Moody and Sankey, the American Revivalists.

We take the following account of the extraordinary labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in England, from the London St. James' Magazine, thinking it will be of great interest to many of our readers.

One of the most singular revivals of late years is that now in progress; the chief movers in which are D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. Two years ago, these Americans, whose success in their own country appeared to be encouraging, determined to come to England, and commence a series of services. The first place they labored in was York. There they stayed for a short time, but a good deal of interest was excited.—From York they made their way to Newcastle, where they remained two months, their success being far more decided than at York. The curiosity their efforts were arousing spread to other towns, and drew increasingly large audiences from many populous places in that district. On they went to Edinburg, where they remained a couple of months, and where still greater interest was manifested. The fourth place was Dundee, where they were as warmly welcomed as they had been in Edinburg. Thence they traveled into the Highlands; later they visited Glasgow, and in that crowded, busy city drew still larger crowds, and their movements began to be of national interest. From Scotland they went to Ireland, visiting Belfast, Londonderry and Dublin. On their return to England, they proceeded to turn in Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool and London. In all these places crowds flocked to hear them, and the one topic of general conversation was Moody and Sankey. Even in the metropolis, the congregations they have drawn together have been so large, and the attention paid to them so wide and respectful, that their visit is remarkable in the history of revivals.

What is the secret of the impression these men are making? Religious excitement, fanaticism, advertising, temporary insanity, have all been assigned as sufficient causes by one party; but by another their success is attributed to a special and extraordinary manifestation of God's power. Those who affirm that fanaticism and excitement sufficiently account for the congregations Moody draws together, forget that other revivalists, fully as earnest, and fully as much favored by advertising and other means for attracting public attention, have not succeeded in the same degree. Those who give the power of God as an explanation, can no doubt support their opinion in a variety of ways, satisfactory to themselves, but not equally convincing to others. In seeking a solution of the problem, let us consider how these men conduct their services, and what are the doctrines they preach.

The first noteworthy thing is the importance they attach to singing.—Other revivalists have not been blind to the power which the singing of hymns gives, and the hold it enables a preacher to acquire over a rather uncultured crowd, laboring under strong excitement; but probably no one before adopted the course followed by Moody and Sankey. Singing is a kind of safety valve, when the feelings are strongly aroused, much in favor among many people. But in this case Moody is the preacher, and his colleague has charge of the singing. Instead of doing all the singing themselves, the people have frequently to listen to the vocal powers of Sankey, and are only allowed to join when told to do so. In this respect a new feature has been introduced, which cannot fail favorably to impress many persons, heartily tired of the older kinds of revival services. To the mode of conducting the service a considerable part of the success of the movement is undoubtedly due, but not all. Nor will religious excitement account in any great degree for the interest displayed. It is the men themselves who have the power to draw together congregations of 20,000 persons of all classes; but whether they have the still rarer power to breathe a spirit of greater earnestness and reality into the religious life of a nation, is doubtful.

The order of service is very simple. During the two or three hours that the congregation is collecting, hymns are sung by the choir, assisted by the audience. When the services begin a prayer is offered, generally by some local clergyman or minister; a hymn is then sung by Sankey alone, a portion of Scripture is read and explained by Moody, another hymn is sung by the congregation, and then the sermon is preached, after which another hymn is sung, and the benediction is pronounced.—The actual service lasts a little over an hour.

What is there in the singing of the one, or the preaching of the other, that gives this revival such a distinctive character? No doubt the clear ringing voices of the two revivalists have something to do, not with their hold on the people who flock to hear them, but with the size of the congregation they attract.—Men whose voices are heard in every part of immense halls, seating from 14,000 to 20,000 people, can alone hope to draw audiences six to ten times as large as ordinary preachers would venture to address. In the most distant corners of rooms, six or eight times as large as ordinary churches, every note that Sankey sings, every word that falls from Moody's lips, is distinctly heard.—This of itself is a great power, and they know how to use it well.

Of Sankey's singing it is difficult to speak fairly. It would not seem probable that persons who can appreciate good singing would care to listen to a man whose voice is uncultivated, and some of whose notes are harsh. Yet thousands who could not patiently listen to the singing of a servant, sit entranced by Sankey's hymns. The words are so strange and new, there is such earnestness about the singer, that insensibly all who go are affected, and many who do not care for the preaching express themselves astonished at the singing.

In Moody you see a rather short and stout man, with little that is impressive or dignified. He goes straight at his subject, and continues it with such rapidity that it is difficult to follow him. He makes countless digressions, and sometimes leaves his subject unfinished. He introduces long strings of anecdotes, occasionally grotesque and almost irreverent, but always apposite and effective. He keeps the attention of 20,000 people alive for three-quarters of an hour, and when the service is over every one wonders what there was singular and novel in what he heard. Yet he goes again and again, still remaining in doubt, though not able to deny that in Moody is a power, hard to define or describe, but certainly there. And no one will question its reality who has once listened to him.

Sankey's voice is uncultivated, yet its charms are great, though all the training in the world would never have made it equal to that of a professional singer. In like manner, Moody's preaching is that of an illiterate man, yet his power is extraordinary.

Moody mispronounces many words; sometimes uses words in peculiar ways; often resorts to inappropriate arguments; occasionally his logic is defective; and as for his doctrines, in some points they are not on a level with the research of the present age. He affirms, his belief in dogmas long since laid aside in most religious circles. He takes literally, and without qualification, many parts of Scripture on which Broad Churchmen place widely different constructions; and, in spite of all, thousands who disapprove of his views, and have no sympathy with his religious system, if it can be truly said that he has one, listen to him with deep interest, and go away feeling that they have gained good. It is something, in these days of half-heartedness and scepticism, to listen to a man so thoroughly in earnest, so convinced that he is right, so firm a believer in his own religious views.

Once, in delivering an address on reading the Scriptures, Moody observed that no one should require to use a marker when he closed his Bible; he ought to study it with such earnestness as to remember exactly where he left off. Then came an illustration right to the point. He explained that in earlier life he used to hoe corn, but did his work so badly that when he went to dinner he was obliged to put a stick where he had left off, to show him where he was to begin again. Bible readers, he added, were not to resemble him in this respect. What was there in this incident of any importance to the people present? Had any one else related it, there would not have been a smile, but Moody's illustration drew a broad laugh from the people; everyone understood better the meaning of the warnings he had just heard, and no one appeared shocked.

Moody's doctrines have much to do with his power, be that lasting or temporary. He does not profess the views of any particular sect. He looks upon himself as an agent in the hands of God, appointed to do a great work. He does not bring Calvinistic doctrines prominently forward, though he evidently believes in the possibility of instantaneous conversion, which he regards not so much as a change of conduct and of life, as the receiving of a free pardon from God, so that probably he would not necessarily question a man's conversion because he was guilty of some faults. He believes in a personal devil, in the eternity of punishment, in the efficacy of the Blood of Christ to wash away all sins. We speak with some reserve on these points, as both he and his colleague refrain from expressions likely to offend the prejudices of any of their listeners, putting prominently forward only such of their own opinions as they consider essential to salvation.

As to Moody's eloquence, each must decide for himself. It is not an easy thing to address and interest 20,000 people; and the man that can do that night after night, for months, cannot be a poor speaker, whatever advantages he may derive from popular curiosity and the singularity of his manner or matter. Of course we, who have our own standard of eloquence, and consider that anything not resembling the calm, impressive enunciation of our great Parliamentary debaters cannot be good speaking, might dispute Moody's claim to distinction. But an orator is a man who can persuade his audience. This Moody does to perfection. His model is not John Bright; but it is just possible that Italians, who love fire and vigor, would feel disappointed in Bright and Gladstone and prefer Moody and Spurgeon.

Nor is Moody devoid of considerable administrative powers. He has presided with great tact and firmness over large conferences, and has preserved order for six or seven hours. He has at these occasions permitted no waste of time, no departure from the programme drawn up; everything was done just as had been designed, and was done well.

We may dwell for a moment on the words of Sankey's singular hymns. The versification is not remarkable, nor is the poetry of a high average, yet for this special work nothing could be better. Take one of the favorite hymns:

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

This hymn, "Sweet hour of prayer," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Come home, come home," "Sowing the seed," and many more, are not entitled to mention, as poems, in the same category with those of Cowper, Keble, or Wesley; yet they have already become general favorites, and thousands who never cared for hymns before find pleasure in them now.

No sight could be more impressive than the sea of earnest faces intently fixed upon the filliterate, humble American, discoursing with extraordinary power and fervor on the great truths of Christianity. No one who looks on these vast assemblages can ever forget the scene. Mere religious excitement, and a creed of horrors, could hardly bring together such thoughtful, intelligent audiences.

The reports in the newspapers give little idea of the crowds who, in some towns, have listened to Moody and Sankey. In Birmingham the evening service was to begin at eight; but all the best seats were generally filled soon after five, and soon after six 15,000 people were in their places.—So well was it known that seats could not be got unless persons were prepared to be in the hall two hours before the service began, that immense numbers of aged or busy people never attempted to go, while large crowds were, every evening, unable to find admission.

But the success which attended the labors of Moody and Sankey in the province is thrown into the shade by that which rewards them in London. Besides thousands who failed to get admission, as many as 3,000 persons have been present at their morning and evening services. Unless mistakes were made, it seems likely that on one or two occasions 22,000 persons were packed together, in the Agricultural Hall, at the evening services. The interest which the movement excited perhaps reached its climax when Dean Stanley and Lord Cairns honored the revivalists by going to hear them. There are few men more remarkable for culture, learning, and the complete absence of anything like wild, religious fervor, than Dean Stanley; nor could there well be a greater contrast than his dignified, calm, impressive manner of preaching, to the rapid utterance and undignified bearing of Moody. A man whom Dean Stanley, even from no deeper motive than curiosity, would care to hear preach, must be something very different from the ordinary revivalists.

The Black Juggler.

I saw Anderson, the great English wizard, perform his marvelous feats in necromancy in London many years ago. Indeed, the cunning of his hand excited my admiration, and was really astonishing. Anderson at that time was in the zenith of his fame and glory as a conjurer and a master of the Black Art.

But later when I saw Robert Houdin in Paris "do the devil in diabolism" with an audience of full two thousand excited Frenchmen watching his every move, and yet by his dexterity and skill baffling detection, I was still more amazed and astonished. Houdin's feats of legerdemain and incantations were truly wonderful.

Still later, at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg, I witnessed the performance of Saraoff (the term Professor is in disuse in Russia,) the famous Russian wizard. The entertainment was given in honor of the royal family, and in robes of sable and ermine, and with jeweled fingers sparkling with diamonds and other precious stones, I saw the nobility of St. Petersburg.

Saraoff seemed to feel the honor bestowed upon him by the Emperor of all the Russias, and his feats were truly marvelous. His dress was of black velvet, covered with spangles which reflected the light from a thousand gas jets. His paraphernalia was simple, and the charm of his tricks lay in the cunning of his hand, seemingly unaided by any accomplice. He was more wonderful than either Anderson or Houdin.

Saraoff seemed to enjoy the entertainment with the audience. His closing feat was more wonderful than all the rest. He smiled with gratification at its effect—he bowed obsequiously, and the curtain fell. A thousand jeweled hands smote each other—the curtain rose—Saraoff appeared, smiling and bowing—footsteps approached the stage—the conjurer turned—an officer of rank in the imperial family placed a crown upon his head and said:

"By order of the Emperor."

Saraoff kissed his hand, and bowed more obsequiously than ever. And well he might, for the crown was of gold, sparkling with diamond letters which read: "Saraoff, Prince of Wizards."

Two years later I was in India, the guest of Captain Nolan of the British Light Artillery. We were seated under a canopy of cloth to protect us from the burning rays of a tropical sun. The conversation turned upon legerdemain and necromancy. I related to Nolan with a marked degree of enthusiasm what I had seen performed in Paris by Houdin, and in St. Petersburg by Scraoff.

He smiled, but said nothing.

"Do you doubt it?" I asked, somewhat sternly.

"No!" he said, laughing; "but both Houdin and Saraoff are but novices in the Black Art."

"Well, I cannot conceive anything more wonderful than their performances," I answered.

"Well, wait," replied Nolan. I will send for the "Black Juggler." He will be here to-morrow noon. For a few coins he will astonish you, I think."

It was late when we dined the following afternoon, but the Black Juggler was prompt, and lay dozing in the sun, near our tent. He was a tall fellow—almost black—with long hair and with eyes that seemed made of glass. He wore a tartan upon his head, a faded, dirty sash about his shoulders, and a short muslin frock about his loins. He wore sandals upon his feet to protect them from the hot sand, while his legs were both naked and black. What a contrast, I thought, between Saraoff in velvet and spangles, and the Black Juggler! Nolan, with a wave of the hand, bade the juggler proceed.

He opened a dirty sack or bag containing his paraphernalia. They proved to be of the simplest character. A walking-stick, seemingly made from ordinary sandal wood, lay at his feet, and from the sack he produced a small glass globe with an opening at the top. He placed it upon the earth and, squatting like a Turk near it, proceeded to place a powder of reddish hue in the globe. Soon his lips moved—he uttered something in an unknown tongue. His eyeballs seemed to expand and almost start from their sockets. His whole frame shook. The incantation had commenced. The charm of the sorcerer was kindled. A sweet incense came from the glass globe. A bird no larger than an American humming bird, flew from the globe—another followed it, and yet another, until fully fifty passed from the opening and hummed near the Indian's face. He seemed to talk to them, and one by one they flew to the opening again and darted in. Soon the juggler's mummery ceased, the incense passed away, the globe was empty, and its glass clearer than a crystal.

Nolan watched me from the corner of his eye. He, no doubt, saw my utter astonishment. The juggler next handed me his walking-stick, and, with a gesture, bade me examine it. I felt it with both hands. It commenced to wriggle—it darted from my grasp *a snake*, and glided away.

The Indian bounded after it, caught it in his hand, and passed it to me again. It was a stick, and cold as stone.

"Great God!" I mentally exclaimed, "can this be real?"

Nolan smiled. Once more the black demon (for a demon he certainly seemed to me) commenced his mummery and gibbering. He walked back from where we were standing, to give greater effect to the illusion, no doubt, and throwing a powder in the air seemed to fan it into a burning flame with his breath. It revolved in the air, growing smaller, until it seemed a ball of fire. He opened his mouth; he watched its evolutions with distended nostrils and glaring eyeballs, and finally it darted to his mouth and disappeared. Once again his whole frame trembled and shook; once more his mouth opened; a blue flame came from it; it changed to red. Fram a flame of fire it seemed to turn blood. The man fell apparently fainting. I thought he had ruptured a blood-vessel and was dying. I sprang to his side to aid him if I could. The black devil opened his mouth; a slimy head of a snake protruded from the opening; it hissed at me with its forked tongue and glared at me with its epes of fire. I turned away, sickened with the horrid sight.

"Enough, Nolan," I said: "I have seen enough."

We paid the Black Juggler a few coin, and he left us without uttering a word. I learned from Nolan (who spent twelve years in India) that feats such as I had witnessed were common with the jugglers of India. No offer can tempt them to divulge their mysteries. A few pennies a day give them subsistence, and they apparently have no higher ambition. Most of them are sullen and morose, and under no circumstances will leave their native land.

I have no explanation to offer the reader as to how the Black Juggler deceived me. Deceive me he certainly did, for each feat was but a trick and a delusion.

Robert Dale Owen, in a labored article in one of the magazines of the day, tries to astonish the world with the feats of the Eddy Brothers of Vermont. If he will visit India, and witness the wonderful performances of the Black Juggler, with no paraphernalia or cabinet but the clear sunlight of heaven to aid him, he will wonder why he became duped by the tricks of charlatans who work in the dark for fear of detection.

Oiling Harness.

It is a good for farmers and teamsters to oil their harness before the severe cold weather of Winter sets in. Carriage harnesses do not need oiling as often as team or work harnesses, but they do need it as often as once a year. A harness that is used a great deal, and exposed to sunshine, rain and snow, ought to be well oiled, both in the spring and fall. If frequent oiling is neglected, the leather becomes stiff and hard, cracks badly and will break easily. Nearly all the accidents which happen from the breaking of harnesses are caused by the giving out of the leather, which, from neglect, has become hard and brittle. A harness that is kept well oiled will last many years longer than one, equally as good to begin with, but never oiled. Besides it is a great deal pleasanter and easier using such a harness than it is one that has been neglected.

Many people send their harnesses to the shop to be oiled and repaired, but as a great many farmers prefer to do this work themselves, we will note a few points of interest and importance.

The harness must be thoroughly cleaned. It is of no use to put oil on a dirty and greasy surface, for it will not penetrate the leather, and will consequently do no good. Neither is it a good plan to oil a harness without taking it apart. When this is done, the leather around the buckles, where much of the wear comes and where the oil is needed most of any place on the harness, does not get oiled at all. It should be taken apart the first thing. Then if there is a deposit of grease and dirt on the collar, tugs, or any part of the harness, it can be scoured off clean.—This may be done with a stick or an old case knife. When this has been done, the straps may be put into warm water and allowed to soak a few minutes. They should then be thoroughly washed in warm suds, using castile soap, and hung up to dry. When the water has dried from the outside of the leather, which will be in a few minutes, the oil should be applied while the leather is still damp. Only a fair coating should be put on at once. If that does not prove sufficient, another application should be made as soon as the first one is dry. When the work is done, and the oil dry, the straps should be rubbed with a damp sponge, which has been well filled with castile soap. The buckles should be wiped dry and the harness can then be put together.

A large spoon or some woolen rags are good to use in washing a harness, and a paint brush, free from paint of course, is the best thing with which to apply the oil.

For this purpose various kinds and qualities of oil are used. Sometimes other articles are mixed with the oil in order to make the leather black and also waterproof. The best kind of oil is pure neatsfoot. Fish oil is sometimes used, but never ought to be applied to harness. If neatsfoot oil is used, about three-fourths of an ounce of the best lamp black should be mixed with a gallon of the oil.—This will make the harness black, and give it a better appearance than oil alone.—*New England Homestead.*

Trees as Historians.

It may have taken a French savant years to ascertain what is a matter of common knowledge with wood cutters. I have understood more than 30 years that a thin ring indicated a cold season, and a thicker one a corresponding warm season. Another point which I observed is this: In trees that are in an open field, or even in the forest where there is no particular protection from the north wind, the rings will be thinner on the north side than on the south side of the same tree. The heart of the tree is very seldom found in the centre of the body. I have no doubt that you would find that a tree cut 4 or 2 feet from the ground will give a true record of the general meteorological conditions of each year of its life. I have often sat down by a newly cut stump of a tree, to count the rings to those with me as indicating a cool year.

While speaking of trees, I will mention another fact, which I have not seen in print, but which a got from an old gardener. It is that all trees that are not trained out of natural shape will exhibit a profile in exact correspondence with the fruit.—For extremes take the greening apple and a long slim pear. The leaves, even have a general resemblance to the fruit.

A Roman Tragedy.

The fatal issue of a duel between two persons well known in Italy has for some days past engrossed all conversation in Rome. The son of M. Mancini, a former minister, and the greatest lawyer in the country, is a captain of Bersaglier, in garrison at Milan, where he resided with his wife, who, as Signora Cattermoll, had obtained some success with her poems. Capt. Mancini obtained proof of her intimacy with one of his friends, M. Benati de Baylon, a young man of good family. A hostile meeting with pistols was the consequence, and the latter was shot in the breast, and died in a few days after, at the age of 29. As to the wife the husband merely sent her to her family. Subsequently, at the funeral of the deceased, the attendance was remarked of a woman dressed in black and appearing greatly moved. After the grave had been closed, she proceeded to a stone cross, before which she knelt, and, drawing from her pocket a bottle of sulphuric acid, swallowed its contents at a draught, and fell inanimate. It was the guilty woman's *femme-de-chambre*, whose disclosures had led to the young man's death. Her remorse led her to attempt suicide, and her recovery is despaired of.

The Log Cabin and the Hard Cider of 1840.

Those only who were "alive and kicking" during the political campaign of 1840, in which

——Yan, Van,
Is a used up man,

was so overwhelmingly defeated by "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," can realize the excitement of that campaign. Not the ill-natured excitement that attended the Jeffersonian era—rupturing social and religious ties—but the perfect rollicking furore and effervescing of enthusiasm that makes it the hard cider, log cabin, coon skin, and singing campaign. The young people of to-day hear about that campaign; how Van Buren was absolutely sung out of office and Harrison was sung in, yet many who relate those incidents that were within their own personal knowledge, have forgotten why that campaign was called log cabin campaign; why a veritable log cabin in every city or town of considerable size was the headquarters of the Whigs; why coon skins were nailed on the logs; why a barrel of hard cider stood on top with a gourd hanging right by it; why the door fastening was a wooden latch with its string always hanging outside. In the Elyria *Republican*, among reminiscenses of Lorain county, contributed by N. B. Gates, we find the origin of the log cabin and hard cider features of that campaign, which it is worth while to reproduce, as part of the political history of this century:

"The raising and dedicating of log cabins was one of the common occurrences in the Whig campaign of 1840. It may not be fully understood why the great Whig uprising of 1840 was called the 'log cabin,' 'hard cider,' 'coon skin' campaign. When Gen. Harrison was first nominated and the people began to show unmistakable signs that he was a popular candidate, those who were opposed to the Whig party began to ridicule their nominee, and an influential opposition paper, in Indiana, I think, came out in a leading editorial, asking 'Who is this candidate that the Whigs have nominated for their standard bearer in the coming campaign, that they are making such a noise about? It is nobody but General Harrison, whom the great body of the people know nothing of; a man of no military fame, although the Whigs call him General; of modest pretensions, if let alone, and having no political aspirations higher than a log cabin for a dwelling, with a barrel of hard cider, and a few coon skins hanging on the outside for ornament.' The Whigs of the nation took the above for their text and utilized it."

Sagacity of a Horse.

The following extraordinary story of equine intelligence and fidelity is taken from Thompson's "History of Montpelier."

"Not far from the year 1806, Mr Charles Stevens, who lived on East Hill, made a horseback journey to Massachusetts, passing down on his way from home, over the high bridge across the Winooski, about three-fourths of a mile below Daggett's Mills Village. During his absence the bridge had been stripped of all the plank, preparatory to replanking, or putting in some new string pieces. While the bridge was in this dismantled condition (which condition was wholly unknown and unsuspected by Mr. Stevens), he reached home, at a late hour on an unusually dark night, totally unconscious that he had passed through any peril in passing over the river, which was only a mile or two from his house.

"Which way did you come?" asked his family.

"'The way I went, of course.'

"No, you could'nt; for the river is roaring high, and there is not a single plank on the bridge."

"Yes, I did come the same way, and over the same bridge; and you can't beat me out of it."

"Here was a complete issue; and neither party being in the least disposed to yield, they the next morning, in company with a neighbor—a Mr. Parker—repaired to the bridge, and, to their amazement, discovered by the tracks on the ground, and the calk marks of the animal's shoes on the timber, that the horse, after selecting the broadest hewn string-piece, had mounted it, and passed so quietly and safely over it to the other side, that the rider was not made aware, in the great darkness of the night, that he was undergoing the dangerous transit."

Pleasant Summer Drinks.

To make ginger beer take of race ginger root, well pounded, four ounces; of cream of tartar three ounces; mix them together, and add eight lemons sliced very fine, and five pounds of either white or brown sugar. Pour over them five gallons of boiling water, and let it stand until milk warm; then add one teacupful of yeast poured on to a slice or crust of bread, and let it ferment twelve hours, covering the whole liquid with a cloth if it is in a bucket, but if in a keg let it stand fourteen hours and ferment through the bung hole. Then bung it up tightly, and in two days it will be ready for use.

If allowed to ferment in a bucket, bottle it in fifteen hours, filling the bottles only two-thirds full and fastening in the corks with strong twine or wire. In two days it will be fit to drink, and foam like cream ale, while the flavor is truly delicious. It is an excellent plan to make a keg full of it and keep it on tap, but very tightly closed. It should be placed in an ice house or the coolest of cellars, because it is apt to become too pungent and sour. If this occurs, more sugar can be added to each tumbler of the beer.

For a raspberry effervescing beverage, take six quarts of raspberry juice and filter through blotting paper; add to it six pounds of sugar and twelve ounces of tartaric acid. Bottle and cork it tightly. When desired, add two tablespoonfuls of it to two-thirds of a tumbler of iced water, and stir into it one scruple of carbonate of soda. This makes a most delicious draught for a hot summer's day; and it can be made of either currants or strawberries, as well as of raspberries.

For spruce beer take three pounds of sugar, a little lemon peel or essence of lemon, and a little essence of spruce to give it a flavor, three gallons boiling water. Stir all together, warm it a trifle; add a cupful of good yeast. When fermented bottle up close.

Mead is made by dissolving one part of honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it with spices, and adding a portion of ground malt, and a piece of toast steeped in yeast, and allowing the whole to ferment.

DIEDRICH, lately married, says: "It vas yoost so easy os a needle cood valk oud mit a camel's eye, as to get der behint word mit a vorans."

She Wasn't a Candidate.

Some of our worthy colored brethren of the Baptist persuasion had a baptism down at the creek last Sunday, and the ceremony attracted a very large crowd of persons. Mrs. Pitman's colored servant girl was very anxious to be present, and, as it was not her Sunday out, she slipped away from the house while the dinner was cooking, and went around in her working clothes. Her interest was so intense that she stood close to the minister, who was in the water, while the ceremony proceeded. After six or seven had been dipped, the clergyman, filled with enthusiasm, seized her and pulled her into the water. She resisted, but the minister imagined that she was merely afraid of the coldness of the water, so before she could explain the situation he soused her. She came up spluttering, and exclaimed:

"What you doin'? Lemme go, I tell you!"

But he exerted his strength, and sent her "ker chuck" below the surface again. She emerged clawing the air widly and shouting:

"G' way from here! Don't you chuck me under agin, you nigger!"

But the clergyman was inexorable, and he plunged her under a third time, and held her there for a minute, so as to let it soak in and do her good. Then she came up and struck for the shore, and standing there, looking like a draggled mermaid cut in ebony, she shook her fist at the astonished pastor, and shrieked:

"O, I'll fix you! I'll bust de head offen you or'nary trash! sousen' me in dat dare creek and nearly drowned me, when you knowed well enough all de time dat I'se a Methodist, and bin christened by dem dat's yer betters, and knows more about religion dan all de Baptises dat ever shouted, you mis'able black scum! and me got de rheumatiz enough to set me crazy! O, I'll see what de law kin do for you! I'll have you rested dis very day, or my name's not Johanna Johnson, you woolly-headed herrin! You hear me?"

Then Johanna went home to redress, and the ceremony proceeded. Miss Johnston is now persuaded that the baptists are not any better than pagans.—*New York Weekly.*

A Healthy Brain.

There is no sound, working brain, without enough good blood to build it, repair it, and furnish the material for those muscular changes which are the conditions essential to all nervous actions, intellectual and volitional, as well as those of lower grade. There is no good blood without a proper amount of proper food and air to furnish materials, and healthy organs to induce a sufficient quantity of those materials to a state fit to enter the circulation. There are no healthy organs, strictly speaking, except from healthy parents, and developed and maintained by proper stimulants, nourishment, and use. No healthy parents—no help for it. We are, of course, applying the term "healthy" to the brain, as signifying much more than freedom from disease. A healthy brain should show, by the outward signs of clear, easily working intelligence, well balanced faculties, and commanding will, that its several organs, if such there be, or its several modes of action, if it work as a whole, are properly developed and adjusted by themselves and in relation to each other.

The Origin of the Potato.

Mr. Meehan, of Philadelphia, has for eight years cultivated *Sulanum Fendleri*, a solanaceous plant which has much in common with the potato (*Solanum Tuberosum.*) His object was to ascertain whether the former could be transformed into the latter by cultivation, and so to settle the vexed question of the origin of our esculent tuber. It was not till last year that the plant began to vary in the direction of the potato. Previously, the tubers were round, about the size of a large bullet, and rugose from the imperfect tube cells on the surface. Last season, however, the roots began to resemble those of the potato. They were oval and compressed, and one was an inch wide and two inches long, with a clear, semi-translucent skin, as it the more delicate potatoes. Mr. Meehan, however, does not expect to develop potatoes from his wild solanum. According to him the facts so far obtained do no more than suggest the possibility of the unity of the origin of the *Solanum Fendleri* and the *Solanum Tuberosum.*

Cultivation of Buckwheat.

The cultivation of buckwheat seems to be on an increase among the farmers of the United States.—This is good economy, for buckwheat will grow well on rugged or hilly land, where scarcely anything else will grow. On steep side hills, on thin soil, on stony ground, on land full of noxious weeds, it will do well and have good effect in eradicating weeds and ameliorating the soil. It is next to clover—the best grain crop to plow under as a manure, and often gives a good crop of wheat. Buckwheat is raised throughout Europe and Asia and has been known for centuries. It should form a crop on every farm, either for domestic consumption or market, or both. It is valuable for family use, for chicken feed and pig feed when mixed with other grain and scalded with hot water. The crop should be sown, in this latitude the last of June or the first day of July. The reason for late sowing is to avoid the heat of the sun and the great risk of the early frosts before it is fully ripe, at which time it is easily injured.

A New Horse Brake.

A San Francisco inventor has applied for a patent on a horse brake of his contrivance. It is intended to control a horse in much the same way as a wagon is governed in its movements by a brake. A buckle with a belt is attached to the ring of the breeching on the left side of the horse, and the belt is continued around the latter's breast, where it is fastened to the martingale. Thence it passes to the right-hand side of the buggy-seat, where it is caught by a buckle and a loop. When the reins are pulled right the brake presses on the forelegs of the horse, immediately below the breast, stopping him instantly, and preventing him from rearing or kicking. Should The reins slip from the hands of the driver, or break, the horse can be brought to a standstill by pulling the strap which is buckled at the right-hand side of the seat.

A PRISONER, while being examined in court, contradicted himself. "Why do you lie so?" asked the Judge. Haven't you a lawyer?"

A WATERTOWN reporter was sacked by his girl because he did not have beard enough to tickle her face.

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,
DEALER IN
Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints,
OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
And Manufacturers of
Gent's, Youth's and Boys,
Fashsionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.
121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH.
apri.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,
293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,
W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED.
sep 18

New Firm!
NEW GOODS!
LOW PRICES!

☞Having purchased the interest of Messrs C. F. Rhoads & Bro's., in the grocery business, we respectfully announce to the public that we will continue the business at the old stand,
(No. 2, Baer's Block.)
In addition to a full line of groceries (fresh and of best qualities),
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
FLOUR, GRAIN,
& MILL FEED,
We will make a specialty of
SALT,
Carbon Oil,
Land Plaster,
CALCINED PLASTER,
FREDERICK
AND
CLEVELAND
WHITE LIME,
Cumberland Lime,
GUANO,
PHOSPHATES, &c.,
We have a large warehouse and lime house near the Depot, and will furnish Country Merchants and Farmers storage room at reasonable rates.
W. F. ALTFATHER & Co.
SOMERSET, PA.
March 31, 1875.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.
Protection of your Family from poverty, and in case of sudden death your estate from bankruptcy; or in event of a long life a competency for your old age, can be secured if you now avail yourself of the Decennial Dividend plan furnished by the
NEW JERSEY
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
The only Company that can or do issue the above kind of policies, the most liberal and fair in its provisions of any in the world.
Those who wish to avail themselves of its many benefits can have the necessary documents furnished them to fill out, and additional and important information, by applying by letter or in person to
F. E. GOODELL,
MANAGER BRANCH OFFICE,
88 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
A responsible person is wanted in this and adjoining counties to present the above plan of Insurance to the public, to whom a permanent and desirable position will be given. Address as above.

C. & G Holderbaum
Have now opened
A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for
Fall and Winter Wear.
They have a complete assortment of
Ladies' Furs,
Dress Goods,
Felt Skirts,
Hoop Skirts,
Bustles,
Gloves,
Shoes,
Gum Sandals,
And Felt over Shoes,
MEN AND BOYS'
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
HATS AND CAPS,
GLOVES, &C.
Underclothing for Men and Women
A large assortment of
HARDWARE
AND
QUEENSWARE,
Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.
A large stock of fine and coarse
SALT
By the Barrel or Sack
Prices as Low as Possible.
C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,
Somerset, Pa.
Oct. 30.

NEW STORE!
SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at
GARRETT,
on the line of the P. W. & B. R. R., and now offer for sale a a General Stock of Merchandize, consisting of
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES.
&c., &c., &c.,
All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.
WANTED—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs,
MAPLE SUGAR,
Bacon, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.
SALT AND FISH.
always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold.
SCHELL & WILSON.

STEVENSON & CARTWRIGHT,
Manufacturers of
Galvanized Iron Cornices,
Window and Door Heads, Finials, Turrets, Chimney Caps, Ventilators, and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Ornamental Work. Tin Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Job Work promptly attended to.
No. 158 Federal St.,
Allegheny City, Pa.
may5

WIKE & YOUNG,
BUTCHERS
AND DEALERS,
Wholesale and Retail,
IN
FRESH MEATS,
ALL KINDS, SUCH AS
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB,
SAUSAGE, PUDDING, BOLOGNA
AND
LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.
Market days, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. mar1075

Miscellaneous.

J. W. PATTON. C. O. HURST.
NEW FIRM.
NEW GOODS.
THE NEW FIRM OF
PATTON & HURST
No. 4, Baer's Block,
are now in receipt of a stock of goods adapted to the present wants of the people. Purchased within the last ten days and since the decline in the prices of Staples and Domestics, they are enabled to offer special inducements to all in want of goods of every description in such variety as cannot be found anywhere else in town, comprising a general assortment. They call special attention to their large assortment of
CALICOES,
Bleached and Unbleached Muslins
GINGHAMS,
SHIRTING,
TICKING,
BOYS AND MENS'
HEAVY PANT STUFFS,
in Cottonade, Double and Irish Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, &c.,
DRESS GOODS,
in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French Merrinoes, &c.,
STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
HARDWARE
The best assortment of
Carpetings and Oil Cloths
ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. feb18

DR. T. BROWN, No. 82 SECOND AVENUE, Between Wood and Market Streets, Pittsburg, continues to guarantee his cures