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TOWANDA.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1845.

[From the Philadelphia Keystone.]
To Mary H—

Would that I might whisper in thine ear,
The feelings which o'ercharge my burdened heart—
And tell thee, sweetest, fairest one, how dear
To me, in all thy loveliness, thou art.

Thou comest in my dreams, and then thy voice,
In liquid tones, works ecstasy of bliss;
And thy soft beaming smile bids me rejoice
In unalloyed and perfect happiness.

But ah! too soon the vision, fair and bright,
Fades from my view—too rapturous to stay—
And loneliness succeeds the best delight,
Which changed the night's dark hour to glorious day.

Gaze on thee, as some celestial star
Shining effulgent in the realms above—
And as I worship, humbly and afar,
Feel that I must—sigh that I dare not—love.

THE ORDER OF MARCH OF HAND'S BRIGADE FROM WYALUSING TO TIOGA.

Head Quarters, Wyalusing Aug. 5, 1779.
Parole Monmouth, C. Sign, Amboy. Field
officer of the day, Lt. Col. Read, Brigade Major
—Ross.

Head Quarters, Wyalusing, Aug. 6, 1779.
Brigadier General Poor for to-day, to-mor-
row field officers, Col. Spencer.

Field officers of the flanking division, Lt.
Col. Dearborn and Major Platt.
As the army will not march to-day they
are directed to clean themselves and their
arms.

The Commissary is to complete the troops
with 3 day's flour and 2 day's beef exclusive
of this day, which are to be cooked and baked
this evening.

A pint and a half is to be sold to every
hundred men. The troops are to receive a full
of whiskey this evening for to-morrow.

Gen. Hand's Brigade is to march at 7 o'clock
to-morrow.

The army is to advance in the same order
as yesterday. The troops are also to be load-
ed for action—Boatmen and soldiers and
cattle are to be also charged.

Col. Proctor will load, and in every other
respect to prepare his cannon for immediate
action.

Ensign M'Youff's Quarter Master of Spencer's
regiment having been arrested from a
supposed neglect of duty, but the General has
since been convinced that he was not in the
least culpable—releases him from his arrest,
and desires him to his duty. Col. Seely's
regiment to form the rear guard to-morrow.

BRIGADE ORDERS, Wyalusing Aug. 6, 1779.
The Tanco is to beat at 9 o'clock this evening,
after which no person is to leave camp
without permission from the Commanding officer—
the reveille to beat at the usual time to-
morrow morning, and the rolls to be called at
7 o'clock. As to-morrow is a halting day, the
General requests that the commanding officers
of corps will order that their horses backs that
are galled be washed with a strong decoction of
white oak bark.

Head Quarters, Wyalusing, Aug. 7, 1779.
Brigadier of the day, Gen. Maxwell; field
officer of the day, Col. Dayton; field officers
of the flanking division, Lt. Col. Dearborn
and Major Platt—Ross.

The badness of the weather has prevented
the army from marching this day, agreeable to
yesterday's orders.

Gen. Hand's Brigade will march to-morrow
morning at 5 o'clock.

The main body to advance at 6, the reveille
to beat at 5.

Provided the weather will permit, all the
musketeers on board the fleet with their
respective officers are to parade precisely at 4
o'clock this afternoon on the beach in front of
the boats—they will parade with their arms in
order to make some necessary dispositions.

The infantry who have been drafted as
boatmen will parade on the right, the others
on the left under their respective officers.

Lt. Col. Read's regiment to form the rear
guard to-morrow.

Was lost on the 1st inst., upon the latter
end of Wolfcrank Bottom, seven tents
belonging to Capt. Spalding's Independent
company.

BRIGADE ORDERS.—In case of any attack on
the light corps to-morrow, the
Brigade orders of the 1st inst., to be strictly
adhered to.

Head Quarters, Standing Stone Aug. 8, 1779.
Brigadier of the day, Gen. Poor; field officer,
Col. Cilley; field officer of the flanking divi-
sion, Lt. Col. Dehast and Major Fish.

The army at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning,
the General to beat at five.

Col. Spencer's regiment, with a detach-
ment of 50 men form the line to form the rear
guard.

HEAD QUARTERS, Aug. 9, 1779.
Brigadier for to-morrow, Gen. Maxwell; field
officer, Col. Sheave, and Brigade Major
—Ross.

HEAD QUARTERS, Aug. 10, 1779.
Brigadier for to-morrow, Gen. Poor; field
officer, Col. Ogden, and Brigade Major
—Marshall.

The troops immediately to draw two day's
provisions at the rate of 1 lb. of flour and 1
lb. of beef per ration.

The General is exceedingly sorry he is un-
der the necessity of diminishing the quantity
of the rations in any one article, but he flatters
himself the propriety of the measure will be
reflecting that from the nature of the expedi-
tion, our whole magazine of provision must be
carried with us; and that the term of the cam-

paign is uncertain: the General at the same time
assures them the rations shall be augmented
when situation and circumstances will enable
him to do so; and promises in the mean time,
an equivalent shall be made them for the defi-
ciency.

When the army move from this ground, the
following regulations are to take place:

The Quarter Master General and Surgeon
General are to attend the Commander-in-chief
on the march for his directions; all the Sur-
geons and mates of the flying Hospital—the
deputies and assistants to the Quarter Master
General, are to march in the rear of the army,
as also, the commanding General—the com-
manding staff—their assistants and deputies
assistants—the Brigade Chaplains—Quarter
Masters and commissaries, to march in the rear
of their respective Brigades. Regiments, Sur-
geons and Quarter Masters to march in the
rear of their respective regiments. The Gen-
erals and field officers of the day, particu-
larly, or any other officer observing a breach
of these orders, will immediately order the delin-
quents in arrest.

A regiment of each Brigade to parade pre-
cisely at 12 o'clock to day on the left of Gen-
eral Hand's Brigade, with their arms and ac-
countments, but without packs or any other
baggage.

A General Court Martial, of which Col.
Sheave is appointed president, to set im-
mediately for the trial of Capt. Vananglen, Com-
missary to Gen. Hand's Brigade, for unjustifi-
ably and cruelly abusing sergeant Richly of
the German regiment.

AFTER ORDERS.—The Court Martial, whereof
Col. Sheave is president, is dissolved.

Firing at game or on any other account,
whether on a march or on quarters, is in future
forbidden on pain of immediate and ex-emplary
punishment. The musketeers on board the
fleet are restricted by the same order and pen-
alty.

HEAD QUARTERS, Tioga Aug. 11, 1779.
Brigadier for the day, to-morrow, Gen. Max-
well; field officer, Lt. Col. Read, and Brig-
ade Major, —Ross.

HEAD QUARTERS, Tioga Aug. 12, 1779.
Brigadier for the day, to-morrow, Gen. Poor;
Field officer, Col. Spencer.

At a Court Martial, whereof Col. Sheave
was president, held at Wyalusing on the 7th
inst., Capt. Vananglen, Commissary to Gen.
Hand's Brigade, was tried for unjustifiably
and cruelly abusing sergeant Richly of
the German regiment, was found guilty of the
charge and sentenced to be severely reprimand-
ed in general orders.

The Commander-in-chief approves the sen-
tence of the Court, and cannot help observing
that from the whole tenor of the evidence re-
corded in Court, it appears Capt. Vananglen
was not only guilty of abuse of power, but
manifested a malevolence of temper scarcely to
be equalled. Though the General will never
condemn soldiers in disrespectful behavior
to officers, and will entertain a poor opinion of
an officer that suffers himself to be insulted
without immediately chastising the soldier who
may attempt it, yet he can never suffer officers
to beat or abuse soldiers wantonly—blows
should never be given except they are neces-
sary to the preservation of order and discipline,
and then unaccompanied with those marks of
cruelty and malevolence which were apparent
in the whole of Mr. Vananglen's conduct;

what renders his behavior still more criminal is,
that he was a non-commissioned officer whom
he made the object of his inhumanity; and
had it been a private soldier, the treatment
could not admit of the least justification. Capt.
Vananglen is released from his arrest, and cau-
tioned against similar conduct in future.

A board of field officers, whereof Col. Cortland
was President, appointed to settle the
rank of Lieuts. Swarts and Greamer of the
German Battalion, having reported that Lt.
Gramer ought to retain the rank he now holds;
the Commander-in-chief therefore directs that
he hold his rank as heretofore.

Commanding officers of regiments and corps
to have a thorough examination of arms and
accountments and ammunition in their re-
spective commands—and see that they be in
proper readiness for action. The army to hold
themselves in readiness to move on the shortest
notice, as they will be soon called upon to
march against an enemy whose savage bar-
barity to our fellow-citizens has rendered them
proper objects of our resentment.

The General assures them it is impossible
to be opposed with equal numbers, and he
thinks that if ever their number were equal
they could not withstand the bravery and dis-
cipline of the troops he has the honor to com-
mand.

It ought nevertheless to be remembered that
they are a shrewd, desultory and rabid en-
emy, seizing every advantage, and availing
themselves of every defeat on our part.—
Though they can never withstand the shock of
brave and resolute troops, yet should we be so
unattentive to our own safety as to give way
before them, they become the most dangerous
and destructive enemy that can possibly be
conceived. They following fugitives with all
the unrelenting hate of prevailing cowards, and
are not satisfied with slaughter until they have
totally destroyed their opponents;—it there-
fore becomes every officer and soldier to re-
solve never to fly before such an enemy, but
determine either to conquer or perish, which
will ever ensure success. The General does
not mention these things under the least ap-
prehension of whether officers or soldiers feel-
ing it any part of their duty, but that every
one may go into action with the same spirit
and determination: should this happily be the
case, nothing but an uncommon frown of Pro-
vidence can prevent us from obtaining that suc-
cess which will render peace and security to
our frontiers, and afford everlasting honor to all
concerned.

TORREOUS.—"Coming home, a few morn-
ings since, we met a man attempting to walk
on both sides of the walk. By a skilful man-
oeuvre we passed between him."

The Flight of Captain Crabtree.

[From the Boston Journal.]
BY HAWKES MARTINDALE.

Captain Ebenezer Simcox was a dapper little
fellow, who had an exalted opinion of his
own merits and good looks, and who took
great pleasure in deceiving his person, espe-
cially when about to enter into the company
of the ladies. He was a little choleric in his
temper, but smart as a steel trap, and always
on shore looked as nice as a new pin, or as if
he had just been taken out of a band-box mark-
ed "this side up with care."

Captain Simcox once commanded the ship
Spouter, of Providence, on a voyage to Copen-
hagen. One evening, at a party, he formed
an acquaintance with an old looking German
nobleman, who seemed quite pleased with the
conversation and bearing of the gentleman
Yankee. A few days afterwards, his friend,
the American consul, put in his hands a note,
written on embossed gilt-edged paper, (not so
common in those days as now,) and with ar-
moreal bearings on the seal. "What's in the
wind, now?" exclaimed the Yankee with a
look of surprise, as he drew off his kid gloves
and opened the note.

"An invitation from Count Wogonostrofsky
to dine, I expect," replied the worthy consul.
"I believe it is," remarked Simcox, with a
smile which soon changed into a terrible frown
as he read these words—

"Count Wogonostrofsky's compliments to
Capt Ebenezer Simcox, Esq., and would be
much happy to be honored with his company
to dinner on Wednesday next at six o'clock in
the evening."

N. B. It is expected that Captain Simcox
will not make his appearance at table without
his shirt—as ladies will be present. A dickey
alone will not do."

It is difficult to conceive the rage which
burned within the bosom of Captain Simcox,
on reading this insulting letter. Although a
pigmy in size he was a giant in spirit—"What
does the rascal mean?" said he with a grin
of defiance. "Dickey indeed! I will go forth
and pull the villain's nose in the public gardens.
Even the presence of the king himself shall
not screen him from the chastisement he de-
serves." Saying this, the redoubtable Simcox
seized his cane, a rattan switch, with a
convulsive grasp, and was about to sallie forth
in quest of Count Wogonostrofsky.

The Consul, with a quiet smile, saw the
exciting effect which was produced by the
barren looking missive. "Stop," said he, as
he gently laid his hand on the arm of his
friend. "What is the matter?"

"The scoundrel!" sputtered the furious
Yankee, "the sour-crust-eating, gin-drinking
Hessian sends me an invitation to dinner, and
says that as ladies will be present, I must not
come without my shirt! Let me go, my friend,
I beg of you—I long to be at him. I'll learn
him to play off his jokes on a Yankee. Dickey
indeed!"

"But there is no occasion to hurry," added
the consul, after indulging in a hearty laugh,
"you can as well give him his lesson half an
hour hence as now. I have a little story to
tell you, which may possibly account for the
Count's singular message, that has so very
naturally excited your cholera. After you have
heard what I have to say, if you are deter-
mined to give the Count a thrashing—why peg
away, that's all."

Captain Simcox, with a dogged air, turned
round, looked in his friend's face, which was
lighted up by a meaning smile, and threw him-
self on an ottoman, saying—"you are right—
there's no hurry—I can dog the rascal as well
an hour hence as now—so leave ahead, my
fine fellow, as there is scarcely no time to be
lost. But don't think to change my purpose
—for a terrible flogging I will give him as sure
as—"

"Poh, my dear fellow, don't make rash re-
solutions. The Count is a good fellow
enough, and had not the least idea of insulting
you."

"What! ask a man to join his dinner party,
and insinuate that he never wears a shirt, and
yet intend no insult! The idea is preposterous."
and the little man brought his fist down
upon a table, which was conveniently near,
with a violence which threatened to demolish
it!

"Count Wogonostrofsky," resumed the con-
sul, without seeming to notice the fury of the
Yankee, "is a German noble of great wealth,
and is distinguished for his hospitality to stran-
gers. He has always admired the character of
the Americans, and for years after he located
himself in this city, was fond of forming ac-
quaintance with respectable and intelligent
Yankees, and invited them to his house and
his parties, where they always found large and
select company, and good entertainment."

"About a year ago, a large American ship,
the Backwoodsman, of Boston, arrived here
from Pernambuco, after a long passage of
seventy-five days. The Count fell in with
the captain, whose name was Crabtree, soon
after the ship hauled into the inner harbor.—
He found him an honest open hearted sailor,
liked him, and invited him to dine with him
that very afternoon, which Crabtree, unthink-
ingly accepted."

"He got through his business with all pos-
sible despatch, and hurried on board the ship
to adorn and beautify himself for the dinner
party; he entered his state room, and in a
few minutes his gruff voice was heard calling
for the steward. That important functionary
soon opened the door of the state room, and
thrust within it his sable visage.

"Steward!" exclaimed the skipper, with a
tremulous accent indicating alarm, "find me a
clean shirt!"

"Clean shirts all gone, sar."

"All gone! What do you mean! Get me
a shirt at once, don't stand grinning there."

"Your last clean shirt, messer captain, you
lost yesterday morning, when you come
ashore, and that would hardly keep together,
it was so old, and all the others have gone to
be washed!"

"Here's a pretty predicament," growled

Crabtree, "I've invited out to dinner, and can't go
for want of a shirt! Oh! it is too bad! Stew-
ard, what shall I do?"

"Better wear the old one sar," suggested
the steward.

"That's out of the question, snob-ball," re-
plied Crabtree, "I found it unseemly when
I took it off, and threw it out of the cabin win-
dow!"

"Ah!" said blackey, "that's very bad. I
expect I shall have to lend you one of my check
shirts, that I scrobbed nice and clean in the salt
water 'tother day."

"Be off, you stupid blockhead. You lend
me a checked shirt! Away with you, on
deck," and as the steward, with a broad grin
overspreading the whole of his face, success-
fully dodged a "Bowditch's Epitome" aimed
at his head, and darted up the companionway,
Captain Crabtree's countenance kindled with
a gleam of satisfaction. "I have it," said he,
"I HAVE IT!" he repeated, with all the enthu-
siastic joy of the old Syracusean sage when he
united a knotty problem in mathematics—and
he hastened to avail himself of the wise
thought which had just popped itself into his
noddle.

Now Captain Crabtree had a very neat
dickey in his trunk. A dickey, as every one
knows, is, or was a shirt bosom, with a hand-
some shirt collar attached, and would serve on
a pinch as a very good apology for a shirt—
indeed dandies in those days often dispensed
with a shirt for weeks and months together.—
Crabtree, with a degree of presence of mind
and fruitfulness of expedients, which were
characteristic of that worthy seaman, resolved
to fret himself no longer for the absent shirt,
but to make the dickey do double duty on the
important occasion.

He arrayed himself accordingly, looked in
his glass, and admired his appearance. He
felt cool and comfortable, too—and that was
something gained on a sultry day in July. He
even began to entertain the idea of discarding
altogether, as superfluous, that article of dress
which he had hitherto considered indispensa-
ble, especially when in full dress. In the
meantime, as he had a strange habit of throw-
ing off his coat when oppressed with heat,
without much regard to his company or cir-
cumstances, he took the precaution to prevent
such an occurrence on the present occasion,
by stitching his coat and his black velvet vest
together.

At the appointed hour, Captain Crabtree
entered the mansion of the German nobleman,
where he was received with marked courtesy
by the Count, and introduced to a good com-
pany of ladies and gentlemen, principally na-
tives of Denmark. Crabtree understood no
language but his mother tongue, but by dint of
a tolerable assurance and emphatic gestures,
he got along tolerably well. Dinner passed
off—and the wine, as is usual abroad, circled
freely. Crabtree found himself somewhat
in a melting mood, and soon ceased to remem-
ber the peculiarity of his costume.

When dinner was over, he was challenged
by a lady to play a game of billiards. The
greater part of the company adjourned to the
billiard room, to be witnesses of the game—
and the captain, after a few unsuccessul strokes
with his cue, involuntarily assented to throw
off his coat, declaring that he could never play
well with that heavy garment on. The coat
clung with a sort of fraternal affection to the
vest, but the impetuous sailor could not take
the hint, or brook delay. Another desperate
effort, a couple of buttons gave way, and the
coat and vest being unwilling to part company,
were both stripped off, and thrown triumph-
antly on a chair! when lo! the captain stood
in the midst of the assembly, grasping his cue
with a business-like air, and arrayed as if for a
pugilistic contest in the prize-ring!

A scream from the ladies, and some emphatic
exclamations from the gentlemen, first re-
minded the forgetful sailor that something was
wrong. He glanced at his bare arms, then
caught a view of his whole person in a large
mirror, and the truth rushed upon his mind
like a flash of lightning. The dickey was do-
ing all it could to supply the place of a more
simple garment, but it was woefully deficient
in dimensions—and to the astonished captain,
seemed shrunk to half its usual size!

Captain Crabtree dropped his cue, gave a
sort of convulsive jump, which would do credit
to a harlequin vaunter, uttered a loud demi-
savage salt-water howl, which was heard a
mile off, and scampered down stairs into the
street, regardless of the blushes of the ladies,
or the storm of hisses and revilings from the
scandalized gentlemen. He stopped not, but
flew through the streets like a frightened mad-
man, while the wondering populace shouted
and clapped their hands, or sprang aside to
give him a fair field for his race. This only
added to his speed, and in a few minutes he
was snugly moored in his state room, on board
his good ship, with the door closed behind
him, and securely bolted. The flight of Cap-
tain Crabtree was a theme of story and song
for a month afterward—and those who beheld
it, will never forget it until their dying day.

As for Count Wogonostrofsky, he hardly
knew what to make of it—at first, he was dis-
posed to resent it as a deliberate affront, and
sent Crabtree a polite and pressing invitation
to meet him in the Beer Park, to settle the
affair with pistol. An explanation, however,
disarmed the good-hearted German of his wrath,
and provoked his mirth—and he dearly loves
to tell the story to every stranger who visits his
house.

He formed a resolution at the time, however,
to be cautious how he invited "old salt" at
his select parties in future—and solemnly de-
clared that if he ever again asked a Yankee-
shipmaster to dine with him, he would caution
him to bring a shirt along with him! You
my dear fellow, are the first Yankee whom he
has honored with an invitation since Captain
Crabtree's "hégira."

Such was the Consul's story. Simcox,
whose anger had been gradually oozing away
at the corners of his mouth, while he listened
to the adventure of Crabtree, laughed heartily
at its close—the Count Wogonostrofsky was
suffered to escape with a whole skin.

"Here's a pretty predicament," growled

The Husbandman.

"I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat,
get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no
man's happiness, glad of other men's good
content with my farm, and the greatest of my
pride in too see my ewes graze and my lambs
suck."

Such is the picture of a husbandman's life
drawn by the unerring pencil of Shakespeare,
and such the sentiment we would endeavor to
instill into the minds of our readers. In the
structure of our animal economy, a wise pro-
vision has been made for its healthy action, by
giving employment to body and mind as neces-
sary to procure the comforts of life, without eat-
ing the bread of idleness," and thus deterio-
rating in muscular strength, and in capacity or
taste, for the enjoyment of all that is rich, rare,
and beautiful in the garden of Nature. Let us
one instant transport the eye to yonder field!
See the strong arm guiding the plough and
defting the earth for treasures whose riches
shall be revealed to him at the harvest time!
See him gazing with admiration upon the wav-
ing corn, the bleating flocks, the clustering
trees, the neat cottage, and a thousand other
things to fill his soul with gratitude and praise!
The man is the envy of Kings, with a landed
title securer than the throne on which they sit,
and happier far than he that wears the diadem.
He "earns that he eats," and his food thus be-
comes sweeter to his taste from the fact that he
has labored for it.

But there are many who seem discontented
with the endearments of a rural life, and sigh
for the pent-up atmosphere of a crowded city.
To such we would say, shake off the delusion!
The gilded drapery of fashion, the pride and
pomp of gloated wealth may, for a moment,
dazzle the eye, but when we look around us
for the comforts and quietude of our peaceful
cottage, we will soon perceive that those trap-
pings cannot give ease to an aching breast, or
slumber to a troubled conscience. We love
the country—the green, open country—and
would rather go forth to the field, with spade
in hand, and "earn that we eat," than "chew
the food of idleness" or bask in the smiles of
fashion. Our theatre is there—our home is the
heavens—our curtain is the dark blue sky—
the sweet scented honeysuckle and the green
grass are the carpet on which we tread—roses
are strewn before us—the tinkling bell awakes
us, and that rising sun points to our work.

Action, that great propeller of the human heart,
nerves us for our labor—and as the scene is
disclosed, our senses are saluted with sweet-
er songs and views than were ever witness-
ed by the votaries of jeweled halls with their
most enrapturing songs. Who would not
live in such a country?—Valley Farmer.

[From the Cultivator.]
Fattening Animals.

There are some rules which may be advan-
tageously adopted in feeding animals, which,
however obvious they may be, are too often
passed over or neglected. Some of these will
be specified; and

1st. The preparation of food. This should
be so prepared that its nutritive properties may
be all made available to the use of the animal,
and not only so, but appropriated with the least
possible expenditure of muscular energy. The
ox that is obliged to wander over an acre to
get the food he should find on two or three
square rods; the horse that is two or three
hours eating the coarse food he would swallow
in fifteen minutes if the grain was ground, or
the hay cut as it should be—the sheep that
spends hours making its way into a turnip,
which if it was sliced, it would eat in as many
minutes; the pig that eats raw potatoes or
whole corn, when either cooked, could be eaten
in one quarter the time now used, may in-
deed fatten much less rapidly than if their
food was given them in a proper manner. All
food should be given to a fattening animal
in such a state, that as little time and labor as
possible, on the part of the animal, shall be re-
quired in eating.

2d. The food should be in advance. From
the time the fattening process commences, un-
til the animal is slaughtered, he should never
be without food. Health and appetite are best
promoted by change of food rather than by
limiting the quantity. The animal that is starved
and starved by turns, may have streaked
meat, but it will be made too slowly for the
pleasure or profit of the good farmer.

3d. The food should be given regularly.
This is one of the most essential points in feed-
ing animals. If given irregularly, the animal
indeed consumes his food, but he soon acquires
a restless disposition, is unseasonably distur-
bed, or their quiet broken by unwonted invita-
tion to eat.

4th. The animal should not be needlessly
intruded upon during the hours of feeding.—
All creatures fatten much faster in the dark
than in the light, a fact only to be accounted
for by their greater quiet. Some disturbed at
every appearance of his feeder, and is never
in that quiet state so necessary to the taking on
of fat. It is surprising how readily an animal
acquires habits of regularity in feeding, and
how soon the influence of this is felt in the
improvement of his constitution. When at
the regular hour the pig has his puddings,
or the sheep his turnips, they compose them-
selves to rest, and those creatures that are the
most irritable and impatient of restraint while
feeding, such as turkeys and geese, are found
to take on fat rapidly when confined in dark
rooms, and only fed at stated hours by hand.
There is no surer proof that a pig is doing well,
than to see him eat his meal quickly and then
retire to his bed, to sleep or to lounge until the
hour of feeding returns. Animals while fat-
tening should never be alarmed, never rapidly
driven, never be fed at unreasonable hours,
and above all things, never be allowed to want
for food.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—A man being
asked by his neighbor how his wife did, made
this answer:—"Indeed, neighbor, this case is
pitiful; my wife fears that she will die, and I fear
that she will not—which makes a disagreeable
house."

Getting Ready for Winter.

Haul tanbark and bank up around the house
to ensure a warm cellar. Collar windows
should be kept open through the day, and closed
after the nights begin to freeze, as late in
the season as possible. See that dry walks
are prepared from the house to all the out-hou-
ses. Do not be stingy of your materials; make
the paths high and rounding, so as to ensure
dryness, especially about the barn. See that
stones, gravel, or timber are laid so as to be
out of the way of cattle's feet, and just in the
way of your own. We have seen swampy
yards, before going into which a prudent
man would choose to make his will. Mud on
the shoes from roads and fields is all well
enough; but mud from one's own yards, shows
that the owner has not fixed up as he ought to
have done.

If your stables are old, examine the floor;
or some night may let a horse through, to come
out lame for life. If you have a dirt floor, see
that it is carefully laid, and remember that if
it is inclined either way, it should be from the
rack and toward it. Let your wagons,
cars, ploughs, &c., be repaired during the fall
and winter, and not be left till spring. See
that your shingles are all sound on the house,
barn, and shed. That leak which you have
allowed to drop, drop all summer has be-
come taken off a yard or two of plaster, and it
is now now to put on a shingle or two. There
is another leak or two that must be stopped.
That pocket of yours which has let out dime
after dime for liquor, the hole getting bigger
and bigger every year, now is the time to sev-
er it up, or it will rip you up. A pocket is a
small place, to be sure, but we have seen barns,
cattle, and acre after acre slip through a hole
in it which at first, was only large enough to
let a sixpence through.

See that all your tools have a safe and dry
standing place; hoes, rakes, scythes, sickles,
yokes, spades, shovels, chains, pins, harrows,
plows, carts, sleds, axes, mattocks, hammers,
and everything but your geese and ducks,
should be kept from wet and snow.

If you have no stables for your cattle you
should have good sheds provided opening to
the south. Even when cattle are allowed to
run through the stock-fields, there ought to be
in some warm place an ample shed to which
they resort during wet and cold weather; and
one sufficiently snug can be made without call-
ing in the carpenter or buying lumber.

A VALUABLE TABLE.—The following valuable
table was calculated by James M. Garnet,
Esq. of Essex county, Va., and first published
in Mr. Riffin's Farmers Register.

TABLE.—A box 24 inches by 16 inches
square, and 22 inches deep, will contain a