# Rural Economy.

A CHEAP ICE HOUSE.

The following by a correspondent of the New York Farmers' Club will furnish information desired by many at this season: I see in the papers a great many inquiries about the best method of making a small ice house. I want to give my experience for the benefit of the thousands of small farmers who need plenty of ice, and are not aware how cheap a luxury it is. Several years ago I built me an ice house on the back end of my wood shed, twelve feet square on the outside, walls fifteen inches thick, and filled it with pine sawdust, a board floor with sawdust a foot thick under six drachms of aloes and a drachm of caloit, and well under-drained; a floor over-head and filled in with sawdust between it and the roof; the door was double and filled in with sawdust. I congratulated myself on having got everything so snug and tight that no heat could get in, and ex-I filled it with the finest ice; and to make the matter doubly sure I covered it with sawdust. It lasted until the middle of July, so that just when I needed it most it was gone. I was told it needed ventilation. I put in a tube four inches square and tried it another year; it kept scarce the same. I then tore out the floor overhead and left out a small window fifteen inches by two feet; it then kept until September first.

A year or two ago, I had my attention called to an ice house built by a farmer near roofed over, leaving a large opening at the front and sides. He said his ice kept perfectly until the next winter. He are large of the layer of sawdust about a foot thick on the ground, and then stacked the ice snugly in the centre eighteen or twenty inches from the walls, and then filled in with sawdust, eighteen or twenty years. The growth of tea is not affected by dry or wet weather, or by storms, and insects will not moand up over the top a foot or more thick. Last winter, before filling my ice house, I determined to try his method. I accordingly tore out the inside wall, and show eled out the sawdust, then filled by stacking it snugly in the centre fifteen or twenty inches from the wall. This space I filled in with pine sawdust, and covered the whole over the top a foot thick or more. I left out the window before mentioned, and ly blind, has taken excellent care of his took down my door and left it all open, so garden, which is more free from weeds the sun can shine in there every day. Now than most gardens cultivated by gardeners for results. At the present time I have an abundance of ice, and the cakes seem to come out as square and perfect as when they went in, seemingly nothing lacking excepting what is used out. I am satisfied how to build an ice house.

#### FATTENING FOWLS.

Though in general fowls, when in health, will become sufficiently fat by having plenty of food with air and exercise, yet they are sometimes fatted for market by think about. We have tried it a hundred keeping them in doningment with about keeping them in confinement, with abundance of food and little light, so that, in fact, they have nothing to do but eat. It is a common practice with some to coop their fowls for a week or two, under the notion of improving them for the table, and increasing their fat; a plan which, however, seldom succeeds, since the fowls generally pine for the loss of liberty, and slighting their food, lose instead of gain additional flesh. Such a period is, in fact, too short for them to become accustomed to confinement. It takes several weeks to fatten fowls confined in coops. The prevention of light, by inclining fowls to a con- the doctrine of a full Redeemer.] stant state of repose, except when moved by the appetite for food, promotes and accelebrity, that of the same species fed in a more brity, that of the same species fed in a more gy is termed "the conviction of sin." This, natural way. Economy and market interests may, perhaps, be the best answered by but a part of the profoundest religious ex-the place of darkness and close confinement; perience; and Christianity has had the but a feeder for his own table, of delicate taste, and ambitious of furnishing his brious viands, will declare for the natural mode of feeding.

### TO PRESERVE ORCHARDS.

Nathan Shotwell, of Elba, Genessee Co. New York, thinks the cause of the present appearance of decay and death in so many orchards, is owing entirely to neglect and the gloom of a ghostly religion, in main-bad management. He thinks a majority of taining more cheerful views of human orchards in this country have that neglected appearance; some are not pruned at all, others are carelessly haggled, and large limbs are left with protruding stumps that cannot heal over. Orchards are ploughed their own and the world's great change and the roots torn, and many farmers who from sin to holiness is feeble. Now this have access to leaves, muck, saw-dust, &c., phase of experience is the first step towards never mulch their trees, nor remove the a truly experimental Christianity in the rough bark which furnishes a harbor for individual heart, or a stimulant to labor for insects. It should be scraped off with a the world's regeneration. If there is no need hoe, and the tree washed with strong ley. Sin in the individual, then there is no need An orchard planted by my father, and still of repentance or change; if there are no in vigorous growth and bearing, has not evils or wrongs in society, there can be no been ploughed for thirty years. It has intense activity in reforming it. We do generally been pastured with swine until not think it is enough simply to wish to apples began to ripen. Manure frequently improve. The Gospel of Christ recognizes, put to the roots of the trees destroying the indeed, the need of culture. In the toughness of the sod, and making the soil largest sense it is educational. It bids the loose and spongy, and the scions (the last disciples to forget the things which are beyear's growth) that were large enough for | hind, and to press forward even unto pergrafting, have nearly all been removed fection. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as yearly for more than forty years--N. Y. your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

#### ' FOREST LEAVES.

yards, or mixed in large heaps with ferment- promptings of unholy desires. They are short time, decay, and become excellent lie and steal. The world abounds in wickedmanure. The leaves of all trees contain ness. Without drawing upon the imaginaas well as the ingredience of humus. In guilt. The conviction of sin must arise in State :order, however, to facilitate the decomposition of the fibrous substances of the leaf, flashes—throwing up the blaze of remorse it is well to mix a liberal quantity of lime even in the most hardened villian. Women or ashes with the mass, and to see that it is whose outward lives are correct, and who of religion—evidently the result of careful kept moist until decomposition commences, seem to the world pure and good, in their Protestant training. Nearly a century ago unless the putrescent ingredients of the heap are sufficient to effect the object. with the perception of the gulf between as the herald of the Cross, and with great Brakes, mosses, small bushes, and, indeed, them and the infinite moral loveliness of all succulent and easily decomposable vegi- God, as to be tormented with the convictable substances, are of no value in compost- tion of their separation from Him. This ing. They decay rapidly, and leave be- conviction of sin varies with the temperahind a residuum which is found to be sin-

STAGGERS IN HORSES.

Staggers is a general term applied to several diseases of horses. Mad or sleepy staggers is inflammation of the brain, a rare but fatal complaint, marked by high fever, a staggering gait, violent, convulsing struga staggering gait, violent, convulsing strug-gling, usually terminating in stupor, and treated by bleeding, full doses of physic, and cold water to the head. Grass or stomach staggers is acute indigestion, usually occasioned by overloading the stomach and bowels with tough hard grass vetches, or clover, or a full meal of wheat, or other indigestible food. It is most common in summer and autumn, is indicated by impaired appetite, distended atromen, dull aspect, unsteady gait, and is remedied by full doses of purgative medicine, such as quart of thin, boiled gruel. Frequent clysters, with hard rubbing and hot water

TEA GROWING AT THE SOUTH. For some ten years previous to the rebellion, we heard now and again of tea growing at the South, especially in South Carolina. And this item, which may be true, is going the rounds of the papers:--"A man who has been cultivating tea as an experiment, since 1860, writes to the Savannah Herald that most of his plants grow finely, that his tea is of good quality, and ture of tea from them. The yield to the acre is from three to four hundred pounds, and the plants produce good crops for

A BLIND FARMER.

lest the plants."

The Vermont Record says that Joel Ordway, of Chelsea, Vt., who many years ago, owing to a premature discharge of and this comes from a personal conviction powder while blasting rocks, became total-

TO START A BALKY HORSE.

The Ohio Farmer says :- "Fill his mouth with dirt or gravel from the road, and he'll go. Now the philosophy of the thing is, it gives him something else to

## Miscellaneous.

THE DARK SHADOW.

[The following, from the Christian Register, a leading organ of Unitarianism in this country, is of singular value as a virtual concession of the stern truth of human depravity, and of such need of a Divine pressed remedy as has no logical landing except in

Mr. Merivale, in his lectures which have recently been published, assigns as one of rates obesity—but such a state cannot be a the chief causes of the conversion of the state of health, nor can the flesh of animals Romans to Christianity, that it met the so fed equal in flavor, nutriment and salu- feeling in the human breast which in theolomost deep and enduring hold over men, because it has placed greater emphasis on this, own board with the choicest and most salu- makes provisions to lighten its burden, and points out the way of deliverance. The fact that such a feeling exists, is admitted even by such pure theistic writers as Miss Cobbe; but it needs no endorsement from any, for it is one of those universal experiences which spring up out of our actual

lives of sorrow and sin. Liberal Christians in their recoil from the gloom of a ghostly religion, in mainnature, are in danger, sometimes, of overlooking this truth, or, rather, of letting it fall into the background. And the consequence is, their conviction of the need of

Thus its capstone is progress. But there is a preliminary stage. The great mass of men are living in disobedience to God's laws. They are selfish and pas-If gathered in the fall and placed in the sionate. They follow, more or less, the able substances, forest leaves will, in a without the root of principle. Many cheat, phosphates and other valuable elements of tion, but painting life as it really is, we at vegetable nutrition of a mineral character, once see that there are dark shadows of all thoughtful, serious men. It sometimes ment, intensity of religious aspirations or selected this section of country as their

Paul, Augustine and Wesley, but Channing | sylvania is essentially Presbyterian. This Sin casts its shadow over every soul. Theologians differ in defining the nature of sin and in their estimate of the means by which it is to be overcome; but the fact of its existence goes down deeper than any the universal spiritual experience. To profoundest phases of agony, struggle and

We must, then, recognize this feature of the universal religious experience. Whatever theologians may say of it, however philosophers may explain it,—the human heart wrestling in the throes of anguish, writhing in bitter remorse, or in lighter manifestations troubled with compunctions of conscience, testifies to its reality. And in proportion as this conviction flashes up will men see by its light their own moral deformity. This is the first stage of a new spiritual life. As long as men feel they are all right, there will be no motive for effort. be found in the region alluded to If there is no wickedness in the heart, if there are no wrongs in the world, why be troubled? All is going on well. There is no need of any change. This complacency is the pathway to moral death. There is no moral condition so fatal as this to all will make a Christian desire to save souls, forth endeavors after a new and better life.

The religion of Christ is very specific on this point. The first address of Jesus was "Repent ye—be ye reconstructed—for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Further on he says, "Ye must be born again." That is, a moral transformation must be wrought out in the soul, and the whole drift of the Gospel is to show men how they can work out this radical change, and become possessed in its fulness of the spirit of God. Moreover, each individual soul is thus addressed. Primarily, Christianity deals with each man personally. Religion is a personal thing. It is for you, reader. You are a child of God. You owe him obedience. You need to cast off every sin and be brought into right feelings towards all men and right relationship with God. The first step is to feel the need of a change,

QUESTIONING THE DYING.

"An Invalid," writing for the N. Y. Observer, makes the following suggestions:
A delicate subject for criticism, since the experiences of the departing are very diversified, and admit of diversified treatment. But is not a practice so prevalent, as obituary sketches show this to be, worthy of consideration? For myself, in reading these interrogatories, sometimes their number, sometimes their character, and sometimes the motive which seems to prompt them, impress me unpleasantly. Consider what an effort it may cost the patient, in acute distress, or deathly pros-

tration, even to listen to the question Consider that, for many reasons, it may task him to find a fitting answer, and to utter it when found.

Consider the disquietude he feels when conscious that his reply has been imperfect or inaccurate and he has no strength to amend it.

Consider how irksome to repeat utterances already made in pain, and how a

how evanescent its emotions; how it needs to be soothed, and sustained by gentle words. The doctor was faithful but unskilful, and from others, rather than tasked to give forth

Consider how often in sickness the soul craves retirement, repose, and silence.

"In secret silence of the mind, My heaven, and there my God I find.!" Of the young lady whose last days are discribed in the New York Observer, March 3. 1865, we have this record: On the afternood preceding her decease, she, with effort, passed through an extended interview with her pastor and other friends, delivering messages, hearing and reciting Scriptures, hymns, &c., and then "she was evidently exhausted. We aroused her several times, but finally, about sunset, a friend coming in asked her if she knew him, and she replied, "Yes, but don't ask me. She made the same reply to several questions, and then added, 'I am so tired, I am so tired.'"

"She was evidently exhausted," yet we aroused her several times, and put several questions. Was this right?

The late Dr. Cutler, in his last illness (1863,) made one deliberate and extended expression of his mind, and, subsequently, as one seemed expecting some renewed testimony to the praise of Divine grace, he only uttered the words; "I have said my

say—I have no wish to change it."

The Rev. Samuel Whelpley, on his deathbed, New York, July 14, 1817, replied to a question from Dr. Spring in a way that indicated that his mind was at peace, and then added, "My dear brother, let that be the last question."

The Rev. James L. Sloss, Florence, Alabama, August 5, 1841, when, a few moments before he expired, one of his physicians began to converse with him, suddenly exclaimed, "Be silent, my brother, I wish

to commune with my Saviour."
"I shall say no more," "I shall say no more," are the memorable words with which Mrs. Dr. Abel Stevens entered her last

Please, good friends, be considerate in questioning the dying.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

A travelling correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer thus characterizes the old settled regions of the western part of this

Throughout the country parts, one thing is noticeable—the strict observance of the Sabbath, and due regard for the ordinances zeal sought to instruct the Indians in the knowledge of Jesus; but later, by two score of years, some two or three self-sacrificing ministers of the Scotch Presbyterian Church gularly salutary to almost every description of crop.—New England Farmer.

degree of guilt. Yet in some form it is a special missionary field; and the result is common experience. Not only David and to-day, look where you will, Western Penn-

and Parker, each in his way recognizes the fact is patent to the visitor. Here and great fact of evil in the heart and world. there a Lutheran, German Reformed, or Methodist church may be seen; but on all sides you find Reformed Presbyterians, Seceders, or United Presbyterians, with a goodly number of Old and New School Presbyterians; and when combined, conspeculation or dogma, and finds its proof in stituting no mean body, so far as numbers are concerned. They can now be counted ignore it is to ignore human nature in its by scores of thousands; and I feel for the moment desirous of commending the zeal of the Scotch and Irish Presbyterians who settled Western Pennsylvania. Many of them yet live, as noble exponents of Protestant truth. Indeed, but little sympathy for the Roman Church is to be found here Protestant from conviction, as well as in name, they live to exhibit the life-giving power of Divine truth in a walk at once consistent and honoring to the Master whom they profess to serve. Popery, it is true, is still boldly raising up its hydra front in our land; but with the exception of Pittsburg,

TACT IN SEEKING SOULS.

Every Christian should study the art of leading sinners to Jesus. Love to Christ spiritual progress. Only as we feel profoundly the conviction of sin, will we put but will not necessarily give him skill to do prayer, observation, and practice. The remark is suggested by an incident with

which I have just met in my reading.

A pious physician had access to a jail, and tried to minister both to the souls and bodies of his patients in prison.

One day he pleaded with a murderer to seek pardon. He urged all the motives of the Gospel to repentance he could command, and threw his whole soul into the plea. The murderer was cold and obdurate; excused his crimes by quoting the example of David Solomon, and other Scripture characters. In fine, he said, "I don't know that I have much to repent of."

This from a murderer was terrible. The physician left his cell, thinking the case

Anxious, however, to do all he could, he invited a dear friend—an aged, devoted man—to visit him. The old man consent ed; and when, after some time, the doctor again ventured into the cell of the murderer he was surprised to hear him say: A"Doctor, you don't understand your business You come here to do good—to benefit the souls of us poor prisoners; but you don't go about it right. You always urged me to 'repent'-to 'repent;' but, doctor, do you suppose there is one poor fellow in this prison who doesn't know he must repent it he would be saved? That dear old friend of yours that you left behind understood his business. He came here, sat right down by my side. He looked, indeed, like a really good man. With a look full of tenderness, he said to me, John, wasn't it gracious goodness on the part of the Almighty that he should have loved us so much as to send his only-begotten and well-beloved Son into the world to save such sinners as you and I? Why, doctor, that word I killed me it killed me dead. I couldn't get over it. That that holy, venerable man should put himself on the same level with me—a vile murderer, neither fit to live nor to die! I cannot keep it out of my thoughts. It is working its way to my

feeling dies out by being repeatedly expressed.

Consider how lethargic and vacant the mind sometimes is in extreme sickness, and how evanescent its emotions: how it needs with exquisite tenderness, conquered him. failed; his aged friend was both faithful and skilful, and he prevailed-he was wise to win souls.

Seek this Divine wisdom, Christian; so shalt thou win many to righteousness. Dost thou need motive power? Get more love to Christ, until thou canst busy thyself in the work, saying, "The love of Christ con-straineth me." Consider, also, "that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Alas, alas! that we should take so easy the destruction of souls around us, and sometimes even "the destruction of our kindred !"-British Messenger.

THE WIDE SHOCK OF WAR.

Emerson has told us in rugged verse of the "embattled farmers" who, on the 19th April, 1775, by the bridge at Concord, "Fired a shot heard round the world."

No country having great commercial in terests can engage in civil war without more or less convulsing the world. The effects, physically and morally, are like a universal earthquake. The London correspondent of the New York Times makes the

following statement:

"The close of the war in America has been a great disaster to Bombay, in the East Indies. It reminds one of the philosophical experiment of striking an ivory ball, and seeing another fly off from the op-posite side. Bombay, on the opposite side of the world, feels the concussion of the sudden cessation of hostilities more than London. Of course, London's turn is coming, for the failure of half the commercial houses in Bombay cannot but affect their English correspondents. The rise in cotton, and the immense influx of money to pay for it, had caused such a tever of speculation as the East had never known. All kinds of joint stock companies were formed, and shares which cost five hundred pounds went up to fifteen thousand pounds. The news of General Lee's surrender sent down the price of cotton one-half, and exploded all those wonderful speculations. The Parsees are in mourning—their sun is dark-ened. General Grant little thought that when his artillery compelled the evacuation of Richmond, there was a city on the other side of the planet on which his batteries rained ruin."

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