OUR COMRADE IN IRELAND.

The Lions and Larks of Ancient Dublin Town.

Dublin College—The Great Brewery—No Middle Class in Ireland—Politeness of the Commoners—Slang and Its Fascinations. An Affecting Parting—Adieu to Dublin.

BY J. DARK CHANDLER.

III.

WHEN we reached Dublin on the 5th, we found the whole city out in gala dress celebrating the tercentenary of its college. I shall ever esteem it as a privilege that I was enabled to assist as a spectator on the outside of this great event. I have an abiding feeling of reverence for Dublin College. I never in my life met with an educated Irishman who did not tell me he graduated there. This noble old institution has, if New York reporters are not troubled with chronic enlargement of the imagination, inflicted more of them upon the world than all the common and uncommon schools from the day of Adam to the day of Judgment.

The specimen alumni that I saw were fine-looking old fellows, who appeared capable of knowing much and having a cultivated taste for the liquid side of life.

In Dublin I found the first man in Ireland that I had ever met in America. Three years ago genial John Hickey called on me while on a visit to friends in America. He was dressed in alpaca pantaloons, a damp shirt, a resigned smile and a saturated pocket handkerchief.

"Ah, murder, but it is hot, my boy," was his first remark on that occasion.

When I called upon him at 46 Richmond street, Dublin, within half an inch of the same time of the year, I wore my last Winter's overcoat and rubbers beneath a water-soaked hat and a ruffianly scowl. I was glad, but not attractive, because I was cold, and I found that while it rained constantly in the rest of Ireland, it rained between showers in Dublin.

With Mr. Hickey and his son as chaperones Mr. Runge and I saw all of Dublin that was worth seeing, including the Phœnix Park, Stevens Green, the Four Courts, the old Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland—in fact we saw so many banks that I have forgotten their names. A bank in Ireland is a gorgeous affair. The mere entrance and inside-furnishing of an average Dublin bank would absorb the whole capital stock, deposits and surplus of any American bank I know of, and then leave the institution with a mortgage the size of a feather bed. They are gorgeous beyond the dreams of any half-column description. To run one of these banks enough clerks are employed to turn out a good-sized military company, and to do any business in one of them requires not only financial responsibility, but great longevity and patience. The red tape of the system is something wonderful and fearful to contemplate. One kindly-disposed clerk undertook to tell me the process of getting a note discounted, but after he had been at it about 75 minutes he was called away to luncheon. He threatened to tell me the rest when he came back. I was not there when that amiable man returned, nor did I go on the same side of the street where that bank was while I remained in Dublin.

Sackville street is the show street of Dublin, and it has deservedly the name of being one of the most beautiful streets of its length in the world. All I know about Sackville street reaches from Neilson's Pillar to the General Postoffice, but what I know of it is beautiful in architecture, cleanliness, space, and women.

THE BAILEY OR HOWTH LIGHTHOUSE.

CUSTOM HOUSE.

I have an idea that every woman in Dublin who makes any pretension to good looks considers it a Christian duty to appear upon Sackville street for at least one hour every day the sun shines. This takes up very little of her time, and goes far to persuade men that life is actually worth living. It is a worthy, beautiful, and useful idiosyncrasy of the good-looking Dublin woman. May her number never be less.

One of the prominent institutions of Dublin is the great Guinness Brewery, which has turned out more brown-stout, porter, and people of title than any other brewery on this round earth. The brewery buildings, wharves, etc., cover ground enough to make a farm of about 40 acres. There are about 4,000 men and boys employed in the place, yet you walk all over it without seeing half a dozen people beside your guide and party.

The brewery has such a large visiting-list that 12 uniformed guides are employed who do nothing between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., except conduct parties, of from 20 to 30 to each guide, over the institution. I don't know how to make porter or brown-stout, therefore I will not inflict the process upon anyone who may read this. Suffice it to say that the whole business is carried on upon the largest wholesale scale. Engines with thousands of horse power drive the machinery in the buildings, and little pony locomotives run upon all kinds of errands about the immense interior courtyards.

The manufactured article stands to cool in tubs 70 feet high and 30 feet wide. The guide, pointing to one of these tubs, asked:

"How much do you suppose that vessel is worth?"

"About $4.50," I suggested, because I wanted to give him plenty of room to spread himself.

He looked at me more in pity than in wrath, and said:

"That tub is worth £8,000 empty and £20,000 full."

I knew little or nothing about porter or brown-stout before going into that great brewery. I know enough about them now to let them severely alone in quantities above a gallon and a half an hour. When our party got down in the vaults far beneath the busy haunts of man, that nefarious guide became a serpent in a blue-serge suit with red facings and a gold-banded cap.

He tempted us with first with one kind of porter and then another brand of brown-stout. He gave us wineglassfuls of the vintage of 1757 and schooners full of the tap of 1892, with all the intermediate brews, until I couldn't have told Tokay from turpentine, and didn't care whether I was drinking ambrosia or buttermilk.

In our party there was a frisky, strong-minded young chromo, who carried in her face a certificate that she was the first child born after the deluge. She had told me up on the face of the earth that she was a giddy young thing from Skeneatlas, N. Y., and had run away from her party at Morrison's Hotel that morning because they were old-fogyish and didn't approve of breweries, and she wanted to know if I wouldn't look after her. I replied "Certainly," and all through the trip I had been looking after her, as far as I possibly could without losing the party, because I felt that the eyes of Mr. Hickey and his son were upon me, and they had it in their power to whisper something in the ear of a lady at 35 Albany street, New Brunswick, that would make my home-coming reception very uncomfortably torrid.

I had established myself on a high bench, and was looking across the crowd at that above-mentioned giddy creature emptying glasses of porter down her crane-like throat in an absent-minded sort of a way, as though she had established friendly relations with the main sewer and a possible "drunk" had no terrors for her.

I had just got outside of my first half-gallon, and was beginning to think seriously of buying the old tapestry picture of the battle of the Boyne, which hangs opposite the similar picture of the siege of Londonderry in the old House of Lords in the Bank of Ireland, when I felt the bench crack as Skeneatlas hoisted herself deftly beside me, and grabbing my arm with a lockjaw caress, whispered:

"Did you ever have an affinity?"

"Can't say I ever did. Where do they grow?"

"Right here; right here," and she gave her chest a gentle thump that sounded like a mallet on a nail-keg.

I looked wildly at Runge, but he basely deserted me by leaping off the bench. I slid up in the corner, and Skeneatlas remarking, "That's nice; now we can be cozy," slid up alongside.

"I have wanted an affinity—oh, so long!"

"Are the long ones better than the others? Why not get two short ones?"

"O, why will you not understand?" she warbled.

"I suppose it is because, as a wide and well-informed circle of my friends will tell you, I am more stupid than usual to-day."

"And you won't understand?" she warbled.

"I'm blowed if I tumble," I sighed.

Then that audacious monolith from internal New York State dropped her pork-pie hat on my shoulder right beneath the shady brim of my $2.50 Buffalo Bill sombrero, and looked up in my face with the air of a sick kitten caressing a hot brick. I saw Al Runge glaring at me with blood in both eyes, and I felt that it was good to be somewhere else. Gently, but firmly, I slid off the bench, and leaving that gently-drooping Skeneatlas head to repose in the corner I had vacated, I went out on the quay to walk off the inadvertent jag I had acquired in trying to do justice to the hospitality of the Guinness Brewery.

The next morning I turned out early and did some more Dublin without the help of Guinness Brewery. Stevens Green is a fine, healthy city lung in active working order. There are more statues, grottoes, flower-gardens and loafing-places in it than there are in parks of the same size at home. The lake is larger, and has more swans on it. The drives and promenades are finer, more picturesque and longer; but it must be remembered that more money, considerably more, has been spent upon Stevens Green than upon the average American municipal goat pasture.

Right opposite this park—Stevens Green—is the Shelburne Hotel, dubbed the American Hotel because there is nothing about it that is American except the prices. It is a fine hotel for a pocketbook subject to heart disease to keep out of.

It was not until I reached Dublin that I got the idea through my skull as to why "tipping" is so universal and necessary all over the United Kingdom. It is because servants in hotels, at restaurants, railway stations and other places of public resort have little else to look to for a living. They not only make a living from their tips, but many of them, especially the chief or hall porters in the large hotels, pay a considerable bonus for their places. Three hotels in Dublin were pointed out to me the hall porters in which pay from £60 to £75 per year for their places, and thus are the envied of their class.

Ireland is, to look at, as beautiful as a poet's dream, but it is no place for a poor man to ever expect to be anything else but poor, except by a streak of luck that is as rare as July icicles. The rich there are very rich, and the poor, such as we would call our middle-class people here, are a good deal worse off than they would be if they worked as hard and were half as frugal in this country. Then, there is a class there, who, if they have hope, it must be a blessing to them, for it is all they have got.

How would the American cart, grocery wagon or livery driver, who howls if he don't have his pound of meat at every meal and tea or coffee, with pie, three or four vegetables and all the rest of it three times a day if he wants it, like to keep and clothe himself and wife and four children on 16 shillings (about $4) a week? That is what he would have to do in Ireland, and consider himself well off.

What would the gorgeous and autocratic American express train conductor say if he was asked to work a 100-mile run at $7 per week and pay for his outside meals? That is just what he would get on an average all over the United Kingdom, and he would be very glad to get all the tips that came his way.

I will not, as some writers have done, stigmatize the Irish as a nation of beggars. They are nothing of the kind. In all the country I traveled over between Queenstown and Dublin I was never asked for charity but twice, once by a woman too old and weak to work, and once by a man so full I don't believe he knew what he was doing. I have also heard it said that the Irish are invariably polite to Americans because they expect something. I do not believe it. Plenty of Irishmen in Ireland were polite to me, and did me little favors when I know they expected nothing. I would not insult the Irish intelligence by supposing that one of Erin's sons could make the mistake of looking into my face and expecting anything, unless it was disappointment.

The Irish man upon his native sod is naturally polite, and the Irish woman is more so. If you ask an Irishman for a light from his pipe he gives it to you and says, "Thank you." You ask your hotel manageress for change for a sovereign; she places it neatly in your hand and says, "Thank you, sir." The first time you get caught that way you feel like kicking yourself for not unloading your "thank you" first.

The traveler in Ireland, after he gets educated up to the railroad and hotel systems, can get around at less cost than in the States, if no account is taken of the tips.

The third-class railroad fare is one penny per mile, and almost everybody rides third-class. If you want to put on style you can have your hotel bills just as steep as you want them; but you can stop in excellent hotels and live for from eight to 10 shillings a day or less. A hotel furnishes you just what you call for if it is on hand, but nothing else. The beef is from Chicago, an extra two weeks from the hoof, the ham and fish are good, and the mutton is the best found anywhere. The potatoes I did not find what I was led to except, and I was told that the old crop had proved watery, and very few of the new crop had come in. The strawberries are small but finely flavored, and 13 of them, with the stems on, in a saucer, costs sixpence, or a fraction less than a cent apiece. In the market they were sixpence a quart. The American is struck all in a heap when he finds he has to cut his own bread all over the United Kingdom. You are set down to a loaf of bread as big as a watermelon and with a shell on it like a tortoise. I undertook to carve that loaf just once. After that I told the waitress I had compound rheumatism in my right arm, and though she knew I was lying, she invariably carved my bread for me. They don't have pies in Ireland any more than they do on the British ocean liners—at least I never found any. The nearest I came to getting one was when a waitress in Killarney told me they would get a pie from the confectioner's so that I could have it the next day. The tea and coffee are good.

The tea used here comes from Ceylon, and is twice as strong as China tea. You can get a good lunch anywhere in Ireland for two shillings, and three or four of them per day will keep you well filled. What more does a reasonable man want?

The men don't swear, use slang, or any brogue in Ireland—at least in the parts that I visited. This want of the brogue in the native Irishman struck me as all the more singular in view of the fact that I have at home an Irish friend—the right kind of a friend, one of the sort that would, the darkest hour of the night, turn over in bed and think about turning out to do you a favor. He has a brogue like a barrel rolling down stairs, good luck to him. Now, on the train I met three Irishmen right from that man's very town, and talked with them for over an hour, and they talked as good and as smooth English as I did; which may not be saying much for the Irishmen, either, come to think of it.

Slang they do not know anything about. I was standing in front of Dublin College talking to a new Irish acquaintance, and saw a very nice, neat, short, fat bursar, proctor, registrar, or other kind of official. He wore Knickerbockers, a mortar board, and a purple-lined gown. He was so altogether georgeously funny that I could not resist saying to my new acquaintance:

"Get onto the waddle of his jag steps."

"Beg pardon?" was the response.

"Get onto"—but I bethought myself and apologized, saying, it was "only a bit of slang, of which I am heartily ashamed now."

"Ah, it is American slang. It sounds very funny; will you tell me what it is, please?"

For ten minutes I instructed him in the subtle humor of the expression, and then had the satisfaction of hearing him laugh, as he murmured:

"'Get onto—Get onto the jag—the jag of his waddle steps.' I've got it. Bless me, that is funny. I'm going to jolly somebody with that the first chance I have." And I have no doubt he did.

One morning at Moran's Hotel, in Dublin, my appetite got tired waiting for its breakfast, and I said to the manageress:

"Miss French, will you kindly hustle for the gentle gazelle that wrestles the hash in this caravansary and tell her to get a gait on?"

"Beg pardon," responded Miss French, with a startled air, "but will you please tell me that in English?"

I told her in English; but all the time I ate my breakfast I could hear she and the "gazelle" out in the office trying to get that delicately intellectual morsel by heart, and the style in which they twisted it up made it funnier than a crossroad circus. They both know more about high-art American slang than they could have learned in six months at Dublin College.

The second morning I was in Dublin I awoke lonely, lachrymose and hungry. The evening before I had parted with my traveling companion thus far. Genial and long-suffering Al Runge left me for Liverpool on his way to Germany. Our parting down on the North Wall quay was, I flatter myself, a fine specimen of high-art sentimentalism. On our way to the boat we bought a couple of big onions. After depositing Al's baggage on board, we came out under the quay shed and chipped slices off our onions and ate them until our feelings overcame us. Then we fell on each other's necks and wept like amateur watering-pots until we felt relieved. Then we would wring out our handkerchiefs and walk solemnly up the wharf to a public house, where we would each drown our sorrow in "tuppence-ha-penny worth" of ginger beer, and return as solemnly to our onions, our weep, our heart-rending handkerchiefs, and the public house. By the time we had repeated this dose four times, and the awe-stricken populace was evenly divided in opinion as to whether we were a new style of idiots or drunken Frenchmen, the boat whistle blew a warning blast, and Al skipping down the gang-plank left me to bear my sorrow alone with one whole onion on my hands. I gave it, with my blessing, to a porter who stood, open-mouthed, holding the esculent out at arm's length until my cab turned the corner. I owe that porter thanks for not throwing that onion at my head. His forbearance I shall never forget.

Having buried my sorrow at parting under a hearty breakfast, I started out and did some more Dublin, including the Four Courts, the Postoffice, the old Irish Parliament House, which is now the Bank of Ireland, but in which the room that was the House of Lords is preserved intact.

Here the Irish Lords sat at a table about 40 feet long, of dark Honduras mahogany, polished to a mirror-like brilliancy that enables you to see just how mean you look when you try to look nice. The chairs are heavy mahogany affairs upholstered with leather heavy enough for base-ball shoes, and mounted with brass nails. The back, are perfectly straight, and they are as handy to loll in as a sheet-iron strait-jacket. On the wall on one side of the table it a magnificent piece of tapestry about 12 by 20 feet square, representing the Battle of the Boyne, and on the other side a corresponding piece representing the Siege of Londonderry. Some idea of the value placed upon these works may be had when it is known that when, a few years ago, they were sent to London to be restored, they were each insured for £20,000.

The Library and Fine Arts Gallery of Dublin are among the largest and most interesting collections in Great Britain, and the buildings are very large and architecturally attractive.

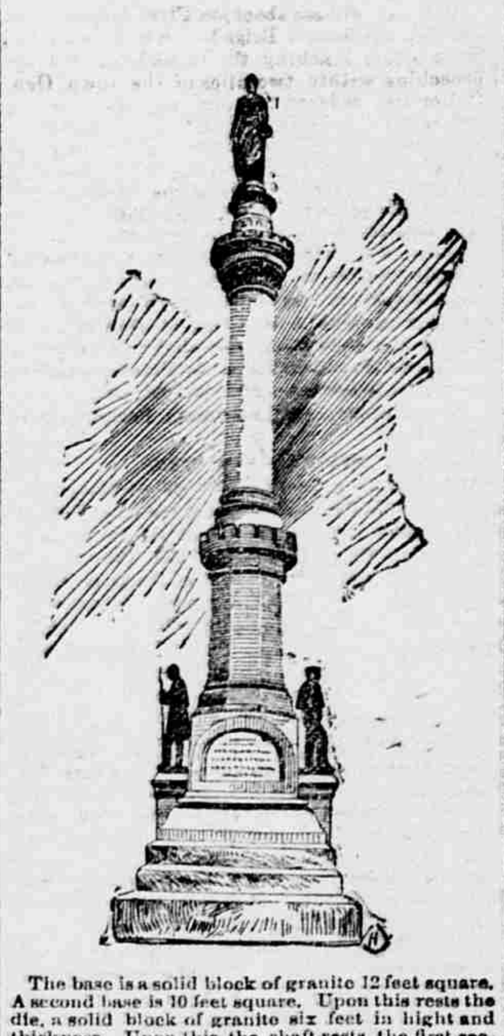
The Phœnix Park is a lion of no small consequence, but it would be more attractive to Americans if there were more trees in it. The main drive is three miles long and as straight as a string. About half a mile from the main entrance is the Vice Regal Palace of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with its handsome grounds, gardens, and conservatories. Right opposite to the entrance of this palace there is pointed out to you a cross cut in the surface of the roadway. This designates the spot on which a few years ago an Assistant Secretary for Ireland and his friend were shot to death while walking out in the early evening, the murderers standing under a tree within the Palace grounds. Inside the fence, on the opposite side of the way, two mounted policemen have been riding up and down ever since the murder, looking for the murderers. History furnishes no more aggravated exemplification of the old adage: "Lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen."

Glasnevin is one of the most beautiful cities of the dead in Great Britain, and it is the place to which those who honor the memory of Parnell make pilgrimages to visit his grave.

Dublin is a clean city, and its public and private buildings, its streets, bridges and public works are built with such a massiveness and solidity as to cause the stranger to wonder if an earthquake is an every-afternoon occurrence.

The Cook Memorial.

The Soldiers' Monument at Watertown, N. Y., is a magnificent memorial erected by Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, "in grateful remembrance of the soldiers and sailors of Jefferson County who fought or fell in defense of the Union and the freedom of man."



The base is a solid block of granite 12 feet square. A second base is 10 feet square. Upon this rests the die, a solid block of granite six feet in hight and thickness. Upon this the shaft rests, the first section being octagon in shape, surmounted by a projetring cap, upon which rests a round shaft, surmounted with a beautiful statue of Victory. This figure is of heroic size, seven feet and one-half in hight, of the finest workmanship. The monument is flanked by two burnished figures, one of a sailor at rest after action and one a soldier at parade rest. The monument is mounted five feet above the grade of the street, and its total hight is 55 feet above the street level. Its cost was over $10,000.

The Fortune-Teller's Advice.

[*Globe Democrat.*]

A colored woman named Mattie Davis has been living here for the last 10 years. Her husband died three years ago, leaving her a large family of children to take care of. She has been in destitute circumstances for some time past, and being a firm believer in voodooism, she a few days ago consulted the heavens and was told to go to Madame Edina Schanider, a local fortune-teller, who would help her out of her financial troubles. The colored woman did as the inspiration directed, and after a long conference with the fortune-teller the latter, she claims, told her to dig in a certain place on her property and she would find buried treasure.

The Davis woman hurried home and began the work of excavation. She struck the top of a heavy iron chest at the depth of three feet, and after some hard work succeeded in completely unearthing it. She then called in John S. Hurley, a well-known merchant, and with his assistance the box was brought to the surface and opened. It was filled with Mexican gold coins, none of which was of a later date than 1846. It was carefully counted, and the total amount found to be just $25,000. The money was placed in the hands of the bank here to be exchanged for United States coin. The money is believed to have been buried by Jose Martinez, a very wealthy Spaniard, who lived here before Texas declared her independence. He was forced to leave town suddenly at the time of the Mexican War troubles, and was soon afterwards killed in battle. The colored woman is wild with joy over her good fortune, and has promised to award her benefactor, the fortune teller, a large part of it.

Beautiful Holiday Books.

A magnificent specimen of typographic and illustrative art will be Miss Kate Brownlee Sherwood's new book, "Dream of the Ages," a patriotic poem celebrating the achievements of the men who saved the Nation. The illustrations are from original full-page drawings by J. E. Kelly famous for his spirited designs for patriotic subjects. "Dream of the Ages" is a picture of the conflict between Civilization and Barbarism, in which "Columbia" makes her choice of Civilization, and receives the usual penalties and rewards of progress. Send $2 to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE and secure an autograph copy before the holidays.

OUR RURAL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

Prof. G. E. Morrow, of the University of Illinois, sends the following suggestions to *Orange Judd Farmer*: The work done by agricultural newspapers, farmers' institutes and other meetings for discussion of agricultural, live stock, dairy and horicultural topics, has been incalculably great. Through no other means has it been found possible to so quickly, cheaply, and effectively disseminate information about agriculture, or excite interest in its improvement among large numbers of farmers. In the nature of the case, the work done by the periodical or the institute or convention is somewhat fragmentary in character. Aside from the work done in agricultural colleges, two methods of supplementing and extending the work done by the agricultural papers and meetings have been suggested. It is proposed to apply the Chautauqua idea to instruction in agriculture; to give the stimulus of the reading circle and class reviews as a help toward more general careful reading about farm topics.

Farmers' Progressive Reading Circle, with headquarters at Chicago, and the courses arranged by the Pennsylvania State College, are attempts deserving hearty support and imitation. The agricultural press and the officers of farm organizations can do a most useful work by aiding such movements.

Rarely will those who would be most benefited by courses of careful reading take up the work independently or propose the organization of classes or reading circles unless encouraged to do so. Doubtless the faculties of agricultural colleges would be glad to give any help in their power. Efforts to bring the direct influence of colleges and universities to bear on many who are unable to attend these educational institutions, by means of instruction given by a course of lectures delivered in different communities, have attracted much attention. "University Extension Lectures" are already popular in many localities, and hundreds of such lectures will be given this Winter. Several agricultural colleges are offering courses of lectures on distinctively agricultural subjects. The University of Illinois offers eight or 10 such courses, besides others on scientific subjects closely connected with agriculture. It is hoped many localities will avail themselves of this opportunity, but it is obvious that there are greater difficulties in the way of conducting such lecture-courses in country neighborhoods than in cities or towns.

It is believed to be entirely practicable and in many cases desirable to combine the lecture course and farmers' institute, or meeting of agricultural, live stock, dairy, or horticultural association. The time given to such a meeting might be extended to four or five days, and, in addition to the papers and discussions common to such meetings, one or two courses of lectures might be given at stated hours each day. Where this does not seem advisable, it may be desirable to arrange for a series of lectures, of which two or three may be given in one day, thus reducing the inconvenience of attending them. It is not necessary that the lectures proposed should be given by men from the agricultural colleges. There are many persons abundantly qualified to give most interesting and valuable instruction in this way. It is believed, however, that agricultural colleges in many cases will be able and glad to, in this manner, extend their field of usefulness. It is not important who does the work, if only the end be secured. That end is to secure more careful, thorough, consecutive thought and study about agricultural questions, especially by all young farmers.

WHEAT, CLOVER AND PEAS.

Prof. W. F. Massey in *Practical Farmer* says: "A long familiarity with the farm methods in the best sections of the Eastern shore of Maryland and of Delaware leads me to offer some suggestions in regard to improvements which might be made. The practice of putting wheat in after corn is now and has long been very general there, and while good crops of wheat are made in this way, by a liberal use of highly-ammoniated fertilizers, I think that no Peninsular farmer will say that this plan is anywhere near so effective for a big crop of wheat as a clover fallow. The largest crop ever grown upon the Peninsula, and most of the large crops, were upon a clover sod. It seems to me, therefore, that in a section where wheat is the money crop, it should have the best possible chance. In fact I think that this is the key-note to successful farming anywhere to make the general system of farming center toward the perfection and increase in yield per acre of the money crop, whether it be wheat, tobacco, cotton or what not. Wheat is the money crop. To grow it by means of the purchase of the most costly fertilizers, at the present price of grain, looks to me more like fertilizer gambling than good farming.

"If I were farming in that agricultural paradise, the upper part of the Peninsula, I think that I should always grow two fields of my rotation in wheat, and would avoid the difficulty that Mr. J. mentions, as follows: Wheat on clover lay, broken early, and use with the crop only the cheaper mineral fertilizers, acid phosphate and some form of potash. Sow no clover with this crop, but after harvest mow off the weeds and sow crimson clover on the stubble. Cut the crimson clover for hay or seed, plow and sow in cow peas, 1½ to 2 bushels per acre. Mow the cow peas for hay when in pod and prepare the stubble for wheat, with which seed down to clover and grass. I should put my corn on sod land and sow cow peas on it at last working, let them ripen and hog them after the corn is cut and then break for oats, seeding clover in Spring with the oats. I believe that clover will seldom fail with freshly sown land in oats, and I am also satisfied that there are few sections of the Peninsula where Fall sowing of clover seed with wheat will not do as well or better than by sowing on the hard surface of the wheat field in Spring. The farmers on the Peninsula ought to use more of our Southern cow peas. When once they get to doing so they will never give them up. The Delaware Station got from here last Spring a considerable quantity of seed of the different varieties and I hope soon to hear good reports from them. If the Peninsula farmers will only try the plan of leaving their corn-stubble land covered with peas, as a preparation for oats, I feel sure they will never want to put wheat after corn any more. Not to mention the amount of hog feed of the cheapest and best kinds which can be had in this way at a nominal expense. As to the crimson clover doing well, sown on a wheat stubble, there need be no fear, for it does so here every year."

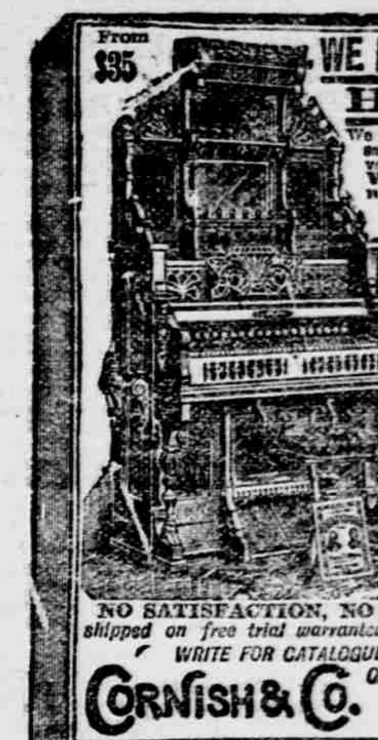
WHEAT AND BUTTER.

The dairy industry is of such a nature that few people can realize its magnitude until their attention is especially called to it, says the *Breeder's Gazette*. Let us compare wheat-growing with butter-making. In enumerating the provisions of a family, a barrel of flour per annum for each individual is a fair allowance. About five bushels of wheat are required for a barrel of flour, worth a little over $4 at present prices, or say $5 for a barrel of flour. The butter allowance for a family is about one pound per individual per week, or say 50 pounds per year. At 20 cents per pound this is $10, or at 25 cents, about the average price for good butter, it is $12.50. Taking the smaller of these two sums, we have the cost of the butter consumed by our people as fully twice the cost of the wheat. But in addition to butter, there is cheese, and especially the milk, the value of the latter amounting to an enormous sum in the aggregate. Without the figures it is doubtful if it would be conceded that the dairy products cost the people of our country two or three times as much as the wheat they consume.

It is probable that no improvements in the manufacture of flour will materially increase its use. Enormous as is the consumption of dairy products, the limit is by no means yet reached. The general adoption of the creamery system through the West is substituting a good product for a poor one, and an ever-widening circle of consumers are learning the taste of good butter.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*



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REUNIONS.

Annual Meetings and Other Matters Pertaining to Various Organizations.

[THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE wants a *brief* account of each regimental Reunion held, with names of new officers, and *address* of the Secretary. Notices of Reunions to be held should be sent in early, and will be published at once if received in time.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

In General Orders, No. 3, issued to the Old Guard (Veteran Battalion), by George U. McLean, Major—Isaac E. Hoagland, First Lieutenant and Adjutant—says: The battalion will assemble at armory on Friday, 25th inst., at 12:30 p. m. in full Winter uniform (overcoats, bayonet-scabbard, cartridge-box, and white gloves,) for the purpose of celebrating the 109th anniversary of the evacuation of the City of New York by the British forces Nov. 25, 1783. Staff, honorary and non-commissed staff, band and drum corps will report to Adjutant at same time and place. After the parade the battalion will mess at the armory in fatigue.

The third anniversary of the capture of Port Royal was appropriately celebrated by the Survivors' Association at Mænnerchor Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 15. Select Councilman Wm. McMurray presided. Songs and speeches appropriate to the occasion occupied the time until midnight, when the veterans sat down to an excellent repast provided by the Entertainment Committee, of which Comrade McCartney was Chairman. An orchestra secured for the occasion by Comrade Richard Binder rendered some excellent musical selections during the evening. An election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Wm. McMurray; V.-P., M. J. O'Marra; Treas., Richard Binder; Sec., Wm. Simmons. Port Royal, S. C., was captured Nov. 7, 1861, by the naval forces under Commodore S. F. Du Pont, which important event gave us possession of the finest harbor on the Southern coast. The sailors and marines of the fleet occupied the works until the arrival of an army corps under Gen. Sherman. For gallant, meritorious and important service rendered on this occasion, Commodore Du Pont was appointed Rear-Admiral July 16, 1862, and was Commander of the South Atlantic Squadron from October, 1861, to July, 1863.—Wm. Simmons, Naval Post, 400, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YORK.

C. P. Shuart, New York City, Secretary: Reunion 6th N. Y., 70 East Fourth street, New York City, to-day (Thanksgiving) at 5 p. m.

OHIO.

The second annual Reunion of Co. G, 18th Ohio, was held in Nelsonville on Nov. 10. These meetings are held in the residences of comrades, where all company Reunions should take place. Fifty-nine invitations were issued to comrades and widows of deceased ones, and the number present was 21. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., C. A. Cable; V.-P., T. M. Linton; Treas., H. C. Comstock; Sec. and Historian, L. L. Scott. As nearly as could be ascertained, 60 members of the company are still alive out of a total enlistment of 144. This latter number does not include veterans or drafted men assigned to the company. But one member of the company died in Nelsonville last year. This was Orderly-Serg't Thos. R. Blake. He was a good soldier. A very pleasant evening was passed, and the comrades agreed that company Reunions are the best of entertainments. After a fine supper and much war talk the comrades adjourned, to meet a year later.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The 15th Pa. Cav. held their 20th annual banquet in the Lu Lu Temple at Philadelphia. Out of the 300 members of the association 110 were present. Most of the others sent letters of regret. Col. Charles M. Betts was the Toastmaster, and expressed his sorrow at the sickness of Comrade H. K. Weand. Toasts were responded to by Comrades J. A. B. Williams, Howard E. Buzby, Maj. William H. Lambert, Capt. Adam Kramer, of Arizona, and Capt. Adam Taylor. A telegram was sent to Gen. Rosecrans expressing regret at his illness, which prevented his being present.

VERMONT.

At the annual Reunion of the 8th Vt., of which Gen. Stephen Thomas is perpetual President, other officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: First V.-P., C. U. Lathrop, Williamstown; Second V.-P., John Bisbee, Troy; Sec. and Treas., C. M. Ferrin, Essex Junction. Executive Committee, L. M. Hutchinson, Chairman, Montpelier; Fred Butterfield, and Q. M.-Gen. Gilmore. Chap., H. K. Page, North Troy; Surg., Dr. Gillett, Post Mills. Committee on Obituary, Col. Carpenter, H. E. Hill, F. D. Smith, C. M. Ferrin, J. L. Barstow.

Read "Better than a Pension," on page 4.

A GRAND REUNION.

The 24th Annual Meeting of the Army of the Tennessee.

The 24th annual Reunion of the Army of the Tennessee was held at St. Louis on Nov. 16, with an attendance fully as large as at any previous meeting, nearly 200 members being present. Gen. George M. Dodge, the President of the association, in his remarks, said that since the last meeting it had been his duty to travel from the Pacific Coast to Russia and return, and that all during his travels he had found some member of the Army of the Tennessee to bid him welcome.

The following committees were appointed to serve for the ensuing year:

Officers—Col. E. C. Dawes, Cincinnati; Col. J. F. How, St. Louis; Capt. J. A. Sexton, Chicago; Capt. A. T. Andreas, Chicago; Capt. C. Reibsame, Bloomington.

Orator for next year—Gen. C. C. Walcutt, Columbus, O.; Maj. W. E. Ware, St. Louis; Col. Wm. Vogelson, Pittsburg, Maj. F. Muhlenburg, Galesburg, Mich.; Capt. R. M. Campbell, Peoria, Ill.

Place of meeting for next year—Capt. W. R. Hodges, St. Louis; Col. Ed Jones, New Orleans; Dr. L. C. Plummer, Rock Island, Ill.; Maj. J. B. Bell, Toledo, O.; Capt. Joseph Dickerson, Seattle, Wash.

The death roll for the year showed that the following members died during the past year: Lieut. David Fowler, Col. J. M. Reed, Gen R. P. Buckland, Maj. P. J. McCauley, Gen. John Pope, Col. Daniel Webster, and Gen. J. M. Belteit.

Among the other reports presented was that of the Treasurer, Gen. George M. Force. In the permanent fund it showed that there was on hand $12,000 registered United States 4 per cent. bonds; cash, $1,166.82; interest on bonds, $480; received from the Corresponding Secretary, $280. Total, $13,926.82. General fund—Received, $575; paid out, $230.71, leaving a balance of $344.29. Dayton trust fund, being a legacy of $5,000 left by the late Col. L. M. Dayton, of Cincinnati, Recording Secretary of the society for many years, $5,000; interest on same, $71.25. Grand total of assets, $19,342.36.

George Buckland, son of Gen R. P. Buckland, of Ohio, deceased; Charles M. McCook, son of Gen. Edwin S. McCook, deceased; John McLean Hazen, son of Gen. William B. Hazen, deceased, and Charles Ewing, son of Gen. Charles Ewing, deceased, were elected members of the Association.

The report of the committee to raise a fund for the erection of a statue to Gen. Sherman in Washington City, of which Gen. Dodge is Chairman, showed that it had secured the passage of a bill by Congress donating a site for the monument, and also an appropriation of $50,000, by the same body towards the erection of the memorial. The result shows the total amount of funds in hand for the purpose to be $58,485.85, divided as follows:

Congressional appropriation	$50,000 00
From members of the society	2,258 85
Iowa Commandery, Loyal Legion	300 00
Illinois Commandery, Loyal Legion	601 00
Missouri Commandery, Loyal Legion	154 00
Nebraska Commandery, Loyal Legion	100 00
Wisconsin Commandery, Loyal Legion	215 00
Washington and Oregon Loyal Legions	185 50
John A. Logan Post, G.A.R.	25 00
Frank P. Blair Post, G.A.R.	100 00
Survivors of the 13th regiment, Regulars	110 00
Citizens of Detroit, Mich	2,500 00
Citizens of Washington, D. C.	1,875 00

A paper which created much interest and laughter was one by Col. W. M. Vogelson, entitled "The Commissary Department in the War."

In the afternoon the members of the society and their ladies took carriages at the Lindell, and were driven to Calvary Cemetery to visit the grave of Gen. Sherman.

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WANTED—ADDRESSES.

WANTED—Any member of Co. E, 18th N. Y., will please write to me. I want your affidavit. William Hall Neal, Huntington, W. Va. 589-3t.

SHIPMATES of William Monovan (alias William Skinner), who served in the U. S. gunboat Conemar from July, 1862, till September, 1864, will hear something of mutual advantage by corresponding with William Skinner, Aroostook Junction, Victoria County, New Brunswick, Canada.

WANTED—By Mary Laycock, per John Atkinson, Hammonton, N. J.—The names and addresses of anyone who served in Co. K, 38th N. J. Vols., and knew David Laycock. 588-2t

WANTED—If William Culberson, who was a member of Co. C, 1st Nev. Cav., and who formerly resided at Independence, Cal., will write to George E. Lemon, Washington, D. C., he will hear something greatly to his advantage. 585-6t

WANTED—By George E. Lemon, Washington, D. C.—The name and postoffice address of the widow or minor children, if any, of Joseph L. Satterlee, Co. D, 124th Ill., and formerly resident at Sturgeon, Boone Co., Mo. 587-3t

WANTED—By George E. Lemon, Washington, D. C.—The name and postoffice address of the widow or minors, if any, of John McClusky, U. S. Navy, and formerly resident at 738 7th Ave., N. Y. City. 587-3t