

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

From the American Union. THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Bright things of earth can never die,
Although they often fade;
For beauty and her attributes
Were by God, deathless made.
And though the twilight fades away,
From out a summer's sky;
Yet silver stars with light divine,
Adorn the dome on high.

Sweet, gentle, kind and loving words,
Although but spoke in jest,
God knows are deeply stored within
The glad receiver's breast;
Like childhood's sweet and simple rhymes,
Deep in the heart they lie—
Yes, words of kindness and of love,
Are things that never die.

Childhood, too, can never die,
For fragments of the past,
Float ever on our memory,
As long as life shall last;
And many happy scenes gone by,
Again break on our view,
And in the visions which they bring,
We seem to live anew.

Sweet, gentle fancies never die—
They always leave behind,
Some well beloved legacy
Stored deep within the mind;
Some happy thought, or pleasant dream,
Which though they may pass by,
Yet leave an impress on the heart,
That they can never die.

Tales and Sketches.

Touching Reminiscence of Washington.

The revolution was over. Eight years of conflict had ceased, and the warriors were now to separate for ever, turning their weapons into ploughshares, and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings; for, alas! in the remains of that gallant army of patriotic soldiers now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty and disease. The country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers of that period, according to history and oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of patrimonial inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp—their situation can better be imagined than described.

A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburgh, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other. Lieut. Col. Cochran, an aged soldier at the New Hampshire line, remarked with tears in his eyes as he shook hands with the baron:

"For myself I could stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."
"Come, come," said the baron, "don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them, their countenances beamed with gratitude—for he left there all he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served through the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The baron observed one of these poor negroes on the wharf at Newburgh, apparently in great distress.

"What is the matter, brother soldier?"
"Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now the Congress has no further use for me."

The baron was absent for a few moments, and then returned with a silver dollar, which he had borrowed.

"There, it's all I could get. Take it."
The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to New York, and as he reached the deck, took off his hat and said—

"God bless you, Master Baron!"

These are only single illustrations of the army at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this view at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rocky Hill, in November, 1793. "And being now about to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character and to bid a final adieu to the arms he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer, in their behalf, his recommendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies.

"May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others.

"With these wishes and this benediction, the

Commander-in-Chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scenes to him will be closed forever."

The closing of the "military scenes" I am about to relate:

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days afterwards, he notified the President of Congress, which body was then in session at Annapolis, in Maryland,—that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty to proceed thence and surrender to that body the commission which he had received from them seven years before.

The morning of the 5th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington,—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in solemn council, the privates who had fought and bled in the "heavy fight," under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer.—The manly form and dignified countenance of the "great captain" was henceforth to live in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion, and marched down Broad-street to Francis' tavern, his headquarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in line facing inwards, through Pearl street, at the foot of Whitehall, where a large was in readiness to convey him to Powell's Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were gathered the generals and field-officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there were Knox, Greene, Clinton, Steuben, Gates and others, who had served with him faithfully in the "tented field;" but alas! where were others that had entered the war with him seven years before? Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec. Wooster fell at Danbury. Woodhull was barbarously murdered while a prisoner at the battle on Long Island, and Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton; the brave and chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches of Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina; the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living; and Putnam, like a helpless child was stretched upon the bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle-field and time had thinned the ranks which entered with him on the conflict of Independence.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone.—Men, "albeit unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose hands uplifted to cover their brows, told that the tears which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought to him. Turning to the officers, he thus addressed them:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my final leave of you, and I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. He then raised the glass to his lips, and added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will take me by the hand."

General Knox, who stood nearest, burst into and advanced, incapable of utterance. Washington grasped him by the hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the "silent elegance of tears." What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling though unspoken.

When the last officer had embraced him, Washington left the room, followed by his comrades, and passed through the line of light infantry.—His steps were slow and measured, his head unlooked from side to side at the veterans, as he now bade adieu forever. Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. A gigantic soldier who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and extended his hand.

"Farewell, my beloved General, Farewell."
Washington grasped his hand, in convulsive emotion, in both of his. All discipline was now at an end. The officers could not restrain the men as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the violent sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraved upon their affections was the love of their commander.

At length Washington reached the barge at Whitehall, and entered it. At the first stroke of the oars he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. Their answer was only in tears; and the officers and men, with glistening eyes, watched the receding boat till the form of their noble commander was lost sight of in the distance.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

Ridiculous Claim on the U. States.

It is announced from Washington City, as a matter of importance, that a claim has been brought before the Mixed Commission at London for the two millions and a half of bonds issued by the State of Florida, previous to its admission into the Union as a State. There is probably no doubt that the English bond holders will press their claim on the Commission, and just as little doubt that they will be disallowed. The United States has no more to do with these bonds than it has with the debt of any other of the States.

Intemperance in the Cities.

The country has been surprised at the statistics of rum selling in New York, and yet the progress of the evil in that city, is but a type of its progress in every large city in which a free scope is given to the mischievous traffic and its allurements. If Baltimore does not present as doleful a picture, it is because the evil has not yet obtained as mature a growth as it has in New York. If Philadelphia does not present as large a proportion of drinking houses, it is because the free license system with which she is cursed, has not been in operation quite long enough to complete its natural and inevitable results. Both the latter cities are in a fair way to catch up to New York in this infamous and destructive business, appalling as the statistics of New York are in that respect.

The report of the County Treasurer, by whom the licenses are granted, shows that there are now nineteen hundred and sixty-five taverns in the city and surrounding districts of Philadelphia. These are licensed ones—how many places are there besides, where liquor is sold without a license? The licensed taverns are in the proportion of one to every forty-one taxables! Who would have credited it, if the fact had been asserted without the verification which the County Treasurer's report furnishes? Yet it is official and reliable; though it has taken the community by surprise, and awakened alarm at the fearful progress of this monster vice. We will not attempt to estimate the amount of losses sustained, expenses entailed, and ruin engendered by this multitude of drunkard-making depots; nor will we attempt to depict their blighting effect upon the health, morals, energy, and happiness of the communities in which they are located. A sorry and dismal picture indeed do they present, and one from which the lover of his species will recoil with horror.

The rapidity with which intemperance has grown up in our cities, and the magnitude which it has reached, have not been realized by sober people. While they have slumbered, the enemy has gained upon them incalculably; the pernicious habit of drinking—even to excess, has become fashionable; and as a fashionable habit, it is at this moment the greatest blight that ever cursed our country—for, like the canker-worm, it is eating out its very vitals. To attempt to conceal this fact is worse than idle—it is criminal.

Intemperance in the cities, fashionable and brazen-faced as it has become, merits the attention of our statesmen, no less than that of the philanthropists. Something should be done to arrest its fearful ravages—no one will gainsay that, but what shall that something be? Shall another appeal be made to the sympathy and influence of association—to the eloquence and force of persuasion—or to the more potent weapon of legislative enactment? The two former have been tried—served their purpose for a time, but have well nigh exhausted their virtue. The latter remains to be tried. It is in process of trial in two or three of the States; and the people of at least four of the States—among which are New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, have arisen in their might to stay the evil by the power of the law and its ministers. We should not be surprised to hear that a prohibitory law had been passed in either of these States. The project will be presented and discussed in the Legislature of each of the three States during the present winter, and, as is now supposed, with a fair prospect of success.—*Scott's Weekly*

I Don't Recognize Her—She's a Working Girl!

Such was the exclamation of a pert young miss, dressed in silks and fine linens, as she brushed by an old school day acquaintance, compelled to labor diligently to support herself and kind mother. We happened to be close at hand and furthermore, possess a slight knowledge of the persons in question. Thus informed, we were astonished at the remark, and with difficulty restrained an expression which the heart dictated at that moment.

The author of the language which heads this sketch, is by no means wealthy; on the contrary, her mother, (for she is a half orphan,) an industrious worthy lady, has a means of obtaining a livelihood which we will not particularize; suffice it to say, it is honorable.

She allowed her own way in life, and by association has acquired habits which we must despise in any individual. The affects to be what she is not; she flirts with the ease and grace of an adept, and treats hearts as idle baubles, fit only for sportive fancies. She scorns poverty, and turns up her natal organ at the poor working girl, as unworthy of recognition by her ladyship. She visits concerts and public places to attract attention, and to gain this enviable notoriety. Resorts to certain devices which always succeed. She is, in fact "an airish young woman"—to use a homely phrase and deserves to be censured most severely on her conduct.

The poor working girl, whom she would not recognize, is likewise, half orphaned, and, by force of circumstances, labors ten hours daily to support herself and mother. She passes her office daily, on her way to and from her work, and always seems to be happy and contented. She is not ashamed to acknowledge her condition in life, and never feels half so merry as when at her engagements. She is a dutiful and loving daughter, affectionate and generous to her co-laborers, and generally respected by them. She is, in short, a high minded, intelligent and respectable working girl—than whom, not one can be found more worthy the approbation of her associates. And yet, she is not recognized by "Miss Impudence," because "she's a working girl." We would rather have that working girl for a companion through life, than our would-be great lady for a day. The one is to be beloved, the

other to be detested. This is no fancy sketch drawn from imagination. It is a true scene from every day life.—*Albany Transcript*.

The Virtue of Ventriloquism.

OR, MIKE MURPHY AND THE GHOST.

An incident occurred in the hotel of one of the picturesque marine villages which skirt Lake Pontchartrain, on a certain occasion last summer, that effectively served to dispel the listless ennui too prevalent in such cases. Among the guests there for the time being was one Michael Murphy, an eccentric, good natured soul, from what used to be, par excellence, the land of potatoes, but which may now be called the potato-less land.—He had been on a "spree" in the city, and went over to the lake to dispel the fumes of his debauch and take salt baths and soda water at the same time.

All this became known to a ventriloquist who paid a flying visit to the place, and who had such command over his voice that he could make it do anything, from the squeaking of a pig under the gate, to the singing of a mocking bird. Believing that Michael was just about that time in an impressive state, in a reformatory mood, he thought he would, through the medium of his art, endeavor to effect a change in his morals.—With this view, he booked his name for a bed in the same room with Michael, and about twelve o'clock at night—that hour when the superstitious mind is so fraught with terror—he "pitched his voice" outside the door, saying in a kind of trombone tone:

"Michael Murphy! Michael Murphy! are you asleep?"

"Who's that?" said Michael, much startled at the sepulchral tone in which the query was put, and the time of putting it.

"Ask me not, but answer," said the ventriloquist, still continuing his ghost-like accent.

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Michael.

"Much of what I want you to take notice," said the ventriloquist, or rather the ventriloquist's voice.

"Oh, clear off," said Michael, "or else I'll give you tay."

"Better you had continued to take tea, than to break the pledge as you have done," said the voice outside the door.

"What is all this noise about?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"Some dirty blackguard that's outside the door there," said Michael, "interfering with what's none of his business."

"Why don't you drive him from it?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"I wish he'd dare," said the voice of the ventriloquist outside the door.

"I'll let you see I dare," said Michael jumping up, seizing his history, and hurriedly opening the door, ready on sight to knock down an amovyer.

"Give it to him," said the ventriloquist from the bed.

"I believe it's the old boy himself was in it," said Michael, "for I don't see a soul here."

"It's very mysterious," said the ventriloquist from the bed.

"I wonder," said Michael, "if there's any evil spirits in this country."

"I don't know," said the ventriloquist, "but they say the ghosts of departed Indians haunt the place."

"Oh, that's no Indian ghost," said Michael, "for it spoke as good English as I do myself."

"And a little better, Michael," said the voice, as it proceeded from one standing by his side.

"Och!" said Michael, "what are you, at all, at all?"

"No evil spirit, but your guardian genius," said the voice.

"A mortal queer genius you are," said Michael, "that can be heard and not seen."

"Get into bed, then," said the voice, "I have something to say to you."

"You want do anything bad to me?" said Michael.

"Nothing," said the voice.

"Honor bright?" said the voice. "You know you have been a hard liver."

"That's a fact," said Michael.

"You broke the pledge," again said the voice.

"Thru as pray-sin," was Michael's answer.

"And did other bad things," said the voice.

"More than I could ever keep tally of," said Michael.

"Then you will pledge yourself to me that you will change your mode of life?" said the voice.

"I'll do anything you ask me," said Michael.

"Then you promise never to drink a drop again," said the voice.

"Not so much as would bathe a wren's bill," said Michael.

"Then I'm off," said the voice, "but remember, if ever you attempt to break it, I'll be present, and punish you through life."

"Who is that with whom you are holding conversation?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed, in his natural voice.

"Nobody at all," said Michael, "barrin' some mighty polite, invisible gentleman that seems to take an interest in my welfare."

"Oh, you are dreaming, said the ventriloquist," continuing to speak in *propria persona*.

"Faith it's like a dream, sure enough," said Michael.

The next morning a friend asked Michael to take his bitters. He consented, but just as he took the glass in his hand, the voice of the ventriloquist, who was present, was heard above his head, in the air, crying out:

"Touch it not, Michael Murphy—remember your promise!"

"It was enough—Michael would not taste it."

"The pleasure of wine with you, Mr. Murphy," said a gentleman at the dinner table.

"With pleasure, sir," said Michael, but just at that moment a voice was heard to issue from a corner of the room. It was that of the ventriloquist, who sat by his side, uttering his admonitions.

Thus matters went on for a week, till Michael was then and forever made a teetotaler of.

He now industriously minds his own business, enjoys good health, and prospers. In regard to the circumstances under which he became a teetotaler, he says he never had the pleasure of seeing his best friend.

Doing a Phrenologist.

"You say you have made the subject your constant study for the last six years?" interrogated a little gentleman of Mr. Adolphus Brown—the "man of bumps," who was sojourning in the quiet town of S—, giving glorious evidence of the irrefragable truths of great science, by lectures and explanations, public and private.

"I may say, sir," replied Mr. Brown, "that I have devoted more time to this profession, than any other subject that ever engaged my attention.

There was a numerous assemblage of persons in the little office, some waiting to be examined, some for the purpose of investigation, and others from mere curiosity to see this singular individual, who could fathom the mysterious depths of human character, by gently passing his digits over their astonished craniums. The little gentleman proceeded:

"Nothing could gratify me more, than to see the science thoroughly tested."

"Then you have not had the pleasure of attending any of the lectures?" said Mr. Brown.

"Oh, yes, sir; but you know there is a possibility that characters of individuals may be arrived at by physiognomic or physiological observations or by scanning the dress, manner and general appearance of the person. Mr. Fowler has, on different occasions, consented to make public examinations while blind folded."

"He has, sir; and the result has invariably proved, to every honest mind, the incontestable truths of this great science."

At this juncture of proceedings, both the speaker and the listeners were suddenly aware of the fact that the door of the little office was being opened, and moreover, that a *real* Jonathan was about to intrude his inquisitive self into the presence of the learned disciple of Spurzheim.

He was habited in a mortal "long-tailed blue," beneath which a pair of rusty cowhides peeped forth in all their puritanic glory. On his head of dirty red locks, sat a most antique bell-crowned hat pitched jauntily to one side, while the Jonathan wreathed in a sunshine of smile, no sooner opened the door than he bawled out at the top of his voice, regardless of all present—

"Feel a feller's pumpkin, here, Mister?"

"Sir!" fiercely ejaculated the thoroughly disgusted professor.

"I say—you feel round amongst a feller's squash—his coccyus, you know, said Jonathan, removing his venerable hat, and snuffing his head with his fist, by way of elucidating his interrogations—to see whether he's got any sense in him, hey?"

"I can manipulate the exterior surface of the capital member, to ascertain the peculiar characteristic qualities of the person under examination," replied Mr. Adolphus Brown, the phrenologist, with a great flourish of words.

"Jehu! du tell!" ejaculated Jonathan, starting back in astonishment. "Then you ain't Mister Brown the old fenology cuss, hey?"

"I am Mr. Brown, sir, the phrenologist."

"Oh, you'd be, eh? Can examine a feller's head, hey—for the *dog*, hey?"

"I make phrenological examinations, sir," replied the genius of bumps.

"Charge in advance, hey?"

"One dollar," answered Brown.

And forthwith Jonathan took over the "California," and deposited himself in the professor's great arm-chair, to be operated upon.

During the examination, that he purposely made as verbose and unintelligible as possible, in order to appear of some magnitude in the eyes of the assembled auditors, Jonathan would occasionally exclaim:

"Jehu—you don't say! well, now I never knowed that an arse! mistake, doctor, never was in all my life. Never knowed I was *laid on* over a feller, afore; no how!" &c., &c., always disputing the truth of the "characteristic qualifications" ascribed him by the "doctor," much to the chagrin of the latter, and much to the meriment of those present.

When the examination was nearly concluded, Jonathan began to work around rather uncomfortably in his seat, and at length exclaimed—

"I say you doctor, ain't it *rather* warm here, just now? Guess I'll take off my overcoat."

And snuffing the action to the word, he proceeded to rid himself of this extensive garment exposing beneath, a suit of well made fashionable clothes; and then placing his hand on his head, he removed with a grace that would have done honor to John Van Buren himself, his wig!

"Why, Judge! is it possible?" exclaimed the little gentleman, springing forward and shaking the ex-Jonathan cordially by the hand.

Never was a man more completely dumb-founded than Mr. Adolphus Brown, the phrenologist, as the Judge held up the little dirty wig before his astonished gaze, saying, with a good humored smile, while a wicked titter ran through the crowd:

"Wal, doctor, you're gin that ar' wig a purty fair character, considering it used to belong to an actor, and now I want you to give me mine—if you please!—*Star Spangled Banner*.

A Wag thus eulogizes his musical attainments: I know two tunes—the one is "And Lang Syne," and the other is "I always sing the latter.

Agricultural.

RAISING CALVES.—The best way to raise calves is to let them have their mother's milk for a while. This gives the youngling bone and sinew, and its form will be better than that of the calf which is fed by hand.

Still there is a question in regard to the length of time during which the calf should be permitted to draw from the teats. If three months be allowed, the cow will not be likely to calve in season in the following year—and the calf will have a fixed habit of sucking milk after the time of weaning.

Eight or ten weeks will be long enough for the calf to suck its mother. In the meantime let it learn to eat fine hay in the pen, and a little oats and Indian meal. This it will do if it is placed in a clean trough by the side of the pen. When one calf has learned to eat meal, the others will imitate him at an early age—say four weeks.

Calves are more easily weaned on fine hay and meal than in the best pasture ground. It is best to keep them in the barn most of the time through the first summer, when they may have rowen and other articles fed to them. In this way they will become more used to the kind of food which they must have in the winter.

A NEW MANURE.—Robert Bryson, Esq., of Cumberland County, about eight miles from Harrisburg, Pa., has been experimenting for the last ten years, to make exhausted tan bark, available and valuable as manure. Besides his magnificent farm, he likewise carries on the tanning business. Finally, after a great deal of expense, and many failures, he has succeeded in discovering a method of producing from the tan an efficient manure. This is his plan: He has his tan wheeled out on a level piece of ground, and leveled off two or three feet thick. Over this he spreads a layer of two or three inches of lime, and over that again a strata of tan—then a layer of lime, and so on. He lets the bed so prepared remain for two years; at the end of that time he finds a bed of manure, the effects of which upon the land can hardly be surpassed by the richness of its products, and the durable fertility which it imparts. [Speat tan, two years old, is not a bad manure without the lime.] Care must be taken not to apply it to plants of any kind, until the tannic acid is entirely exhausted, or it will prove fatal.

CUT HAY FOR MILK COWS.—In a communication to the Worcester (Mass.) Agricultural Society, Mr. W. S. Lincoln remarks:

"My milking stock consisted of one cow which came in on the 20th of October, the trial cows, and the other, which calved last April, and is expected to calve again the 1st of next April. Some time before commencing this experiment, I was feeding my stock—what would be called poor stock—with hay, with an allowance of roots. I commenced cutting this hay for all my stock, young and old, (10 head,) occupying me 14 hours daily. Almost simultaneous with feeding the cut hay, was an increase of milk very perceptible, as it was milked in the pail. An inquiry was made by my wife, who in person takes charge of the dairy, as to the cause of this increase. An evasive reply was made. From day to day the milk increased enough for the substitution of six quart for four quart pails, which had been previously used. I think I am within bounds in saying that the increase was over a pint daily, per cow, equated to the best of my knowledge, solely by the use of cut hay."

PREPARING POULTRY FOR MARKET.—"How shall I dress and pack my turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens, to send to market?"

This question is easily answered.

Hang your turkeys up by the heels and cut the jugular vein. Pick them dry. Remove the intestines and wipe inside dry. If you use water at all, do it by holding the bird by the legs and letting an assistant pour the water through them. Wipe and hang them up in a cool place twelve hours or till thoroughly dry. Serve geese, ducks and chickens the same way. Do not scald them unless you would like to have them spoiled.

Take a box that will hold 250 chickens close packed. Put only 200 in it. The remainder of the space fill with dry straw—clean dry straw no chaff. Do not use wheat straw, nor oats straw if you can avoid it. You may use coarse clean marsh hay. A wisp of straw in each bird will be advantageous. Nail up your box tight and hoop strong and mark plainly what is in it, and to whom it is sent. Send only in cold weather.—*New York Tribune*.

TO PREVENT METALS FROM RUSTING.—Melt together three parts of lard and one of resin in powder. A very thin coating applied with a brush will preserve Russia iron stoves from rusting during summer, even in damp situations.—For this purpose, a portion of blacklead may be mixed with the lard. The effect is equally good on brass, copper, steel, &c. The same compound forms an excellent water proof for leather.

GALL IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times*, writing from France, says it is the practice in that country, when horses get their hair robbed off, or the skin scorched, to apply a blister to the part at once. This if applied as soon as the injury is done, will, it is said, restore the growth of the hair. He states that it has never been known to fail when applied in time.

The better animals can be fed, and the more comfortable they can be kept, the more profitable they are—and all farmers work for profit.