

The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.
Address all Communications and Business
Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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BARNES & CO.,
AT THEIR OFFICE,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
TERMS:—Cash in Advance.
One Copy, for one year, \$2.00
Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1.50
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

CARRIAGE SPRINGS,
MADE TO ORDER!!

C. G. BERRYMAN
takes this method of informing his customers through-
out the Province that he is now prepared
to furnish them with

Elliptic & Side Springs,
OF ANY SIZE OR STYLE.

These Springs are made under his own superintendence
by superior workmen, stamped with his own name, and
made of best quality English Spring Steel, so that pur-
chasers may rely upon getting a good article.

In addition to the above, he has on hand about
100 SETS SUPERIOR ENGLISH SPRINGS,
which will be sold at a low figure for Cash.

He would also call the attention of Carriage Makers
to his Stock of

Carriage Builders' Hardware,
water in the axle, 1 1/2 to 2 inch, comprising—

Long and Short, RED AXLES, 1 1/2 to 2 inch;
Carriage BARS in Japan, Brass, and Silver, with open,
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American pattern SPLIT WHEELS, 14 to 18 inch;
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Wagon Pipes and Cart Boxes; Round and Steeple-head
RIVETS; Hickory and Oak SPOKES, 2 to 2 1/2 inch;
elm HUBS; Bent RIMS, 14 to 18 inch; Bent SHAFES;
Steel Springs; Brass and Silver SHIRT TIPS; Dash Centers;
Embossed MASHIN, Duck, and Drift; Patent Mole-skin;
Oil Top-Leather, Patent Dasher Leather, &c., &c.

A Complete Assortment of Small Trimmings,
Such as—Tinting Buttons and Nails; Lining Nails; Past-
ing and Seaming Lace, Silver and Japanese Knobs, Whip
Sockets, Apron Hooks and Rings, Footman Holders, Coach
Door Handles and Locks, &c.

A Complete Assortment of Malleable Castings,
ALSO,
OIL CLOTH, GRASS MATS, TIRE BENDERS,

Coach-makers' VICES, assorted sizes;
TOOLS, OF BEST STAMPS.

These Goods have been laid in to advantage, and can be
sold at mutually low prices.
BARLOW'S CORNER, No. 5 KING STREET
C. G. BERRYMAN.
St. John, Oct. 20, 1864.

THE PHOENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON
ESTABLISHED IN 1782.
CAPITAL, £5,000,000
Insurance effected at the lowest rates.
J. W. WELDON,
Agent for New Brunswick.

GEORGE THOMAS,
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Central Fire Insurance Company, Agent at St. John, N. B.
Office—70 1/2, Prince William Street.
St. John, N. B., 14th Dec., 1863.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,
Charlotte Street, a few doors South St. John Hotel
SAMUEL D. MILLER, Principal.
This Establishment has been removed to Charlotte
Street, near the corner of St. John Street. The
School at present consists of Male and Female Depart-
ments, and comprises Classes in almost every department
of a thorough Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial
Education. The Furniture and Apparatus are all of the most im-
proved modern style; the school rooms and premises are in-
finitely superior to any in the City; the system is practical and
Explanatory. Call and see. Agt. 4.

MRS. HUNTS
School for Young Ladies.
The Course of Education in this Seminary comprises all
the branches necessary for a thorough and accom-
plished Education. In the several departments the most
competent teachers are employed.
Board and instruction in English and French, \$200 per
annum.
Daily Pupils, under ten years, \$8 per term.
Extra Branches, Drawing, Painting, and Music, usual
prices.
Payment in all cases, in advance. Dec. 4.

CITY OF GLASGOW
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW.
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
Governor—The Right Honourable the Earl of Glasgow.
Surbered Capital £1,000,000
Accumulated Fund..... 480,000
Annual Revenue..... 100,000
WALTER BUCHANAN, of Glasgow, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
W. F. BISHOP, Esq., Manager and Actuary.
PARTICULARS OF ASSURANCE.
The Premiums are payable either in Cash or Interest.
Endowment Assurances.
Partnership Assurances.
Short Term Assurances.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 22
Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Build-
ing, Liverpool.
Chairman of the London Board—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq.
Chairman in Liverpool—GEORGE FRASER, Esq.
The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest
Offices in the Kingdom.
The Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following
highly satisfactory results were shown—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business
transacted in the following table is that the increase
alone of the last three years exceeds the entire business of
some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct
fire insurance companies of this Kingdom. £120,000
While the Premiums for the year 1858 were..... 129,148
Showing an actual increase of..... 65,028
The recent returns of duty made by Government for this
year (1858) again show the increase as stated in former years.
But one among the London Assurance Offices exhibits an
advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Com-
pany, while all the others respectively fall far short of the
totality of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is
by far the largest received in any similar period since the
establishment of the business, and forms far exceeded the
average of amount received by the most successful offices
in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year
1858, the sum received £287,756 6s. 8d., and the premium
£12,375 4s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid exten-
sion of business during the last ten years. Thus—
Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums.
1849..... 194..... 86,650 9 11..... 9,627 8
1850..... 452..... 183,500 10 6..... 5,825 5 0
1851..... 408..... 181,345 13 4..... 4,924 15 0
1852..... 392..... 202,000 10 8..... 5,850 8 11
1853..... 522..... 267,700 8 8..... 12,324 8 4

The remarkable increase in the business of the last four
years is mainly consequent upon the large bonus granted
in 1853, which amounted to no less than 2 1/2 per cent.
per annum on the sums assured, and averaged 50 per cent. upon
the premiums paid.

JOHN M. JOHNSON, Secretary to the London Board.
All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and fire
and theft insured upon reasonable proof of loss—without
reference to the local Board.

JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick.
Princess Street,
opposite Judge Trevelyan's Building.

From the Examiner and Chronicle.
MR. ALLAN'S OPPORTUNITIES.
HIS GAINS AND HIS LOSSES.

"Things look rather gloomy, Mr. Allan," Mr. Hart remarked to that gentleman, as they stopped to shake hands one day in the street.

"Well, yes—rather so; but I hope it is only a temporary reverse."

"You are inclined to take a hopeful view of things, I see; but I must confess this repulse to our arms has seemed to me a very serious affair, and has made me feel depressed all day."

"Of course, I regret it too, as every patriotic man must; but every war is made up of victories and defeats on both sides, and there is no use in being discouraged because we have been beaten in one battle. It's every man's duty to look on the bright side."

"Yes," Mr. Hart replied, "but the bright side isn't so very apparent here that news of such a disaster arrives. One is very apt to think that it would have been more so if the defeat had been on the other side."

"No doubt, no doubt; and I wish in my heart we might have nothing but victories from this time on; but we need reverses now and then, to keep us humble. We need humbling and purifying as a nation."

Mr. Hart said "Good morning," rather hastily, and walked in, leaving Mr. Allan to pursue his way homeward, and his interrupted meditations.

"Yes, I am glad that business is off my mind, as it has turned out so well. Five thousand dollars will be a nice little sum to invest in those houses for the workmen, and it will soon double, if I can get them built cheap, and then rent them at a reasonable price. I'll go to it at once."

"That speculation seemed a little dubious when you went down to 180—and I paid 170 for it—but 280 is a different figure, and the five thousand dollars are safe in the bank. I think I'll be satisfied with that, however, for I don't believe we shall have many more defeats to keep you up."

When he reached home, Mr. Allan met him with anxious inquiries for particulars of the news. Was the 11th Division engaged? Did he think it possible that Norman was there?

No, no; his Division wasn't in the fight at all. She hadn't yet moved about that. Better think of the time when he would be at home. Only two months now before his term of service expired. And with her mind relieved, Mrs. Allan did think of that—as when did she not?—and imagined, for the hundredth time, how he would look and act, and what he would think of his new home, which he had not yet seen.

Mr. Allan went to sleep that night thinking of the time when his son would have learned, under his careful tuition, all the intricacies of business, and should take charge of the whole, under his eyes, leaving him to spend a long, tranquil, leisurely old age.

With Mr. Allan to plan to execute, and for the next few weeks he was so busy with his building projects, that it was only by his wife's anxious questioning that he was made to remember how long it was since he had heard from Norman. And of course he had no leisure to consider a plan that was laid before him of opening a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers, even if he had had the ready money to spare for such a purpose, which he assuredly had not; not but that it might be a worthy one—the didn't doubt that it was, and hoped it would succeed—it had his good wishes, so far as he had time to bestow them.

"If you please, ma'am," said Marjory, one morning, coming to the door of Norman's room, "there is a woman at the door who wishes to see you."

"Who is it, Marjory, and what does she want? you see I am busy," said Mrs. Allan, without opening the door to the woman, and examining the flowers to see if they were quite fresh and fragrant.

"She seems very particular to see yourself, ma'am, and I don't think she has come for begging purposes. She looks quite spruce and tidy-like."

"Well, I'll be down presently; let her wait in the hall."

Marjory left, and Mrs. Allan went with her dusting.

It did seem as if the two months never would come to an end to relieve her anxieties; for she could not help having fears and forebodings, when day after day passed and no news from Norman. But Mr. Allan assured her that no news was good news, and that he was probably too busy to write, and would take them by surprise some morning. So every day she dusted and aired his room—Norman was so particular—and never, by any chance passed the door without peeping in, to be sure that it looked bright and cheerful.

Now, as she gave it a final survey before going down, she thought that if she could but see Norman safely ensconced within those four walls, even if he were sick or wounded—just a flesh wound, that would soon heal under her tender nursing—she should have nothing left to wish for.

"Good morning!" she said, as the woman who had waited for coming stood up and courtesied; but no sound passed her lips; they quivered, and her face, contrary to its wont, was very pale; and as she gazed into the wondering face of Mrs. Allan, big tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

Mrs. Allan's heart was touched at the sight of such honest sorrow, and she said kindly, "Sit down, my good woman, and tell me your trouble—is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, oh, ma'am, it's not mesel' at all," burst from Bridget. "Poor dear lady, it's not mesel' at all that's in the trouble; ohone! ohone! that I should be the bringer of such unspicable sorrow to any livin' man, let alone a mother, and she buried her face in her apron and sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Allan's hand was laid heavily on her shoulder, and she said, "What do you mean? Stop crying, and tell me at once what you have to tell. It can't concern me, and I don't understand that outbreak."

Mrs. Allan's face worked with the effort to keep down the feeling of terror and forboding that was rising in her heart, and she trembled so that she could hardly stand, while she inwardly called herself foolish and weak.

What could this silly Irish woman know about her, or anybody belonging to her? It was too absurd. She wouldn't be imposed upon any longer by the crazy thing. "I have no time to spare this morning, and if you have anything to say I must hear it at once, or you must go," she said; and the effort to steady her voice made it sound harsh and stern.

Bridget's sobs ceased, and wiping her eyes with her apron, with trembling hands she took from her bosom a small package, wrapped carefully in soiled, worn paper, and handed it to Mrs. Allan, saying, "Pat Reilly's come home from the war."

"Where was he? how came he by this?" for Mrs. Allan felt that it was from her absent son.

"Pat was in the fight, wid Misher Allan, O dear!" and Bridget sobbed again.

"Where is he? my son, my Norman?" gasped the mother.

"O dear lady, ye'll never see him more, in this world; the dear Lord help ye, he's wid him now. Pat can tell ye; he buried him wid his own hands."

Waiting to hear no more, the stricken mother turned away with tottering steps, holding close her precious packet, and Bridget went sorrowfully back to Pat, who had come home sick of a fever, and brought with him all that his parents could ever know of the death of their son.

In the humble home of Bridget Nolan, seated by his bedside, they heard Pat's simple story. When he first went to the war he had been put in Lieutenant Allan's company, and when he found that his father and mother were the same that he had worked for, where little Timmy was the day before he died, and his mother, he felt happy, and whenever he saw the young gentleman it was like a bit of home and children to his heart. Then he was so good and kind, and always had a pleasant word when they met. Only the morning before that awful day, when they were all in such a hurry and bustle, getting ready for the march, he came to where he was packing his rations, and with a lightsome smile on his handsome face, said, "Well, Pat, you and I won't have many more battles to fight. I shall see my dear mother. But we'll put few parting bullets into the rebellion before we go."

He was only second Lieutenant, but the General had such confidence in him that he put him in command of a company whose captain and first lieutenant were sick, and so Pat didn't see him again that day, and the next day they met the enemy, and were beaten, and had to retreat, leaving all their dead and wounded on the field.

Pat didn't know what happened to himself, but the first he remembered, after the fight began, was opening his eyes to find it dark and still; only for the groans and moans of the wounded; and when he raised his head, he could see men lying thick all around him. He was stiff and weak, but he found that he could stand up—that now of his limbs were broken, and he supposed he must have been knocked down and stumped, and lain there unconscious all through the fight. He was dreadfully thirsty, and felt that even at the risk of being taken prisoner, he must have some water; so he made his way carefully through the dead and dying, and he was sure the good Lord took the clouds from the moon just on purpose to show him his dear Lieutenant, for there he lay right at his feet, with his face as pale as if he was already dead. But he groaned, and as Pat leaned over him, he said, faintly—"Is that you, Pat? If you could only get me some water. I must die, but oh! I'm so thirsty."

"If I'd known I should die a thousand times over, I'd have got some water for the poor dear young gentleman," said Pat, fervently, raising himself upon his elbow, while tears streamed down his sunken cheeks, and the mother's sobs and the father's groans interrupted the story for a time.

"Well, where to find water Pat didn't know; but he ran on as fast as his weak legs would carry him, and just beyond the field, in the edge of some woods, he came upon a little brown house; and there, though the people were frightened at first, and would not let him in, he made them understand that he wanted and would have some water for a dying soldier. "I didn't tell them that it was a Union soldier, at first, but I axed them did they know which way our men went; and when they said towards —, then I know'd they was Union, 'cause that was where we come from. So then I took the pail, an' if it had been holy water, it couldn't have seemed more blessed to me; an' I drank mesel', and then wit wid it to the poor young gentleman; an' to see him raise his head when he see me comin', and to see him drink—O me! O me! and Pat was overcome at the remembrance."

The water revived the poor sufferer, so that he was able to direct Pat to take all he could find in his pockets, and a lock of his hair to his mother, with his dear love for her and his father, and to tell them not to mourn, for he had died for his country. But it seemed too dreadful to leave him to die there; so lifting him in his arms, as if he'd been one of his own little children, he started for the house in the woods, where he got the water. The people were as kind as if they'd been his own flesh and blood, and Pat staid by him, never leaving him night or day, till he died; and then he buried him where the trees were the tallest—though the sun could shine down through them; and no harm could come of his grave. And if he never got well, to show it to them himself, the people in the little house near by would be glad to do that for the father and mother of the brave young soldier.

Nothing that heart could suggest or hands could do, to make Pat comfortable through his sickness, was left undone by the grateful mother; and when he got well, so that he could work again, the Allan's garden, under his supervision, was the admiration of the town.

Mrs. Allan finds more than enough works of love ready to her ready hand, to occupy her time and thoughts, and keep her from mourning unduly for her hero-son. In every sufferer, whether from poverty, sickness, or sorrow, she sees the imperiousness of his sufferings; and if she ever grows weary or faint by the way, she thinks of Pat, weak and sick himself, bearing her son to a place of rest and safety to die.

Mr. Allan submits quietly to her spending so much of his money upon charities as is necessary to keep her spirits up, but he lives within himself, cold, unloving and unloved, except by his faithful wife.

His grief for the death of his son soon settled into a bitter, angry disappointment, and he is continually haunted with questionings as to what he shall do with his wealth when he dies, inasmuch as he can't take it with him, and has no heir.

His heart is as deaf to the sweet voices of human sympathy, love and charity, as if it were enclosed in walls of granite; and are not all the Opportunities he has had for doing good, and slighted, like so many stones in those impenetrable walls?

AN INCIDENT AFTER THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON.
"Carleton," in his exceedingly vivid letters in the Boston Journal, in describing scenes and incidents in Charleston after its capture, gives an affecting picture of an interview with a slave mother, which shows the source of all our victories in this wicked war. God's ear was never yet closed against the cry of the oppressed who have looked to Him for help, as have those dusky sons and daughters of Africa, through all their dark hours of bondage and suffering.

Two years ago, when I was at Hilton Head, my landress was Rosa, a colored young woman, who escaped from Charleston in 1862, with her husband and four other persons, in a small boat. On that occasion Rosa dressed herself in men's clothing, and the whole party early one morning rowed past Sumter, and made for the gunboats.

"If you go to Charleston I wish you see if my mother is there?" said Rosa, on Sunday last. "Gov. Aiken's head-man knows where she lives."

Accompanied by "Berwick" of the New York Tribune, I went up King Street to Gov. Aiken's. We found his head man in the yard—a courteous black man, who, as soon as he learned that we were Yankees, and had a message from Rosa to her mother, dropped all work and started with us to do anything for a Yankee. A walk to John Street, an entrance through a yard to the rear of a dwelling-house, brought us to the mother, in a little dingy room, cluttered with pots, kettles, tables and chairs. The old woman was sitting on a stool before the fire, cooking her scanty breakfast of corn cake. She had a little rice meal in a bag given her by a rebel officer. She must be past fifty years of age—a large, strong woman, with a wide, high forehead and intellectual features. She was clothed in a skirt of dingy negro cloth, a sack of old red carpeting, and poor thin canvas shoes of her own make. Never had I such an introduction.

"Here comes de great Messiah, wid news of Rosa!" said my introducer, with an indescribable dramatic flourish.

The mother sprang from the stool with a cry of joy. "From Rosa! From Rosa! O, thank the Lord." She took hold of my hands, looked at me with an intensity of feeling—an earnestness, joy, and yet with a shade of doubt, as if it could not be true.

"From Rosa?"
"Yes, Aunty."
I shall not attempt to give her language. She looked up into heaven—yes, into heaven! She saw not us, but God and Jesus. The tears rolled from her eyes. She recounted in prayer all the long years of slavery, the suffering, the unrequited toil, the heart-achings, the prayers of the past, and now God had heard her. I have seen great dramatists upon the stage, and have been moved to tears by preachers and orators, but never have I heard such an outpouring of soul as by that poor slave woman. It was a conversation between herself and the Saviour. She told him the story of her life, of all its sorrows, of His goodness, and kindness, and love, the tears rolling down her cheeks the while and falling upon the floor. She wanted us to stay and partake of her scanty meal. She pressed my hands again and again, and when I told her I must go, she knelt upon the floor and asked for God's best blessings, and for Jesus' love to follow me. It was a prayer from her heart. We had carried to her the news that she was free, and that her Rosa was still alive. It was the long-looked-for jubilee morning to her, and we were God's angels. It was one of the most thrilling moments I ever experienced. "Berwick" stood a sympathetic statue, unable to control his emotion. This woman had been a slave—she had been sold, she had been exposed to insult, she had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. So the Chief Justice of the United States said! God ordained her in His beneficent goodness to be a slave. So Rev. Dr. Thornevell, the great South Carolina theologian, said the Southern Presbyteries. Remembering these things, I went out from that humble dwelling with my convictions deepened that this is God's war, that He is on the side of the meek and lowly, the poor, the despised and oppressed, and that this nation is passing through the fire to cleanse it from sin, and to meet with retribution for its crimes.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT BRAZIL.
The empire of Brazil has by a greater territorial area than any other South American State, some three million square miles. Its greatest length from north to south is two thousand four hundred and fifty miles, and its greatest breadth two thousand six hundred and thirty, while it has a coast line of nearly four thousand miles.

WEALTH AND RESOURCES OF THE EMPIRE.
Probably the greatest mineral wealth of Brazil lies in its diamonds, the most inferior sort of which comes from the province of Bahia, which is the port just now celebrated by the seizure of the Florida. Gold, silver, and iron are found in small quantities in various provinces of the empire; and mineral coal of an inferior quality is also obtained. The forests of Brazil are almost inexhaustible sources of wealth; from them come the caoutchouc, Brazil wood, annatto, bertholletia (or Brazil nuts), cocca, nutmeg, rosewood, granadilla, fustic, brazilian iron, sassaaparilla, vanilla, ipecacuanha, copal, cloves, cinnamon, tamarinds, cichouas, and coca (or chocolate) of commerce. Bamboo of superior quality is abundant; sugar, tobacco, cotton and tea—the latter in small quantities—are also raised. The principal agricultural product of Brazil, however, is coffee; half the world's supply being furnished by that country alone. The annual exports of coffee from Brazil to the United States amount, before the war, averaged more than one hundred and eighty million pounds, while even a greater quantity was sent to Europe. The annual export of sugar is about two hundred and fifty million pounds.

POPULATION.
The population of Brazil is nearly, or quite eight millions, distributed over twenty provinces. Miscegenation flourishes to an extent that would frighten the most insatiate abolitionist; the population being composed of Portuguese, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, white natives, calling themselves Brazilians, mulattoes of all shades of color, from that of sugar-house molasses to that of a mild beef-steak cake. And who are the true miscegenists? Maroons, or left-hand malcontents, the descendants of whites and Indians; esbacoles, or domesticated Indians; wild, sinou-pure savages; free negroes born in Brazil, manumitted Africans, and mestizos, or zambos. The slaves of the country are now all negroes.

GOVERNMENT.
The Government of Brazil is a hereditary, limited and constitutional monarchy, leaving the law-making power in the hands of the general assembly. The present Emperor is Don Pedro II, who was crowned on the 18th of July, 1841. He is said to be a very liberal minded man, courteous in his demeanor, and possessing otherwise very amiable traits of character. A sister of this sovereign is married to the Prince de Joinville.

MILITARY AND NAVAL STRENGTH.
The standing army number about 20,000 men; and in addition there is a national guard of about one hundred thousand men. This national guard is similar to our militia in character. Its officers are thoroughly drilled, and one-third of the rank and file can be called into service in case of invasion.

The Brazilian navy consists of about one hundred vessels—over thirty of which are gun-boats. The total naval force cannot be less than five thousand men. Brazil has no iron clads as yet.

BAHIA OF SAN SALVADOR.
This seaport, now made temporarily famous by the seizure there of the Florida, is the second commercial city of Brazil. It is situated on the west side of a strip of land forming the east side at the entrance to Bahia de Todos Santos, or All Saints' Bay, immediately within Cape San Antonio. It is eight hundred miles N. N. E. of Rio de Janeiro. The town is divided into two parts in the lower part or shore, all the business houses being here located. Here also are the custom houses, public storerooms, arsenal and shipyard. The residences of the wealthier citizens are situated in upper town, where, likewise, are the most important public buildings. Among the latter are the Governor's palace, the Archbishop's palace, mint, court-house, public and military hospital, theatre, and granary. The population of the city is about one hundred and thirty thousand. The harbor of Bahia is considered one of the best in America, and is suitable for vessels of any size. It is defended by seven stone forts; a lighthouse is at the entrance. Vessels of war lie in front of the city, southeast of the fort known as San Marcello, while merchant vessels lie further west, toward the fort called Montserrat. These stone forts could be crumbled to pieces by the fire of our ironclads and heavy vessels of war in a very few hours.

(From the American "Agriculturist.")
NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.
With the advent of April, all animated nature merges from the long reign of winter and commences life anew. In this latitude the tender grass comes springing up everywhere; in secluded nooks of the fields and on the sunny hill-side flowers are opening their petals to catch the sunshine. The song of the blue bird—"There'll be no more winter"—admonishes us that it is time to prepare for field operations, and all the forces of the farm have already commenced, or are just beginning the labors of the season.

ANIMALS.—April is one of the most critical periods of the year with our domestic animals, especially with the females. Have a care beforehand that none suffer from lack of a sufficiency and variety of food. Let roots be fed at least in small quantities wherever practicable. Use the earl and brush freely on horses and neat stock, and see to it that the active fermentation which the warm weather will cause in the manure does not effect the stock unfavorably. See "Basket" item on vermin. Mares, cows, ewes, and sows, are all liable to sink their young at this time of the year, unless they receive constant care, not once a week, but several times a day. It is an erroneous notion that the causes of abortion are very obscure. It is unnatural for animals to bring forth prematurely, and the reason for their doing so is often plain. Sometimes it is caused by lack of sufficient nourishment, water and feed, sometimes by ergot, and perhaps smut, or poisonous fungi in the hay; sometimes by over-exercising, by slipping down, or by some act of violence, such as a kick in the flank with a big boot, a severe hooking, or worrying, or something else. Mares and cows frequently sink their young in April for want of water, and sometimes from being compelled to drink impure water, especially that impregnated with manure—either upon the surface, or from wells in the barn-yard into which the leachings run. Feed whole grain to no animals, except sheep having good teeth. See that enough coarse grain is ground to last teams and stock until pasture time, so that it will not be necessary to go to mill when teams should be plowing. As the warm weather comes on, and animals begin to shed their hair, they will consume as much feed as in the winter, if it be good.

BARLEY.—If the soil be in a good state, sow as soon as the ground will do to plow. If possible, obtain seed free from oats, buckwheat and spring wheat, as all such grain is a nuisance when the barley is malted. In the best regions for barley, good farmers are so careful to keep the crop free from oats that they will not allow ground oats to be fed to their teams while they are preparing the ground or putting in the seed. Always keep the two-rowed, four-rowed, and six-rowed barley separate, because, during the malting process, different kinds will not malt alike, and a loss must be sustained by the brewers to the farmer's discredit.

BIRDS.—Whatever havoc birds may make among the fruits in summer, during April and May they live upon insects, and the number they destroy is immense. Happy is he who has his garden full of them. Wrens and bluebirds especially should be courted and furnished with houses of appropriate sizes; for wrens, boxes 4x4 with an inch hole for entrance two inches above the floor; for bluebirds, 6x8 with 1 1/2 inch hole. Colonize the different birds in separate places, for the wrens are quarrelsome.

CATTLE.—Cows that have not yet calved should be allowed to staid several hours daily in large sunny yards. If the calves be removed from milk cows as soon as dropped, the cow is less worried than if they are taken away after she has become attached to them. New milk cows ought to have roots or some green succulent feed at this season; what is called "slops," supplies the place of "more natural and better things. This is one of the worst months for caked bag, garget, milk fever, etc.; watch for the first symptoms and check the disease if possible. Increase the amount of meal fed to fattening bullocks. Do not require them to eat too much cut straw with it. Coarse meal will digest more readily if soaked over night. During April, bullocks three years old should receive from ten to fifteen pounds of fine corn meal mingled with wet straw during the day. Meal fed at this season of the year will prepare them to lay on fat and flesh when they are turned to grass. This is equally true of fattening sheep designed for early mutton.

WORKING OXEN.—See that the yokes are tight and bows are not so short as to choke them. Feed working cattle well and handle them carefully, and they will grow fat every day, and be worth more for beef next summer than they may be bought for now. Oxen will endure the heat nearly as well as horses if fed as well, and not abused and worried by hard driving. Always allow them at least two hours during the middle of the day for rest, and chewing the cud—time for which is quite as necessary as time to feed.

CABBOTS.—May be sown as early as the ground can be put in good order. The Long Orange is the favorite field variety, though the White Bell is said to be more productive; and, if so, it is better for feeding, but not for market. Sow 2 pounds of seed to the acre by hand, and 1 to 1 1/2 by machine.

CARROTS.—Do not neglect to clean them out thoroughly, removing all decaying vegetables, wood, etc. Where cabbage or potatoes have lain and decayed in part, it is well to sprinkle dry

ashes or fresh loam, removing it after a day or two. Whitewash every part, except the floor, which may well be sprinkled with lime.

DRAINING.—This is the best season to see where drainage is needed, and to appreciate its advantages as shown in land well underdrained, though the maximum effect may not be seen for a year or two. If there is any time to spare from other and more important work, push forward the drains. Round tiles with collars are the best, but not easy to get.

FOWLS.—Collect eggs of all kinds before evening, lest they be injured during cold nights. Place those destined for setting in a pan of bran or oats, little end down, to keep the yolk from the side and adhering to the shell. Hens and other female birds turn over their eggs frequently, both before and during the period of their incubation. Mark choice eggs with red chalk or pencil.

GRAIN FIELDS.—As soon as the frost is out, and the ground is settled, it is well to go over the land and pick off the stones that have been heaved up. On much land the grain is benefited by rolling, especially when it has been thrown out by the frost. On other soils this is injurious. Top dressings of ashes, ashes and plaster, superphosphate, guano, ammoniacal salts or similar substances which can be sowed by hand, usually produce good results, especially if the grain is winter killed in spots or does not look thrifty. Coarse weeds may often be pulled easily or cut up with a "spud" at this time.

HOGS.—Secure a good stock of pigs or shoats for manure makers. Give good care to brood sows.

HORSES.—While they are shedding their coats the skin makes heavy demands on the organs of nutrition; it is peculiarly sensitive to cold, to wet and drafts, and horses are liable to take cold. They should, therefore, be well fed, and groomed, and blanketed when exposed, quite as well as in mid-winter. Be careful about letting horses that are shod get loose in the lots together. They are playful, and in their play often kick one another severely. Horses intended for