The Vermont Farmer.

W H Mallows 1jan77

AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR THE RURALISTS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

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Scientific Farmer and Vermont Farmer,	2.50
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We have received from Mr. John H. Mead of West Rutland, two pair of mottled fantail pigeons. Mr. Mead has the finest stock of these beautiful pets that we have ever seen.

Mr. J. D. Wheat, of Putney, for many years a breeder of Merino sheep, has recently purchased of Hon. Frederick Billings, of Woodstock, ten two-year-old Southdown ewes, the best of his flock, for $25 each.

What the Husbandman says in another place is so true and so accurate in setting the value and place of the FARMER, and the people of Vermont are so sensible that we need say only this: if after a year's trial of the FARMER you do not find its words more than verified, we shall be greatly deceived.

The Western New Hampshire Poultry Society have issued their premium list and rules for a second annual fair in city hall, Keene, Dec. 19, 20 and 21. Premiums are offered for almost every variety of fowl known in New England, as well as for rabbits, Angora cats, Guinea pigs and squirrels. We urge all interested in poultry to make it in their way to attend.

The old Boston Cultivator, that paper of our boyhood, has experienced metempsychosis and appears under new conditions and enlarged proportions. Having shifted off some of its mortal coil it appears under a new name—The American Cultivator—with fresh new type, enlarged pages, new departments and improved appearance generally. We don't quite like the heading, though tastes differ.

Take advantage of these warm, beautiful days to "fix up" the barns, sheds, pig-sties, etc., so as to be ready for winter, as it will come some of these nights when least expected. Be particular about making the place for the calves warm and dry, for is this their first experience with a Vermont winter, and they should not be stinted in their growth, as they will not recover from it in all winter. Vermont farmers must raise calves, and no stock will pay better for excellent care during the first summer and winter than they. We have seen calves turned off to the pasture by the first of July to shift for themselves till the ground was covered with snow, and then the owner complain because they are such "little scrawny runts." Prepare at once then a warm stable and bright sunny yard for their winter's use.

The Prairie Farmer says a fat horse is a weak one, and his weakness is in proportion to his fatness. News to us—the best spirited horse we ever used was in good flesh and he did rare service. Our theory and practice, too, has been to keep a horse fat; it is economy of feed and we have a weakness for that kind of a horse. But it is all clear now! We never could understand why so many men, otherwise decent, drove about and kept year in and year out old jades of horses whose ribs could be seen as far away as the horse was visible; so poor indeed that the corduroy surface of his sides gave an undulating wave-like movement to the air as he passed along the streets. We see all through it now—it is strength, power! True, such beasts have not the fleetness and agility of the well-fed, sleek horse of his neighbor, but—yes, he is strong and powerful! Well, we wait for the next discovery; perhaps it will be that oats are injurious to horses.

The Maine Board of Agriculture held its last annual meeting in Fryeburg a short time since, and among the topics under treatment were such as the following: "Social Rank of Farmers," Z. A. Gilbert; "Hop Culture," Thomas Reynolds; "Farm Surrounding," A. L. Bradbury; "Culture of Flowers," J. A. Varney; "Sheep Husbandry," George Flint; "Culture of Cranberries," C. W. Hersey; "What products shall Maine Export?" Isa E. Getchell; "Twenty years at the Board," Samuel Wasson; the Possible Capacity of Milch Cows," Horace Bodwell; "Poultry Raising Commercially Considered," W. W. Harris; "What Science may do for Farming," H. Carmichael. Each paper was followed by a discussion. Can't our state board have an annual session, say about the middle of October or sometime in winter and get together the real talent of the state for a three days' meeting? While their local meetings do so much good in stirring up an interest, it is localized; what we need is some grand annual meeting which shall fuse all these localized interests into one, just as the successful county fairs create the necessity for a state fair with which to close the season.

We must offer gentle reproof to those farmers who make the roadside a half mile or less from their buildings, a place to pile boards or rails or old refuse of bush, etc., from the orchard or wood-yards, so as to get it out of the way. We have one in mind who has a new house, painted white, with green window shutters, a white picket fence in front of the buildings, a well graded lawn about the house and all as neat as need be, who, just as soon as the picket fence ends, throws bush, and stone, and potato tops, etc., over the fence by the roadside, making it look uncomely and even hideous. He wants to make his home neat and attractive, and it is but for that conspicuous defect. It is as though he should dress in his best and then put on his old frock in which he does chores, and start for church. How finely the white, clean linen shirt front, the black pants and calf boots harmonize with that coarse, dirty and faded frock, easily distinguished by its rich fragrance of the stable. One is in about as good taste as the other. Now there is a more excellent way: burn up the brush, pile the good rails elsewhere, the poor ones cut into fuel for the stove, and the potato tops throw into the compost heap. This splendid autumn weather ought to see a great deal of "slicking up" done by our farmers and their sons. And be sure not to forget to plow the vegetable garden and spade the flower-beds, and while you are about it don't spare the dressing.

We noticed in the reports of the recent agricultural meeting in Maine the students of the state college were present and not only exhibited drawings of bridges for railways, and highways, buildings of numerous kinds, and machinery, but essays on such topics as these: "Value of Chemistry to Farmers," "Use of Mechanics to Farmers," "On Underdraining," "Book-keeping," "Value of a Knowledge of Entomology," and "Market Gardening." Here is a field for the young men of the agricultural department of our Vermont University. We will venture the remark that perhaps nothing could do more to correct the unfavorable impression which many of our farmers entertain toward that institution than some such exhibit of the real practical knowledge which the young men secure while in Burlington. Mere talk and figures and logic will not do it, but show these horny-handed, solid-sensed, keen, practical farmers of Vermont the valuable results secured by an experimental farm, or till that is provided, show them your young men who know something about agricultural matters and can express it to the interest and profit of others. Such logic hits the mark and wins its case. Try it, gentlemen, and if the Board of Agriculture have no great state meeting, perhaps secretary Bliss would give some of them a chance in his grand dairymen's meeting soon to be held in—St. Johnsbury, we hope.

A Model College.

An agricultural college should teach agriculture theoretically; instruct the young men as to the composition of the soils, the principles of chemistry especially as applied to agriculture; should inculcate a knowledge of mechanics, so as to enable the young men to use machinery with facility and construct such appliances as they may need. All this is necessary and hence indispensable, but it is not enough. As in morals, so in agriculture, there is the theoretical and the practical side of things, and the agricultural college which teaches only the former does a good work, but it is a half-work for all that. There is no way of teaching a person how to milk a cow, like giving him a pail and stool and a docile cow with plethoric udder on which to experiment; no way of his acquiring the art of "holding the plow" like stepping into the furrow behind the polished share drawn by a steady pair of horses; no way of learning how to "feed stock" like passing in daily service with a good farmer. Now this is just what the New Hampshire Agricultural College is doing. It has a farm in the care of a practical and scientific farmer, who has one "hired man," with whom and the students the work is performed. We clip this description of it from that unsurpassed news-gatherer, the Springfield Republican:

"The farm especially is receiving the best care possible in the hands of a scientific and practical farmer, J. W. Sanborn of Gilmanton. The students do most of the work, only one regular hand being engaged. The method pursued in this regard is different from that at other agricultural colleges, where the students are obliged to work a certain number of hours per week, and are paid ten cents per hour. Here they are not obliged to work at all, but are paid fifteen cents per hour when they do work, and the plan is found to work remarkably well. The farm superintendent is absent now, purchasing blooded stock, for which funds have been appropriated by the trustees. The college has recently had a gift of a full-blooded Durham bull from Mr. Pierce of Portsmouth, and a fine Jersey bull from C. C. Shaw of Milford. Mr. Sanborn's plan is to keep enough stock to consume the hay raised on the farm, instead of selling it, as has been done heretofore."

That is just the way to do it, and this optional method of work will draw towards agriculture those who were born for the occupation, for it is as true of farming as of poetry,—"*nascitur, non fit,*"—while the "literary fellers" and dullards will drift to books and obscurity, as unerring nature designed. Then the various bloods of stock kept will give the young men a practical knowledge of the kinds they will need on their farms, for butter, or cheese, or beef, a thing which requires years of experimenting by the farmer single-handed and alone. The plan of consuming the hay on the premises cannot be too highly commended to the farmers of our own state as well as New Hampshire, as we cannot rely upon artificial fertilizers, and our meadows cannot be cropped year after year without "running out," any more than a man can go on consuming interest and principal without some day coming to want. One of the first things to be learned in farming is that you cannot cheat the soils, however numerous or skillful the devices you may adopt. The law of the soils is that of old Shylock, the "pound of flesh."

We are anxious to see that farm, thus managed; and the picture of young men going out with bronzed faces and calloused hands, to the plow, or the care of stock, and thence to their books is a one we have longed to behold. This communing first with God and nature; this sniffing the fresh air of a crisp, frosty morning; petting the favorite horse, or better still, both horses; giving that choice Jersey heifer a "nubbin of corn," and the sleek bullock a brisk rubbing with card or comb; not forgetting the white Leghorns or Brahmas, while your wife, their guardian angel, is busy with her housework; and thence to an hour with the papers and books:—this getting inspiration from the fields and Homer; having the spirit stirred first by stirring the soils, and then by turning to Macaulay or Carlyle; reading poetry from field and cloud and landscape, and then from Bryant or Holmes or Whittier or Tennyson, or Lowell; this is our ideal farmers' life realized. And we are profoundly grateful to the New Hampshire college for showing the sons of the old Granite state, and our own as well, that the ideal, if men will, may become the actual. We trust also they will teach the young men the art of butter-making, and for these two reasons: First, the selection and care of the stock and manufacture of the dairy products should be performed by the same mind and hands; keep your hands out of the butter, though. Second, it is sad because true in too many instances, that the daughters whom these young men will marry know not how to make uniformly good butter. The amount of poor butter continually made by our farmers is sad to contemplate, and fearful when we remember that some one consumes it all; and there is no necessity for it if people knew how and would take pains to make a good article. Before us lie the market returns of three dairies, and the price of the poorest is *four cents* per pound less than that of the best—a loss of only $2.00 per tub! Would not that pay for a little more skill and care? Our farmer's daughters generally will make as good butter as their mothers, many of them better, but we do not think they would know less, or find life's work any more disagreeable if their husbands, yet to be, should know all the intricacies and fine points of butter-making. Why should not a wife love a husband better for this accomplishment, as he would her if she could read and enjoy Horace, and Tennyson, or Macauly and Freeman with him?

This college has more than half its graduates engaged in farming, and now that our Legislature has adjourned without disturbing the foundations of the earth, cannot our agricultural college give some of these facilities for a practical knowledge of this oldest, healthiest and most delightful occupation?

The Price of Wool and Wool-growing.

The prices of wool have not been so encouraging as was desired by the growers of the stable in the United States. The periodical cry of the manufacturers and middlemen, that the clip was an unusually heavy one, may have had some effect; but we look for the principal cause in the general business depression that prevails throughout the country. Moneyed men have plenty of money—anybody can get it who stands ready to mortgage his farm or house and lot; but capital for manufacturing investment is scarce. Many woolen mills have been idle or running on short time, while the exigencies of business compels the holders of cloths to realize at prices that will not justify them in laying in stocks of raw material. As has always been the case, we may look for discouragement among such wool-growers as have not "enlisted for the war"—men who hoped to get rich and retire before the shadows of "hard times" fell across their pathway. To such we would say, don't sacrifice good sheep. If you have more than you can keep well, cull out the less desirable ones, and get them into mutton condition as soon as possible. Grass and grain are comparatively cheap, and good mutton will buy all that is needed, and leave a profit besides. If you would winter the remainder cheaply, be careful to get and keep them in good condition. Fat sheep will not require so much attention as poor ones, and the percentage of losses will be much smaller. Begin to winter your sheep now.

The men who make money out of sheep are not those who go into business when the products of the flock bring good prices, and begin to get out as soon as a less encouraging outlook is presented. The right kind of sheep, hauled in the right way, may be depended upon for a fair return "through evil and through good report" from the wool market. Those who make money, "in the long run," from sheep, are the men who "hold fast that which is good," and who, by judicious breeding and liberal feeding, constantly strive to make it better.—*Live Stock Journal.*

ONE COW A MINE OF WEALTH.—The history of the shorthorn cow, Duchess 66th, which was sold in 1853, at Earl Ducie's sale, in England, to Col. Morris, of Fordham, for 700 guineas, or $3,675, is remarkable as showing the actual value of one good breeding animal. From this cow, which was calved in November, 1850, there may be traced in direct descent a number of animals which have sold for about $500,000. Let it be admitted that as much of this value as may be is depending on fancy of rich breeders, and is not the intrinsic value of the beef and milk produced, yet no one can help admitting that an immense value, estimated in these alone, has accrued to the world from this cow; and in proportion to this value may be estimated the profit to a breeder from any superior animal he may produce. A line of breeding animals is brought into existence which spreads out fan-like and diverges year by year wider and wider, until we can no longer reach the bounds of the beneficial influence. It is in this that lies the value of any good animal, and it is an unfair disparagement to confine its value to the weight of meat upon its carcass, or its produce in milk and butter. The breeder who produces a superior animal sets in motion an impulse which must in time spread and increase enormously and far beyond computation.—*American Agriculturist.*

POULTRY RAISING.—When so many find it difficult to make a mere sufficiency for life's support, it seems unaccountable that the pleasant and profitable business of poultry raising should be seldom or never resorted to for the purpose of gaining a livelihood and establishing a paying and permanent business, while an eager, struggling crowd are jostling each other in every other avenue of industry, no matter how difficult or how meager and uncertain the remuneration promised. Poultry raising for profit is a light employment, requiring no great outlay, and but a modicum of real work, with, of course, that regular and ceaseless attention which must be given to any business to insure success, and it is a paying investment from the day of commencement. The one secret of success is thoroughness. The chicks must be well and regularly fed with a variety of good food and fresh water. The coops must be kept clean and well ventilated, and the chicks must have more or less room in which to exercise, and, to reap the fullest measure of success, must have comfortable, sheltered and sunny winter quarters.—*Poultry Nation.*

What Breed?

Mr. M. Buffum of Winchester, N. H., says for mechanics and professional men, and all who keep but one cow, a Jersey is best, and in any herd of butter cows one or two Jerseys will add greatly to the beauty and value of the butter. And yet if one wishes to eat milk there are objections to Jerseys. The cream on their milk rises very quickly and the skim-milk is very poor. He had also learned lately, what he did not know before, that some families of Jerseys make white butter. The Ayrshire is not a good butter cow; for, though her milk is good, the cream will not rise; but she is best for cheese makers and those who sell milk.

For general purposes, for work and beef and milk, the Short-horns are best. They are the most numerous and they bring the highest price, a good proof of their value. They grow faster, and fatten easier, and give more milk to the cow according to their weight, than any others. Some families have been bred solely for beef and beauty, and their milking qualities are small. This was the case with the Booths in England and the Dukes here; but other families are excellent milkers. In the dairy regions of New York, and in fact all over the country, the favorite cow is a grade Short-horn.

But Short-horns must not be starved. They are hearty and will eat coarse fodder, but they require a good deal of it. Our farmers make great mistakes in not feeding their stock better in winter. The great body of our stock is intrinsically worth less in the spring than in the previous fall, and the hay it eats is thrown away. It should be kept growing all the time, and if farmers would keep fewer cattle and feed them better, they would make much more money.

OATMEAL.—We have called it the food for bone as well as brain, muscle as well as mind. To the laboring or artisan class it commends itself as an article of diet on account of its cheapness, the readiness and economy with which it can be cooked; and while it is easily digested, it contains, as we have seen, a larger proportion than wheaten bread of the elements that go to form bone and muscle. The best Scotch oatmeal costs two pence a pound, and this contains far more true nourishment, in the opinion of some medical men, than the same weight of Liebig's extract. It commends itself to literary men, and all workers who earn their bread by the sweat of their brains. There are, as we happen to know, several well-known authors who, though born and bred this side the Tweed, nevertheless swear by oatmeal porridge as a brain-inspiring compound. Then, as to its palatableness, we ourselves have long held the belief that not only is porridge pre-eminently rich in nutritive matter, but when nicely cooked, and eaten with new milk, is simply delicious—a dainty dish, fit, indeed, to set before any king.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Good for the "agricultural editor." He hasn't been excited over the election despatches. His sturdy column has kept its place, and useful information has been disseminated in the midst of the unprofitable froth of politics. Amid the wreck of matter and the crash of ballot-boxes, he has been quietly writing up the ichneumon fly and telling us about tree-planting. No country that is well supplied with agricultural writers can ever be completely ruined. —*Courier Journal.*

Yes, we have long known that the destiny of the republic rested with us, and hence necessity for making the FARMER an honest unpartisan, wide-awake paper, without which the people of the state could not attain to that prosperity which is both desirable and possible; and it is proof of the goodness there is in the followers of Gov. Tilden that the above mentioned discovery was made by a democratic journal.—[ED. FARMER.

NEWSPAPERS AND FARMERS.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, writing of the great advantages to be derived from newspapers, by farmers, who, living apart from society, need some means of communication with the outside world, says: "Newspapers are made to spread intelligence and improve morals. To the farmer, above all men, they should be a necessity, from the fact that they afford him in his isolated condition the only means of mixing in the busy scenes of life. Man in a hermit state becomes a personification of selfishness—caring for nobody and nobody caring for him. Development comes alone from associating with our fellow men, and appropriating to ourselves the advancement which they make. No farmer should do without this social schooling, both for his own good and that of his children. In no other way can he obtain it so fully and so cheaply as through the periodical literature; and he who neglects to receive these advantages deprives himself of light, and lives out his days in heathen darkness."

THE GOOD OF A HORSE.—After a day of close application in the office or at the desk, nothing cools the fever of the blood more than a good drive behind the favorite roadster. How delicious the air feels as your hot face presses into it, as with ears turned back to catch the signal the honest fellow levels down to his work! What life there is in the oxygen as your lungs inhale it when you take the wind full in your face at a fifty clip! How the cares of the world and the ills of life vanish, and what a sweet content fills your breast as you go bowling along! One of the healthiest customs in American life is that of driving a good horse. It keeps the nature fresh with the daily sight of sky and field, and gives innocent exhilaration to all the faculties. It makes the heart glad and fits one for home and a lively chat at the tea-table.—*W. H. H. Murray.*

Exactly, Sir; those are our sentiments, only we would use the saddle at least half the time; it starts perspiration and annihilates dyspepsia.—[ED. FARMER.

SOUND ADVICE.—Of course it is necessary for most farmers to economize. We cut off what seem to us unnecessary expenses. Yet we must admit that we sometimes prune unwisely, and cut off fruitful limbs. It would be difficult to find a farmer who could not economize more judiciously than by doing without a good paper, and yet, and we regret that it is so, there are farmers with families growing up about them, who do not take a single paper. How can we expect to make the progress we should in agriculture while we neglect the means of education at hand? Farmers will find it profitable to take more than one paper if they are good ones. Be careful in selecting reading matter to get that which is pure and healthful, and then be sure not to stint yourself and family in amount. You cannot afford to mentally starve yourself and family. Better economize to some extent in feeding the body than to deprive the mind of nourishment.—*Elmira Husbandman.*

Farming in England.

The American farmer in reality occupies a very comfortable position as compared with an English farmer. An English farmer does not own his land, except in very rare instances, and is obliged not only to pay a yearly rental of $20 to $25 per acre for a fairly good farm, but to keep the hardly worked land in good condition, is forced to employ a working capital of at least $50 an acre, to be expended in artificial fertilizers, and purchased foods with which to make manure. In addition, he is prohibited by law from killing wild animals such as rabbits, hares, foxes, partridges and sometimes pigeons, while his cats and dogs are killed by his landlord's gamekeeper, lest they might injure the game. This game feeds upon the farmer's crops, and he must submit to see his fields sometimes ravaged by them. The farmer is forbidden to raise such crops as he may wish, but is obliged to raise such as his landlord considers best for the land. He is forbidden to sell hay, straw, roots, or other crops, which are usually fed to stock, these being consumed on the farm. He is bound to all these requirements by an exacting lease, which makes him a species of serf to his landlord, and when his lease expires he may be ousted from his farm without receiving a penny of compensation for any permanent improvements, such as drains, buildings, fences, or fertilizers, that he may have made. To crown all, the instrument by which he is bound hand and foot in this manner is made at his expense by a lawyer. In a recently reported case, the lawyer charged $140 for drawing the lease, $28 only of which fell to the landlords' share to pay, by a voluntary friendly act on his part. This lease, which almost any intelligent man could draw up, the farmer or his landlord is forbidden by law to write himself under a penalty of $100, which he would be obliged to pay if he neglected or refused to employ a lawyer to do the unnecessary service. Considering the relative positions of the two farmers, an American farmer who grumbles at his free and independent position, owning his farm, and being subject to no restrictions whatever, simply does not know when he is well off. —*Am. Agriculturist.*

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.—There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment which render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other, which, it seems to him, will prove a more lucrative employment; but, in nine cases out of ten, it is a mistake. Look around you, and you will find among your aquaintances abundant verification of our assertion. There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with industry as anything, though he is not aware of it. He hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up: mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and, after many months of hard toil, comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again. Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.—*Scientific American.*

In some sections of the state, as Chittenden county, parts of Addison and Rutland, the farmers are short of hay. The Farmer's Advocate gives this sensible counsel:

A milch cow can be brought well through the winter on good hay, without any other food, but the question arises—Will she not do as well or better on hay of inferior quality, with the addition of roots that cost less to the farmer than any other provender? We have had cattle kept in good, thriving condition throughout the winter on good straw, with two feeds of turnips daily. Cattle feeders assure us that a good-sized cow will eat twenty-five or thirty pounds of hay in winter when it is her only food. Straw is seldom treated by farmers as of much account. Roots, such as turnips and mangolds, produce from 600 to 1,000 bushels per acre, at the cost of the labor—say $12 to $15.

EDUCATE THE BOYS.—Rev. Dr. Allen, President of the Maine agricultural college, in a recent address on How to make farming generally successful, gave this as one way. "Make the work of farming honorable, and render farmers influential in society. This can be done only by giving a good liberal education to those who are talented and who are to be farmers. The bright, intelligent boy will seek for employment in that profession which requires the best trained intellect. If it is thought unnecessary for a person to have a liberal education to become a mechanic or a farmer, those who wish for influence in society which can only be acquired by a trained intellect, will be driven from industrial pursuits into the overcrowded professions.

OUR OCCUPATIONS.—Of the inhabitants of the United states, 6,000,000 are farmers; 1,200,000 are trades people; 2,700,000 are mechanics; 1,000,000 are laborers, and only 75,000 domestic servants. Of professional men, 43,000 clergymen pray for us, 40,000 lawyers plead for us, 62,000 doctors bleed and blister us, and 126,822 teachers bend the youthful twig of the human mind that our boys and girls may grow up with the proper incline. Besides these 2,000 actors strut their hour on the stage, and 5,200 journalists gather information from all parts of the world, to be dished up into the daily and weekly pabulum for children of larger growth.

A man was sawing wood, yesterday afternoon, in a back yard. He severed two sticks as thick as your wrist, and then went into the house. "Mary," he said to his wife, "my country needs me; there's no use talking, we must go to slaughter all these injuns; no true patriot can be expected to hang around the woodpile these days." "John," said his wife, "if you fight injuns as well as you saw wood and support your family, it would take one hundred and eighteen like you to capture one squaw, and you'd have to catch her when she had the ague and throw pepper in her eyes." John went back to the woodpile wondering who told his wife all about him.

The Patrons of Husbandry of Maine are to celebrate the birthday of the order by a meeting in Augusta on Monday, December 4.

Literary Notes.

NOTE.—To a publishing house who requested us to publish in these columns a fulsome notice of a book yet to be published, besides a specified amount of advertising in return for a copy of the book when issued, the following reply was made by the editor of the FARMER:

GENTS:—It will be the unchanging rule of this paper to notice only such works as have been reviewed by us or some competent person under our direction. If you see fit to forward a copy of the book when published it will receive such notice as its merits seem to demand.

The literary, as well as every other department of the FARMER, is conducted with reference to the interest of the readers and the public generally; we propose that our reviews shall be honest, however destitute they may be of more brilliant qualities.

AGRICULTURE OF MAINE, is the title of a limp-bound, interleaved pamphlet which proves to be an index of the Agricultural Reports of Maine for the quarter century from 1850 to 1875 inclusive, and a most valuable document to those who have access to these reports.

TWO FORTUNE SEEKERS, *D. Lothrop & Co.*, Boston, is a volume of choice stories for children by such writers as Rossiter Johnson, Mrs. Moulton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Sophie May and Nora Perry. The stories, so far as we have read, are entertaining and healthful; just enough of the dash to give them a keen relish and not enough to render it pernicious in its influence.

That old pride of American literature—the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—changes editors again; Mr. A. T. Rice, a graduate of Oxford, England, but now a resident of New York, and Rev. Julius H. Ward, well-known in Massachusetts, will hereafter be its editors, and the venerable quarterly is to be issued bi-monthly. All this will be we fear to the grief of its old friends. We mourn not the loss of the old aristocratic flavor of Beacon street, but rather the scholarly atmosphere of Harvard's cloisters.

WIDE AWAKE, *D. Lothrop & Co.*, and THE NURSERY, *John L. Shorey & Co.*, Boston, are two well-known monthlies for children, and we scarcely know where or how they could be bettered. For the youngest children nothing superior to the NURSERY could be devised; full of little sketches and pictures such as never fail to instruct and delight the hearts of children. For older ones WIDE AWAKE caters successfully, though it has a rival in St. Nicholas. Every family of children should have one or both of these little monthlies; they would be worth more than several times the cost spent in transient pleasures.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for December comes up to its usual high standard. It is the first number of the fifty-fourth volume, and opens with illustrated articles on the Home of Columbus, a very interesting sketch; an amusing one on Boys and Girls; another fragrant with the aroma of generations, entitled the Knickerbockers of Two Centuries Ago, which seems like another legend of Sleepy Hollow; one on the Pre-historic Antiquities of Tennessee, besides a lively paper on the Philippine Islands. The poems are Clouds; Love's Sovereignty, by Saxe, a sweet refrain of the song of the poet's life; Lilian's Dying; Trowbridge's Book of Gold; At Two-score, by T. B. Aldrich, characterized by his peculiar fancy. The usual stories, of course; but ex-Premier Gladstone's letter to Gen. Schenck in 1872 on the Alabama Claims will be read more carefully than any other article. We content ourselves, because we must, with quoting the following lines from Aldrich's charming poem:

Though lacking gold, we never stooped
To pick it up in all our days;
Though lacking praise we sometimes drooped,
We never asked a soul for praise.

The exquisite reward of song
Was song—the self-same thrill and glow
Which to unfolding flowers belong,
And wrens and thrushes know.

THE VERMONT BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES FOR 1876.—For several years this excellent denomination of Christians has seemed to have great faith in what the genial Country Parson used to call the Dignity of Dullness, for this volume of reports is issued at least three months earlier than usual. This is largely owing to the energy of the indefatigable secretary—Chas. Hibbard of Vergennes. There are seven associations, 112 churches with an aggregate membership of 9294, of whom 649 were baptized during the year; a large number of baptisms, being a trifle over 14 per cent of the entire membership. Six churches report over 25 baptisms each: Weston, Londonderry, Hardwick, Wallingford, Bennington, Rutland, Townshend and Brattleboro, the largest number, 47, being in Brattleboro. There are also six churches with a membership of over 200 each, as follows: Townshend 207, Ludlow 220, Rutland 281, Fairfax 321, Burlington 329, and Brattleboro 525. Judging from this report the year has been a prosperous one to the denomination in the state, but the most noteworthy event of its history has been the auspicious opening of the Vermont Academy at Saxtons River. This academy has an endowment fund of *one hundred thousand dollars* while the first of a series of elegant and substantial brick buildings for school purposes, is nearly completed. With most commendible liberality this school gives instruction free to the children and orphans of ministers of all denominations in the state. The paper and press work are models of excellence, and worthy of the fame of the publishers, Tuttle & Co., Rutland.

PRESIDENT HULBERT'S BACCALAUREATE at Middlebury's last commencement has been on our table several weeks. His theme is "God not altogether like ourselves," from Psalm L., 21, 22. His introduction is devoted to a discussion of the essence of religion God being the leading idea of religion, and our religion being determined by our idea of God the necessity of a correct idea of the Deity is at once apparrent. The work of sin is to degrade our conception of God and make him like ourselves, "hence the historic God in the calendar of the ages has been little else than a photograph of the debauched heart of the race," and from this degradation of God it follows that for men "to worship him is to worship the image of their own vileness and corruption. * * * Hence a revival of religion always involves not only a regeneration of the heart but also a reconstruction of the sinners thoughts of God." The discourse is a discussion of the perils of regarding God as altogether like ourselves: that he is like us in many respects is true; the peril is in making that likeness complete. This peril is incurred in three several ways:

I. In supposing that God is like us in that his knowledge of our characters and memory of our deeds is as defective as ours. We know ourselves only in part; much less are we known to our fellow men; but God knoweth us altogether, every secret thought and deed is open to him. We also readily forget our own and others deeds, but not so with God, for he "shall bring every work unto judgment, with every secret thing."

II. That God resembles us in his relations. Men say it would not be right for us to treat our fellow men thus and so, hence it would not be right for God, which is based on the fallacy that God's relations to men are the same as our relations to them. We have, however, in human relations, a partial representation of the Deity's relation to us