours. The result was that the hoed had made about twice the growth of the unhoed.

Two years ago last summer I planted rather late in the season a small piece of cucumbers for pickles. The soil was dry, sandy loam, with a warm southern aspect. I determined to rely entirely upon frequent hoeing to resist the effects of that unusually severe drought. The piece yielded a fine lot of pickles, the vines remaining green and bearing well until destroyed by the frost; while vines in the neighborhood, treated in the ordinary way, were dried up and barren. So much for facts; now how are the results to be accounted for?

Your agricultural readers have probably noticed that fresh plowed ground is frequently covered with dew, and sometimes with frost, when the adjoining ground is dry.

CROWS.

Nearly all the writers on ornithology speak of the crows as the farmer's friend and deprecate his destruction.

In most cases those who have studied the habits of birds are better able to judge of their usefulness than the mere casual observer, however good or frequent may be the opportunities of observation. Nearly all the farmers consider the crow their natural enemy, and with all his cunning and watchfulness numbers are annually killed for depredations committed in the cornfield or poultry yard.

Is the farmer unable to distinguish his true friends, or have ornithologists mistaken the character of the crow?

Crows, no doubt, destroy many grubs and insects injurious to vegetation, and thus render some service, but to offset this service some think he destroys as much of the crop as the insects he kills would have done had they lived. Then with what patient cunning will he watch for the new laid egg or the young chicken—with what air of self-assurance and yet of respectful consideration will he walk up to the hen with her flock of chickens; how assiduously does he labor to allay any feeling of suspicion she may entertain as to his motives. We can almost hear his meaningless compliments on her fine appearance, the good looks of her dear little family—thus gradually restoring confidence by flattering her natural pride, as other bipeds have long practiced successfully—the encouraging "cluck," which brings the little flock around her, when, watching his opportunity, he strikes one of the little dears he has so lately admired dead at his feet with his sharp and ponderous beak, and snatching it up hastens out of the reach of the now enraged parent with his ill-gotten booty. Repeatedly have we seen this treachery practiced, and sometimes with no little satisfaction have we suddenly arrested him as, with his eager eye rivetted on the bereaved biddy, his flight has been within

the range of our gun. Yes, we confess it, hear it, you naturalists who defend him, we could never resist the temptation to shoot a crow. We have studied his habits attentively, and think we understand him; notwithstanding all the fine things that have been said about his glossy black coat, his graceful movements, his praiseworthy efforts to remove insects injurious to vegetation, we expect to draw a bead on him whenever in our range. His trick of pulling up corn we might forgive, or punish by poisoning the actual culprit, and bear no malice to the race; we could spare him a few eggs, occasionally, if he would let the young chickens alone; but who, that loves a song-bird, that delights in the melody of the thrush, the lark, the robin and the red-bird, could forego the satisfaction of shooting the deprederator, notwithstanding his clerical suit, after seeing him, in the spring, cautiously prowling about in the shrubbery and among the apple trees for the nests of these little favorites, and witnessed their distress in their ineffectual efforts to drive him from their nests. How often have we seen, with intense satisfaction, the busy retreat he has made when pursued by the lion-hearted little king-bird, as his energies for plunder led him into the vicinity of that noble little creature's nest. In this unpardonable sin of destroying the eggs of the song-birds, the jay-bird is equally as culpable with the crow. We have no love for him either. Any one of these little insect-eating birds will destroy as many insects as this black-coated robber, or his cousin of gaudy blue dress, and we cannot afford to lose their cheerful songs. It is clear that the crow and the blue jay charge too much for the little service they render us, but for this we might excuse them. They are both guilty of robbing the nests of more desirable birds, and for this they ought to be shot.

The TONGUE.—A white fur on the tongue attends simply fever and inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to bilious and typhus fevers. A tongue vividly red on the tip and edge, or down the centre or over the whole surface, attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels. A white velvet tongue attends mental diseases. A tongue red at the lips, becoming brown, dry and glazed, attends typhus state. The description of symptoms might be extended infinitely, taking in all the propensities and obliquities of the mental and moral condition. The tongue is a most expressive as well as unruly member.

RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out—my wife and I—
Oh, we fell out! I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave—
Oh, there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears!

CLERICAL WIT.

A parson, who a colporteur had been,
And hardships and privations oft had seen,
While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
A weary traveler in lighted lands,
Would often picture to his little flock
The terrors of the gibbet and the block;
How martyrs suffered in the ancient times,
And what men suffer now in other climes;
And though his words were eloquent and deep,
His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.
He marked with sorrow each unconscious nod,
Within the portals of the House of God,
And once on this expedient thought he'd take
In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake;
Said he, "While traveling in a distant State,
I witnessed scenes which I will here relate.
'Twas in a deep, unwhitened wild,
Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled;
Where wooties, in hours of midnight darkness, howled;
Where bears prowled, and where panthers prowled;
And, on my way, mosquitoes there were found,
Many of which, I think, would weigh a pound!
More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark—
They oft were known to climb the trees and bark!"

The audience seemed taken by surprise—
All started up and rubbed their winking eyes;
At such a tale they all were much amazed,
Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
And we must say in keeping heads erect,
It had its destined and desired effect.
But tales like this are rarely applied;
Next day the deacons on their pastor called,
And begged to know how he could ever tell
The foolish falsehoods from his lips that fell.

"Why say," said one, "think what a monstrous weight!
Were they as large as you were pleased to state!
You said they'd weigh a pound! It can't be true.
We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you!"

"Ah, but it is!" the parson quickly replied;
"In what I stated you can well confide;
Money, I said, sir—and the story's good—
Indeed, I think that many of them would!"

The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
Yet deemed himself relieved, on second thought;
"But then the barking—think of that, good men!
Such monstrous lies! Explain it, if you can!"

"Why, that, my friend, I can explain with ease—
They climb'd the bark, sir, when they climb'd the trees!"

FINDING A HUSBAND.

BY PEGGY MOREHEAD.

"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.

"Ride Milo!"
"Yes! It's such a beautiful day."
"But he'll throw you!"
"Throw me!" and I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, dear uncle," I continued, coaxingly; "there's no fear, and I'm dying for a canter."
"You'll die on a canter, then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times—twice by myself and once by Joe."

"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe." Joe was the stable-boy. "That's a good uncle, now do," and I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him.

I knew by experience, that when I did this I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort, however, to deny me.

"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.
"Dobbin!" I cried; "old snail-pace Dobbin on such a morning as this! One might as well ride a rocking-horse at once."
"Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must. You'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your way. I wish you'd get a husband, you mix; you're growing beyond my control."

"Hump! A husband! Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look out for one to-day."
"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You're as short as a pie-crust if you can't have your way. There," seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready, while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house afire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door—a gay, mettlesome colt, who laid his ears back as I mounted, and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.

"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not too late yet to give it up."
I was piqued.
"I never give up anything," I said.
"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"
"No. I'll ride down to the poor-house and ask old Tony, the octogenarian pauper, to have me; and you'll be forced to hire Poll Wilkes to cook your dinners." And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischievously; for uncle was an old bachelor, who detested all strange women, and held an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because, years ago, she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply, I gave Milo his head.

John Gilpin, we are told, went fast; but I went faster. It was not long before the colt had it all his own way. At first I tried to check his speed, but he got the bit in his mouth, and all I could do was to hold on and trust to tiring him out. Trees, fences, and houses went by us like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear we did well enough; but suddenly coming to a blasted oak, that started out, spectre-like, from the edge of a wood, Milo shied, twisted half round, and planted his fore feet stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling, till I felt myself in a mud-hole, which lay at one side of the road.

Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But, as the mud was soft, I was not hurt; and the ludicrous spectacle I presented soon got the upper hand of my vexation. "A fine chance I have had of finding a husband, in this condition," I said to myself, recalling my jest with my uncle. "If I could find some mud drier now, and pass myself off for a mud nymph, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you, Miss?" suddenly said a deep, rich, manly voice.

I looked up and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose bright eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me, for an instant, ashamed and angry. But, on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing, in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding-skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them as I fell, in order to protect myself.

The young man, as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking the top rail, he placed it across the puddle; then, putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind the enormous oak to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud from my stockings and riding-skirt. I had managed to get the first a little cleaner, but the last was still as thick as ever, when my companion made his appearance with the missing shoes, which he had scraped till they were quite presentable, and leading Milo by the bridle.

"Pray let me see your horse," he said. "If you will mount again, I'll lead the colt; and there will be no chance of his repeating his trick."

I could not answer, for shame, but when in the saddle murmured something about "not troubling him."

"It's no trouble, not the least," he replied, standing still in hand like a knightly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle; "and I can't really let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be to-day. Look at his ears, and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened if he had a wheel and stopped, like a trick horse in the circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a

glance under my eyelids at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields, overlooking the men; but as we entered the gate, I saw him sitting, provokingly, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he came out, his eyes brim full of mischief. I did not dare to stop, but turning to my escort, I said, "My uncle, sir; won't you walk in?" and then rushed up stairs.

In about half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door, my uncle's knock; I could not but open. He was laughing a low, silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah! ready at last," he said. "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said in a malicious whisper. "You've my consent, for I like him hugely; only you'd have thought of finding a husband in a mud puddle."

I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort than to run the gauntlet of uncle's wit; and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton—for as such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in jest, turned out to be in earnest; for in less than six months, in that very room, I stood up to become Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about I hardly know, but I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for this is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloud wreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek about my face, that, not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at once. He adds—for he still knows how to compliment as well as ever—that my gay, intelligent talk, so different from the demure Miss he had expected, completed the business.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been at college, so that I had never seen him; but uncle remembered him at once, and had insisted on his staying till I come down, though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after an inquiry about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained. "The luckiest thing," he says, "I ever did!"

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me; and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him, at last, I would consent, "if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinner." To which he answered, looking at Harry, "You see what a spit-fire it is, and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to find a husband."

THE HORSE.

Ike Partington is well advanced in his class. He is, in some things, beyond the teacher's art, and could, in fact, give that functionary some lessons in arts wherein he is perfect. Ike dislikes "composition," where a theme is given out to be written upon by scholars, and his credits are not very great for his efforts in that direction generally; but the other day he astonished the master and every one in the school by an elaborate article on the horse. He was called upon to read it aloud to the scholars, and upon getting upon the platform, he made a bow and began—

"THE HORSE.—The horse is a quadruped, with four legs, two behind and two before. He has a tail that grows on the hind part of his body, that nature has furnished him with to drive the flies away. His head is situated on the other end, opposite his tail, and is used principally to fasten a bridle to him by, and to put into a basket to eat oats with. Horses are very useful animals, and people couldn't get along very well without them, especially truckmen and omnibus-drivers, who don't seem to be half grateful enough because they've got them. They are very convenient animals in the country, in vacation time, and go very fast over the country roads, when the boys stick pins in them—a species of cruelty that I would not encourage. Horses are generally covered with red hair, though some are white, and others are gray and black. Nobody ever saw a blue horse, which is considered very strange by eminent naturalists.

The horse is a quiet and intelligent animal, and can sleep standing up, which is a very convenient gift, especially where there is a crowd, and it is difficult to get a chance to lay. There is a great variety of horses—fast horses and slow horses, clothes horses, horse mackerel, saw horses, horse flies, horse chesnut, chestnut horse, and horse radish. The clothes horse is a very quiet animal to have around the house, and is never known to kick, though very apt to make a row when it gets caparisoned. The same may be said of the saw horse, which will stand without trying. The horse fly is a vicious beast, and very annoying in the summer, when a fellow is in swimming. Horse mackerel I don't know anything about, only they swim in the water, and are a species of fish. Horse chesnuts are prime to peck; mackies with; and horse radish is a mighty smart horse; but had to have standing around where there are children. The horse is found in all countries, principally in livery stables, where they may be hired by the mile, and are considered by them as can get money a great luxury, especially in the sleighing season. In South America they grow wild, and the Indians catch them with nooses that they throw over the horses' heads, which must be thought by the horses a great nuisance.

Boston Post.