HONORING THE SOLDIER.

Hypocrisy of the Republican Party Exposed.

Speech of the Hon. D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, in the U. S. Senate.

Sir, the soldier roll at this hour, with the Democratic party in the ascendency in both branches of Congress, under the control, if you please, to use a hackneyed phrase, of "Confederate Brigadiers," shows a better patronage bestowed on the Union soldier than it did when the Republican party had unlimited sway.

But I come to another feature of this subject which constantly confronts us. I listened, as we all did, some time ago to the brilliant speech of the Senator from New York, in which he fiercely arraigned the Democratic party on account of the present composition of the Senate. Because a number of gentlemen on this side served in the Confederate army, and a less number on the Republican side served in the Union army, therefore in his opinion the Democratic party was largely to blame, and, therefore, he launched all his powerful invective against us.

I call attention to the passage to which I allude in the speech of the Senator from New York. He said upon that occasion:

Twenty-seven States adhered to the Union in the dark hour. Those States send to Congress 269 Senators and Representatives. Of these 269 Senators and Representatives fifty-four, and only fifty-four, were soldiers in the armies of the Union.

He is now speaking of the House as well as the Senate:

The eleven States which were disloyal send ninety-three Senators and Representatives to Congress. Of these, eighty-five were soldiers in the armies of the Rebellion, and at least three more held high civil station in the Rebellion, making in all eighty-eight out of ninety-three.

Let me state the same fact, dividing the houses. There are but four Senators here who fought in the Union army. They all sit here now; and there are but four. Twenty Senators sit here who fought in the army of rebellion, and three more Senators sit here who held high civil command in the Confederacy.

He says there are four Union soldiers sitting on that side. I can count but three, but I will take his count.

With powerful force, with vehement voice and gesture, and with a look of lofty reproach and menace, the Senator from New York called us to account for that state of affairs. He assailed us until we sat here looking at each other in a sort of bewildered way, wondering which one among us was most to blame because there were not more members of the Senate on the Republican side, chosen by Republican Legislatures, who had served their country under the flag in time of danger. The Senator so amazed me, and arrested my attention so thoroughly that I have looked into the subject somewhat since. Sir, I am the last man to indulge in a wanton personality; but the Senator from New York cannot complain—I will not say complain, for that he never does—but he cannot charge me with a want of fairness when I remind him, as I do now, that since the war closed there have been four elections held in the State of New York by Republican Legislatures. Each time the party of which the Senator is so brilliant and distinguished a leader and ornament had an opportunity to send somebody here who had shed his blood, or offered to shed it, in the war for the Union. Four times they refused to do it, three times by sending the Senator himself, and once in sending a gentleman whom I presume I may mention as once his colleague, Mr. Fenton. Four times the party of which the Senator is leader and king in his own State had a chance to select as Senator some soldier who had served in the military of New York by his valor, who had been conspicuous by his heroism, who had faced the belching batteries of the enemy, and yet each time the towering figure of the Senator himself intercepted the soldier's hopes. Those who wore the blue went to the rear while the tall plume of the civil chieftain went to the front; and yet how he rails at us for not filling the Republican seats on the floor with Union soldiers! Amazing spectacle!

Was ever such daring displayed before in the Senate? Does the Senator assume that our forbearance is illimitable? Behold him; the representative of a State which four times has had the opportunity to send some one of her many soldiers to this place, and which has persistently refused, arraigns others in that regard! The Senator from New York said, and said well, as he says everything well, that New York sent a half million of her men to the field. So she did. I claim an interest in the glory of New York. She is the great metropolitan State of this republic. New York city is the great commercial outlet for us all. The Senator from New York can never utter one word of praise adding to the distinction and glory of his State that will not meet with a warm response from me and from the Western people. And I insist that in the vast population of that great State there are many soldiers who would make good Senators if the Republican party would only give them a chance.

Firmly persuaded, however, Mr. President, that the Senator from New York by this time feels convinced and convicted in his own mind of his errors upon this point, I will pass to another State, a very busy State on this floor through its great-brained and warm-hearted Senator. If I have not heard the exact words fall from his lips which we heard from the Senator from New York, yet the same spirit has pervaded all he has said. He has made constant assault on the Democratic party for its alleged hostility to Federal soldiers. He too has been disturbed because there are so many men on one side of this Chamber who peddled their lives in battle and so few on the other. If this fact is to be deplored, then I ask why comes the Senator from Maine [Mr. Blaine] here? Why does he not yield to some gallant soldier from the Pine Tree State? The Senator from Maine was just as good a soldier as I was, and I make no boast. We both staid at home, and kept our seats in Congress; we paid our money to fill the quotas of our townships, and in this way hired substitutes. Some of my kindred, perhaps it is not proper for me to say also some of my wife's kindred, went to the front, and some of them died from wounds in battle. How that may be with the Senator from Maine I seek no further to disclose.

But there have been, in the State of Maine, five elections for Senators since 1865, each time resulting in the choice of a Republican Senator. Are there in fact no soldiers in that State to send to the Senate? Is there nobody there fit to be a member of this body who wore the blue during the war? If there is, and he has been jostled aside by the superior ability and, I will not say artifice, but ingenuity of the Senator from Maine, certainly that Senator ought not to come here and reproach us for his own grievous fault. Five times the State of Maine has had the chance to do honor to some soldier in her borders, and five times she has done nothing of the kind, and thus she has added five conspicuous illustrations of the dire hypocrisy, the vile sham, and black, false pretense of the Republican party in its pretended love for the Federal soldier.

We have now and then heard a rush of fervid sound from the State of Michigan. It comes sometimes as a hurricane of wrath. It invokes all the bloody memories of the past and wishes the country to feed on them. The Senator from Michigan [Mr. Chandler] is especially incensed at the presence of a Democratic majority, and at the presence of more Senators who fought in the Confederate than in the Union army. The Confederate soldier was sincere, for no man can deny the good faith of those who freely die for their principles. When such men pledge themselves to the Government, as they have since the war, I believe in their manhood and honor.

But what right has the Senator from Michigan to complain that Union soldiers are not here to meet them as Senators as they often did on the field?

Since 1865, the close of the war, four elections in Michigan have taken place for Senator. What soldier has been honored? Not one. My friend who sits opposite me [Mr. Ferry] knows that I am not complaining that he is here, or criticising the wisdom or the judgment of the Legislature that sent him; nor will the other Senator [Mr. Chandler] junior in rank but senior in years, misunderstand me. I intend, however, to silence those who reproach the present composition of the Senate, or compel them to explain why it is that their own States have so universally ignored the Federal soldier and sent men here who staid at home, never confronted the enemy nor encountered danger during the war. How well the gallant and brave Senator from Illinois [Mr. Logan] understands this. I think I can at this moment read his thoughts. The "home guards" are here in force. We see them all around us. The proper order of things is here reversed. The rear ranks are to the front, and the front ranks have gone to the rear. And now these rear men in war and front men in peace fill all the air with a dismal cry over the injustice which they themselves have inflicted on the soldier.

The senior Senator from Vermont [Mr. Edmunds] is not here. I hope prosperous gales are attending upon the ship that is bearing him abroad. I took a kindly leave of him, and I wish him a pleasant and safe voyage; yet if he were here I doubt not his voice would be swelling the chorus of assault, because there are more military men on this side of the Senate than on the other side. Sir, Vermont has held seven Senatorial elections since the war closed. There could not have been any soldiers, I think, in that State, or some one might have been found in seven trials. The State is not large, the population is not extensive. Seven times a Senator was called and seven times a civilian answered and was chosen. Seven times the roll of public merit has been called of those who deserved well of their country; and seven times the eager, hungry, stay-at-home, home-guard politician has rushed to the front, seized the prize, and the soldier has stayed at home. He comes not here from Vermont.

What I say of Vermont is likewise eminently true of the Old Bay State. There have been six Senatorial elections in Massachusetts since the war, and where is the face of the bronzed veteran on this floor? Why comes he not? Why does he remain away from these halls? Massachusetts sent, I believe, 150,000 troops to the field, and yet not one is honored by a seat on this floor, and the hearts of the two Senators from that State beat in unison with the heart of the bold Senator from New York as they all together charge on the Democratic party in hot anger because the Republican party, almost omnipotent all over the North, has sent here but four men who were Union soldiers, while the South has sent twenty or thirty—I do not know how many, nor do I care—who were soldiers on the other side.

Sir, I think, perhaps, I have illustrated this phase of hypocritical politics sufficiently for the present, and, if so, I may pass to another feature of the same general fraud. The cry is not only that there are too few soldiers of the Federal army in Congress, but there is a great panic because there are too many of what are called Confederate Brigadiers. They are painted as very dangerous characters; they are held up to the country for the purpose of alarming it. We are to have a shrieking campaign in Ohio; it has now commenced in favor of a man who staid at home and put money in his purse, against two Federal soldiers traveling on three legs between them, and the issue is the danger of Confederate Brigadiers!

That is to be the battle-cry of the Republican leaders in the great Ohio contest between two Union soldiers on the Democratic side with three legs, and a "home-guard" who got rich by the opportunities of the war on the other side, the leader of the Republican hosts. What a campaign it will be! I can see it now. With banners unpitied, with songs and battle-cries, drum and fife, it is expected to affright the souls of all good people of Ohio into the support of Foster for fear the election of Ewing and Rice will give over the State to the Confederate Brigadiers.

Let us see a little further, however, about this dangerous person called the Confederate Brigadier: Who first brought him here? Who is responsible for the introduction of the Confederate Brigadier to the theater of national politics? Southern gentlemen around me on this floor are here because they thought the country was restored to its normal relations; that the States were rehabilitated under the constitution; that each State had the right to select its own representatives in both branches of Congress, and that they were not compelled to ask leave to come of any set of men from any part of the country.

Gentlemen, I welcome you. You are right in being here. You are met, however, by a party with a violent unwelcome, with abuse and denunciation hurled as a key-note to party warfare by the great Senator from New York, and followed up by all the Senators on that side of the Chamber. Sir, there is something due to history on this subject. Is the Confederate soldier unfit to take part in the affairs of this Government; or is it, in fact, only the Confederate soldier who votes the Democratic ticket to whom you object? Is it the Confederate soldier *per se*, or does the objection to him only arise when he votes the Democratic ticket? If a Confederate soldier votes the Republican ticket, and indorses all the rascality that overwhelmed the South as a deluge during carpet-baggism, do you embrace him? Tell me when you have ever spewed such a one out of your mouths. Tell me where you ever repulsed him from your warmest and most affectionate political embrace. None such have ever been cast out by the Republican party. On the contrary, all such have had seats of dignity and robes of honor assigned.

It is but a little while ago since a Confederate Brigadier first took part in the control of public affairs. He was invited to do so by the candidate of the stalwarts for the next Presidency, Gen. Grant. Grant appointed Brig Gen. Amos T. Akerman, of Georgia, to a seat in his Cabinet. A majority of the Republican Senators sitting here to-day on their oaths voted to confirm him as the first law officer of this Government. They gave it to him to construe the constitution, to interpret the laws, to render decisions binding for years, and perhaps for all time. Gen Grant put into the hands of Confederate Brig. Gen. Amos T. Akerman the portfolio of justice, and a Republican Senate confirmed him: and why? Not because he was greatly learned in law. Nor did they object that he had carried a sword, and fought from what he could, under the Confederate flag; he voted the Republican ticket, and that was enough; it washed away all his sins, and made him clean and pure in their eyes, though his sins had been as scarlet before.

Another instance, nearer home in time and place, occurs next to my mind. I know what profound satisfaction I will afford to the Senator from New York [Mr. Conkling] when I pause for a moment to pronounce a eulogy upon the present administration. I know the appreciation which his robust intellect has of the patriotic and comprehensive capacities of the administration now in power. I know, therefore, he will be grateful to me for calling attention to the fact that, although he has arraigned us for the disproportion of Confederate Brigadiers in this body to the Union Brigadiers or Major Generals, yet this favorite administration of his has confided one of its very important Cabinet portfolios to another Confederate Brigadier, Gen. Key, of Tennessee. I have no word of disparagement for Gen. Key or Gen. Akerman. I am not here to abuse or denounce these men for changing their politics; they had a right to do so. I do say, however, that Senators on the other side, after voting to confirm these men for positions of the very highest public importance, have not the shadow of a right to assail us for welcoming the Southern Senators who are on this floor.

Gen. Key drew his sword under the flag of the South, and fought through the war. He then came to the Senate, and while here made a speech. I refer to it now principally to show how much the Senator from New York has forgiven, to exhibit that gracious phase of his character which some do not know of as well as I do, to illustrate that his forbearance and charity are as broad as the mantle that covers all sin. Gen. Key spoke just before he was appointed to the place he now holds. Commenting upon that very memorable field of testimony wherein Eliza Pinkston covered herself and the Republican party with infamy, and while arraigning John Sherman for being the father of that dragon of falsehood, the present Postmaster General on this floor, on the 18th day of December, 1876, used this language:

"And on this testimony, the falsehood of which is so apparent on its face, a State is to be disfranchised, and a President, whom the people never elected, is to be placed in office."

I told you, Mr. President, I would prove now generous the charity of the Senator from New York has been. Within but a few days of his appointment and confirmation, the present Postmaster General not only announced that the present President of the United States was not elected President by the people at all, but further, that there was a plot to foist him into that office by disfranchising a State through the instrumentality of wholesale falsehood. He has never recanted this truthful statement that I know of. I suppose he has agreed to vote the Republican ticket, and doubtless he does so. I presume it was on that condition that a Republican Senate confirmed this Confederate Brigadier with an additional handicap in the shape of the speech I have read from.

Mr. Conkling—How does the Senator stretch my charity over that?

Mr. Voorhees—Because I have never heard that ringing voice which God has given the Senator from New York in denunciation of that appointment. I therefore supposed he had condoned the offenses enumerated by me. I think the word "condone" a fitter word in this connection, all things considered, that "forgive." The Senator has been unsparing in his assaults because of our affiliation with the men of the South, while the administration of his party appoints not merely a Confederate Brigadier, but one who in his presence said that your President never was elected by the people, that his claim to that great office rested on wholesale falsehood and threatened the disfranchisement of a State.

Passing on, however, I invite Senators to take a walk with me through the South, starting from the Potomac. I will promise still further to illustrate the shameless, barefaced, false pretensions of the Republican party on this subject. As soon as we cross the Potomac we at once find a Federal Judge holding an office for life in Virginia. I shall not seek to disparage his ability or his character, but he was an original secessionist and the editor of a secession paper when the war broke out. I allude, of course, to Judge Hughes. He is now where he construes the laws of the United States throughout a wide expanse of country and over a large and intelligent population. He was appointed by a Republican administration, confirmed by a Republican Senate, confirmed by the voices of those who have since hurled their anathemas in our ears because we welcomed you, and you, Southern Senators, to this floor. They have welcomed Confederate officers to the bench and to the Cabinet; they have welcomed them to foreign missions; they have welcomed them to official positions of every description, on the one sole condition that they would vote the Republican ticket. Party politics controls this whole matter. When they vote the Republican ticket they are your Brigadiers; when they vote the Democratic ticket they are our Brigadiers.

My purpose must not be misunderstood. I am not producing any of these names here to assault them; I am simply using them to illustrate a policy so crooked and so outrageous that it deserves exposure, and it shall have it.

Here, next, is another Virginian, John S. Mosby. Who was John S. Mosby? I know him well. I speak no unkind word of him, yet I can remember when it was a question whether his surrender would be received, whether he would be accepted as a prisoner of war, or whether he should be outlawed from that general amnesty which the Government was then extending. There was a time when the name of Mosby shook the fears of men in this Capitol. There was a time when it was supposed he fought under a black flag, and that it could sometimes be seen from the dome in the soft sunlight of an afternoon. It was thought that his warfare partook of the nature of the guerrilla, and such a belief largely prevails to this hour. But all is forgiven now; not only forgiven, but verily this most offensive Confederate warrior has his rich reward. Instead of some wounded Federal soldier occupying the position, this Republican Senate has confirmed John S. Mosby as Consul at Hong-Kong, and he is now an American representative to the oldest empire on earth; he is among the Celestials.

The traveler, in passing through Virginia, naturally visits North Carolina next. We will do the same. Thomas Settle, of North Carolina, is now a District Judge of the United States, a life office of rank and importance. It is doubtless true that Judge Settle is a competent man; I am told he is by both the Senators from that State; but he was an officer of the Confederate army. He was a secessionist; he fought the battles of secession; he turned to be a Republican, and was made President of the Republican National Convention which nominated Grant, in 1872, at Philadelphia. Afterward he was made Minister to Peru, and he now occupies a high judicial station. I proclaim here, as far as my voice will go, that the most profitable speculation a man who fought in the Confederate army can now engage in is to advertise himself ready to enter the ranks of the Republican party at a fair compensation.

Gov. Holden, of North Carolina, was an original secessionist and a signer of the ordinance of secession which took North Carolina out of the Union. The Republican party, as soon as he joined its ranks, its unhallowed ranks down there—I will not quite apply that word to it up here—made him Governor of the State. He remained Governor until he was impeached; but proven crimes did not seem to disgrace him with the Republicans. Since then he has been appointed Postmaster at Raleigh and confirmed by the Senate, and he is there now at a good, wholesome salary. Every weak or treacherous man in the South who for shame or for love of gain desires to abandon his friends and prey upon his own people is thus rewarded.

Take the Barringers; one of them is a United States Judge in Egypt. They were Confederates; they are Republicans now, and they are cared for.

The United States District Attorney of North Carolina, Mr. Lusk, was an officer in the Confederate army, and he was confirmed here. He was confirmed by Senators whose souls shrink from contact with a Confederate officer unless he is a Republican. Mr. Young was a Confederate officer, and he is now one of the Revenue Collectors of that State.

Going on down the Atlantic coast and we strike South Carolina, the land of the Marions, the Sumpters, the Hamptons, the Prestons, the Rutledges, the Butlers; the land of chivalric men. What has occurred here? James L. Orr was once Speaker of the House of Representatives, and I speak of him with respect; he is dead. I knew him well. He went into secession, and armed rebellion, and was a Confederate officer. He afterward joined the Republican party; and what a place they gave him! They made him Minister to Russia. If not one of the first-class missions, it is the foremost of the second-class. I believe it does not rank with the first.

Mr. Conkling—It does.

Mr. Blaine—It does now.

Mr. Voorhees—Then it was one of the four first-class missions, England, France, Germany, and Russia; and this Confederate officer received it as his reward for joining the Republican party. I know what my friend from Illinois [Mr. Logan] is saying to himself. He is mentally exclaiming: "Would to God that some of my comrades who fought under the old flag could have a great place like that." I cannot be mistaken as to what is going on in the breast of that hard-fighting Federal soldier. I think even my genial friend from Rhode Island [Mr. Burnside] has his conscience somewhat quickened if not entirely aroused on the subject by this time.

Col. Northup, of South Carolina, is now United States District Attorney; he was an officer in the Confederate army.

We move on again and pause next in Mississippi, the land of the brave and warm-hearted, as I know, for I have been there; the land of genius, because the Senator from Mississippi sitting behind me [Mr. Lamar] has his home there. Let us see how the Republican party has managed its affairs in that State. Major Morphis was the most prominent scout of Gen. Stephen D. Lee's command and he is now the United States Marshal for the Northern District of Mississippi.

Capt. G. W. Hunt was an aid to Gen. Hardee, and he is now the United States Marshal for the Southern District of Mississippi. Ah! how the good things come to the regenerate! Thomas Walton—I knew him; he is in his grave, and peace to his ashes—was an aid to Longstreet. He was appointed United States District Attorney; and after his death was succeeded by Green Chandler, a Confederate officer who was at that time United States mail agent, and is now United States District Attorney in the place of Walton, deceased.

Col. G. W. Henderson was a Colonel of Cavalry in Gen. Chalmers' division. He is now receiving the reward of his services as a United States Revenue Collector; and, in order to make you feel proud of your party in Mississippi and to finish up my work properly, it only remains for me to state that the Republican candidate for State Auditor in 1875 was Capt. Buchanan, Captain in the Second Missouri Cavalry at Fort Pillow. He is said, according to all accounts, to have fought fiercely in that memorable battle. Yet he received all the votes the Republican party had to give, as well as the prayers of the Northern friends who could not get to the polls to vote for him. With what devout aspiration the Senator from Maine hoped for his success, and I have no doubt he could get up now and prove that he would have been elected if his supporters had not been shot in the bulldozed. Yes, he was Captain fighting at Fort Pillow under the Confederate flag. The leaders of the Republican party standing here as the representatives of indignant loyalty against Confederate Brigadiers take to their bosoms this Confederate officer who bathed his sword in the blood of Fort Pillow!

I have heard of the means of grace. I used when a boy to attend camp-meetings. I have heard the richest outpourings of the gospel. I have heard grace described as a fountain flowing in boundless beauty and eternal and illimitable wealth. I have listened when it was claimed that this grace washed all stains, cleansed the murderer's soul on the gallows, purified and gave peace to the guiltiest conscience ever called shivering and quaking with fear from this world to the world beyond; but I have never before heard of a fountain of grace so wide, so deep, so exhaustless, so spontaneous in its unceasing flow as that of the Republican party to Confederate officers if they will only vote the Republican ticket!

Take next Louisiana, that fated region of riot, disorder, and suspendous unveracity. We have known it long as the land of the magnolia and the cypress; we know it now as the land also of stalwart liars, as disclosed within the last few weeks in this Capitol. Let the curtain be raised and let us look at some Federal officials in Louisiana. We see one who was long in office there and who has made a great and bloody figure in history; a man of commanding military capacity—Gen. James Longstreet. Gen. Grant made him Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans, took his bloody hand in his, not only forgave but rewarded him, not only welcomed him but said, "Come up higher." Who was Longstreet? I have heard one who commanded a corps in the Wilderness speak of the dreadful shock of battle when his corps encountered Longstreet's, and the blood ran in rivulets. No braver, harder fighter ever drew sword or encountered an enemy than Longstreet. He was educated for a soldier by his Government, and he cost it more lives than any other one man who commanded no more than a corps in the Confederate army. Who was Longstreet at Gettysburg and at Antietam? An educated American soldier fighting with desperate courage to establish an independent government.

When the history of the late sectional war shall be written, alongside of the names of Gordon and Stonewall Jackson, of Joseph E. Johnston and Albert Sidney Johnston, will be written in living letters the military achievements of James Longstreet. Yet nothing stood between him and civil preferment the moment he was willing to turn his back upon his old comrades who had shared with him the bloody charge, the nightly bivouac, and the overwhelming disaster that fell upon them all at the close. And am I to sit still in my seat and hear hourly reproaches from the mouths of men who confirmed James Longstreet to a civil office because this side of the Chamber is composed in part of those who were in the same contest by his side? No, sir, I do not propose to do it. I propose to appeal for fairness, for common honesty and common decency to the country upon this question. I do not intend that the record shall be made up in the interest of injustice. It is not in the power of Republican Senators to make it up in the way they propose, for the truth is not their way. Their accusations shall recoil on their own heads. Their charges rest upon false foundations. If there is guilt at all on this subject, the leaders of the Republican party are themselves the guilty parties. Other officers may be cited in Louisiana. Col. Wharton is United States Marshal. He was a Confederate officer. Col. William H. Hough is a District Judge; Mr. Leonard is a United States District Attorney; Col. Smith is Postmaster at Baton Rouge; George B. Johnson was late Auditor; Alexander Boarman is United States Judge; Gen. P. O. Hebert was in office as one of the Levee Commissioners, under Gen. Grant. All these were officers in the Confederate army.

I cannot dwell, however, longer on Louisiana. I turn for a moment to Alabama. Who was Judge Humphreys, who is now of the judiciary of this district? Is there any office of more importance than a judicial office? Who was Judge Humphreys? He raised a regiment for the Confederate service. He had, however, only to join the Republican party and he was at once appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this district, where he now sits. He was confirmed by Republican Senators, who now prate about the presence of Confederate Brigadiers in the public service.

Now I desire at this point to say a word for the comfort of my friend from Rhode Island. Of all the six New England States the little State of Rhode Island is the only one that does herself the honor to send a soldier to this body. I am glad to see him here; he adorns the position he occupies. It is refreshing in view of the conduct of Republican Legislatures in New England that Rhode Island does send a soldier here. I have a kind feeling for Rhode Island for two reasons: She sheltered Roger Williams when he fled from the barbarism of bigotry in Massachusetts. Under his inspiration she established religious liberty, and maintained it afterward. This can only be said of the early history of two other States—Catholic Maryland and Quaker Pennsylvania. Roger Williams established the Baptist church and free worship for all in Rhode Island. This is one reason for liking that State. The other is that she has sent my friend to the Senate, a conspicuous illustration of the general infidelity of the Republican party in New England toward the Union soldier, for none comes from any other State.

FARM NOTES.

The average price of the milch cow in this country is $26.41.

Beans planted between thin rows of potatoes drive away the potato bug.

Exterminate totally the first crop of potato bugs, and there will be no second crop.

Sheep, owing to their shyness, should be treated with great kindness. Their treatment should be such that they will actually learn to entertain an affection for their keepers.

Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you, and radiate of your virtue after your day's work is done.

Dr. Hoskins tells the writer that he plants twice as many trees in his orchards as he intends to remain, calculating that the intermediate trees will twice pay for themselves before they seriously interfere with the others, and have to be removed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

It should be remembered, especially in the West, where we have flush pastures, that large cows will, as a rule, produce more milk for the food eaten than small animals. There is great value in a given breed in the purity of the stock; but small cows will not hold their own on full pastures as against animals of greater feeding capacity.

To Kill Black Ants.—Take a piece of old cheese, moisten it if dry, and dust it with corrosive sublimate or arsenic. Or mix whisky, molasses and water in equal parts and fill a tumbler half or two-thirds full, and set it partly in the ground infested by ants. It will soon be full of drunkards, which can be scooped out and killed.

A calf will draw milk in three minutes, and the nearer a milker can come to that time the better. A slow milker makes a cow impatient, which often causes her to hold up her milk. The "strippings" are the richest part, and if a cow is milked quietly as well as quickly there will be more as well as richer milk because of the "strippings."

The Lightning Fertilizer.—A singular experiment in agricultural methods has lately been tried in France. A savant took two tobacco plants, each weighing the same and being in an equally healthy condition, and placed them side by side in a locality favorable to their growth. One was supplied with an electric conductor, and the other was left in its normal state. In four months the plant under the influence of electricity attained a height of 3 feet 5 inches, and weighed about 44,000 grains; the other measured 2 feet 4 inches, and weighed about 22,000 grains, about one-half. Fertilization by electricity is certainly a new and startling notion.

How to Keep Chickens.—Keep a record of your work. Do not burden your minds with trying to remember either success or failure. If you make an experiment, record it, so that you can trace it up for reference if it is a success; if a failure, you can protect yourself against it another time. Do not allow the bones from the table to be thrown into the dust heap, or lie around the yard; throw them into the fire, burn them a little, crush and give them to your fowls. If bread is burned, or anything else that is cooked in the house, do not throw it away, but use it as charcoal for your birds. If you have been obliged to run in the orchard or meadow to pick up their living as they can, and feeding on what they could get, their eggs and flesh are likely to taste; feeding charcoal in any shape will remedy the evil.—*Western Rural.*

Sunflower Seed for Poultry.—Many farmers look upon the sunflower as simply a worthless weed, and never dream of the valuable qualities the seeds of this plant possess. For several years they have been used by the breeders of fancy poultry as a food for choice fowls; in small quantities they are mixed with the other food, and the peculiar properties of the seeds impart a beautiful gloss which no grain will give to the plumage of the adult birds. For those who raise fancy fowls for exhibition, it is essential to perfect success that the plumage should be in perfect condition, and to attain satisfactory results we can recommend no more valuable aid than judicious feeding of this seed. It has long been known that the oil extracted from sunflower seeds makes a dressing for the hair which is very beneficial, imparting a smoothness and vigor highly appreciated by all who have tried it. It grows very readily, and the poultryman should not forget this cheap and useful assistant to his labors.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

To restore elasticity of rubber springs, bands, etc., place the rubber band or springs in hot water.

Put a few pieces of charcoal, tied in cloth, into the pot where onions, cabbage or meat are boiling, and the house will not be filled with the offensive odor.

In making an Irish stew, the suet should be chopped finely and the dough kneaded as lightly as possible. The less it is kneaded the lighter the crust will be.

Fish and other dishes often come upon the table very greasy. The way to prevent this is to place browned white paper over them, letting it touch the greasy surface. Paper absorbs fat.

A child's bed should slope a little from the head to the foot, so that the head may be a little higher than the feet; but never bend the neck to get the head on the pillow. This make the child round-shouldered, cramps the veins and arteries, and interferes with the free circulation of the blood. Even when a child is several years old, the pillow should be thin and made of hair, not feathers.

How to Take Care of Furs.—Ladies, it has been remarked, as a general rule, imagine that care in putting away furs is all that is required; they think they can wear them when and how they please, provided they expend a few pence for camphor when they lay them aside. This should be corrected. More harm is done to furs by wearing them for a week after the weather has become warm than during the whole cold season. When they are put aside they should be brushed the right way with a soft brush, an old linen handkerchief folded smoothly over them, and a piece of gum camphor kept in the box all the time, to scare intruders in the shape of moths.

How to Wash Laces.—Now that lace and muslin ruffles are universally worn, the pleasure of the possessors is a little dashed by the knowledge that the pretty varieties will lose their freshness and half, at least, of their beauty in the wash, unless recourse be had to the expensive skill of a French laundress. But if they are washed at home after the following manner they may hold up their heads with the best of the unwashed: Cover half a dozen wine or porter bottles with old stockings, sewed on to fit as tightly as possible. On these baste the soiled lace, carefully catching down every tiny loop in the border. The work is tedious but necessary. When the lace is fastened, cover the bottle in hot suds made of fine soap and change the cooling suds to hot again several times a day. Or, better still, put the bottle in the boiler, and let it boil two or three hours, by which time the lace will be quite clean. Set the bottle in the air, and leave it till the lace is nearly, but not quite, dry. Then rip the lace off carefully, and press it in a book for a few hours. It will come out spotless, not too white, and with the almost-imperceptible stiffness which new lace has. Even point lace emerges unscathed from this process. With half a dozen bottles much lace can be cleaned at once, and the lace can be tacked on at odd minutes.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Budget of Useful Information.

HOW MUCH IS A HORSE-POWER.

The New York *Herald* thus describes a horse-power: This question is frequently asked: What is understood by a horse-power, and why came that way of reckoning to be adopted and brought into general use? Before the power of steam was generally known and applied to mechanical purposes, horses were used to raise coal and other heavy bodies. Mr. Moots, in his experiments, carefully compared the relative power of the different breeds of horses, and found its average equal to raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or, what is equivalent, to raise 330 pounds 100 feet, or 100 pounds 330 feet during that space of time when attached to a lever or sweep of given length. This afterward became the standard of measuring power or force applied to mechanical purposes, and which is still retained in common use.

A CONVENIENT LAND MEASURE.

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:

Five yards wide by 968 long contains one acre.

Ten yards wide by 484 long contains one acre.

Twenty yards wide by 242 long contains one acre.

Forty yards wide by 121 long contains one acre.

Seventy yards wide by 69⅓ long contains one acre.

Eighty yards wide by 60½ long contains one acre.

Sixty feet wide by 726 long contains one acre.

One hundred and ten feet wide by 397 long contains one acre.

One hundred and thirty feet wide by 363 long contains one acre.

Two hundred and twenty feet wide by 181½ long contains one acre.

Four hundred and forty feet wide by 99 long contains one acre.

EXCELLENT INTEREST RULES.

Finding the interest on any principal for any number of days. The answer in each case being cents, separate the two right-hand figures of the answer to express it in dollars and cents. Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate the right hand figure from product and divide by 9. Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72. Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45. Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right-hand figure, and divide by 6. Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right-hand figure and divide by 36. Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right-hand figure and divide by 3. Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 24. Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right-hand figure, and divide by 2. Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 18. Twenty-four per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 15.

ESTIMATING MEASURES.

It is often useful to have a few approximate data to deduce weights and measures from. Here is a correct table, which, however, does not aim at great accuracy, but may serve to make a rough estimate when it is necessary to reduce measures:

A pint of water weighs nearly 1 pound and is equal to about 27 cubic inches, or a square box 3 inches long, 3 inches wide and 3 inches deep.

A quart of water weighs nearly 2 pounds and is equal to a square box of about 4 by 4 inches and 3⅓ inches deep.

A gallon of water weighs from 8 to 10 pounds, according to the size of the gallon, and is equal to a box 6 by 6 inches square, and 6, 7 or 7½ inches deep.

A cubic foot of water weighs nearly 63 pounds—more correctly 62⅓ pounds—and contains from 7 to 8 gallons, according to the kind of gallon used.

A peck is equal to a box 8 by 8 square and 8 inches deep.

A bushel almost fills a box 12 by 12 inches square and 24 inches deep, or 2 cubic feet.

A barrel of water almost fills a box 2 by 2 feet square and 1½ feet deep, or 6 cubic feet.

Petroleum barrels contain 40 gallons, or nearly 5 cubic feet.

Women's Courage.

In his address at the semi-centennial celebration of Abbot Female Academy, at Andover, Mass., last week, the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs said: "Then, courage, I think, is a noble feminine grace—courage and self-devotion. We are so accustomed to associate courage with physical strength that we do not often, perhaps, or always think of it as pre-eminently a feminine grace when the feminine nature has been fully unfolded and trained, but it is. The reckless rapture of self-forgetfulness—that which dominates and inspires persons and nations; that which is sovereign over obstacle and difficulty and peril and resistance—it has belonged to woman's heart from the beginning. In the early pagan time, in the Christian development, in mission and in martyrdoms, it has been shown, in the mediaval age as well as in our own time, in Harriett Newell and Florence Nightingale, in Ann Haseltine, as truly and as vividly as in any Hebrew Adassa or in any French Joan of Arc. You remember the Prussian women after the battle of Jena, when Prussia seemed trampled into the bloody mire under the cannon of Napoleon and the feet of the horses and men in his victorious armies. Prussian women, never losing their courage, flung their ornaments of gold and jewelry into the treasury of the state, taking back the simple cross of Berlin iron which is now the precious heirloom in so many Prussian families, bearing the inscription, 'I gave gold for iron.' That is the glory of womanhood. That passion, its forgetfulness, that supreme self-devotion with which she flings herself into the championship of a cause that is dear and sacred and trampled under foot—it is her crown of renown; it is her staff of power, and I do not wonder that, almost while we are speaking and listening here, the Prussians and the Germans are all marching in festival procession under the lindens of Berlin, celebrating, not the memory of the moral grace, the moral beauty and power which came into the Government of Prussia when the young German girl, who has been since the honored and illustrious Queen and Empress, gave her hand to the German officer. It is a memory of the past—it is a prophecy for the future."

The gallery of the Paris Louvre seems to be a school of morals as well as of art. A mother, in showing her little boy the Venus of Milo, was asked by him, "What did they cut her arms off for?" "Because she put her fingers in the sugar bowl," was the reply. Little Jacky secretly resolves to be no longer liable to such a terrible infliction.

The Vital Energies,

When depressed by fatigue, bodily or mental, by exhausting diseases, or the influence of a debilitating temperature, should be reinforced—physicians tell us—by some wholesome stimulant; and, among those which have been tested and administered by them, none has received such hearty recommendation as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has been preferred by them from the fact that its spirituous basis, which is of the purest description, is modified by, and made the vehicle for, the vegetable medicinal principles incorporated with it. These latter render it conspicuously serviceable in cases of general debility, constipation, and other disorders of the bowels; in dyspepsia, nervous affections, urinary and uterine ailments, rheumatism, intermittent and remittent fevers, which it prevents as well as remedies; and in liver complaints. A household stock of medicines can scarcely be called complete without this inestimable medicine.

Truth is Mighty.

As the little leaven hid in the measure of meal made all leaven, so truth gradually overcomes all doubt and disbelief. When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his Favorite Prescription would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies, who had uselessly undergone untold tortures at the hands of different physicians, employed the Favorite Prescription, and were speedily cured. Many physicians now prescribe it in their practice. So sanguine is Dr. Pierce of its power to cure, that he now sells it to druggists under a positive guarantee.

The channels for the exit of impurities from the system must be kept unobstructed, or deplorable consequences will follow. Dr. Mott's Vegetable Liver Pills, by restoring the Bowels to an active condition, act as a cleanser of all the bodily fluids. Moreover they render the digestive and assimilative organs vigorous, rouse the liver, and purify the biliary secretion. As a cathartic they are infinitely to be preferred to dangerous blue pill. Sold by Druggists.

If ever there was a specific for the cure of all malarial diseases, such as are produced by swamp poison, like Intermittent, or Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and Enlarged Spleen, it is certainly Dr F. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic. From its composition, which accompanies each bottle, it may be seen that it contains no dangerous drug, and that in these diseases it never fails, as guaranteed by its proprietors, Wheelock, Finlay & Co., New Orleans, La. For sale by all Druggists.

Best organs as a whole and best workmanship in detail, is the conclusion reached at the Paris Exposition as to the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. Organs from thirty best makers in the world were tested and compared by four juries—viz., the Class Jury, Group Jury, Jury of Presidents and Supreme Jury, who awarded to Mason & Hamlin two highest awards.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"Matchless"
Wood Tag Plug
Tobacco.
The Pioneer Tobacco Company.
New York, Boston