

Correspondence.

ERASMUS.

A SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

BY N. M. S.

It was not until the sixteenth century that the Reformation became a fact in the history of the world, or of the country we are more especially considering. We have seen reforming elements, efforts and symptoms appearing for centuries in the churches of Holland; but as the year 1500 opens we may see them multiplying in number and gaining in force with a rapidity that is prophetic of the end. The monks become more impudent, the devices of the Church of Rome grow more openly scandalous and intolerable. The character of the reigning Pope, Cesar Borgia, was outrageous and criminal beyond conception. That such a veritable monster of wickedness could gain and keep the supreme place in the Romish Church, was enough of itself to rouse afresh and to concentrate all the discontent, hostility and revolutionary feelings, which for generations had been gathering in the minds of men. God's providence wonderfully interposed by giving to the world, at this time, the great invention of printing. By this, most of all, the word of God was freely scattered among the people, who had known almost nothing of it before. By this, too, the people were rapidly made acquainted with each other's opinions of the grievous errors and abuses of the Church of Rome. A far greater advance on the old method of communication to the people of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the invention of printing, than that of the magnetic telegraph has been to us. Thought trickled slowly, drop by drop, through narrow and costly channels, from mind to mind, before. Now, pamphlets, tracts and treatises, Bibles and Testaments fell like snowflakes over a wide territory in the same moment. Without this great adjunct of the printing-press, the unenlightened people would have been appealed to in vain, by Luther or Melancthon or Calvin. Their views of the sinfulness and errors of the Romish Church would have continued to be too general and outward, and their convictions, not founded on the word of God, would have proved too weak to bear them into and through the mighty struggle. The Reformation would have had to wait. Luther, without the echo of the myriads of approving voices which his widely distributed writings called forth, would have fallen a victim to papal rage, or would never have had the needed stimulus for the great work of popular emancipation, which he was led, step by step, to undertake. The Reformers were the men of learning, the students, the independent thinkers of their time. Without the printing-press, they would have pursued their studies in retired cloisters; their peculiar views would have been known to a select few, and their active efforts limited, like those of Huss in Bohemia, to a single country and a generation or two of their countrymen. But the printing-press gave to the Reformers of the sixteenth century an eager, wakeful, intelligent audience, immense in numbers, spread over every country in Christendom, constantly acting and reacting upon one another and upon the Reformers themselves. Instantly, the thrones of papal intolerance and of temporal despotism began to tremble. Men held in their hands an authority above them both: the Bible.

It was in Holland that the man originated who first effectually used the press as a weapon against the Papacy, and who was undoubtedly the inaugurator of the Reformation as an intellectual and literary movement. Desiderius Erasmus, the son of a priest, was born in Rotterdam in 1467. From deep poverty and humiliation, he rose by the force of indomitable zeal and industry to learning and to influence, such as few men have ever enjoyed. As soon as he could procure any money, he spent it first in buying Greek books, and then in buying clothes. He soon exceeded the most eminent scholars of his time in the correctness and elegance of his style. His works abound in those shrewd sayings, and that clear, lively and enlightened wit, which amuse and quicken and instruct the reader at once. He was so absorbed in study that he kept it up while on horseback, and his most celebrated work, *The Praise of Folly*, an attack on the monks, was composed on a journey which he made from Italy to England. Seven editions of this book were sold in a few months. Twenty-seven editions appeared during the life of the author. Without the art of printing, it is unlikely that so much as a single edition would have been painfully copied and slowly circulated, among the educated and wealthy few.

In this book, first published in 1503, Folly is represented as a woman, born in the Fortunate Islands, brought up in drunkenness and impertinence, and queen of a powerful empire. She is introduced as describing all the different states belonging to her dominions, but she dwells particularly upon the priests, monks and theologians of the Romish Church. It is over them emphatically that Folly reigns. She ridicules their shallow learning, and their absurd arguments; she discloses the disorders, ignorance, filthy habits, falsehood, avarice and silly superstitions of the monks. She even accuses the bishops of running more after gold than after souls; and boldly

claiming the Pontiff himself as a subject, she charges him with passing his time in amusements and leaving the duties of his ministry to St. Peter and St. Paul. She accuses him of falsifying the doctrine of Christ by forced interpretations, and of crucifying him a second time by a scandalous life.

One of the chief painters of the day, Holbein, employed his talents in adding the most telling illustrations to the book, among which he did not hesitate to place the Pope himself, with his triple crown.

Perhaps no work has ever appeared so thoroughly suited to the wants of the age as *The Praise of Folly*. It produced an indescribable impression throughout Christendom. It was translated into every European language, and it contributed more than any other book to settle the convictions of the people in favor of a radical reform among the priesthood.

But the philosopher of Rotterdam rendered still greater service to the truth. He not only threw aside the vain and intricate speculations of the middle ages, and brought students back to the classical authors of Greek and Rome, but he took a step in advance, which was as important to religion and theology as the discovery of Columbus, just made, was to the existing commerce and geography of the world. He insisted that men must go for their theology back of the schoolmen, back of the early fathers, and back even of the Latin translation of the New Testament called the Vulgate, to the original Greek itself—a text as little known in the Catholic countries of Europe, as America was before the discovery of Columbus. In 1516 he published an edition of the Greek Testament with notes and comments, saying as he did it: "It is my desire to lead back that cold disputer of words, styled Theology, to its real fountain." "The most exalted aim," he says again, "of the revival of learned pursuits is to obtain a knowledge of the pure and simple Christianity of the Bible. I am firmly resolved to die in the study of the Scriptures; in them is all my joy and peace." "A spiritual temple must be raised in desolated Christendom. The mighty of this world will contribute towards it their marble, their ivory and their gold; I, who am poor and humble, offer the foundation-stone."

This edition of the New Testament, together with his paraphrases of various epistles and gospels, his commentaries on the Psalms, his editions of the Fathers and other theological productions, accomplished wonderful results. All around, a taste was spread for the word of God and for a pure theology. "The Praise of Folly" helped to break down the old abuses; these latter works aided largely in laying the foundations and raising the structure of the Reformed Church. His writings followed one another in rapid succession. He labored unceasingly, and his works were seized upon and read by the people as fast as they appeared. The animation and the native energy of his style; the intellect, so rich and so delicate, so witty and so bold that was poured, without any reserve, in such copious streams upon his contemporaries, led away and enchanted the immense public who devoured the works of the philosopher of Rotterdam. He soon became the most influential man in Christendom. Crowned heads sought his society, and wealth and honor poured in upon him.

In England, his Greek and Latin Testament was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Never had any book produced such a sensation. It was in every hand; men struggled to procure it, read it eagerly, and would even kiss it. The words it contained enlightened every heart. Monks and nuns, priests and bishops were, indeed, enraged at the wide-spreading influence of the word of God, going forth to the world on the wings of the press. "Here are horrible heresies," they cried; "here are frightful anti-Christians. If this book be tolerated, it will be the death of the papacy." Archbishop Lee, of England, once the friend, but afterward the implacable enemy of Erasmus, declared of his Greek and Latin New Testament: "If we do not stop this leak, it will sink the ship."

Erasmus himself spent many years in England, where the learned had received him at an early period of his career, with a joyful welcome. He became the guest and friend, the pet and the pride of the great. His name was in every mouth. Erasmus! Erasmus! echoed from court to castle, from Oxford to London. Henry the VIII., even before he became king, knew and admired him; and after ascending to the throne in 1509, he wrote to Erasmus; then at the Pope's court in Rome. The letter was in good Latin, and it expressed such regard for the philosopher, that he forsook the Papal court and hastened to London, where Henry gave him a hearty welcome. There Erasmus found the leisure and the regard which his tastes and his nature craved. "Where," he asked, "is the Athens, the Porch or the Academe that can be compared with the court of England? It is a seat of the muses rather than a palace. The golden age is reviving, and I congratulate the world."

But this was no time for undisturbed literary ease, with those who so boldly attacked the rooted and powerful prejudices of the Romish hierarchy. Erasmus, who was more of a scholar and a recluse than a reformer, saw, with astonishment and fright, the storm of blind and bigoted opposition which his services to the truth were arousing. The priests "thundered from their pulpits"

who translated the call of John the Baptist, in Matt. iv. 17, "Repent," instead of "Do Penance," as it stood in the Italian version. In his New Testament they declared there were hundreds of such dangerous, frightful passages. No hostile landing in England could, in their eyes, be more fatal than that of the New Testament. The whole nation must rise to repel this impudent invasion.

To show the sort of opposition which the peculiar work of Erasmus was called to encounter, we will relate an incident which occurred in the court of Henry VIII. A certain preacher at the court, in one of his sermons in the presence of the king, declaimed violently against the Greek language and its new interpreter, Henry, who was proud of his patronage of learning, was seen to smile good-humoredly. The courtiers, many of whom were men of the highest attainments, exclaimed against the preacher as soon as he had left the church. "Bring the priest to me," said the king; "and you," turning to Sir Thomas Moore, one of the most learned of all, "shall defend the Greek cause against him, while I listen to the disputation." The priest was brought back, trembling and powerless. He fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and in this abject manner, recalled what he had said. "I know not what spirit impelled me," faltered the priest. "A spirit of madness," answered the king, "and not the spirit of Christ. But have you ever read Erasmus?" "No, sire," the priest was compelled to reply. "Away with you, then," rejoined the king; "you are a blockhead." "And yet," whispered the preacher in confusion, "I remember to have read something about *Moria*," meaning Erasmus's Treatise on Folly. "A subject, your majesty," interposed a courtier, "that ought to be very familiar to him." At last the unfortunate preacher, thinking to mend matters a little, ventured to say: "I am not altogether opposed to the Greek, seeing that it is derived from the Hebrew." This absurd declaration was received, with a general burst of laughter, and the king impatiently ordered the monk to leave the room and never appear before him again.

(To be Concluded.)

LETTER FROM KOLAPOOR.

The visible results of our efforts this year, thus far, are less than they were last year. Still we have abundant encouragement thus to work and hope on. One man was baptized and received to church-fellowship, at our last communion, and other inquirers encourage our hopes of them. Our audiences are large and attentive, and our daily opportunities for making known God's message such as we may well be thankful for.

And yet we have fresh evidence almost daily, of the invisible power of prejudice and superstition among this people. Our king is a good deal enlightened, and has less inherent superstition than most of his people, but even he is almost wholly under the influence of the Brahmins. He is still a young man, but, like most Hindu princes, already a wreck in health. For some weeks he has been suffering severely, and most of the time has kept two Brahmins praying for him, at a rupee each per day. This, however, has been unavailing, and yesterday he was thought to be dying. With no heir to inherit his little kingdom and throne, in his extremity he was persuaded to adopt "Taty Sahab," the son of his sister, and then the Brahmins beset him with the solemn injunction of their Shasters, and persuaded him to submit to be weighed—himself and his two wives—they in one scale, the other being balanced with rupees. The poor king weighed only Rs. 4000; but his wives weighed Rs. 5000 each. The whole Rs. 14,000 was, of course, distributed to the crafty, indolent and dissolute Brahmins, otherwise the merit of the act would avail nothing with the gods. The poor king was better yesterday, and the Brahmins spare no pains to impress the people with the greatness of their influence, and the potency of their intercessions with the gods; attributing special virtue to the "extreme unction," or weighing of the king and his wives, (really the 14,000 Rs.)

Now, if you would test the power of superstition in these Hindu minds, come and persuade a dying prince to disregard the teachings of his priests in such a case, or, now that the king is better, try to persuade these ignorant thousands that all the healing virtue has not come directly from the gods, thus assuaged by his gifts and the potent intercession of the Brahmins.

Three days ago the European telegraph brought us the welcome tidings that "the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been successfully laid." We wait confirmation of this joyful event, hoping it may prove true.

We cannot help observing how unlike is the present treatment of those Fenian rebels by our Government, to that of our own rebels a few months ago, by the British, themselves being judges. Reciprocity would long since have recognized the Fenians as "belligerents," but we rejoice that our noble Government can afford to do right, and is inclined to do right, even to those who do wrong to us.

By the way, is it not worthy of notice that Andrew Johnson's wrong-headed policy on reconstruction is not only applauded by Southern rebels and Northern Copperheads, but by all Bri-

tons who sympathized with the rebels? What means it that the very men who shoot and hang their own rebels by the hundred, lift up their hands in holy horror at the idea of executing such a rebel leader as Jeff. Davis, with the blood of half a million fellow-citizens on his head?

P. S.—While writing the above there comes the intelligence that our poor king died at 3 A. M. this morning. It seems that while the Brahmins were proclaiming him better, yesterday, to magnify their own influence with the gods, he was still at the point of death; and in despair of help from his native doctors, he yielded to the wish of the political agent, and called in our European doctor. But it was too late.

With some great faults of character, the king was amiable, and intelligent, and his early death seems to be universally regretted by all who knew him. He was placed on the *gades* in 1837, when about six years old, and dies at the early age of thirty-five, after a reign of twenty-nine years. R. G. WILDER.

AUGUST 4, 1866.

A DAY UPON THE HUDSON.

ALBANY, September 25, 1866.

DEAR EDITOR:—Having just spent a day upon this mighty stream, allow me to put down some of my impressions.

The beauty of the panorama which unfolds to us as we glide swiftly along, cannot be excelled. On the east side, the first thirty miles after leaving New York displays a bewildering succession of beautiful villas, with gables and turrets innumerable peeping out from the foliage, and towers of every conceivable variety of architectural beauty, standing out above the trees, while quiet towns and busy depots vary the scene, and ever and anon, a screaming railroad train rushes along just above the water line. On the west bank, however, the contrast is striking. The continuous succession of palisade rocks frowns upon us, mile after mile, in stern and sullen grandeur. As we passed them to-day, the morning mist was just rolling down from their summits to the river below. Surely Paul Weber or Gignoux never attempted to imitate such a scene upon their canvas.

The next thirty miles all is changed. The hitherto remarkably straight, broad river, suddenly narrows, winding among a succession of mountains, raising their rocky sides in bold grandeur from the very verge of the river to a height of 1200 to 1700 feet, crowding so thickly upon one another, and so closely upon the stream, that, for a time, we cannot but think we have come to the end of our journey, as the river must certainly end just there, at the foot of that great mountain stretching right across the stream. But our floating palace quietly winds along close by the base of the sleeping monster, and in a few moments we see another opening, and the river will not be shut off until we reach the other mountain just beyond. So we glide through the winding maze, until high up upon the bank on the left appear the beautiful buildings of WEST POINT.

The climax of the river's beauty is certainly here. The last one hundred miles is more tame, though surpassingly beautiful in its gorgeous array of autumnal foliage. I will not attempt to describe the beautiful towns we pass on this part of the voyage. Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Rondout, Saugerties, Hudson, etc.; but if I were to attempt a description of the Catskill Mountains, as they lay sleeping in solemn grandeur, a dozen miles to the west, I would not know how to begin. When they first appear on the horizon, they are easily mistaken for a mass of dark clouds in the distance; but a closer look proves them to be solid mountains, rising not less than 4000 feet into the air. A way up the side of one of them you discern a small white speck. Apply the spy-glass to it, and it reveals the Catskill Mountain House, perched on the mountain side, nearly 3000 feet above the level of the Hudson.

As we passed Irvington, the wonderfully beautiful residence of America's most gifted author, we could but think of the many pleasant hours passed with "The Sketch Book," "The Siege of Granada," and "Alhambra." The idea of being near to Sleepy Hollow—of looking upon the hills among which Rip Van Winkle took his memorable nap—calls up more thoughts than we can begin to put down in this letter.

The immense trade and travel upon this mighty stream is one of the impressions sure to be made upon the mind of a business man. The number of swift steamers plying between the various towns and New York is astonishing, to say nothing of the four monster steamers forming the great day and night lines through from New York; then the steamers towing immense flotillas of twenty or thirty barges or canal boats each, laden with grain, produce, lumber, etc., from all the Western and Northwestern States, as well as from New York State itself,—all poured into the lap of New York City, by means of the great Erie Canal. Add to this the coal trade from our own State, coming from the Delaware and Hudson Canal at Rondout. Add again the trade in iron, stone, lime, etc., which keeps the river studded with sailing vessels all the way from New York to Albany, and you have a larger and more costly tonnage than floats upon any river in the world.

Another impression. The grand convulsions of nature that formed this wonderful river—so deep, so wide, so straight through most of its course. No other

river in the world resembles it. What a grand eruption it must have been that threw up the molten rock forming the palisades, after first making a great rent or fissure in the earth's crust so many miles in length, and in so straight a line. The deep fissure left for the river's channel alongside the basaltic columns; the throes and convulsions which must have attended the upheavals of the mountains at the Narrows; the upheaval of the Catskills—all tell of days when the region was a scene of some of God's most sublime operations.

The company of travellers on the boat is worth noticing—some seeking pleasure, some on business, some bound to the far West, some going from one town to another on the banks of the river. A large number is always on board, with every variety of face and feature.

A company of Italian musicians played exquisitely on the flute, violin, and two harps, for the entertainment of the passengers. They performed far better than many of our amateur players do, though the latter generally spend much time and money in learning, which certainly these Italians never did. But how they did lower the whole idea of fine execution, tasteful playing, apparently refined appreciation of the *soul* of the great authors whose pieces they performed, when one of them suddenly rose and carried round his hat for a collection from the listening crowd. A colored man, of rather sly look, created great merriment among the passengers by a display of ventriloquism, which we have never heard equalled. He surpasses Signor Blitz a long way—imitating a man down cellar with a coarse, whisky-drinking, hoarse, rough voice. The rapid repartee kept up between the man and his coarse-voiced friend below stairs, while sentences were thrown in by a squeaking woman and a nasal-talking man, all apparently down the same cellar door, was very skillfully done. But to cap all, the wag sang "Dixie," allowing the hoarse man down stairs to sing the chorus, amid bursts of laughter from the crowd. Such amusements, the scenery, and the glorious autumn day, made time fly rapidly indeed.

We met a gentleman on board, apparently sixty-five years of age, who had been blind, through nervous debility, for the past eight years. He was glad to meet a Philadelphian, because the loyalty of Philadelphia makes every loyal man in the land honor and love those who hail from our stronghold of Freedom. He said, the Southern loyalists had been to his town, (Poughkeepsie,) and they could not tell enough about their grand reception in our city. Their speeches were full of the "holding-over" character of Philadelphia patriotism. This gentleman was as thoroughly booked up on the political prospects of our State and city as we were ourselves. We enjoyed an hour's chat with him immensely, and could but thank God, that a man at his time of life, deprived of the greatest blessing, light, could be so cheerful, so interesting, so animated, and withal, so well posted.

We find Albany a large, thriving, busy city, containing an immense Roman Catholic Cathedral of great splendor, among its numerous churches. Rev. Dr. Darling's new church is about completed—a splendid structure, with beautiful towering spire—forming a handsomer church than any of our N. S. Presbyterian Churches in Philadelphia. G. W. M.

Rural Economy.

THE MARKETING OF PRODUCE.

[Extract from the Address of Maj. H. T. Brooks, at the Annual Fair of the Monroe Co. Agricultural Society in 1865.]

After all the cares, labors, and anxieties of raising a crop, comes the still greater trouble of selling it. When, where, and for how much shall we sell it? is a puzzle and a perplexity. We take what we can get—we ask for more—we are unanimous in that; so far so well. But do we always get what we ought to have? Do we generally get what we ought to have? I answer emphatically, No.

We ought to sell our produce for enough to cover the expense of seed, all the labor of raising, harvesting, marketing, the interest on the value of the land, and enough beside to purchase or provide manure sufficient to restore to the soil all it has lost in growing the crop. This suggests a consideration for which I suspect we are very poorly prepared. Who knows the amount of mineral and other elements which a crop takes from the soil, and the cost of restoring them? This, however, we all do know, that if we should go into the markets to purchase guano, bone dust, lime, ashes, plaster, animal manure, and whatever is necessary to restore impoverished land to a high state of fertility, the expense would be enormous. As a body, our farmers have made no estimate of their annual loss through the depreciation of the soil. If they should now bring up their land to its original productiveness, they would incur an expense which few would be able to meet. It would probably cost to-day as much as our cultivated fields are worth to restore the mineral elements alone that have been abstracted from them. Of course this remark applies to lands that have been several years under cultivation.

I should like to ask the farmers of Monroe, and all other farmers, how many crops within the last forty years have paid a profit, after restoring to the soil all the elements abstracted, and paying all other expenses? Not one crop in four, in my opinion. It results, then, that we have been farming at a loss. Farmers have worked hard, and much of the time they have worked for nothing. True, they fancy they have been growing rich—really, they have been growing poor. The nominal value of their land has greatly increased:

—they bought it at a dollar and a quarter, five, ten, twenty, thirty dollars per acre; and can now sell it at forty, sixty, eighty, and a hundred dollars per acre. This is partly owing to the inflation of prices since the advent of paper money, and banking institutions, and partly to the increased demand for land, from the increase of our population. While the price has been going up, the fertility, and consequently the intrinsic value, of the land has been going down. I would much rather have the lands of Western New York, as the bears and Indians left them, than to take them to-day with all your boasted "improvements." I do not hesitate to say, that if a majority of farmers who purchased land forty years ago and paid for it, had worked out for the board and clothing of themselves and families, and let their land remain in a state of nature, they would be worth more to-day than they are now. I tell you that while farmers have worked early and late—while they have grown prematurely old through exhausting, nay, agonizing labors—their returns have been meagre and inadequate. High as prices are to the consumer of agricultural products, the farmer's share has been in the main paltry indeed. Occasional high prices have been balanced by blights, insects, frosts, droughts and other contingencies that left him nothing to sell, while wholesale and retail dealers, shippers and bankers—particularly the latter—absorb the profits, and leave the farmers unable to improve their farms, their stock, educate their families, and indulge in the social pleasures that ought to reward their lives of toil.

What is the remedy? It would take a good while to answer that question. A partial remedy I will suggest. *Crop less!* If prices are not satisfactory, diminish the supply; that will never fail to raise prices. I speak with confidence when I say that if farmers had grown less wheat, corn and pork, they would have received more money for what they did raise. They seem to assume that their profits are measured by the amount produced, and so they will crop, and crop, till crops will grow no longer—they will crop from the mere force of habit when cropping is a dead loss. They will crop when produce is high, they will crop when they don't get pay for their labor in sowing and harvesting. Resolve on this,—that you will never put in a crop for sale, unless you can do it in good time, in a good manner, with a fair prospect of good returns every way. If you must be poor, don't make your land poor for nothing. Work out by the month, take jobs on the public works, adopt rigid economy, and never sell produce unless you can get pay for your labor and price enough to purchase manure for another crop.

SALT OR NO SALT?

The "American Institute Club" recently had the question of salt for stock under consideration. Some deemed it a waste of the raw material to feed salt to cattle—deeming it not only unnecessary, but positively injurious to them. Others regarded it as essential to the health and comfort of both man and beast—the latter conclusion appearing to be the predominant one. Perhaps the readiest way of disposing of the question would be to let the cattle have a voice or a tongue in the matter. Offer them salt, during the warm weather of summer, and if they refuse it, the conclusion will be fair that it is not essential or desirable; if they take it with alacrity, then it is legitimate to assume that it is good for them, and they know it.

In years gone by it was customary, in the wooded sections of the West, to turn out the stock portions of a farmer's herd in the spring to seek their living in the forest and along the creek glades. Once a week, or thereabouts, they were hunted up and driven home and there treated to a feed of salt upon the turf by the road-side, when they were dismissed again to their sylvan rambles. They learned from this, where salt was to be obtained, and would come for it at regular intervals during the season. Now if it was not essential to them, would they have taken the trouble to come from the woods to get it with clock-like regularity? We think not, and hence vote aye on the salt question.

Again: If salt is unnecessary, why is it that the "salt-licks" of the West are poached up like a barn-yard in spring by the deer flocking to them during the warm weather? They go there to imbibe the saline water which oozes from the base of some cliff overlooking a creek. If it was simply water that was sought for it, it would be obtained from the cool running stream, and not from the scanty pool environed by mud. It was salt that was required, and hence the resort to the "licks" daily during the prevalence of warm, dry seasons. For these reasons, we think it safe to conclude that salt is good for stock—essential to their comfort, and should be supplied to them as inclination prompts them to partake of it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE WHITE GRUB AMONG STRAW-BERRIES.

In many instances, strawberry plants, even when growing on rich soil, fail entirely, without any apparent cause. As a general rule, such failures are attributable to the white grub, which devours the roots. Whenever strawberry vines fail to grow luxuriantly, dig around the plants with a fork-tine, or iron rake-tooth, and dislodge the grubs. During the month of September they may be found among newly-planted beds; and, if not destroyed, they will injure the plants so seriously that they will be little or no fruit the next season. Should no grubs be found among the roots of the plants which show a want of thrift, a few handfuls of fine compost worked in near the roots will frequently give the plants a start and render the vines exceedingly productive. When digging around strawberry plants, care should be exercised not to mutilate and tear up the roots, as strawberry plants never require root-pruning. A spade or hoe should not be used for this purpose, as the blade will sever the small roots.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE MORGAN HORSES of Vermont, it is stated, endured the severe campaigning of the late war better than any others in the service.