

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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Mother, can this be Glory?

BY J. V. CARPENTER.

First Voice.

Mother, can this be glory, which men proudly tell.

When speaking of the fearless ones who in the battle fell?

Where is the light that cheered our home, its sunbeams and its joy?

Ours was, they say, the victory—but, mother, where's the boy?

Second Voice.

My boy! I see him in my dreams—I hear his battle cry.

I know his brave and loyal heart—he does not fear to die.

Even now methinks I see him still his country's banner wave!

Oh—on! and win a deathless fame, my beautiful my brave.

Both.

God of the battle, shield him still, and yet Thy will be done.

A sister for a brother prays, a mother for a son;

We seek to share no glory now—we ask Thee but to save.

The noble hearts of England, the beautiful and brave.

First Voice.

Mother! I know thy courage well—thine is an ancient race.

Yet while thy heart so proudly swells, a tear steals down thy face.

Even now you gaze the fearful truth—still, still our banners wave!

But on that dreadful battle field, where sleep thy young and brave!

Second Voice.

Yes—yes, I know it must be so—I told not all my dream.

I saw my gallant boy ride forth, where common flowed the stream.

I hear the shout of victory—cease, cease those tears that stain my cheek.

They cannot gladden a mother's heart, nor give me back my boy.

Both.

God of the battle, hear us now, and yet thy will be done.

A sister for a brother mourns, a mother for her son;

We cannot share the glory now—but ask Thee still to save.

The noble hearts of England, the beautiful and brave!

A TRUE WIFE.

She is a true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity, who is not, when the world's great wrong makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, giving brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd around his path.

Then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with transient light, or like the glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she then smiles just as charming? Does she say affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love. Does she try by happy little inventions to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of his thought?

There are wives—many, there are wives, when the dark hours come, fall to weeping and upbraiding—thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife—as if all the blame would make one hair black or white, or change the dearest grace forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light; our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"Is that all?" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life!

But says Iria's beautiful story, "a friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until he had unfolded to her all his hapless case."

And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—"Is that all?" I heard by your sadness it was worse. Let those beautiful things be taken—all this splendour let it go; I care not for it—I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you were ever in prosperity—only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness.

Still love her! her a man must reverence, ay, and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a living revelation of Heaven.

BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.—Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great comfort and blessing unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, and a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes of the world; and very dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungodliness, and ill-humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to thy blessed word and ordinance, and both of us may rejoice in thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever.—Mother's Magazine.

A WOODEN BABY.—At Chicago, recently, a beggar woman went to a door apparently to be soothing with endearing tones and gently waving it to and fro, as mothers are wont to do when their little ones are in trouble; she was at the same time weeping, and altogether the appeal was irresistible to the kind-hearted lady of the house, who gave her a good supply of food. As she handed it to her the woman in moving her arms to receive it, let fall a stick of wood.

"What!" exclaimed the lady, "is this the kind of a baby you are carrying about?"

The beggar woman, who appeared to be intoxicated, eyed her like a viper, and left her to produce her imposture elsewhere.

In life, you shall find many men that are great and some men that are good, but few men that are both great and good.—Chalmers.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

James Morgan was a native of Maryland. He married at an early age, and soon after settled at Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn. It was on the 17th of August, 1782. The sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the cane bowed through its influence, and broad leaves of corn waved in the air.

Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee. His young and happy wife had laid aside the spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the fragrant meal. That afternoon he accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had found reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the dog. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment to each other, and the mutual love and affection which they bore to each other, and the mutual love and affection which they bore to each other, and the mutual love and affection which they bore to each other.

While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they stood gazing at each other. "Indians!" the dose was instantly heard, and the next instant their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians.

The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, all brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of conveying her under the floor, a mother's fierce scream came; she seized the infant, but was afraid that his cries would betray his place of concealment. She hesitated, pressed silently upon it; a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her bosom, and again kissed it with an impassionate tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheeks, looked in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck and wept aloud.

"In the name of heaven, Edna, release the child, or be lost!" said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the chamber, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a log and lashed it to his back, and then drawing off some claps of the cabin roof he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assisted by two Indians, as the first approached he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun, and closed his eyes.

The savage male a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the victory. Both were badly cut, and blood flowed from deep and deep, and the savage fell to the earth. Morgan hastily took up the child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plauding, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he made up all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog pursued him.

Finding it impossible to outrun or subdue the cunning animal, he turned to the left, he launched and whistled till it came within a few yards of him, then fired and brought him to the ground.

In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's Station, at Lexington, where he left the child, and the brothers left for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon their view; "steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the cane-brake, he beheld his house in flames, and almost burst to the ground.

"My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruins and desolation before him, advanced a few paces and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, and the luminary of Heaven arose and still found him seated near the expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Edna" on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog by his side; looking first on the ruin and then on his dog, with evident signs of grief, Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search, and found some bones buried to ashes, which they gathered and silently confined to the mother's earth, beneath the high spreading branches of a venerable oak consecrated by the piety and holiest recollections of the past.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the Lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victorious, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles. James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As he beheld the Indians appear on the hill, he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollecting the lovely object of his affections, he urged his horse and pressed to the front. While, as that he, "Do you think that I'd be in the act of leaving from his saddle, he such a plighted fool as to go to the bar, receive a rifle ball in his thigh and fall; hunt, and take this argal from the quill; the Indians spring upon him, seized him, hove, if it was determined to have him; by the hair, and applied the scalping-knife.

Glory, Carnage and Misery.

Genetlemen who are in the habit of singing or saving fine things in praise and commemoration of

"The big wars, that make ambidextrous virtue," would perhaps be just a little less enthusiastic in their praises could they be persuaded to sit calmly down and calculate the cost, in blood and misery alone, of that imperial, royal, and right royal aggression. We limit the cost to blood and misery, because we are quite certain of the sheer impossibility of even approximating to an accurate estimate of the damage that is done to human progress and to human comfort by the very small-act of battle-fields. We have before us a rather curious summary of the killed, wounded, and prisoners of all the contending parties in the European wars of the last half century or so. Not a word is said about the European doings in Asia or Africa. The Sikhs and the Afghans, the aborigines of Algeria and of the Cape of Good Hope, are

"Unkept, unhonored, and unung."

Navarino and Acre, Biondia and the red battle grounds of Hindostan find no place in our summary. We included only European wars, and, happily, we made prisoners of our European wars. With even strictly carriage prior to the murderous passage of the bridge of Lodi we do not concern ourselves; but beginning with Lodi, with its dead and wounded to the number of 4,000, and including the various combats from the bridge of Lodi to Waterloo, both included, we have a grand total of 801,320 as the sum of destruction worked by war in Europe alone, and in the course of the comparatively brief period of half a century; and in fact we have just right to say that even this startling statement falls short, very far short, of the truth. Napoleon's own losses on great occasions that when a man wished to give the fullest and most accurate account to any statement he had only to call it was "false as a bullet," and the excellent grounds for repeating that his imperial and royal opponents were in no degree more truthful than he as to their statements of killed, wounded, and missing. It is only too probable that a million is far nearer to the real number than that which we have given. A million butchered and horribly mangled in fifty years, and in such a small portion of the earth as Europe!—Portland "State of Maine."

PLANTS IN OUR BED-ROOMS.—M. D. Denon, in the Cottage Gardener, remarks that "although it is quite true that plants do vitiate the air of a room to comparatively a fractional degree, it is equally as certain that they consume and destroy a great deal of foul air; and that plants of any kind, such as would kill a man, plants could not be kept alive at all. We gardeners know this fact from our own experience; we cannot grow plants so well, or so quickly, in the sweetest air, as in a stinking hotbed. All the animal excretion vitiates the common air every time each one breathes the breath of life, or life-sustaining air; and were it not that all the vegetable kingdom depend on this vitiated air for part of their subsistence, and a great part, too, this world would have been an end as soon as animals covered the face of the earth. Therefore, and without the shadow of a doubt, plants are the best purifiers of all the agents that have yet been known to cleanse the air of a bed-room, or any other room in a house, provided always that such plants are not in bloom, or, at least, do not bear a bloom with a strong scent."

NEW MATERIAL FOR BUILDING.—We were shown yesterday, a specimen brick, made of lime and sand, which appears as though it would take the place of the common clay brick altogether. It is very smooth and hard. It is larger than the common brick, with vacant space in the center. We are informed that the materials used in the manufacture of these bricks, are simply lime and sand, the proportion being about eleven parts sand to one part lime, and that our common clay brick could not be kept alive at all. The bricks are of course, by the use of any form or shape, according to taste. It is fully equal to sand stone. The advantages are the facility with which they are manufactured; lathing and plastering become unnecessary, and the outside and inside of the wall is made at the same time. The chemical change which takes place in the manufacture of the bricks hardens them so that they are not more affected by the action of the atmosphere than stone. It is not affected by frost, and experiments which have been tried to test its strength and other qualities have resulted satisfactorily. Scientific men have examined the material, and have arrived at the same conclusion.—Cincinnati Gazette.

HOPE.—The wretch condemned with life to pass, still, still, on hope relies; And every pang that rends the heart, he attributes to the day; Hope like the glimmering tapers light, Adorns and cheers the way; And still, as darker grows the night, Emits a brighter ray. (Chalmers.)

WHAT IS A SNOB?—A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending before the world to be something better, especially richer or more fashionable, than they are. It is one who thinks his position in life contemptible, and is always yearning or striving to force himself into one above, without the education or characteristics which belong to it. One who looks down upon, despises, and over-rides his inferiors, or is even equal to his own standing, and is ever ready to worship, flatter upon and flatter rich or titled men; not because he is a good man, or wise man, or a Christian man; but because he has the luck to be rich or consequential. Thackeray.

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat weary in his attachments.

"So shall I," was his reply.

THE KINNEY EXPEDITION.

The New York Post publishes a correspondence between Amos R. Corwin, late United States Consul at Panama, and Col. Kinney, from which it seems that the Colonel separated himself from the Central American Company in consequence of doubt as to the validity of the title to the lands which they proposed to colonize, the Nicaraguan government never having admitted the locality of the Mosquito king's grant. He has, therefore, changed his plan, and proposes a settlement on lands granted by the Nicaraguan government to J. W. Fabens, the United States Consul at San Juan and others, for mining, agricultural, and commercial objects.

FROM MEXICO.—The New Orleans papers have accounts from the city of Mexico to the 5th inst. President SANTA ANNA had returned to the capital from his southern trip and departed for Tacubaya on the evening of the 4th inst., from whence he was expected to return on the 9th. Rumor stated that he would then proceed on his expedition to Morelia. Gen. ALVAREZ had been met and defeated by the Government troops at Cajsone. His army was completely annihilated, and he was obliged to save himself by flight. All his cannon, arms, and camp equipage were captured.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE OF NAMES.—The counties in Nebraska, it will be remembered, bear Administration names, Pierce, Douglas, Harvey, etc. The following proceedings in the Nebraska Legislature are reported:—A Resolution was offered by Mr. Cowley, of Pierce, commendatory of the course of Messrs. Douglas and Richardson, of Illinois, in the passage of the Bill organizing the Territory, and in the vindication of "Popular Sovereignty." After a somewhat animated debate, on motion of Mr. Richardson, of Douglas, it was "laid on the table."

SEVERE SENTENCE FOR NIGHT WALKING.—In the Police court at Boston, on Thursday, Judge Russell sentenced Mary Jones to five years imprisonment in the house of correction, on the charge of night walking. This sentence is under the law passed by the legislature. The court upon learning that her father died on Wednesday night, gave her an opportunity to forswear the charge, stating that if she was found there within the five years, she would be immediately taken to the house of correction.

SHAKESPEARE ON GOVERNMENT.—Macbeth: "I marvel how the fishes live in the sea."—The same.

COMFORTABLE PROVIDED FOR.—The New York Mirror, which appears to be the semi-official organ of Fanny Fern, says:—

We learn that Fanny Fern's portion of the profits on the sale of "Ruth Hall" already amounts to some \$15,000, and profits of the publishers to nearly an equal sum. Ruth is now rich enough to buy herself a Busy-widow Cottage on the banks of the Hudson, and all the copyrights and newspapers interests of the whole "Elliott" family. And still the demand for her works is undiminished, and "Innocent to Ruth Hall" is in a hot state of incubation.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—At an association dinner a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Mr. Morse took the affirmative. His opponent, a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for not telling the truth."

"Well," retorted the Doctor, "it cured you didn't it?" The Doctor beat.

A GALS' WASTE.—A school boy "down East," who was noted among his play fellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament when, coming to the phrase, "making waste places glad," he was asked by the pedagogues what it meant. The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer, when up jumped a more precocious archer, and cried out, "I know what it means, master. It means hugging the girls; for 'Tom Ross' is always hugging 'round the waist, and it makes 'em as glad as can be."

SCALDING MILK.—In Devonshire, England, where dairying is extensively practiced, the milk intended for the churn or cheese is scalded as soon as it comes from the cow. This process is said to obviate most effectually the natural tendencies of the milk to sour in warm weather, and when intended for butter making, secures the advantage of sweet milk for family use, after the cream is removed.

A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the President. Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in defence?

"Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst."

WHISTLING AT FALSEHOOD.

A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said what was not true, they ought to whistle.

On Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the leaves and fishes, and being at a loss to explain, he said that the leaves were not like those now-a-days, they were as big as the hills of Scotland. He had solemnly pronounced the words when he heard a loud whistle.

"What's that?" said he, "who calls me a liar?"

"It's I, Willy McDonald, the baker."

"Well, Willy, what objections have you to what I told you?"

"None, master John, only I wanted to know what kind of ovens they used to bake those loaves in?"

DELICATE MUFFINERY.—On Sunday last, among the contributions at the Church of the Holy Communion in New York, to the St. Luke's Hospital, was a roll of five one thousand dollar bills. They were dropped so quietly into the plate, it is said, not even the gentleman who received them knew from whom they came.

The latest folly enjoined by the Goddess of fashion upon her adjacent devotees, the ladies of New York, is the wearing of public observation. They have long been invisible to the naked eye of the wearer; and they now threaten to run entirely to ribbon.

A lady who must be a relative of Mrs. Partington, we think, "my marriage," an entertaining some friends with a leg of mutton at dinner, the other day, when one of her guests remarked that the mutton was exceedingly fine in quality.

"Oh, yes," said she, "my husband buys the best. He is a great epicure."

"I come for the saw, sir."

"What saucer?"

"Why the saw, sir, you borrowed."

"I borrowed no saucer."

"Sure you did, sir, you borrowed a saw, sir."

"Get out, you rascal, I never saw your saucer."

"Be dead but you did sir, there's the saw, sir, now sir."

"Oh! you want the saw. Why didn't you say so?"

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" said a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take tea from saucers, and you will make him believe so."

"I should give 'em back."

"Well, why don't you do it?"

"Cos, sir, he would forget how many it is."

STRAW FOR TOMATOES.—At Arcadia, Madison county, Missouri, on the 17th instant, during a storm, the lightning struck the Arcadia High School, and four boys, pupils of the institution, who were asleep in the building were burned to death.

TOAST GIVEN BY A BACHELOR AT "BANQUET" in Pottsville:—

"The Women and Coal of Schuylkill county—oh, how desolate would be the fireside without them!"

Mr. Justice Ashurt had a long, lanky visage, which led Erskine to pen the following couplet:

Judge Ashurt, with his lank jaw,
Thro'w light upon the English law.

AWFUL.—"Ain't you afraid you will break, while falling so?" said a chap in the pit of a circus, to the clown.

"Why so?" asked the latter.

"Because you are a tumbler," replied the wag.

The clown fainted.

WORLDLY WISDOM.—The greatest rogue generally contrives to get the most credit.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

God hears the heart without words—but he never hears words without the heart.

The friendships of the world are often confederacies in vice, or leagues in pleasure.

Modesty is a handsome dish cover, which makes us fancy there must be something very good beneath it.

A boy was asked who made him—With his hands levelled a foot above the floor, he replied:—"God made me a little baby, so high, and I grew the rest."

Foppary is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never reformed: once a coxcomb, and always a coxcomb.—Johnston.

LARGE HAUL.—We learn that a haul of 80,000 herrings was made at the Arden landing on Monday last.—Alexandria Gazette.

Louis Napoleon has purchased Malmaison, the residence of his grandmother, the Empress Josephine.

Many young ladies makes fools of themselves by the looking glass, and many young men by the wine glass.

"I say, Patience, 'one man as good as another?"

"Of course he is, and a great deal better."

A hatter advertises that "Watts on the Mind" is of great importance, but what's on the head is of greater.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit singular, yet superior to our own.

From the Delaware County Republican.

Growing Corn.

Agreeably to your request, I give you the modus operandi by which the crop of corn, you alluded to a few weeks since, was raised:

Heretofore, as a general thing many of our farmers have been satisfied with growing from fifty to sixty bushels of corn per acre, but times have changed, and land has become so valuable in our country, that good husbandry and care are required to produce a paying crop. My method of cultivating the crop of which you spoke was as follows:

I spread broadcast on my sod, about 30 loads of stable manure to the acre, broke it up in the last week in April, from eight to ten inches deep. The ground was then thoroughly harrowed, and marked out three by four feet. A compost made of excrement, fowl manure, rich soil and plaster, was put in the hill before dropping, and the corn planted about the 10th of May. In due time, all the superfluous stalks were removed, leaving but three to the hill. The ground was worked flourish-ly with the cultivator alone, and the crop flourished to sixteen perches, from the middle of the row each way. There were sixty sheaves to an acre six by eight hills. The barn was measured by a master mechanic and an assistant, and it was hauled in, and there were seventy-six barrels and two bushels of ears. One of the men shelled a barrel, and it exceeded one bushel and a half, by about half a pint to the barrel. Six ears and a half made a peck of corn—making one hundred and fifteen bushels to the acre. The compost in the hill pushed the crop up until it reached the manure and soil below, which fed at the time it most needed nourishment—at earing time. The corn was a mixture of the long, white Oregon and gold seed—The white gave it length and size of cob, while the latter gave depth of grain having in the three combined, that which no single one possessed.

My crop was treated last year in the same manner except that part to which superphosphate of lime was applied in the hill. The soil was a clay loam, and two years ago had about eighty bushels of banilla ashes, per acre, spread upon it.

G. D.

Corn and Cob Meal.

The grinding of corn and cobs together, which we have heard ridiculed very much by some, formerly has now become an everyday occurrence, farmers being convinced that the cob contains too much nutriment to be thrown away.

Our experience heretofore in regard to its use is this: for those animals that chew the cud it is a most excellent provender, but for those that do not, it is not so valuable. Thus, for oxen, cows and sheep, it is a capital feed. These animals, after what they swallow in the warm way, feed the first stomach or paunch, have the faculty of throwing it up again in small portions called cud, and chewing it over in a leisurely manner until it is ground very fine, and then after being thus thoroughly mingled with the saliva, swallowing it again into another stomach, where all its nutritive matter is extracted by the proper organs created for that purpose.

The horse and the hog having no such organs to re-chew, do not derive so much benefit from the ground cob, as the animals above named.

Hens derive more benefit from corn and cob meal, than they do from meal alone. In fowls of this class there is an apparatus analogous to animals that chew the cud.

First they take dry food into their crops, here it becomes soaked as if it were in a warm vat, from this it passes into the gizzard, which, furnished with gravel stones, acts the part of grinding fine, by aid of the strong muscles of that organ whatever passes into it. Here the particulars of the cob meal, thoroughly pulverized and mingled with the gastric juices, become dissolved, and form nutrition for the body.

We do not mean to say that corn and cob meal is not good provender for horses and hogs, but that they do not derive as much benefit from it, as they do from meal.

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