A FAVOR OF FORTUNE.

The Admiral's Daughter and her Determined Lover.

Jason Hall, a quaint old castellated structure of the time of Queen Elizabeth, situated upon the coast of Essex and overlooking the English Channel, was the seat of Admiral Sir Thomas Strout, a rough, robust old British sailor, who flourished during the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present centuries. Originally the place had been called an abbey. The admiral had given it its present name in honor of the old Jason frigate, on board which he had served as post-captain when it was the flagship of England's sailor-king, William IV., then Admiral and Duke of Clarence.

In 1832, the time of which we write, Sir Thomas, grown old and battered in the service, had been honorably retired upon full pay. He was never so happy as when he could induce old shipmates to share his hospitality.

Admirals of the Red, the White or the Blue were all gladly entertained by Sir Thomas. Post captains were always welcome; and even a commander, if his war record was good, might find favor in his sight. But lower than that he did not like to go. In fact, he was an aristocrat of the first water—the very saltest of the salt; and he would sooner have admitted to social equality the boatswains and the gunners of the old school than to have admitted a lieutenant of the new.

The only near relative which the old admiral had was a granddaughter, whom he came very near to worshiping. He was extreme in almost everything. His wife had died when quite young, leaving only one child, a beautiful girl, who the proud father was wont to declare was the handsomest and the best and the most intelligent girl in the kingdom.

She, rather late in life—her father having kept the general run of lovers at a distance—became the wife of an earl, but the earl was so poor that when he died, only five years after his marriage, he did not leave behind him the wherewith to pay his debts; the result being that lady Irene, the admiral's daughter, came home to her father, bringing with her an infant daughter—the little Lady Emeline.

At the time of the opening of our story Sir Thomas' daughter had been dead several years, and the Lady Emeline had grown to a beautiful maiden of nineteen, with a character that lacked nothing to make it lovely and lovable. And she had a lover—a young lieutenant of the royal navy—named George Ayling. He had come first to Jason Hall, having been sent with a message to the old admiral by the Board of Admiralty. On that occasion he had had to remain all night, and Sir Thomas had detailed Lady Emeline to entertain him. He was a brave, loyal, true-hearted man; twenty-six years of age; tall and strong and handsome—so handsome and so genial and so pure-minded that his beautiful young hostess fell in love with him during that first visit.

He was attached to the Naval Department at Whitehall, being on the staff of one of the Lords Commissioners. His father was only a merchant, but one of the most wealthy in London. In fact, few men had more influence at Court than had the elder Ayling, he having been a lifelong friend and a devoted helper of the present king; and he never obtruded himself. The only favor he had ever asked had been in behalf of his son.

Lieut. Ayling had fallen desperately in love with Lady Emeline, and at length he told her of it, and he told her so heartily and so ardently and so lovingly that she could not keep back her own confession, but said: "Oh, George! my love! my heart is all your own now."

But when he talked of speaking with her grandfather she trembled. She knew the old admiral's whims and inconsistencies, and she feared he would oppose their union.

"Fortune favors the brave," said George laughingly. "Faint heart never won fair lady. I shall beard the tiger in his den. Surely, he cannot eat me."

And, on a certain afternoon, when the lieutenant had brought down a packet from the Naval Office, and had seen and spoken with his darling, he approached the old admiral in his sanctum sanctorum and told of his love for the beautiful Emeline, and boldly asked the veteran for her hand.

What a shock was that for the British admiral! At first he could not credit the evidence of his senses. It could not be possible that he had heard aright. And the ardent lover stated his case a second time—stated it so that there could be no mistake. And then the wrathful torrent burst forth.

What! a lieutenant! son of a London merchant! a mere nobody! a stripling, who had never smelt powder! who had never seen a fleet put in line of battle! marry with his granddaughter—the daughter of an earl! And so he went on to the close; and the close was this: "Get out of my house, sir! Get out, sir! And don't you dare to speak with the Lady Emeline again! You! You! You! marry with the granddaughter and heiress of Admiral Sir Thomas Strout! By heaven, if she should do such a thing as listen to your tale of love, I would—would—I don't know what I should do; but, if she should marry with you, I'd cast her off on the instant! Now, go! I think you have your answer."

The young and gentlemanly lieutenant was thunderstruck—utterly astounded. He gazed upon the foaming old tiger as he might have gazed upon a South Sea Islander gone mad.

"Well, sir, d'you hear me? Why don't you move? What are you waiting here for? I don't think you've got any more to say?" blustered the irate admiral, while the extraordinary rush of blood to the head gave to his rough and puffy face a color purely crimson.

"Only this, my dear sir, for the present," returned Ayling, mildly and modestly, and bowing politely. "I would like to know, sir, through you, if the specimen of speech and behavior which I have just witnessed may be taken as a fair sample of the life and intercourse of the quarter-deck in the historic and heroic days of his Majesty's royal navy?"

Having thus spoken he bowed again very low and then turned to leave the room, passing out under a torrent of abuse.

On the broad piazza George met the Lady Emeline. When she saw his face she caught him eagerly by the arm and asked what had happened. He told her as nearly as he thought proper.

"Oh, George, dear heart, I feared it—I feared it! I have been in a fever of anxiety all the time you have been gone. What shall we do—alas! what?"

"Never surrender, my own dear promised one! Let us consider. We will take time. I have friends in London who will gladly help us. At all events, we won't give up the ship just yet."

Her lover's strength and heartiness, his confidence in right and justice, and his masterful manner of speech and purpose, soon brought the sorrowful maiden into a more hopeful state, so that when he left her he left smiles upon her face.

The lieutenant, since his interview with Sir Thomas, had resolved to return at once to London. The stage-coach from Shoreham to Chichester would pass shortly, and his nearest way from the Hall to the highway was through the great park. He had struck into the well-beaten path, and had gained, perhaps, half the distance, when he was brought to a sudden stop by a scene that commanded at once his earnest sympathy.

An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been on his way to the Hall, had been attacked by a savage stag that had broken loose from the deer park. Ayling well knew the nature and disposition of this animal, as he had once had a bout with him on his own account. He was one of the largest of his class; literally, "a monarch of the glen," which had been sent to the lord of the manor from the highlands of Scotland. His widely branching antlers were of enormous size, and the man who should once get fairly caught thereon might calculate upon a speedy exit from this sublunary sphere.

The individual attacked was certainly more than three-score—perhaps nearer to three-score and ten—habited in a sort of undress, free-and-easy naval uniform; naturally, one would judge a pleasant-faced old man; but just at present so excessively frightened that marks of character might go for nothing.

When our hero first discovered him he had dodged behind a large oak tree, while the stag stood ready for a charge on the opposite side.

Ayling saw in an instant that when the stag should make another onset it would be next to impossible for his victim to escape; and if the infuriate beast once reached him, what could save him?

The brave youth hesitated only long enough to fully grasp the situation. He had great confidence in his own physical strength, and he believed he could throw the animal from his feet.

At all events, he would not see a defenseless old man killed before his face, while he had strength and sense to make an effort. He took a critical view of every point, and then, with a bound and a yell, he leaped forward.

Exactly how he did it he could never tell. He caught the branching antlers, at the same time striking with heavy force against the stag's shoulder; then, with all his strength twisting the head backward and drawing it towards him, he struck his foot with a solid kick against the leg nearest to him.

The effort was successful. He brought the stag down upon his side, driving his nose into the gravel and pressing his knees upon the neck and shoulder. Then he shouted to the old gentleman to run. There was a gate not ten rods away, which he could easily reach.

"Run for the gate and I will follow," was his command, and the man had sense enough to obey, and when he had almost reached it the lieutenant sprang to his feet and sped after him, and before the demoralized beast could recover his senses both the men were safe.

"Well, young man, you have saved my life. Don't you think so?"

"I certainly think, sir, that I saved you from a great danger."

"Ay, you saved my life. Who are you?"

Ayling was well satisfied that the old gentleman was nothing less than a retired admiral, and he respected him accordingly.

"I am George Ayling, sir, a lieutenant in His Majesty's navy."

"Are you the son of Arthur Ayling, the London wine merchant?"

"I am sir—his only son."

"Ay; I remember; I gave a word for him to the Admiralty when he was seeking to get a place in the navy for his boy. Really, I am glad that I have met you. And now, what are you doing here?"

It struck the youth that if this man had influence, and was at the same time a friend of Sir Thomas, he might possibly help him; so, in a very delicate and modest manner, he told the whole story—told of his love for the beautiful Lady Emeline—of her love for him, of his late interview with Sir Thomas, and of the result.

The old man laughed outright.

"Oh, the old sea-dog! What a growler he is! But, young man, do you come with me. By St. George! I'll give old Tom a piece of my mind. Come along; I won't let him eat you."

Ayling hesitated but for a little time. His aged friend seemed so confident, and was so pleasant, eager, so jovial, that he quickly gave in, and turned back with him towards the Hall.

They had reached the broad graveled driveway in front of the mansion when they discovered the Lady Emeline herself upon the piazza, sitting with her head bent upon her hand, like one disconsolate.

"Hold on," said the old man; "do you let me go on in advance and speak a word with the lady before you come up." And without further remark he hastened on.

Ayling saw him ascend to the piazza; saw Emeline start quickly to her feet with an exclamation of surprise; saw him take her hand and raise it to his lips; and then he spoke. Presently the beautiful face was transfigured, and the dear girl clapped her hands with a cry of joy. The eager lover could tarry no longer. He hastened forward, and as he joined them, and once more took his darling's hand, the good old man bade them follow him, and, as he thus commanded, he turned and strode on in the direction of the old admiral's sanctum, the two lovers, hand-in-hand, following close behind.

Having arrived at the sanctum—or the "Growlery," as it was more commonly called—they found Sir Thomas there alone, with a pipe in his mouth, and a decanter and glass at his elbow.

He saw the intruder, and was upon his feet in an instant, his pipe dropped and broken, and his red face the picture of astonishment.

"What! Sire! If my old eyes do not deceive me, this is a proud and happy moment!"

"Hold on, Tom. I am not to be welcomed unless you can also welcome one of the best and the dearest friends I have in the world. And here he is—Lieut. Ayling. I propose to make him a post-captain as soon as possible. Say, old shipmate, shall we be welcome together?"

Ayling, as might be supposed, when he thus discovered that it was his king whom he had rescued from mortal peril, was deeply and powerfully affected; but his senses did not leave him.

He saw the pitiable situation of Sir Thomas, and, in the goodness of his heart, he moved quickly forward to his relief.

"Sir Thomas," he said, extending his hand, "let us forget the past."

"But don't forget me!" cried the king, jokingly.

"No danger of that," responded Ayling, heartily, and with deep, true feeling. "When a British seaman forgets England's gallant sailor-king we may look for chaos come again."

"Well said! You are right, my true-hearted boy!" exclaimed the old admiral plainly by way of setting himself right with his sovereign, and he grasped the youth's outstretched hand as he added," That sentiment does you credit, my boy; and since His Majesty—God bless and keep him!—avouches for you I should be a traitor and a renegade indeed if I could refuse thus to extend the hand of friendship. Welcome! Welcome to the pair of you!"

And then, having taken breath, he demanded: Sire, pray tell me, how in the world did you get here? How came you, and whence?"

"My dear old Tom, I ran away from the turmoil of the Court on purpose to get a day of blessed rest and recreation with you. I came in my own coach, and left it at the rear gate of your park, directing my groom to find the stables as best he could, while I took a comfortable walk beneath your majestic old oaks. But it came near to being a dear walk to me, and if it had not been for our brave and gallant boy here—son of one of the very best friends heaven ever gave me—you might never have seen William IV. of England alive again. But I'll tell you about it over a pipe and a glass."

Shortly after this the two young people were sent away to look after the work of the gardener, the king hailing our hero as he was turning away—

"By the way, Lieutenant—— I don't like that title. We must make it captain. You have lost the stage-coach for to-day, so you may tarry over-night, if Sir Thomas can find a bed for you, and ride back with me."

And then the two old shipmates were left to themselves to revel in the scenes and to fight over again the battles of the times agone.

We will only add, before the young lieutenant left the Hall, he was permitted to hold the Lady Emeline by the hand under the favor of a blessed fortune, for the old admiral had smiled upon their love and given his consent to their union.

Prisoners' Pensions.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

At the late meeting of the annual Encampment, Department of Kansas, Grand Army of the Republic, representing 17,000 members, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That our Senators and Rebresentatives in Congress be requested to use their influence and vote for the passage of Senate bill 44, introduced by Comrade Senator John A. Logan, for pensioning prisoners who were confined in rebel military prisons during the war.

So says 800 Union ex-Prisoners of War in Kansas who feel that they are only asking the payment of a debt due them from the Government. O. P. McNARY, Secretary,
Kansas Association of Union ex-Prisoners of War.
LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

TOO MANY FOR THEM.

How Nine Quartermasters Saved a Whole Division.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

When the Union army engaged in its famous race with Bragg's forces clear across Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River, the commissary and transportation departments of General Buell's army became scattered and more or less lost in the general confusion. At Louisville the army was reorganized and commenced to drive Bragg's army southward again. The baggage trains were unloaded and the wagons formed into supply trains to furnish the army then advancing upon Bragg. In the meantime, quite a number of quartermasters, with their sergeants, helpers and property, accounts, desks, &c., were left in Louisville, apparently forgotten by everybody in authority. A number of the quartermasters belonging to the regiments in General Sill's division of McCook's corps, got permission to take a team and wagon, containing their office desks, papers and personal baggage, and strike out to overtake the division to which they belonged. The train consisted of nine wagons, nine quartermasters, three officers and forty-three convalescent guards.

They pulled out rapidly and soon passed General Dumont's division, learning from him that Sill's division had marched in the direction of Lawrenceburg. So on they went after their division and passed through Lawrenceburg, where they learned that their division had gone through in the forenoon, and had fought the rebels awhile and then marched on towards Salt River. The train followed on and then camped for the night in an open field well surrounded by woods. At daylight next morning, and before they were up, they were fired upon by an unseen enemy from the woods in their rear. As they could see no enemy, it was thought the shots had come from some bushwhackers, and time was taken, therefore, to hitch their teams and resume their march after Sill's command. The convalescent guards were placed under one of the line officers, who disposed them in such a manner as to protect the train.

They had not proceeded far, when upon entering a piece of woods, the train was fired on from the left. A portion of the guard was then organized under the command of another line officer, who deployed out into the woods, defending the train from attack as it moved along. The train soon came to Salt River, and passed through a covered bridge, upon which the rebels showered their bullets. Meantime the skirmishers, under Major Bradford, of the 77th Pennsylvania, and Captain McClellan, of the 39th Indiana, and the other line officer, were hotly engaged, and one—Louis Ballin, a private of the 30th Indiana, and a brave little fellow—had been severely wounded. The train proceeded on up the hill, but was halted when it was half way up to the summit. Upon another hill, some distance beyond, and to their front and left, was a large force drawn up in line of battle. This force consisted of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and at first it was thought to be General Sill's command, as a great many were dressed in blue, though some wore gray suits; but soon the Confederate flag flaunted its folds full in the breeze, and that settled it. Another question now arose: What was to be done? The disparity of numbers did not admit of resistance. Lieutenant J. E. Cassell, quartermaster of the 77th Pennsylvania, suggested that a line officer be sent out with a flag of truce and arrange for a surrender.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

Captain T. C. Bowles, who was in command of the train, replied that the line officers were in charge of the skirmishers.

"Then," said Lieutenant Cassell, "send P. P. Bailey, quartermaster of the 30th Indiana; he is the oldest man present."

"Will you go?" asked Bowles.

"Yes," responded Bailey; "but give me some one to carry the flag of truce."

"I will carry the flag," said a sergeant of the 39th Indiana.

At this juncture Sergeant Crawford, of the 49th Ohio, dashed up at a furious rate, with the unpleasant intelligence that Major Bradford, with a part of his skirmishers, had been captured, and that the enemy was moving up the road in their rear. This necessitated expedition in the matter of surrendering.

"What shall I say?" remarked Bailey, addressing Bowles.

Bowles, whose beard had grown until it reached well down his chest, stroked it for a moment with his hand, and in a slow, measured tone of voice, replied: "Tell them they are a little too many for us, and we'll give up."

The flag of truce departed on its mission.

Soon another large force of rebel infantry was seen, and the truce party was halted. As the rebel officers came forward to receive the flag, a little time was afforded Bailey for reflection. He could not help asking himself: "Why all this preparation of the enemy to capture so small a force?" His conclusion was that the enemy had been deceived as to the Federal numbers, and most probably thought he was surrounding General Sill's division, which, in fact, could not be far ahead.

Bailey, resting in this belief, concluded to keep up the deception until he made terms of surrender, for the little train could not yet be seen, as it was still under cover of the woods on the hill near the bridge.

In the meantime Bailey had buttoned up his overcoat, that his rank might not be known, and, upon the arrival of the rebel officer, salutes were exchanged.

Bailey, who was a man of very imposing appearance, then said, with all the dignity of his nature: "Sir, I perceive by your uniform that you are a Confederate officer."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And those are your troops?" continued Bailey, pointing in the direction whence the officer had come.

"Yes, sir," was again the reply.

"Well, then, sir," said Bailey, "whose are the men in blue coats, drawn up in line of battle, yonder on our left?"

"They are ours, too, sir," was the answer.

"They yours, too! What! the blue coats!"

"Yes, sir," said the rebel officer.

"Well, sir," said Bailey, "those men have deceived us. We have been skirmishing with your men for some time past; have killed and wounded some of them, and you have wounded some of ours, and we have finally come out to hold a parley."

"I shall be obliged to report to General Cheatham for orders," said the rebel officer.

VERY WELL, INDEED.

"Very well, sir," said Bailey, and the officer dashed off to headquarters.

In a short time he returned, accompanied by General Cheatham, when the same questions were propounded to the general that had been asked of his subordinate, and similar replies received. Just then the rebels resumed their firing in the rear of the train, when Bailey remarked: "Sir, your men are fighting us now, while we are out with a flag of truce."

The general asked if there was a flag out in the rear, and sent his officer to have the firing checked.

Bailey knew that now time was precious, for on the return of the officer his actual strength would be made known, and the opportunity for making terms would be lost. He then said: "Well, General, we have come out to hold a parley."

"What have you to say?" said General Cheatham.

"I have to say," replied Bailey, "that seeing you outnumber us, and in order to save the shedding of more blood, if we can make proper terms we will surrender."

General Cheatham was very gracious, bowed very low, and inquired what were the terms which he wished to make.

Bailey replied that the terms were very simple, and could easily be complied with. Said he: "We have a number of quartermasters with us who have their papers with them, containing their accounts with the Government, and if these officers can be allowed to retain their papers, and if private property will be respected, we will surrender." Gen. Cheatham smilingly responded that Major-General Withers was on the ground, and that before he could make terms he would be obliged to report to him; and dashing off on a gallop, he suddenly halted, turned back, and said:

"What shall I tell Gen. Withers is the strength of the force you propose to surrender?"

"Oh," said Bailey, as if that was a piece of information he, too, had entirely forgotten, "you may say to Major-General Withers that our force consists of nine quartermasters, with nine wagons, three line officers and forty-three convalescent guards!"

At this Gen. Cheatham knit his brow, his countenance became black as a thunder-cloud, while, raising himself in his stirrups, he exclaimed in a voice of anger:

"You are in no condition to dictate terms, sir!"

"Well, sir, I do not know about that;—I do not know about surrendering, sir, if we do not make terms," retorted Bailey, with as much dignity as he could command.

CHEATHAM ACKNOWLEDGES THE CORN.

General Cheatham saw that he was duped; and then, in quite a bland voice, he said, "Very well, sir; I will report to Gen. Withers."

Saying this, he rode off across the field. He soon met on old gentleman dressed in blue jeans with no insignia of office about him, and a conversation ensued which lasted for some minutes. Then Gen. Cheatham galloped back and said in a tone of voice full of humor, as if he was convulsed at the ridiculousness of his mission: "Sir, Major-General Withers instructs me to say to you that he accepts your surrender on the conditions named, but regrets there is not a greater number of you!"

The train was then brought up into the field, where, in presence of Major-General Withers, Bailey reported the terms of capitulation, and heard General Withers give directions to an officer to see that the conditions were strictly carried out, after an examination had been made of the effects. Bailey secured most of the papers, but the other quartermasters lost theirs owing to the want of transportation and the difficulty of finding them after examination. The men were then paroled and allowed to depart towards Louisville.

It was ascertained during the day they were with the rebels that the force engaged in their capture numbered some fifteen thousand men belonging to E. Kirby Smith's command, who had been ordered to intercept Gen. Sill, and who had discovered their camp about 4 o'clock that morning, and, supposing it to be Gen. Sill with his entire division, had so arranged their men as to most completely surround them, as has already been described. When these formalities of the surrender of the quartermasters had been completed it was 9 o'clock in the morning.

They then resumed their march after Gen. Sill, who had been encamped only three miles in their advance, but who had been up and marching for several hours, thus making good his escape. The capture of the 2d division of Gen. McCook's corps under Sill, which did not exceed six thousand in numbers, unless extraordinary fighting had been displayed, was undoubtedly prevented by the nine quartermasters with their nine wagons, three officers and forty-three convalescent guards.

JASPER N. OHLWINE,
Co. E, 30th Indiana Vol. Infantry.
LIGONIER, IND.

A Kind Word for the Confederate Captain Lincoln.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I read with amazement your editorial, "A Preposterous Proceeding," in THE TRIBUNE of April 10th. Is it possible that men are to be ostracised here in free Iowa?

Captain Lincoln, who fills the chair of military science and tactics in the Iowa Agricultural College, enlisted in the Virginia cavalry when seventeen years of age, at the time his schoolmates and all his young friends were flocking to the Confederate army. He served with distinction to the end of the war, and soon after the close he came to Iowa, where he has lived ever since, respected and honored as an upright and loyal citizen. He has filled positions of honor and trust with credit to himself and the contituents served.

He has been a member of our Iowa National Guard ever since its organization, and done as much to bring it up to its high standard of proficiency as almost any other one member. He has been elected captain and lieutenant-colonel of the 1st regiment by the men composing the command. He is now the captain of company A, 1st regiment I. N. G., and no man in the whole command wears the blue uniform with more pride and dignity.

He cast his lot with us long years ago; his children have been born to him in Iowa—five boys and a daughter—and they are being brought up under the influence of our public schools, in free and loyal Iowa, where we are not afraid of the "Ghost of the Confederacy."

Captain Lincoln says he is proud of his war record as a soldier, but is frank to say if he had had the knowledge and experience at the age of seventeen that he did at the close of the war, or soon after, he would never have drawn his sword against the old flag.

There is no dispute but what he is well qualified to fill the position. His private character is above reproach, and it is a significant fact that those best acquainted with him are his most ardent and unfaltering friends. Those who thought as you do, that his election was a great outrage, after becoming acquainted with the man and the surroundings, have, almost universally, become his friends and supporters.

Our broad prairies are a standing invitation to everybody to come and enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, without regard to previous condition of servitude or military service. Iowa was the first State to give the colored man the elective franchise, and, if need be, will be the first to give the Confederate soldier a fair deal. With "school-houses on the hill and no saloons in the valley," we will march on in this grand age of human progress. Men with small souls and no charity will be found among the stragglers in this great march.

HENRY H. WRIGHT,
Co. D, 6th Iowa Vet. Vols.
CENTERVILLE, IOWA.

Minnie Minton.

Minnie Minton, in the shadow
I have waited here alone,
On the battle's gory meadow,
Which the scythe of death has mown,
And I listened for your coming
Till the dreary dawn of day;
But I only heard the drumming,
As the army marched away.

CHORUS.

O Minnie, dear Minnie,
I've heard the angels' warning,
I've seen the golden shore;
I'll meet you in the morning,
Where the shadows come no more,
Nevermore, nevermore.

Minnie Minton, I've been dreaming
Of the moments gone before,
Ere I saw the sabers gleaming,
On the fields of death and gore,
And I thought I saw you bending
O'er the sod whereon I lay;
But I woke to see the banners,
As the army marched away.
Chorus—O Minnie, &c.

Minnie Minton, I am wounded,
And I know that I must die,
By a stranger host surrounded
And no loved one kneeling nigh,
And I fain would hear your footsteps
In the twilight cold and gray;
But I only hear the tramping,
As the armies march away.
Chorus—O Minnie, &c.

Minnie Minton, I am weary,
And I fain would reach my goal,
But the billows of old Erie
Blue across my memory roll,
And I long to hear you singing
By the waters of the bay;
But I only hear the bugle,
As the armies march away.
Chorus—O Minnie, &c.

Minnie Minton, I am dying;
As the world recedes from view,
I can see the old flag flying
O'er the rebel rag of blue;
I behold the heroes saintly
Who have fallen in the fray,
And their bugles warble faintly,
As the armies march away.
Chorus—O Minnie, &c.

Coming Home from the Old Camp-ground.

We are breaking up camp and marching away,
The war is o'er at last;
We are all going home
To rejoice with our friends,
And talk o'er the scenes that have past.

Chorus.—We are coming home again
From the old camp-ground
And the scenes of war and strife;
We are coming home again
To the friends that we love,
And the joys of a peaceful life.

We have long been parted from our dear, kind friends,
And the joys of a peaceful home;
We have long been camping in the stranger's land,
And wishing for the end to come.
Chorus.—We are coming home again, &c.

Our old flag's coming, our brave old flag;
On many a battlefield
It was tattered and torn by the shot and shell,
But never would the old flag yield.
Chorus.—We are coming home again, &c.

We are coming home again,
But we are not all coming;
For many have passed away;
We have laid them to rest
Near the old camp-ground,
And they quiety sleep there to-day.
Chorus.—We are coming home again, &c.

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Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

A BED OF ROSES.

Roses, to give entire satisfaction, must have a deep range of good fresh soil for their roots. Isolated plants scattered here and there over the garden, or on the lawn, cannot well receive the soil preparation necessary for success. A properly prepared bed containing a couple of dozen plants will yield more and better flowers than double the same number will if set out among other things in the flower garden. A circular bed six to eight feet in diameter will be large enough to contain a good selection. A strong loamy soil is best; if it is somewhat of a clayey character it will be all the better. If the subsoil is hard, means must be taken to loosen it, and in general this can best be accomplished by throwing out to one side all of the good top soil and then properly turning over the subsoil with spade and pick. If the good surface soil does not reach to twelve inches in depth, enough of the subsoil should be removed altogether to allow this depth of good soil to be added; after filling the bed level, spread evenly over the entire surface not less than four inches in thickness of rotted manure, and then dig over the ground, which is then ready for the plants.

In selecting the plants it is not best to set a mixture of classes. Tea roses should not be mixed up with the stronger and hardier hybrid remontants, or perpetuals, as they are more frequently called. Where tea roses require winter protection they can be better treated by themselves than when mixed up with hardy kinds, which do not need protection; they can be planted closer, also, than is necessary for the varieties of more robust growth. The best mode of protecting tender roses is to lay them flat on the surface, secure them in place with hooked pegs, and cover them carefully with fine manure—or, if that is not available, with sand. The object is to cover the stems so that they will not be exposed to evaporation; it is not essential that they be covered so as to be below the reach of frost, but they should not be subject to the direct influence of frosty winds.

FENCING FOR LANDS SUBJECT TO OVERFLOW.

The recent floods throughout the country have destroyed and cleaned out many thousands of rods of fencing, the money value of which must be very great. On lands thus situated the question of line fences becomes of much importance. A good hedge fence, when once established, is not easily disturbed by washing, and will suffer no material injury from being covered with water for weeks during winter when it has become leafless, and when the water passes off the fence is just as good as ever;—it does not even need any repairs. There are some who object to hedges for various reasons; one is, that they require too much care in keeping, and when the cutting of the hedge requires to be done when farm crops need attention, the former will be left undone. This is often the case, but it is not a good reason for neglecting the hedge; as well might a farmer neglect to cut his hay crop because his corn requires cultivating. Another objection to the hedge is that it sends out roots far and wide, to the great injury of the crops in their immediate vicinity. This can only apply to utterly neglected hedges which have been allowed to grow up in medium sized trees. When hedges are regularly trimmed and kept, the roots of the plants will not travel far, nor injure adjoining crops. This fact is well known to all those who have good hedges. On all lands subject to overflow it would seem that the live fence is specially suitable, and doubtless in the future inclosure of such lands the subject will receive serious consideration.

CHEAP CULTURE OF ASPARAGUS.

Mr. H. Shepherd, of Northampton, Mass., states in a Massachusetts paper as follows: "Within a few years I have discovered a process by which good asparagus can be produced almost spontaneously. The plants are set out on ordinary good land in single rows four or five feet apart, and at least six to ten feet apart between the rows. After asparagus has been growing five feet apart for three or four years their roots have extended in all directions two or three feet from the crown or center of the plant, and frequently five or six feet perpendicularly into the ground, thus meeting their five foot neighbor half way and filling the earth with roots as very few other plants do. They are there to stay many years, in defiance of the mower which cuts them twice a year. As soon as the frost is out of the ground is the best time to transplant roots and the best time to sow seeds. Two-year-old plants are generally best, though on very rich land one year from the seed may do as well if early thinned in the seed-bed to six inches apart."

Growing asparagus like corn, only planting wider apart, is an improvement on the older system of growing it in beds. What is gained by cutting the tops twice a year with the mower is not stated. We presume the writer proposes to plant asparagus in meadows and allow it to come up as it best can, and the tops to be mowed down when the grass is cut. Not a commendable plan.

LEAVES OF THE OSAGE ORANGE FOR SILKWORMS.

Some experiments have lately been made as to the relative value of the mulberry and the Osage orange as food for silkworms. Four varieties of worms were reared. The race known as the "Var" was fed throughout on mulberry leaves. The "Pyrenean" and "Cevennes" worms were fed throughout on leaves of the Osage orange, while the "Milanese" worms were fed on Osage orange up to the second molt and then changed to mulberry leaves. Examples of each variety of cocoons were sent to the secretary of the Silk Board at Lyons, and appraised by him. The Osage-fed cocoons were rated at eighty-five cents per pound; those raised partly on Osage and partly on mulberry at ninety-five cents per pound, and those fed entirely on mulberry at $1 per pound. This seems to show that the difference between Osage and mulberry as silkworm food is some twenty-five per cent. in favor of the latter, while it is evident that the leaf of the Osage orange can be used with some advantage during the first two ages of the worms, thus allowing the mulberry tree to grow more leafy for feeding during the last three ages. The experiment is not considered conclusive, from the fact that different races were used in the different tests and not the same races; so that the result may have been due, to a certain extent, to race and not to food.

THE "INDUSTRY" GOOSEBERRY.

This is the name of a gooseberry which we learn is now being introduced by Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, N. Y. It is a very large fruit, and although of foreign origin it has shown itself to be well adapted to this country, having succeeded admirably at Rochester for several seasons without showing signs of mildew, which is the great drawback to the success of the ordinary European varieties in this climate. It is therefore confidently recommended by the proprietors for garden and market culture, being unequaled in size, flavor, productiveness and vigorous growth. If this proves successful after more extended trials, it will be a valuable addition to our small fruits. The American varieties, although perfectly hardy, are two small in size, and are not of high flavor. But it will be safe to experiment with it before planting largely, as we have occasionally seen many European gooseberries do fairly well for a series of years and then utterly fail.

OLD MEADOWS.

Timothy meadows after they are five or six years old often become root-bound and the surface moss-grown. In this condition, most farmers prefer to break the meadow, put it into cultivation, and set a new meadow elsewhere. This change may be well, but if it is not desirable to make it, the condition of the old meadow may be readily remedied by a thorough harrowing of its surface in April, as soon as it is dry enough. This should be followed by a top-dressing of barn-yard manure, or by 100 pounds each of bone meal and land plaster, mixed and sowed broadcast, on every acre. Under this treatment the meadow will be brought back to its early yield of hay, unless it has become foul with white blossoms, blue-grass, or white clover; in which event cultivation in corn is the only successful treatment.—*Indiana Farmer.*

THE MARBLEHEAD EARLY SWEET CORN.

This variety is described by Mr. Gregory, who introduced it, to be the earliest of all the varieties of sweet corn. He says for five years he has made it a special business to test the Marblehead Early Sweet side by side with all the varieties advertised as the earliest of all, and the result has been that without a single exception it has proved to be earlier than any of them. When tested with such standard varieties as Early Minnesota and Narragansett, it proved to be full a week earlier than any of them. A similar test with Tom Thumb, Dolly Dutton, and other early varieties, gave the same result. In all characteristics, except earliness, it bears a close resemblance to the Narragansett. The stalk is dwarf in its habit of growth, and its ears very low down. It is of good market size and very sweet.

BLIGHT-PROOF PEARS.

A pear is considered blight proof until it has blighted. We have seen people so confident in their knowledge as to make out a list of blight-proof pears. Only a few years is required, if one has extensive opportunities of inspecting pear orchards, to extinguish the list, or perhaps reduce it down to the latest new untried varieties. For some time past the two most valuable pears, so far as blight is concerned, which have been prominently brought to notice, are the Le Conte and the Kieffer. The first-mentioned variety seems more extensively grown southward than the Kieffer, and we hear no complaints so far about its being troubled with blight. We know, however, that it is not blight proof, because we have seen blighted limbs on it. Now it is stated that the Kieffer has shown blight in several instances, so that it also falls in line with other varieties. After all, this need not prevent it from being planted by persons desirous of securing a productive variety for culinary purposes, for that is all it is good for. If cultivators would only take the trouble to keep their trees washed with lime, they will save them from blight just so far as the wash extends.

"LIVEFOREVER."

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I would like to state, for the information of G. M. Bennett, of Long Hill, Conn., and possibly of many others, that there is no crop grown, either in Connecticut or New Jersey, no matter how persistently, that will ever eradicate "liveforever." Mr. Bennett does not mean wild garlic, for that will perish upon anything where it can get no roots, whereas the "liveforever" will flourish upon the dry roof of a house. I do not know the botanical name of the plant. It has a perpendicular stem of from six inches to one foot in height, and is profusely surrounded with light green, thick, pulpy leaves of somewhat the size and shape of a large red clover leaf. There is across the road from my land a four acre lot literally covered with the plant, which got spread by plow and harrow from a single stool set about fifty years ago. Many attempts have been made and experiments tried to eradicate it, and it was found that swine alone was the remedy. They are fond of the tubers. The method is to pen the swine, and shift the pens from place to place. ABRAHAM LEACH.
BOONTON, N. J.

Remarks.—If our correspondents were to inclose a leaf—or, better still, a flower—of plants when the botanical name is in doubt, we would probably be able to recognize it and write more intelligently about it. Local names of plants vary so much in different localities that they become confusing, and in consequence any remarks made concerning them must always be more or less indefinite.

NOTELETS.

—Plaster will promote the growth of nearly all plants, and is considered a special fertilizer for clover, beans, peas, and potatoes. Of all fertilizers, plaster is, for its cost, the most remunerative.

A correspondent in the Iowa *Agricultural Report* says that the benefit derived from having a small patch surrounded by evergreens surprised him very much. It doubled the amount of fruit, and the plants were better than those not so protected.

—The fact is noted that poor butter fares worse and worse at the hands of consumers. It is not only a cultivated taste that rejects it, but the more palatable butterine which supplants it. Evidently, poor butter must go; it is the old law of the survival of the fittest.

—In preparing for planting hedges do not sow seeds where the hedge is desired, but sow them in close rows in some good soil, and, after the plants have made a year's growth, select the best and set them in hedge rows. This applies to the Osage orange and honey locust.

—It is stated that by rolling potatoes in sulphur before planting will prevent the crop from rotting or taking that disease; but we would not depend much upon any such remedies, as the potato rot is atmospherical and will attack the stems of the plant when the conditions of climate are favorable to its growth, regardless of what may have been done to the potato at planting time.

—Regarding the peculiar effects of fertilizing elements, certain general principles are already known. Nitrogenous manures especially favor the growth of leaves, potash of stems, and phosphoric acid the development of seeds. Nitrogenous manures retard the ripening of grain, while phosphoric acid hastens it. Potash favors the increase and quality of products rich in sugar and starch.

—To make the finest flavored butter, and that which will keep for the greatest length of time, the cream must undergo the ripening process, and as soon as the cream becomes a little acid, or sour, which will be in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. After the cream has been heated from seventy-five to eighty degrees it will then be in proper condition for churning. The temperature of the cream when commencing to churn should range from sixty to sixty-two degrees.

—We are never sure of a crop on land that needs draining. If the season is wet, or the season very dry, or frost early in the fall, or the spring late, we miss a crop. When the soil is full of water to within a few inches of the surface, there can be no circulation of air among its particles. Draw off the water and the air circulates in the space formerly occupied by the water; the mineral ingredients of the soil are exposed to the action of the air and converted into plant food.

—Tobacco stems are now used largely as a preventive of insects. In glass structures they have been completely successful in keeping down thrips, and rose-growers spread them over the beds, and thus keep their plants clear of the aphis, which is very prevalent in forcing-houses. We have tried them out-doors in the vineyard, but cannot say that they were entirely successful. We see it stated that the currant worm may be abolished by spreading tobacco stems on the surface of the soil early in spring, or before the frost is out of the ground. This, if efficient, is a very simple remedy.

—As to the best time to cut timber so that it will last the longest, it is stated that the Russian foresters cut down their timber trees just after the spring growth is completed and before the bark has tightened too much for peeling; they then strip off the bark, but allow the upper branches, with their leaves, to remain. These leaves will evaporate a large portion of the sap in the trunk of the tree before they dry up, and the bark being taken off the trunk seasons rapidly and makes more valuable timber for any purpose than that which has been cut in winter.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

How is the English walnut and the Spanish chestnut propagated? Will they grow well in this State.—J. K., Baxter county, Ark.

Ans. These plants are propagated from seed. The nuts should be planted as soon as they are ripe, or kept moist until wanted for planting. We do not know of any reason why they would not flourish in that portion of Arkansas.

The Japan persimmon flourishes well in this neighborhood, and I have been thinking that the olive tree might be successful. How is it?—J. B. K., near Norfolk, Va.

Ans. The olive tree might live, although it is very doubtful. It certainly could not be made profitable as a fruiting plant so far north.

I am about to move to the western part of North Carolina with the intention of growing fruit in a small way, although I will depend upon other means for a living; but on mentioning this matter to a gentleman who had been there, he assured me that apples, potatoes, and some others of our northern fruits and vegetables would not grow well there, which rather disappoints me. Can the editor of Rural Topics give any information in regard to that region?—Jacob R., Columbus, Ohio.

Ans. Your informant is very badly misinformed indeed. The best apples grown on this continent are grown in North Carolina. The best wines will also be made there when vineyards are once established. For all fruits and vegetables grown in warm, temperate climates, North Carolina is not excelled by any other State.

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