# AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

## PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER AND THE ORCHARDIST.

[This Department is prepared for the SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION by its Agricultural Editor. All matter relating to the agricultural interest will be found under this head.

### THE ORIGIN AND USES OF INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Industrial organizations are of much later date than political or governmental organizations. The latter, in some form, had an existence and have a history almost coeval with the existence of man. Man seems to have learned to some extent the necessity of organization for self-protection at a very early day of his existence. Families and tribes united to protect their members against the encroachments of other families and tribes; but the idea of organization or concert of action for the purpose of advancing industrial occupations, or of improving the modes of cultivating the soil, or of gaining a livelihood, is of very late origin. About all we know of the agriculture of ancient Egypt is obtained from rude representations of a few implements bearing a resemblance to modern agricultural implements, and of a few animals now classed as domestic animals, on the pyramids of that country, which time has failed to destroy. Among the first representations of these implements is that of one resembling a pick, which was used as a plow to prepare the soil for seed. The historic nations of Greece and Rome are the only ones that have handed down to us any records in detail of the agriculture of ancient countries and times, though it is believed that much of the agricultural knowledge and agricultural practices of these nations was obtained from the surrounding nations. From the "Works and Days of Hesiod" we learn that one thousand years before Christ agriculture existed in Greece in a tolerably flourishing condition. At this time the plow was known in as good a state of perfection as we have any knowledge of its attaining till the beginning of the eighteenth century. As an illustration of the slow progress man made in the arts and sciences until the introduction of industrial organizations, we will here mention the fact that the plow used by the old mission fathers in California in 1835 was identical in all its parts with that used by the ancient Greeks one thousand years before the Christian era. The mission fathers were isolated from the rest of the world and shut out from the stimulating influences to improvement brought to bear upon the minds of men by association and organization. Indeed there was but little improvement in the plow or any other agricultural implement from the days in which ancient Greece was in her glory down to the time when the first agricultural society of which we have any knowledge was organized in South Carolina. This Society was organized in 1784. A similar Society was established in Philadelphia in the same year, and the New York Society dates from 1791, and that of Massachusetts from 1792. The first agricultural organization in Great Britain was brought into existence a year later than the Massachusetts Society and nine years later than that of South Carolina and Pennsylvania. These associations all had their origin in the conviction of practical men that but little advancement could be made in the industries by which men obtained a living and by which alone civilization and refinement could be accelerated without some organizations or associations having for their direct purpose such advancement. Centuries after centuries had passed away without any material progress, because no co-operation or associated effort had been made to bring about that progress. Agriculture, manufactures and other useful arts were at that day in the same condition in which they were known to have existed three thousand years ago, and something should be done by which a new departure in the practical industries could be effected. Hence the origin of industrial organizations as we now have them in every State and in most every county in the United States. Having traced the origin of these organizations, let us for a moment examine into their uses, or inquire whether they have been of any practical benefit to mankind. At the time of their origin the world did not possess an iron plow. A mowing or reaping machine, a header or thrashing machine, even in their rudest forms, had no existence. The soil was stirred up on the surface with wooden contrivances, the seed was brushed in with branches of trees instead of harrows, and the grain was gathered by the hand of man, with a crooked knife called a sickle. It was thrashed out with the flail or tramped out by the feet of animals, and the chaff winnowed out of it by the winds of heaven. Now let us see what followed the association of man into industrial organizations. In 1797, just thirteen years after the first agricultural organization in the United States, there was issued the first patent for an iron plow to a New Jersey mechanic, and at this date, while there are still living among us many men who were boys at that date, there is not a country on earth in which the land is tilled at all where there are not plows adapted to cultivating the soil for every conceivable purpose and capable of doing fifty times the work with one-tenth part of the labor of man or beast, and the world is producing thousands of bushels of wheat where it was then producing one bushel. To-day one man with the aid of horses and a header will cut more grain in a day than a hundred could with the sickle, and a few men with a modern threshing machine will thrash out more grain in a season than the same number with flails could thrash in a life time. The truth is that to industrial organizations we are indebted for nearly all the advancement that has been made in the arts and sciences within the last three-quarters of a century. Individuals, it is true, have been the inventors and immediate instruments by which these improvements have been to a great extent brought about, but these individuals have in nearly all cases received their inspiration, and have been stimulated to the accomplishment of their undertakings, by the associations. The differences between man in a savage state and in a civilized state are mostly due to associations, to organizations, and particularly to industrial organizations. Hence it is that those nations and those States that most encourage the associated effort of their citizens make the greatest progress in all that contributes to individual and national wealth and prosperity. California is to-day better organized in an industrial sense than at any time since her existence as a State. Her industrial organizations are by the wisdom of the people on as firm a foundation as are her political or municipal organizations, and if properly conducted by those to whom their management has been intrusted, these organizations will prove as important and necessary as the State Government itself. It was the old idea that governments were necessary to protect the citizen in his personal property rights. It is the modern and more rational idea that governments answer their purpose more perfectly when they assist their citizens in the accumulation of property as well as in its protection. Such are the uses of industrial associations.

### THE NORTH WIND.

We hear some complaint that the late severe and long-continued north wind has done some injury to growing grain in some sections of the State. This was to have been expected; but we think that while this may be true, it is also true that it has done more good to this grain than injury. We think it must have pretty well settled the question of serious injury from rust, which before the wind was a threatening danger. If, in addition to lessening the danger from rust on the wheat, it will set our farmers to thinking of the damage a similar wind might do their grain by shelling it out in case they allowed it to stand in the field till dead ripe, it may be of a great advantage in another respect. Such a wind, occurring when the largest half of the wheat now growing shall have become very ripe, would leave half of it shelled on the ground. This consideration, together with others presented in these columns last week, should not only set wheat-growers to thinking, but should arouse them to action to secure their grain before the possibility of such danger arises.

### FRUIT IN THE FOOTHILLS.

We learn from parties who have been making a tour through the Sierra foothills that some varieties of fruit are in unusual abundance there. The peach, for instance, where the orchards have been properly cared for, promises an excellent crop of excellent fruit.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN DE WITT, GRAND PENSIONARY OF HOLLAND. By James Geddes. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft. Large 8vo.

This work will receive a warm welcome. The author shows that he has had, in its preparation, the handling of a great labor. The evidences of his exhausting research appear in every page. His style is a model of conciseness and clearness, and the dramatic interest he throws about the story of the sturdy Dutchman of whose country he writes, and about the wonderful man who is the center of the work, is not equalled in any similar work of which we have knowledge. The author speaks very modestly of his own work, as he remarks that the period comprehended in his book is not a heroic period, and John de Witt is, in no sense, a hero. His age has little in common with the noble epoch described with such graphic force by Motley, and in studying it we are moving in altogether a lower world of human interest, passion, duty and activity. But this has had less to do with the neglect of the period by modern Dutch historians than the extreme difficulty, and the ever-recurring impossibility, of getting at the precise measure of De Witt's personal work and influence; and it is the overwhelming labor this entails among unpublished manuscripts that has stood in the way of any serious attempt being hitherto made to write an account of his life or a history of his administration. His public life, and all that can be gleaned of his private life, lie entombed beneath mountains of unprinted letters and documents. Yet, in some respects, so scanty are the materials that, for some years before he entered on public life, his professional occupation and whereabouts can only be arrived at by piecing together the addresses of the extant letters sent to him by his friends. And, as regards his public life, each town of the Seven Provinces has its local archives, each province has its provincial records, the States-General had theirs, and each family of importance has its store-room of correspondence and muniments. The lifetime of half a dozen men would not suffice to exhaust them, and, until they are sifted and made public, anything like a final history of this period, or a final life of De Witt, is impossible. The man De Witt, as he lived and moved, we do not expect ever to see much of. His contemporaries did not write memoirs, and the social, non-political, non-official side of him—the human side of him, in short—we have no hope of ever discovering. The manuscript letters to De Witt, and the drafts of letters from him, fill a very large section of the public Record Office at the Hague. Selections from the latter have been published, but a legion of them—all of the utmost consequence in his history—has never seen the light. It is by a careful examination of these, and of the letters addressed to him (none of which have been published) that the author has striven to get at what De Witt's personal influence really was, and to prevent this estimate of the man's real and personal achievement from degenerating into a vague and general "History of His Times."

A COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Livingston Hopkins. New York: American Book Exchange.

Of this volume we cannot form a high opinion. The wit is not of the pungent kind, and the merrymaking over historic events and the leading characters and scenes in American history lacks those elements of originality which alone can make such a work successful. All this class of books is upon a low key and seldom commend themselves. The style of treating history as it is done in this book, we repeat, is not original, and has been used until it is threadbare and of no further interest. As an example we give the first chapter in full, and also that it may serve as a warning to would-be "funny people."

"The sun was just sinking below the western horizon on the evening of September 11, 1492, when a respectably dressed personage of sea-faring appearance might have been seen occupying an elevated position in the rigging of a Spanish ship, and gazing intently out over a vast expanse of salt water upon what at first sight appeared to be an apple-dumpling of colossal proportions, but which, upon more careful inspection, subsequently turned out to be a new world.

"We will not keep the reader long in suspense; that sea-faring man was Christopher Columbus, and the object which attracted his attention was America!

"This adventurous person had sailed from the port of Palos, in Spain, on the 3d of August, with the avowed purpose of 'seeing the world;' and who, thinking he might as well see a new world while he was about it, sailed in the direction of America.

"For further particulars the reader is referred to the accompany sketch, which, with startling fidelity, portrays the scene at the thrilling moment when a new continent bursts upon the bold navigator's vision. Pray cast your eye aloft and behold the great Christopher discovering America as hard as ever he can. The flashing eye, the dilating nostril, the heaving bosom, the trembling limbs, the thrilling nerves, the heroic pose, all vigorously set forth in a style which speaks volumes—nay, whole libraries for our artist's graphic power and knowledge of anatomy. We will next trouble the reader to let the eye wander off to the dim distance, where the new world looms majestically up, and stands out boldly against the setting sun, previously alluded to, which illuminates the scene with golden splendor, and bathes the new-born continent in a flood of dazzling light.

"If the patient reader will be good enough to examine this picture with a powerful microscope, he will discover, standing upon the utmost prominence of the new world, and in imminent danger of falling off, a citizen of the country, who welcomes the stranger with uplifted tomahawk and a wild war-whoop.

"Lifting our eyes skyward we see the American eagle soaring forth to meet the great discoverer, with outstretched pinions, and bringing his whole family with him. We confess that we, for one, cannot gaze upon this scene without envying Mr. Columbus the luxury of his emotions, and wishing we knew where there was a new world lying about loose that we might go right off and discover it."

THE THEORY OF THOUGHT; a Treatise on Deductive Logic. By Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia. Large 8vo., 1 vol. New York: Harper & Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This treatise, as the talented author remarks, is not elementary in the sense of bringing the subject within the grasp of immature minds. This he believes to be impracticable, and therefore he makes no such profession. It is elementary in the sense that it begins at the beginning, assuming the reader to have no previous knowledge of the subject. Its extent is such that one who masters its contents will be in possession of the technical details of the science, acquainted with its established doctrines, and prepared to study with profit and interest advanced treatises. It is, in general, a reproduction of the old logic. The modern student must know the doctrine of antiquity respecting thought if he would read intelligently the recent literature of the subject. The treatise reverts to Aristotle, and is largely a restatement of his theory as colored by filtration through mediæval mind. "Since his day," says Kant, "logic has taken no backward step, and also up to this time it has been able to take no step forward, and thus, to all appearance, is concluded and perfected." A fiery trial for ages has neither consumed it nor refined it, and it is likely to remain perpetually an accepted part of the sum of human knowledge. Hence, in treating the old logic, Professor Davis has aimed at clear, correct and complete statement rather than at any modification. He says: "Of late years many innovations have been proposed, some of which are examined and criticised. Whenever in the treatise a new view is offered, it is distinctly indicated as such. A great number and variety of examples, both for illustration and for praxis, mitigating somewhat the severity of the subject, seemed to me desirable. They have been collected from every available source; some are ancient, some modern, many are newly invented. I have used with great freedom, standard authors, keeping constantly at hand Arnauld, Whately, Hamilton, Mansel, Thomson, De Morgan, Mill and Bain, and a dozen or more others."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD LAWYER. Intemperance the Great Source of Crime. By A. B. Richmond, of the Pennsylvania Bar. New York: American Book Exchange.

This is a temperance volume from page 1 o the octavo to "the end," on page 387. It is a collection of essays and stories intended to convince the reader of the danger of the use of alcoholic drinks, and to enforce the doctrine by the recital of anecdotes drawn from the practice of an experienced lawyer, whose business has been largely in the criminal Courts. He says: "For years I have been convinced that nearly all the crime committed in the country was caused by intemperance; that it costs more to punish those that have been made criminals by its influence than it does to support our common schools or sustain the religious teachers and churches in the land. * * I deny the right of the Government to sell to one citizen the privilege to tempt another to commit crime. I doubt the policy of those laws that seek to raise a revenue by the sale of that which debases the people, is the prolific source of crime and pauperism, and costs the country annually a thousand times more than the revenue received therefrom. I deny the justice of those laws that on one page of the statute book legalize that which promotes crime and makes criminals, and on the next provide severe penalties to be administered to those they have tempted to transgress. This little volume is presented to the public to promulgate these views."

THE AMERICAN DECISIONS.—Vol. XVI. By A. C. Freeman. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. Law library style.

This, we believe, is the largest volume yet issued of this valuable series, which is now a recognized standard authority of leading cases. The cases re-reported in this volume will be found originally reported in the following State Reports: Connecticut Reports, vol. 6; 1826–1827. T. B. Monroe's Kentucky Reports, vols. 3 and 4; 1825–1827. Martin's N. S. Louisiana Reports, vols. 4 and 5; 1826–1827. Greenleaf's Maine Reports, vol. 4; 1826–1827. Harris & Johnson's Maryland Reports, vol. 7; 1826–1827. Pickering's Massachusetts Reports, vols. 4 and 5; 1826–1827. Cowen's New York Reports, vol. 6; 1826–1827. Sergeant & Rawle's Pennsylvania Reports, vols. 14–16; 1826–1827. McCord's Chancery South Carolina Reports, vols. 1 and 2; 1826–1827. Aiken's Vermont Reports, vol. 2; 1826–1828. Randolph's Virginia Reports, vol. 5; 1826–1827.

ACME LIBRARY OF MODERN CLASSICS. New York: American Book Exchange.

This is a neat cheap form of presenting many valuable standard works. The present volume contains "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Paul and Virginia," "Rasselas," "Picciola," "Undine," and "The Two Captains." The American Exchange is doing a good work by its cheap forms of printing works of high literary merit.

From the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, we have the "Westminster Quarterly Review" for the current quarter. Its contents are: "The Marquess Wellesley," "Artistic Copywright," "Masson's Life of Milton," "Greek Humanists—Nature and Law," "The Letters of Charles Dickens," "Animal Intelligence," "The Issues of the Election." Also the "Edinburg Quarterly Review," which has these leading papers: "Ritualistic Literature," "Bigelow's Life of Benjamin Franklin," "Mohammedism in China," "The Schools of Charles the Great," "Modern Horse-racing," "Catholic Rule in Ireland, 1641-48," "The Late Professor Clifford's Essays," "Burton's Reign of Queen Anne," "The New Parliament." Also, "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" for May. Its contents are: "Dr. Wortle's School," "Peter the Great and Syria," "Reata; or, What's in a Name," "Morocco and the Moors," "Russia and Nihilism in the Novels of M. Tourgenief," "Bush-life in Queensland," "A Woman's Wisdom," "The Reign of Bunkum."

From Scribner & Co., New York, we have "St. Nicholas" for June. It has a charming outdoor, summery character, sustained throughout in the poems, the prose, and the seventy-two pictures. Among its striking features is an account, by Olive Thorne Miller, of the Children's Aid Society's delightful charity, "The Summer Home" for poor city children, at Bath, L. I., with seven pictures made by Jessie Curtis from sketches taken on the spot. Another attractive paper is an article and copiously illustrated by Daniel C. Beard, clearly explaining to young people "How to Camp Out" cheaply, easily and comfortably.

The "International Review" for June (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York), presents these papers: "Colonial Life in Maryland," by E. W. Latimer; "Livland—a Russian Episode," by Alfred A. Wheeler; "The English Language in America," by T. R. Lounsbury; "Considerations of the Copyright Question," by Wilkie Collins; "Mr. Poynter's Lectures on Art," by P. G. Hamerton; "Chateaubriand," by Auguste Laugel; "The Lowest Animals," by Charles Sedgwick Minot; "Our Goodly Heritage," by Robert P. Porter; "The Lessons of the General Election in Great Britain and Ireland," by Walter Chamberlain.

"The International Review" for June (A. S. Barnes & Co.) presents these papers: "Colonial Life in Maryland," Mrs. E. W. Latimer; "Livland: a Russian Episode," Alfred A. Wheeler; "The English Language in America," II., Professor T. R. Lounsbury; "Considerations of the Copyright Question," Wilkie Collins; "Mr. Poynter's Lectures on Art," Philip G. Hamerton; "Chateaubriand," II., Auguste Laugel; "The Lowest Animals," Charles S. Minot; "Our Goodly Heritage," Robert P. Porter; "The Lessons of the General Election in Great Britain and Ireland," Walter Chamberlain.


### A NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: It is well-known that both fame and fortune awaits the individual who shall discover a cure for consumption (while it is curable), and a remedy for it when it has reached its most distressing stages. That there can be a certain cure for it in all stages is too much to expect—no disease in the world is subject to such conditions. And it is the duty of every one who has any pity for, or interest in, suffering humanity, to reveal whatever knowledge one may have upon the subject, which is in the least likely to result in benefit to those suffering from consumption, and its various forms and complications. Some time ago the RECORD-UNION made an extract from an Eastern paper concerning the virtues of crude petroleum, as used for this purpose. The discoverer and proprietor was mentioned as a Dr. M. M. Griffith, of Irving, Chautauqua county, N. Y., who is said to have made the subject a special study for some years. A relative of the writer was suffering with a severe form of chronic bronchitis, and, upon the strength of this statement, a letter was addressed to Dr. Griffiths, without perhaps much hope of return, as no money accompanied the order, merely an explanation of the circumstances which had led to writing the letter. The report proved to have been well-founded, and the physician forwarded a box of crude petroleum pills, desiring the invalid to give his treatment a fair trial. It was done, with marked improvement and under most discouraging circumstances. Though the writer cannot yet record a perfect recovery, it is owing to complications of the disease over which the medicine had no control. The proprietor stated that fully 75 per cent. of all cases treated by him with this medicine were cured. This percentage is remarkable, and from other circumstances which have come under the writer's observation, is not overstated. The merits of crude petroleum as a cure in the curable stages of consumption should not be overlooked. From experience the writer can say that the medicine has a peculiarly mild and soothing effect. The principle of its cure seems to be the furnishing of more carbon than nature can dispose of, and lack of carbon in the system is lack of life. Therefore, supplied in quantity, it eliminates disease by assisting nature to build up faster than disease can destroy. It is not extolled as a cure-all; it is not in fact adapted for use under other conditions of the system than those which affect the throat, lungs and bronchial tubes. Therefore the writer suggests, with a faith which recent experiences have strengthened, to those afflicted with any form of this disease, to try it, and the sooner the better.

H.

North Columbia, Nevada co., June 1st.


Says the Georgetown (Col.) *Miner*: The old prospectors seem to be most anxious to get on to White River Reservation and Northwestern Colorado, where rich placers were known to exist years ago, but the Utes have carefully guarded the country, and no white man has dared to do more than wash a pan of dirt and try to fix the location, so that he could find it when the opportunity offered.


CASCA SAGRADA, or Sacred Bark, is the great medicine which forms the basis of Hamer's Cascara Sagrada Bitters.


# ORATION

**Delivered by Hon. Grove L. Johnson Before Sumner Post, No. 3, G. A. R., at the Metropolitan Theater, Sacramento, Memorial Day (May 31st).**

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We have met this evening to finish the pleasing yet sorrowful labors of the day. What are those labors thus curiously interwoven with pleasure and sadness? They are the decoration during the day of certain graves in yonder cemetery, and the endeavor this evening to extract beneficial teachings from the conduct, while appropriately commemorating the services, of those whose bodies fill those graves. No ordinary occasion this. It is well, therefore, to examine what we have done, why we did it, and what instruction we can gain therefrom.

Daily in sorrow the parent seeks the grave of the child; the wife, of the husband; the child, of the parent; the lover, of the sweetheart; and garland the last resting-place of their loved ones gone before them to "the land beyond the river," yet no comment is excited, no gathering of the people such as this ensues, for it is common to all thus to care for their family dead.

We have not visited graves to-day as children, lovers, husbands, parents, wives or families, nor because of other social ties, but as a people, and all over this broad nation of ours communities have vied with each other in seeing who best would fulfill the obligations of the day. Not alone in sorrow have we gone forth this day, but heralded by martial music, honored by the escort of the military, accompanied by the people of all ages; laden with roses and with lilies have we entered the somber portals of the city of the dead, and gathering around the graves of those we honored, have strewn the roses and the lilies above their ever quiet heads.

Those who sleep in the graves thus decorated were worthy of our homage, though they may not represent a member of our family, though they may have been in life strangers to us all. They represent you and I and all of us. They represent the American nation that shelters and protects us. They represent the principles upon which our nation has become exalted and our people happy and prosperous.

The lowly mounds that have to-day been covered with the sweet flowers of our valley mark the last resting-places of some of the dead heroes of the Grand Army and Navy of the Republic, that upon land carried "Old Glory" in triumph from the Potomac to the Gulf, from the Ohio to the Rio Grande, and upon the sea nailed it to the mast-head and swept the ocean wave of rebel cruiser from stormy Atlantic to calm Pacific, laughed to scorn the batteries of New Orleans, Mobile and Vicksburg, and wrote upon every stripe, emblazoned upon every star of the dear old flag the story of their valor and their victories.

The graves of such men should be kept forevergreen and beautiful, not by individuals, friends or societies, but by the united efforts of all the people of all the land, that they may serve as radiant monuments, ever reminding the sons and daughters of America how their occupants kept, as did Horatius in the brave days of old, the bridge of Union against the enemy, that treason might not despoil the citadel of liberty.

To-day is Decoration Day—rightly named—when the graves of such men are freshly clad with flowers by a thankful people as a slight token of their love and gratitude. To-day, also, for the first time in California, Decoration Day is a legal as well as a social holiday. I congratulate myself that as a member of the last Legislature I was permitted to vote and work for the law declaring the 30th of May in each year a legal holiday in our Golden State. It was an act of tardy justice to the feelings invoked by the day, to the sentiments of the people and the instincts of manhood. Such a law should have been enacted years ago in every State in the Union, and by the National Legislature, but so far as California is concerned we can say "better late than never."

Those whose memory we thus revere and whose graves we thus decorate died in a holy cause. No war of spoliation, no desire to increase the dominion of their rulers, no lust for conquest, no mere seeking after military honor impelled their combat or nerved their steel. They gave their labors and their lives for good, for progress, for principle, for law, for country.

But we need not seek for language to explain their motives or to magnify their cause; such effort on our part is useless. They themselves have told and yet tell the story of their march.

Hark! Listen! Do you not hear even now, as we reverently tread upon their dust or ponder over their deeds so many, many years after their death—do you not hear coming to us faintly yet clearly through the dimness of the past, rising above the noise and busy turmoil of the present, sweeping and swelling its music from all portions of our nation the refrain of the battle-hymn they shouted forth o'er land and sea when charging on the foe:

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
> As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
> While God is marching on.

Oh, it would be solemnly instructive and interesting to follow the gallant sailors and soldiers of America during the years of toil and conflict required to make their song a reality, but time will not permit. Could we but lift the curtain that hides the past from mortal vision, and gaze with celestial eyes upon the history of the days between 1861 and 1865, what a panorama would be presented. There would be seen the battle in the clouds, the sinking of the Cumberland, the storming of Fort Wagner, the defense of Chattanooga, the wooden walls of the navy silencing the batteries at Fort St. Phillip, the unequaled "march to the sea," the massacre at Fort Pillow, the magnificent attack and repulse of Gettysburg, the storming of Fort Donelson, the charge at Fair Oaks, the bloody and fearful long-continued struggle in the Wilderness, the surrender at Appomatox, and an hundred other scenes of awful grandeur and terrific excitement, while illuminating the whole series of pictures with an ever-living flame of glory would be seen the heroic deeds of the individual soldier and sailor of the Union proving their words by their acts. Of them we may say, Nobly they kept their faith thus pledged. Most glorious was the proof they gave of their belief in the song they sang, and in the principle that song crystallized into poetic life. The men who as soldiers or sailors gave up their lives while wearing the blue, in the war of the rebellion most truly died to set men free; died to make free the land they loved; died to set free from the bondage of the sin of slavery the country of their birth or adoption; died that you and I and all of us and our children might live as freemen in a free land—free in the truest and highest sense; free alike in East or West, or North or South, for living, speaking or voting by American citizens, regardless of race or color. They struggled, they fought, they died for their country, for our country, and so long as the republic lasts—which God grant may be forever—so long will the memory of these brave souls that preserved its unity be cherished, their brave deeds recounted and their tombs garlanded by loving hands and lips as we have done and are doing to-day.

True it is that the old proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind," is too often the faithful commentary upon the conduct of mankind in reference to the sages and heroes of the world; that the lot appointed for all terrestrial things is to molder and decay; that all human actions fade away into the darkness of the unremembered past as year by year is marked upon the dial of life.

But of the heroic dead of Columbia, whose sepulchers are to-day honored in every hamlet in our broad domain, we well may say:

> Ah! Never shall the land forget
> How gushed the life blood of her brave,
> Gushed warm with hope and courage yet
> Upon the soil they fought to save.

We cannot forget them if we would, we would not forget them if we could. We are really the ones to be forgotten, we are really those that are dead. How many of the vast multitudes that to-day are assembled either as actors in or spectators of Decoration Day ceremonies will ever be remembered outside the narrow limits of their own household? How many amongst them will have a record upon the pages of history of this generation? Can we say that the memories of any of us will exist beyond the to-day of the present? But those whom we call dead and whose hallowed graves we decorate with the roses of the gardens will each live forever in historic annals and in the fond recollections of a grateful people. The lowest private soldier or common seaman, alike with the senior General or Admiral, has graven his name upon the story of his country, and lives beyond the tomb in the hearts of his countrymen.

> The living are the only dead;
> The dead live nevermore to die,
> And often when we mourn them fled,
> They never were so nigh.

The living also of that vast array of freemen that rallied in solid phalanx to defend the stars and stripes of our blessed Union from traitorous hands, and maintained its purity through four long and bloody years of fearful strife—they also we honor as patriots and heroes. We honor, did I say? No; not so. They honor us by their presence in our midst; they honor us not of their number by receiving us as their guests upon this day made sacred in the calendar of life by the memories they invoke, and the rites they practice.

See them as they move in solemn procession through our streets, keeping slow and feeble step to the music that once made heart and limb bound with manly strength and warlike zeal; gaze upon them, the sole survivors of battle and wreck, some maimed in open fight,

> For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn
> And yield their dead unto life again.

Some lame, some blind, all suffering from the trials and dangers of tented field and stormy wave—all speaking, with the mute eloquence of their storied garments of blue, of the heroic deeds of our brave defenders, and doff thy hat and stand uncovered, for they are holier than we. Realize from the scene, as I do, that such men are the masters of the day, the hosts of the land, the chosen of the people, the glory of the nation, whom to know is an honor, and to be their guests a most precious boon. Their claims, if any they make, should be heeded; their wishes gratified, their present wants supplied, their future assured, and the world and they taught that the gratitude of America, made secure in her freedom by their devoted toil, is bounded only by the ability of her citizens, to whom the sin of ingratitude as individuals or nation shall never be applied.

But while we have thus in the past, are now in the present, and will continue in the future, to pay tribute to these gallant defenders of the rights of all; while we will keep Decoration Day forever as a green oasis of rest in the great labor desert of life; while we will build up in the hearts of all true Americans the 30th of May with its mournful but resplendent memories, as second only in their love and veneration to that other national holiday, so dear not only to us, but to lovers of human advancement everywhere, which commemorates the birth of our nation, as this day commemorates the services of those that saved our nation from ruin and disgrace, we must not content ourselves with this, which is but the expression of our gratitude towards those most grandly deserving it; we must be mindful of our obligation to them, to ourselves, to our country and our God, to exemplify by our actions that we are worthy of the sacred blood so freely poured for us; that we have gathered instruction from the speech and life and death of those who gave that blood; that we can perform as freemen should the duties made incumbent upon us by their success, and that by the blessing of Him who rules the Universe, we will carry into practical and permanent effect the teachings and result of the war which preserved the Union of the United States of America. From the lessons of the past, carved, as they are, in letters of blood upon the turf and granite of America; from the sad yet sweet memories of the dead that fill our minds and hearts, and from the impressive presence of the living sailors and soldiers of our great war, we can, yes, we must, extract wise counsels for the present and unerring guides for the future.

As I said three years ago: "We all welcome the mild dominion of white-robed Peace as she showers broadcast o'er the land the sweet waters of reconciliation; we all rejoice that those late foremost in rebellion for the supposed good of section now claim to be foremost in labor for the whole country; we all are exceeding glad that the armed ship of the nation is met with huzzas and festivities as she sails up the mighty Mississippi; we all hail with pleasure the subjection of the military to the civil arm of the United States; we all welcome the prodigals to the home of their fathers with loud acclaim. Still all cannot read or accept the signs of the times alike." And with three years added experience I can but sorrowfully say that the signs of the times do not, in my judgment, warrant now as much as then their reading or acceptance as though the waters of charitable forgiveness, so freely given by the loyal people, had washed away the stains of fratricidal strife and unnecessary revolt, or cemented in closer reunion to the stars and stripes those who sought to destroy their brightness and power. Others may cast a different horoscope from the skies than I, and for them I have wondering admiration.

Sentimentality smoothes the pathway of the common courtesies of life and leads to sympathy for the sufferer, whether rightfully or wrongfully undergoing pain and punishment. But in great national epochs and upon great national topics too much of either blinds the eye of the citizen and renders the call of justice too often unheeded. Promises are sometimes like pie-crust—made to be broken—and when unaccompanied by resultant acts, made necessary by the promise, may appeal with eloquent phrase or smooth rhetoric to the senses, but should not be permitted to enthrall the intellect or stay the arm of righteous justice.

Those of you, gallant remnants of the noble army and navy that volunteered the nation's life to save, who interpret the omens of the day and the beacons of the past differently from myself, may well be pardoned for believing in the pledges and fealty to the Union as it is of those that bravely met you in war. You know them only as "foemen worth of your steel," who by their courage and constancy on a hundred hard-fought fields redeemed their cause from disgrace but not defeat. We of the closet who knew the men who met you in hostile lines only as perjured traitors who basely plotted rebellion against the kind Government that protected them as us, we also may well be pardoned if we are slower to rely upon the vows of those who broke so many solemn oaths in precipitating an uncalled for fratricidal strife upon our dear land, and whose actions certainly do not keep pace with their pledges made since the era of reconciliation dawned upon our country. We can but hope and wait and watch and pray for the best, meeting our late adversaries fairly and squarely as friends, and as equal citizens of the Union, while relying upon your arms for support in case of need, and upon the teachings of your actions to educate the whole people to their duty.

We all as Americans owe a duty to our country, and while we shout—

> Hosannas for a land redeemed,
> The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb,
> * * * * * *
> Again our banner floats abroad,
> Gone the one stain that on it fell.

We must manfully strive that duty to perform. One part of that duty we owe to the private soldier and common seaman of the war. They were the real heroes. It requires no great effort to appear or to be heroic when you are the center of the field, when the eyes of friend and foe alike are upon you and the sure certainty of enduring fame awaits your action; even a craven feels aroused at such times, and men known for years as weak and commonplace have under such surroundings risen to the hights of daring and renown.

We have perhaps been too often told of Foote, Porter and Farragut upon the sea, and of Sherman, Sheridan and Grant upon the land. While they deserve the praise awarded—the honors they have received, and none would in any manner detract from their well-earned laurels or rewards (rather would I enlarge them)—let us render honor and praise to-night and always to the unnamed dead that swell the roll of those that sleep beneath the salt sea waves or fill the mounds in the national cemeteries. Let us remember the common seaman that went down with the Cumberland and the Iroquois; that manned the wooden Hartford and the iron Monitor, and gave his courage and his life to add to the glorious record of the American Navy and the perpetuity of the American Union without thought of anything save doing his duty. Let us remember forever and for aye the private soldier that uncomplainingly bore the storms of winter and the heat of summer; that bravely bared his bosom to the leaden hail or the gleaming steel; that laid his life down upon the field of battle or yielded it to the dreadful misery of Southern prison hells, leaving no record of his name, no memory of himself, save in the salvation of our country—of his country, that he so dearly loved.

Peace to their ashes; glory to their memories. In our paucity of thanks we take sweet comfort in the belief that in that vast country whose radiant splendors no mortal ever can see—where all is truth—they are known and honored as is their right. There are others, generals, statesmen, men wise in council and brave in war; one is by rare good fortune with us to-day, who, among other acts endearing him to us as a patriot and warrior, solved the problem how to treat fugitive slaves, and coined the phrase "contraband of war," that settled that vexed question until Lincoln's immortal Emancipation Proclamation flashed over the horizon of history. Remembering these men, and all others who aided in the good cause, to do them reverence let us also emulate their example and labor in peace as they did in war for the land they loved and saved for us. It is part of our duty to take up their work where they left it and carry it onward and upward to a successful realization of its gorgeous promise. Let us do our duty in private and in public, educate ourselves and our children to understand the history of the United States, and to honestly carry into effect the principles underlying that history which made it possible.

Let us seek to cull from the overflowing gardens of past experience rich flowers of light that shall lead us on to a better national life, that shall enable us to avoid the errors while profiting by the examples of the past. Justice to the thousands of the dead heroes of the war that sleep peacefully in the grave; justice to the living heroes that so often and so many need our care; justice to ourselves that we may prosper as individuals and community; justice to the future, that we may attain and keep the exalted station for America that is offered, demands action—constant, daily, continued action—on our part, that the unparalleled expenditure of treasure and blood by our country in crushing a wicked rebellion may not prove to have been made in vain, and the victory so dearly but so completely won be warped from the legitimate results and prove barren of aught save debt and death. Nations, like individuals, must do right; must carefully scan and learn from the past, improve the present and guard the future. More particularly is this true of America, for here all are sovereigns. Hence it is that putting aside all thought of animosity, all sympathetic gush, the duty is plainly incumbent upon us all, whether as the soldiers, the sailors or the citizens of this great commonwealth, not to forget the past, though we may forgive it; to heed its warnings and improve its gifts. We must learn from it, we must be awake to error and prompt to correct it, obedient to the Federal Constitution with all its glorious amendments, faithful to Liberty, to Union, to Humanity, loyal to our country and our God, working heart and hand for true National Progress, regarding our Federal Union not as a league of States but as a nation of the people. In so doing we may safely rely for success upon the goodness of that Divine Providence that guided the Ship of State through the wild breakers of a civil war, and as we rapturously clasp the "gorgeous ensign of the Republic now full high advanced" to our bosoms we may shout with joyous pride and truth:

> Forever float that standard sheet,
> Where breathes the foe but falls before us;
> With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
> And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

# THE QUIET HOUR.

## THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

### Answers to May 22d.

691. The petticoat.

692.
P A R T
A J A R
R A J A
T R A P

693. "Nature to each allots his proper sphere."

694. Carnation.

695. Board, boar.

696. Humbug.

697.
M O R A L L Y
O R A L L Y
R A L L Y
A L L Y
L L Y
L L
Y

698. Teaspoon.

Trinity says that Enigma 691 was suggested by these lines:

> "Three things sway mightily with men,
> The sword, the scepter and the pen.
> But other things are greater still,
> Than sword or scepter, or the quill;
> So ancient wise men thought and wrote,
> And hailed supreme the petticoat."

### New Tangles.

705. Charade, by Augusta Blake, Hollister. (Affectionately dedicated to Ora Bradley, in memory of Nettie Ayers):

> The spring will come when winter is over,
> And clothe the ravaged naked tree;
> But where's the spring that can restore
> Your departed friend, Nellie Ayers, to thee.
> Tanglers of the Quiet Hour, your mourning robes put on,
> And mourn the loss of your associate that is gone;
> It may be your fate some day to be called away
> Before your God, his high commands to obey.
> To remain on this earth in vain she had striven,
> But alas! her fondest ties on earth were rudely riven.
> Oh! happy soul! released from wordly cares,
> 'Tis well with thee when heaven thy ways prepare.
> The trees and shrubs in spring shall bloom anew
> On hill and vale, by flora's mantle clad;
> Though nature paints them in her loveliest hue,
> They will charm us not—our hearts are lone and sad.
> Farewell, dear Nellie; may peace and rest be yours,
> Afar from all this sinful life endures;
> A pronoun for my first you will now select,
> Two-thirds of one of the United States for second you will detect.
> The whole in conjunction, and then you will see
> Where I hope her soul will rest for all eternity.

706. Charade, by E. C. D.:

> My first is a word that means I go,
> Though volition is not expressed;
> My second means Annie, or John, or Joe,
>