

Colony

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Correspondence.

Mr. Brown.—As we are getting near the close of the year 1877, I have been looking over with great interest some of the articles in your paper, some time past on the treatment and kindness to animals, the right kind of food, and when to give it to them—also showing a few kind hints. From my own observation I think there is much need of reform in this direction. I myself am a lover of animals, especially the noble horse. How often have we seen a pack of IT or a horse, or a pack of horses, from one to three or four horses. I have frequently seen the fork used unmercifully upon their backs or heads with curses enough to make one shudder; but says the employer, I get this youth cheap. I have heard it said of an Irish farmer, if he only sent the best man with him, I would send the best man with him. I have often thought whether the horse had not more intelligence than the man, when we see him being treated so unmercifully, seeing that he has learned the lesson of care and kindness to animals and are successful with them, your paper does not say there; it extends from the animal kingdom to the vegetable kingdom and other items. Again, if we have learned this lesson of care and kindness to animals and are successful with them, your paper does not say there; it extends from the animal kingdom to the vegetable kingdom and other items. Again, if we have learned this lesson of care and kindness to animals and are successful with them, your paper does not say there; it extends from the animal kingdom to the vegetable kingdom and other items.

having less bone. Rump steak, and round, if well prepared to make tender, have the best flavor.

Home Binding of Papers and Magazines.

We know what handsome books are made by getting old magazines bound up in yearly or half-yearly volumes. Many of us cannot afford to have all the old magazines and papers which we wish to preserve in order bound by the regular book-binders. It is possible to bind them together so as to preserve them in a convenient form, with very little trouble, and with no expense to speak of. See them together with strong cord or twine. Don't sew them "over and over," like the seam in a sheet, as papers sewed in this way tear out badly, and the book loses its shape. To make a thick book, a good strong awl is needed. Lay the numbers in order, removing the covers, if they are covered. Fit the backs evenly, and make a hole from half to three quarters of an inch from the back edge, through the whole pile, not more than two or three inches apart. Sew through these with a darning needle, and a strong thread, and fasten the ends of the twine securely. If a good strong cover be desired, it is best to bind the backs with strong cloth. This may be done by folding a strip of cloth over the backs (the whole pile together) before piercing the holes. To this strip, on front and back, paste paper, one thickness on each side, and a third thickness on another, until a thick board is formed, drying it with a warm flat-iron as you proceed, so as to keep a smooth and even surface. Trim the edges, paste something strong over the back, line the covers neatly, and embellish the outside according to taste.

Dung-Hill Fowls.

These have long been considered in many quarters, by those who know little or nothing about the more valuable qualities and traits of the modern improved race of poultry, to be a "good enough" on the farm. This is a great mistake. No breed of fowls is to be considered "good enough" for either farmer or poultryer, nowadays, that is not of the better or the best quality to be had. It costs no more, on the average, to feed fine poultry—per head—than to feed any other good breed, and we know many small farmers who adhere to the old usage of breeding the worst and least valuable varieties that they can get, for rather than to get around the homestead, who show away more good grain, every year, upon a given number of these dung-hill ornaments, than would liberally feed the same number of good Cochins, or Brahms, or Plymouths.

The latter are much heavier, finer, and so hardy; they lay many more and richer, larger eggs; they come to maturity sooner; they are far more quiet, generally, about the place; they are seldom assailed by sickness, while all the dung-hill varieties are frequently diseased; the latter make fine table fowls; the pullets are good winter layers; and very fair combs, samples may now be had, in quantities, at about the cost of the old-fashioned mixed non-descripts.

A flock of any sort of pure-bred fowls, evenly plumed, and of good proportions, is a beautiful sight upon the lawn, in the run, or about the cottage door. A flock of the best-bred, which we often see prowling around the country places we pass, or visiting an eye to the fowls, a moth to their owners, and a disgrace to any decent farm or suburban estate—in these days of improvement and progress!

Directed this unprecedented dog kill race of fowls! By the modern improved breeds of any variety you may choose. You can purchase a few for a small outlay, and in one year you can have a handsome flock of nobly useful breeders that will give satisfaction, and they will be found in their keeping, and which you will not regret to show to city or country friends, when they call upon you.

Aches and Night-Soil as Manure.

We no longer indiscriminately use all kinds of crops and all kinds of soil, and get no benefit, but only realize when we combine the ashes with organic and particularly nitrogenous manures. I have found in experimenting the greatest effects from a union of night soil and hard wood ashes—not only great plant growth, but maximum yields of fruit. Never have I had such success with manure, for instance, as where night soil was used to push forward the plant, followed afterward by ashes to perfect the crop. But the ashes must be plentifully applied, as they are

only thoroughly compost all this material thrown into the cellar, but by the tramping of their feet prevent excessive fermentation after it is mixed. The pig is especially valuable to the village who is occupied as a laborer or mechanic during the day. He has his acre or two of land, his vines and fruit trees, which can be made to supply his table with comforts and luxuries the year round. The profit of his garden and fruit yard will depend almost entirely upon the use of fertilizers. It is practically impossible to keep his soil in a high state of productiveness with fertilizers made upon the premises. If we made the most of our home resources to fill the larder, and store the fruit room, the times would not be so insecurely bad.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Care of Farm Stock.

To follow the business of farming without properly caring for the various kinds of stock, is sure to result in a loss that no farmer can bear without greatly injuring his interests. Indeed, so profitable is the proper care of stock, that multitudes of farmers—household men—might easily turn their present poor condition to this very cause more than to anything else. Live stock is an important part of a farmer's capital, and all capital is invested with a view of realizing a profit over the first cost of whatever is purchased when it is sold. If this is not true, then why do people buy anything that is their attention to again offer for sale?

If money invested in live stock fails to return any profit to the purchaser, after keeping it a year or eighteen months, supposing prices remain firm and unchanged, the investment proves a bad one. Even considering that it brings back the purchase money, when it is sold, a great many seem to think that no money is lost; but, in our estimation, there is a big loss. There is the interest on the money for the time, the value of the food consumed, and then the time and trouble of taking care of the stock, for which nothing would be received. All together, there could be no small loss. But how a loss could be sustained is what is wanted as the farmer, as it is supposed that during the time the stock was held and up to the date that it was sold, there is no visible change in prices. There can be no other conclusion arrived at but that there was bad management in the care of stock and it did not improve, and therefore could not increase in value.

It is an absurd idea for any farmer in this enlightened age, to think that farm stock can be carelessly handled, half fed, and allowed to run all winter without shelter from storms of snow, or cold rains, and yet make a satisfactory growth. Stock of any kind requires an abundance of food, if it is expected to make a rapid growth, and the more care there is taken in rendering it comfortable in all that pertains to its health and thriftiness, the faster will be its growth.

When farm stock disobeys the laws of nature, and for want of shelter, as it sometimes does during winter, those who are the losers are too much inclined to attribute the loss to "bad luck," but in such cases it is bad management that is the cause of the loss; for if the necessary care that is required to keep the stock healthy and growing had been taken, there would have been no loss, as it is easy to see. Just here it is proper to say that bad luck is charged with much more than it is really guilty of.

No man can expect to bring a farmer into a great deal of profit from the care of his stock, and at the same time treat it kindly and gently. Animals soon learn who are their friends and who are not. Let an ill-tempered man who whips and frightens his horses on the slightest ground, and perhaps when there is no necessity for it, enter the stable, and there is a general uneasiness manifested among them for fear of receiving blows, or kicks, or other rough treatment from him. They are timid and shy, and retreat to the farthest end of the building upon his entrance. This is not the case with the good husband, and growing fond of him, they will keep as near as possible to him when he enters the stable. They welcome him by signs and looks, and even approach him when he enters the stable. We have noticed this feature in the management of the most highly improved breeds of stock, and have kept at work from their birth to high slaughter. All refuse from the farm and garden goes to the barn cellar, and in the shape of weathered hay, salt marsh grass, and swamp sedge, leaves from the woods, were frequently added to keep the swine busy and to prevent all bad odors. The sty, which is often a cesspool, by the use of absorbents, may be kept entirely innocuous. The pigs not

only thoroughly compost all this material thrown into the cellar, but by the tramping of their feet prevent excessive fermentation after it is mixed. The pig is especially valuable to the village who is occupied as a laborer or mechanic during the day. He has his acre or two of land, his vines and fruit trees, which can be made to supply his table with comforts and luxuries the year round. The profit of his garden and fruit yard will depend almost entirely upon the use of fertilizers. It is practically impossible to keep his soil in a high state of productiveness with fertilizers made upon the premises. If we made the most of our home resources to fill the larder, and store the fruit room, the times would not be so insecurely bad.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

HER TREASURES.

I keep them in the old, old box. That Willie gave me years ago, The time we parted on the rocks; His ship lay swaying to and fro, A sailing to the westward sea; I thought my heart would break, that day!

The picture with the peevish eyes Is Willie's? No dear, that's young Blake; Who took the West Point highest prize: He smug half crazy for my sake. I thought my heart would break, that day! Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote, And here's a letter of his own.

Is this his ring? my dearest May, I never took a ring from him!— This was a gift from Howard Clay! Just see, the pearls are getting dim. They say that pearls are tears—what stuff! The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince— And jakes! But he went to Rome last fall. He's never more mine.

I used to visit at his home— A lovely place beyond Fort Lee; His mother thought the world of me! Oh no! I sent her letters back. But look, what a tremendous pack! He always wrote me three for one— I know I used to treat him fine— Poor Jack—the fall at Chancellorsville.

The signet—all that let—see scalps I took in London, Naples, Nice, At Paris, and among the Alps; Those foreign lovers are like geese. But, dear, they are such handsome men. We go to France, next year, again! This is the doctor's signet ring. So faded flowers? Oh, let me see; Why, what a very curious thing! He's not a hypocrite. In a year, Ah! now I have it—Comet de Twill! He married that fat Druebig girl.

His hair was red. You need not look So sadly, they are such handsome men. You know the head that look jakes! You know—but you could never guess! Nor would I tell you for the world. About whose head that ringlet curled. Because you'll tell? Well, my dear child, Because you like the man yourself. But most, because—don't get wild! I have not loved him on the shelf. He's not a hypocrite. In a year, I'll tell you all about it.

Select Story.

Berthilda's Offer.

MR. FLINT had the reputation of being as hard as his name. Certainly he was a crusty sort of an old gentleman, with a disagreeable habit of frowning, which he considered the plain truth to everyone. As every one did not at once bow low and say "Mr. Flint you are perfectly right," this habit of frowning had brought him into a good many quarrels with his friends and relatives, so that at last the only one of his own blood with whom he was on speaking terms was his orphan niece, Berthilda, who kept house for him; to whom he was unusually kind, and who believed him to be a modern Solomon.

She had never once contradicted him. When he told her that the Flint were generally good-looking people, but that she looked after her mother's family, who were all plain as pike-staffs, she answered, "Yes, Uncle, but that is not my fault, you know."

When he said that she need not mind her being good-looking, because, after all, she was a nice little thing, and would be more apt to be left to keep house for him forever, she appeared to be contented.

She was mild and sweet, and her usual manner, quite taken out of her by her uncle's frankness.

She was, really, by no means so very plain; but she accepted Mr. Flint's opinion without a murmur.

It was all genuine. She was one of those little women who generally grow before the male head of their family and worship him. She had never noticed that he might leave her his money, or some of it. It was so dreadful to think of Uncle Flint's ever dying at all.

And his greeting was this: "Berthilda, if old Flint was anybody's uncle but yours, I'd go in and pamper the brat out of him. I've a notion to do now."

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Berthilda. "What is the matter?"

"He's written me a letter that was just chock full of insults from fast to last," said Mr. Flint. "Said I was a stupid old fellow, and that I was a piece of property as could be sold in the State."

It was a case of love at first sight upon his part, and Berthilda finding herself well loved, and being quite unused to the situation, felt that it was her duty to refuse him, since he seemed to be so much in love with her. It was a case of love at first sight upon his part, and Berthilda finding herself well loved, and being quite unused to the situation, felt that it was her duty to refuse him, since he seemed to be so much in love with her.

squeeze or two, she always put away, not a little shocked.

Finally Mr. Hoskins offered himself, and Berthilda, having confessed to a partiality for him, ended by asserting that Uncle Flint must decide the matter, and that she dared not mention the subject to him.

"Well, then, I will," said Mr. Hoskins. "I ain't afraid of no man, and if your uncle has anything agin me, he can out with it and prove it. I'll write and ask him, since you are so particular, Berthilda; though 'bain't of age, I can't see why he has anything to say about it."

To which Berthilda, sobbing, replied that her uncle's word was her law, and was liked at the gate as usual, this conversation having taken place on a Sunday evening on the way from Church.

On Monday morning old Mr. Flint, going after breakfast, into the little room which he called his office, and where he transacted his business as a notary public, found lying on his desk two letters already left for him that morning, and opening them found that each asked him for something.

One was from a neighbor named Perkins, who desired to borrow a horse of him. The other from farmer Hoskins, asking for his niece Berthilda's hand.

Mr. Flint was not in the habit of lingering long over any decision. He regarded the fact that Berthilda had had an offer as a sort of miracle not likely to occur again, and he had an idea that woman, always liked to be married.

Hoskins was well to do and respectable. She should have him, if she chose. She had been a good girl to him, and he really felt an affection for her.

As for Perkins, he should not have his horse. He had overworked the one he had borrowed of him last harvest time, and the poor beast had died in consequence. Lend Perkins his gray mare indeed! He would give him a piece of his mind for his impudence, and he would settle that business before he attended to Berthilda's offer.

So he drew his blotter toward him, seized pen and ink, and indited this peppery epistle:

—I don't wonder you wrote, and had the face to come and ask me for what you wanted, like a man. You have her, indeed! When every one knows you killed the other one with overwork, and only sent her home to be buried. A pretty idea that, indeed! She was just a rack of bones when you got through with her, and I judge, half-starved as well as worked to death.

You'll promise to take good care of her, no doubt. You may if you get her; but you'll only do that by stealing her, and as I suppose you're capable of that, I shall see to my table.

PLINT.

This finished, he wrote more briefly to Mr. Hoskins:

DEAR SIR—Can't see anything in the way of your having what you like. You can come over if you like and talk it over.

Having done this, he put each in an envelope and sent them off.

Poor Berthilda, scarcely dared to raise her eyes to her uncle's face that day, but his manner to her was unusually kind, and she had allowed herself to hope much from it, when, as she sat at her knitting in the evening, Peggy, the sole domestic, bookishly mysteriously to her from the door; and having thus beguiled her into the hall, informed her that Mr. Hoskins wanted to see her at the gate.

To the gate Berthilda went in a state of nervous agitation, which made the blue ribbon bow in her hair quiver like a humming bird, and there she found Mr. Hoskins so red in the face with rage that the color was perceptible by the moonlight.

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I'll bring his neck. I've as much as I can do to keep from saying words a man hadn't better say after he's jined the church. I never was so mad in my life. I'm burning with rage; and he says I'm a thief, and he's no doubt 'll steal you if I can; and so I will. It's just this, Berthilda—you come along with me now, and get Parson Speer to marry us, or there's an end of it. It's all up between us. You choose between old Flint and me, and if you choose him, since you are so particular, Berthilda; though 'bain't of age, I can't see why he has anything to say about it."

At these words Berthilda trembled more than ever. The fountains that were in her head overflowed, and ran out of her eyes down her cheeks.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she sobbed, "was over a poor woman in such trouble? Oh, oh!"

"Choose!" cried Hoskins; "and drest if I ain't so mad I don't care much which way you choose. I'd rather like to be at liberty to go for old Flint and mash him—by jingo, I had!"

"Why don't I die!" sobbed Berthilda. "But, oh, Silas, I can't leave Uncle Flint like that. It wouldn't be decent."

"Then here goes," said Silas Hoskins, taking off his cuffs.

At this moment a long, lath-like figure strode past them and began to hammer at the door.

The servant opened it, and Peter Perkins' voice inquired for Mr. Flint. Mr. Flint at once appeared in the entry.

"Well, what do you want here?" was the salutation.

"Well, Mr. Flint, said Peter Perkins, "said you was so 'bliged' and neighborly about that gray mare, I kinder reckoned I'd just step in and lead her over to-morrow. You see I git in my hay to-morrow, and there's a rain a comin' up along the end of the week, or I ain't no prophet."

"So you do mean to steal her?" said Mr. Flint. "I've seen impudence before, but this calls all."

"Kinder guess you've forgot who I am," said Peter Perkins. "Don't you remember a writin' to me this mornin'?"

"I'm Mr. Perkins, Mr. Flint."

"I know you well enough," said Mr. Flint. "Do you think I'm in my dotage? You're the man that killed my brown horse last summer, and asked for my gray mare to do the same by this. And told you what I thought of you in my note. You must have been drinking, Mr. Perkins! You must be drunk, sir, I ask me for the moon's sake."

"I'm drinking? I never touch anything but tea. I'm a son of Amphygeny, sir?" shouted Mr. Perkins, so that his voice resounded the ears of the unhappy couple at the gate. "I drink!"

"Then if you are sober, you can't read! I'm a sober, you can't read!"

"You wrote me a note telling me to come over, saying there was nothing in the way of my having the gray mare," said Mr. Perkins.

"That's no lie, sir," said Mr. Flint.

"You're lying, sir," said Mr. Perkins. "I changed if I'll stand it!"

And now Miss Berthilda saw her uncle manacled by a lony fist, and flew up the path, with Hoskins after her.

"You abominable rascal!" cried Mr. Flint.

"Toby me I'm drunk and a liar," cried Perkins to Hoskins. "Aked him neighbor-like to lend me his gray mare, and he wrote he would, and now calls me the names he can lay his tongue to."

"I don't doubt it, sir!" said Mr. Flint. "He's insulted me, sir. Told me I worked my poor, late Abigail Aramity to death, started that to see, sir! Hang him!"

"That's false!" said old Flint.

"Now, I am a liar, an old!" cried Hoskins.

"You are both insane!" said Flint.

"You never writ that to me!" cried Hoskins.

"No doubt it's true, but I didn't," cried Flint.

"He's crazy," said Hoskins.

"Mad as a March hare," said Perkins. "You are a couple of fanatics. I'll be protected against you. Help! help! Some one go for the constable!"

"A fanatic?" said Mr. Perkins. "Why, there's the letter you writ me. If you were a younger man I'd not stop to argue; but you're old enough to be a father—"

"That's another lie," said Flint. "You're fifty years old."

"Well, that's the letter you writ me, anyway," said Perkins, holding out a crumpled sheet of paper.

Flint took it in his hand, glanced at it, and said: "It isn't." But his face altered.

"Contradicts anything," said Perkins. "I suppose you'll deny you