

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUSBANDMAN

\$4.00
PER ANNUM.

A Journal Devoted to Agriculture, Live-stock, Home Reading, and General News.

10 Cts.
PER SINGLE COPY.

VOL. 1.

DIAMOND CITY, M. T., FEBRUARY 10, 1876.

NO. 12.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUSBANDMAN is designed to be, as the name indicates, a husbandman in every sense of the term, embracing in its columns every department of Agriculture, Stock-raising, Horticulture, Social and Domestic Economy.

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AGRICULTURAL.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

This, indeed, is an interesting theme—one which will stir more hearts perhaps, than any other. The knight of the mine, field and forge, when a day of toil is ended, loves to sit down by his fireside, rude though it may be, and read of the nobleness of his calling. But when it occurs to them that those fine sentences that so much inspire them with courage, are the product of some brain that has known nothing but culture, whose refinement and polish hold its possessor aloof from a calling it eulogizes. Yes, when the man, innured to toil, reads by the pale, flickering light of his candle, one of those splendid productions penned beneath the blaze of a brilliant chandelier, by a man of affluence, whose hands were never hardened by toil, whose muscles and sinews have never been brought into requisition to provide daily food; one who is acquainted only with the theory of the subject. The glory and comfort he was inclined to take, dies out, and in the language of Richieu, he exclaims to himself "ye safe and formal man who writes the deeds, and with unfeverish hand weighs in nice scales the motives of the great, how can ye know that which ye have never tried." He naturally concludes that the poetic side of labor is on paper. It very naturally occurs to him, and he asks himself if the coarse meal of the laborer is so sweet, his couch so downy, his slumbers so sweet and free from care, why these eminent lights of society never step forth to enjoy it. In this age of progress, men are not carried away by every syren song that sounds melodious to their ears, and the old admonition of "go on, boy, you are right," dies out upon the wind. He that would be a counselor to-day, must be a practical man, and by deeds as well as words show forth his faith. Writing is getting to be to much of a profession. Men write beautiful things because they are a source of praise to the writer, and not because they in truth, feel the wisdom of their utterances. The brawny, hard-handed man of toil has at last learned this, and cares not to read such windy composition. Hence, in our selections for our readers, we shall endeavor to gather such as comes from a source whose honesty of purpose cannot be doubted; whom, we believe, have gained the knowledge of the matters of which they speak in actual contests in the great battle of life.

The following address, delivered by Mat. T. Rose, before Donneraile Grange, Kentucky, will be read with unusual interest, coming as it does, from the rank of labor, where men's acts belie not their words:

"At the solicitation of the members of Donneraile Grange, I appear before you this evening. I certainly appreciate you this compliment you have paid me. I have no doubt that I shall in the least meet the expectations of my auditors. I recognize in this audience the chivalry and beauty of the Blue Grass region. Women are here,

many of whose minds are festooned with the drapery of classic lore, and decorated with the classic flowers of rhetoric. She invariably contributes her presence and lends her gentle influence, which is as unbounded as the waves of the ocean, to everything that elevates and benefits mankind. Upon my left I notice many with whom I have trod the flowery paths of literature, men of sagacious minds and resplendent culture, the majority of whom by far transcend in general information and scholarly attainments that of your humble speaker. On any other than this occasion I should invoke the inspiration of the Muse—I can better please when I trench upon the realms of fanciful speculation. I shall ignore much of that on this occasion.

The theme for our consideration this evening will be the Dignity of Labor. From the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and those who live by it, with contempt, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those vulgar prejudices which have arisen from considering everything vulgar that was peculiar to the multitude. Because the multitude have been suffered to remain too long rude and ignorant, everything associated with their condition has been confounded with the circumstances of this condition. The multitude were, in their rudeness and ignorance, mean in the public estimation, and the labor of their hands was held to be mean too. Nay, it has been said that labor is the result of God's primary curses pronounced on man for his disobedience. But this is a great mistake. God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake; but not that his labor was cursed. He told him that in the sweat of his face he should eat bread until he returned to the ground. But so far from labor partaking of the curse, it was given him as the means of triumphing over the curse. The ground was to produce thorns and thistles, but labor was to extirpate them, and to cover the face of the earth with fruit trees, and bounteous harvests. And labor has done this. Labor has already converted the earth, so far as its surface is concerned, from a wilderness into a paradise. Man eats his bread in the sweat of his face, but is there any bread so sweet as that; when he has only nature to contend with, and not the false arrangements of his fellow men? So far is labor from being a curse, so far is it from being a disgrace, it is the very principle which, like the winds of the air, or the agitation of the sea, keeps the world in health. It is the very life-blood of society, stirring in all its veins, and diffusing vigor and enjoyment through the whole system.

Without man's labor, God had created the world in vain. Without our labor all life, except that of the rudest and most savage kind, must perish. Arts, civilization, refinement, and religion must perish. Labor is the grand pedestal of God's blessings upon earth; it is more like man and the world itself; it is the offspring and the work of God. All honor then to labor, the offspring of Deity, the most ancient of ancients, sent forth by the Almighty into these nether worlds, the most noble of nobles. Honor to that Divine principle which has filled the earth with all the comforts, and joys, and affluence that it possesses, and is undoubtedly the instrument of happiness wherever life is found. Without labor what is there? Without it there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive in Heaven or on earth, is the product of labor. The azure sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun that steals the dewdrop from the flower, the moon that sleeps upon the hillside, the stars that dance in the sapphired canopy of Heaven, like so many diamonds in a sea of glass, what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors of the Omnipotent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began. What a glo-

rious spectacle is that of the labor of man upon the earth. It includes everything that is glorious. Look around, my friends, and tell me what you see that is worth seeing, that is not the work of your hands, and the hands of your fellows—the multitude of ages. Behold the changes that have taken place in our whole western country within the lapse of a few short years. Look for the wigwags of the poor Indian, who was once lord of the soil we now possess. It is gone, and his bones mingled with the dead of his habitation. The storm of enterprising civilization has wreaked its fury on the poor Indian; his lands have passed into the hands of the white man, whose splendid mansions now rest on the graves of his ancestors. His peaceful forests, once the abode of solitude and savage life, in which he, unmolested, tracked his game and pursued the panting deer, now resound with the festivities of civilization and the busy hum of labor. Those innocent and forlorn people, who received our forefathers in the spirit of friendship, instead of being fostered by the genial hand of civilization, have been driven to the feet of the Rocky or Oregon mountains, and present a sad and solitary spectacle of their former greatness. In a few more years the race of the poor Indian will be forever extinguished, and his council fires blaze no more. The wilderness has been subdued, and the house of God has been built, where once ascended the smoke of warlike and idolatrous sacrifice; cultivated fields and gardens now extend over a thousand valleys in the west. Institutions of learning are hourly springing forth, diffusing the light of knowledge. My friends, hath not labor accomplished much? A few years since, even within the memory of a few of the present inhabitants, this immense region was a perfect wilderness. The darkened intellect of the savage knew God but in the winds and thunders; on every side the dark foliage of the shadowy forest waved in the silent majesty of nature, and her noble rivers moved on in silence, with no other commerce than the peltry of the savage hunter. Most of the rivers are now navigated by steamers, affording the quickest facility of transportation, and the most lucrative commerce. A thousand villages are reflected from the waves of almost every lake and river, and the west now echoes with the song of the reaper, until the wilderness and the solitary place has been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

True, the wise ones tell us that it is the intellect that has done it. And all honor to intellect. It is not you nor I, fellow-workers, who will attempt to rob the royal power of intellect of one iota of his renown. Intellect is also a glorious gift of the Divinity—a divine principle in the earth. We set intellect at the head of labor, and bid it lead the way to all wonders and discoveries; but we know that intellect cannot go alone—intellect cannot separate itself from labor. Intellect has also its labors; and, in its most abstract and ethereal form, cannot develop itself without the co-operation of its twin brother, labor. When intellect exerts itself—when it thinks, and invents, and discovers—it then labors. Intellect is the head; labor the right hand. Take away the hand, and the head is a magazine of knowledge and fire that is sealed up in eternal darkness. Such are the relationship of labor and intellect. Labor, I repeat, either of brain, heart, or hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility. "Man ashamed of toil of thine hands, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of a soiled, weather-stained garment, on which Mother Nature has embroidered mist, sun, rain, fire, and steam, her own heraldic honors—ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting of imbecile idleness and vanity—'tis treason to nature; 'tis impiety to heaven." 'Tis breaking her great divine ordinance. The exodus from Eden was, "Go forth and till the soil, and in the sweat of

thy face shalt thou eat bread." We know not until we exert our power what we are capable of doing. How often does the murmuring spirit of man blame nature when the fault lies in the want of proper improvement of the gems of intellect she has bestowed on all. Truly is education, both morally and intellectually considered, chiefly the fruit of our own labor. All excellence depends on labor.

In conclusion, brothers and sisters, allow me to commend for your consideration labor in this glorious cause. Remember that diligence and application are the essential elements of success in every undertaking in life. I am aware that we have drones, croakers, sore-heads, in our organization; and occasionally we find one that was born in the objective case. The sooner we divest ourselves of that element the better it will be for the active, vigorous, energetic, working members of the Order.

HORTICULTURE.

HORTICULTURAL PROSPECTS IN MINNESOTA.

Having given the subject of fruit culture my especial attention for the past eight years, and visiting most of the orchards in this State and northern Iowa for the past four years, I will give your readers the benefit of some of my dearly bought experience, and what facts I have gathered from the experience of others—some in remote parts of the State.

The winter of 1872-3 gave fruit growing such a heavy blow that it will take years to recover from it.

The question that now interests the producing class is, can fruit be profitably grown Minnesota, or shall we depend upon wheat and buying our fruit? Those who will give this subject little or no attention, had better depend on the latter way of obtaining their fruits of all kinds; but the successful farmer who will give his garden and orchard the same careful attention and study that he does his wheat and stock raising, will have the satisfaction of growing an abundance of fruit, including apples of fair size and quality, lasting him the year through.

And all agree with me that Minnesota is by nature a fruit growing State in her own way, for no northern State excels her in growing fine wild plums, crab apples, cranberries, raspberries, etc., or walnuts, hickory, and all hardy nuts, and why not apples? Even Maine, Canada, Norway, and northern Russia grow their own apples, and shall Minnesota be counted out in this line?

That some of your readers may know that I am in earnest in the discussion of this fruit question, I will state at the outset that I have about seven thousand fruit trees in my orchard, covering over a little more than twenty-five acres, and unless I meet with a worse mishap than the cold winter above referred to, I shall cover forty acres with orchard, believing that I shall reap larger profits than from the same capital invested in general farm products.—E. B. Jordan, in Rochester Record.

We see no reason why the above will not apply to Montana as well as to Minnesota. Experiments thus far have proved equally as successful as in the eastern States of our latitude. The first experiments in Minnesota were attended with less success than those in Montana, and it is highly probable that it will prove a better fruit growing country. Small fruit of every description flourishes finely here, and where the experiment of growing large fruit has been tried, in Bitter Root and Pasamari valleys, it has proven the fact, beyond doubt, that with proper care and attention, hardy fruit, such as apples, plums, cherries, the Siberian crab, etc., can be raised here. Of course, we must not expect to raise fruit here without a great deal more trouble and care than would be necessary in more favored sections.