Holmes County Farmer.

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The Holmes County Farmer,

Devoted to the advocacy of the principles of the Democratic party, and to general and local news.

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BY ESTILL & NEWTON.

OFFICE—SECOND STORY OF FIKE'S BUILDING

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The FARMER has a larger circulation than any other paper in this section of the State. It is now, and has been for thirty-eight consecutive years the official paper of the county.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, has permanently located himself in Oxford, Holmes Co. O., and offers his professional services to the people of Oxford and vicinity. 27-4.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office—On Clay Street, south of the Court House. 26-4

Dr. A. A. Crump,

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J. Pomerene, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office—On Main street, 4 doors east of the Bank. Residence—formerly occupied by Dr. Ebright. 26-10.

Dr. T. G. V. Boling,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office—on Main street, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine. 21-20

Dr. Charles Hunt,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Nashville, Ohio. Successor to Dr. Liggett. 25-27

W. H. Putt, M. D.,

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Maxwell & Heller,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office, in the Court House, up stairs. no19.

L. R. CRITCHFIELD.] [DANIEL S. UHL.

Critchfield & Uhl,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.—Office in Critchfield's building, up stairs. 10

C. F. VORHES.] [WM. REED

Vorhes & Reed,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.—Office—four doors East of the Bank. 26-4

Thomas A. Taylor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Holmesville, Ohio, will be always ready to attend to procuring back pay, bounty and pensions for disabled and discharged soldiers, and collection of claims for the friends of those deceased. 24-27

Andrew J. Bell,

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Claim Agent,

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Office in County Recorder's Office. 25-5

Henry F. Pounds,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Address Mt. Hope Holmes county, Ohio. 27-4

HOTELS.

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J. E. FLEMING, Proprietor, Main Street, Millersburg, Ohio. General Stage Office.—26-13

Ohio House,

E. W. FORBS Proprietor—west end of Main street, Millersburg, Ohio. 26-9

JEWELRY, &c.

A. B. FRY,

WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER, Main st., three doors west of Weirich's Hardware store, Millersburg, Ohio. 21-20

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN CASKEY,

DEALER IN

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W. R. POMEROY,

MECHANICAL AND OPERATIVE

DENTIST,

Millersburg, Ohio.

OFFICE—Up stairs above Dr. Boling's office.

Select Poetry.

WINTER.

BY VIOLETTE WOODS.

Fleecy snow-flakes softly falling,
Such as whispered words of love,
Little snow-birds gently flitting,
'Mong the branches high above.
Smoothe and fair the wintry scene is,
Fair as beauty's placid brow;
Leafless trees and verdant cedars,
'Neath the cold winds bend and bow!

Jingle, tingle, wondrous merry,
Is the soft bells' distant sound;
Sleighs with happy, careless drivers,
Lightly o'er the white earth bound!
Songs and jests, and ringing laughter,
Fly about on airy wings;
Wild, entrancing are the pleasures,
Which the noiseless snow-flakes bring!

Chilly though the north wind is,
Life and spirit it inspires—
Children frolic to its music
With a zeal that never tires!
Eyes as bright as stars at midnight,
Beaming with a trustful ray;
Cheeks on which the rose is blooming,
Hearts as warm as summer's day.

Sport they with good will and earnest,
Speed their snow-balls merily,—
Upwards glancing, quick careering
Thro' the top of each bare tree.
Soon they of their pleasures weary,
And with eagerness pursue
Those which promise more enjoyment,
Just as older minds will do!

'Long the way since early morning,
Men have travelled to and fro;
And have left their tracks behind them,
Deeply dented in the snow.
With delight the children note them,
Happy thought strikes every mind,—
Tracing up these graven foot-prints,
They a real pleasure find!

Happy childhood! Thoughtless childhood!
How its pulses bound with joy!
Cloudless skies and summer sunlight,
Purest gold without alloy!
Or if sorrows come upon them,
They depart, and leave no trace,
And the snow-wreaths melt and vanish
When the bright sun shows his face!

Miscellaneous.

Queer Things Done by Type.

The mistakes of printers are often very funny to readers, and very exasperating to authors. A single letter is often of the greatest importance, and a small mistake frequently changes the whole effect of an article. Some very funny stories are told of mishaps of this character, and we give below some of the best:

An English paper once stated that the Russian General Backinowsky was found dead with "a long word in his mouth." It should have been "sword." In this case, however, the printer could not have been blamed for leaving out a letter after setting up the Russian name correctly.

During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico—that General Pillow and thirty-seven men had been lost "in a bottle." It should have read "battle."

A lad in a printing office came upon the name of Hecate, occurring in a line like this:

Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest Hell.

The boy, thinking that he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer and inquired eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. "Why no, you blockhead," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the lines:

Shall reign the He Cat of the deepest Hell.

A newspaper some time ago gravely informed its readers that a rat descending the river came in contest with a steamboat, with such serious injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. It was a raft, and not a rat, descending the river.

In the directions for conducting the Catholic service in a place in France, a shocking blunder once occurred in printing *callotte culllotte.* Now a *callotte* is an ecclesiastical cap or mitre, while the *cullotte* means what is known in the drawing-room English as a gentleman's small clothes. The sentence read, "Here the priest will take off his *cullotte.*"

Letters Dropped Out.—But let the form of types he ever so correct when sent to press, errors not unfrequently happen from the liability of the letters to drop out, when the form has not been properly adjusted or locked sufficiently tight. A printer putting to press a form of the Common Prayer, the *c* in the following passage dropped out unpercevived by him, "We shall all be *changed* in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshipper, the passage read: "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

A newspaper recently stated, in a report of a battle, that the conflict was dreadful, and that the enemy was repulsed with great laughter (slaughter.) A man was said once to have been brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare.—The public were informed some time ago that a man was committed for having stolen a small ox (box) from a lady's work-bag.—The stolen property was found in his vest pocket. In an account of a Fourth of July dinner it was stated that none of the poultry was eaten except the owls (fowls.)

A "Make Up" Blunder.—A laughable mistake is shown in the following mixing of two articles—one concerned a *preacher*, the other about the freaks of a *mad-dog*—which occurred in a hurried "make up" in a printing office:

Rev. James Thompson, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician advises him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and, after the conclusion of a short prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic feats.—He run up Trinity street to the college.

At this state of the proceedings a couple of boys seized him and tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of running and confusion. After a long race he was finally shot by a policeman.

It has not been stated whether the following item, which is said to have been printed once upon a time, was the result of inebriety on the part of the printer or reporter:

Horrible Catastrophe!—Yesteday morning, at four o'clock P. M., a small man, named Jones or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The virdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He left a child and six small wives to lament the end of his unfortunate loss. In death we are in the midst of life.

The Government Detective.

A cotemporary photographs the Government Detective and holds him up to public contempt. He now infests every community, and is loathed and abhorred even by the "loyal" whose dirty work he is always ready to perform. Here is the picture:

The detective system which has obtained such wide-spread prevalence in this country at the present time is an evidence of two things: a despotic central power, and a low grade of public morality. No Governments save those of a tyrannical character have ever had resort to the use of detectives: and no people have ever looked upon these agents with any feeling save that of contempt, unless they have lost their self-respect and a proper appreciation of the distinction between honor and dishonor.

Of the precise moral position of the detective in the employ of the Government, we can infer much by an examination of an analogous character. In military affairs, a spy is one who gains information in disguise and through treachery. This is precisely the status of the detective. He conceals his character, and by treachery, that is, by pretending to sympathize with the designs of his victim, and by taking any number of solemn oaths with the intention of not keeping them. Thus it is that the definition of a spy and detective applies equally to both; they both seek their ends "through disguise and treachery." This being admitted, we can very easily arrive at the moral character of the detective; for, if two acts are exactly alike, the esteem in which mankind has unanimously decided to hold one should apply to the other.

Among all civilized nations, and for all time, the spy has been held to be an infamous character. Vattle says: "Spies are usually condemned to capital punishment, and not unjustly; and for this reason, a man of honor, who would not expose himself to die by the hand of the public executioner, ever declines serving as a spy. He considers it beneath him, as it can seldom be done without some kind of treachery. The sovereign cannot lawfully demand such a service of subjects, and it remains to him to hold out the temptation of a reward as an inducement for mercenary souls to engage in the business."

General Halleck is still more explicit.—He says: "No authority can require of a subordinate a treacherous or criminal act in any case, nor can the subordinate be justified in its performance by any orders of his superior. Hence the odium and punishment of the crime must fall upon the spy himself, although it may be doubted whether the employer is entirely free from the moral responsibility of holding out inducements to treachery and crime."

The fact that a man of honor cannot act as a spy applies with precisely the same force to the case of a detective; and the terms odium, crime, treachers, are as exactly applicable to the latter as to the former.

We attempt this definition of the position of a detective that men who propose engagment of what is called secret service may known the estimation in which they will be held by thinking men, and, furthermore, that the general public may extend to this class of men the consideration which they deserve.

As a further proof of the dishonorable character of the spy, it may be added that all military writers hold his testimony as unreliable, for the reason that a man despicable enough to commit an act of treachery for a reward, will, for a little higher reward, commit another act of treachery by selling his services to the other party. For the same reason is the evidence of a detective unreliable, for if he will commit perjury and treachery for a given sum, he will undoubtedly perform the same acts against his employers for a higher reward.

Let the mind of the public perfectly comprehend the utter infamous elements which enter into the composition of a detective, and a verdict of condemnation will be rendered that will detract much from the popularity of his profession, and will go far towards reducing to the minimum number those engaged in it. Let a detective, when known, be driven from society, as was the abhorred herdsman of mediæval ages, or the leper from the camp of the Israelites.—In this way only can an evil be checked that now permeates every part of our social system.

Military Interferance in Elections.

(From the Chicago Times.)

The House in Washington has passed a bill (and it has been approved by the President) to prevent military interference in elections, from which fact it would appear that there has been such interference of a character so extended and unjustifiable as to demand legislation to prevent its repetition. This is the confession made by the passage of the bill, and a more shameful confession could hardly be made by a Republican Government professing to respect law, justice and purity of elections. Had not the interference been a general one, affecting the nation at large, reaching beyond particular States and localities, illegal and oppressive, it is improbable that the party responsible for it would criminate itself by such an acknowledgement as the passage of the bill involves. The facts were too notorious and too well substantiated to be evaded.

Several weeks since *The New York Tribune*, in commenting upon the late elections presented an array of figures tending to prove the increase of its party with the increase of population, and that the Democratic party, instead of gaining in numbers, as the population increased, was decreasing. The passage of this bill will go far towards explaining the sudden growth of Abolitionism, and overthrowing the inferences drawn from its figures. The last election was carried by fraud. Military interference in Pennsylvania and Indiana carried the State elections, and the influence which the Administration triumph exerted in the October elections secured, in conjunction with fraud and military interference, its success in November,

How Pryor was Released.

The National Intelligencer gives the following version of the release of Rogers A. Pryor: "Dispatches of Saturday to the evening papers of the Northern cities state that the President had ordered the Release of General Rogers A. Pryor from Fort Lafayette, with directions for him to report to Col. Forney, in this city. We have reason to believe the above report is true. Distinguished gentlemen of the editorial fraternity, both Republican and Democratic, urged his liberation, and Mr. Lincoln in a moment of good nature, wrote the order for his release, adding jocosly that Gen. Pryor should report to Col. Forney. It will be remembered that Col. Forney and General Pryor were former associate editors of *The Union* newspaper, under the proprietorship of Gen. Armstrong, and with them was Hon. Chas. Eames, now Solicitor of the Navy Department, and Wm. M. Overton, Esq., since deceased. This strong editorial staff succeeded A. J. Donelson, Esq., who, for a while, was leading editor of *The Union*, having succeeded the veteran Thos. Ritchie."

Things I Like to See.

I like to see a whole neighborhood get into a quarrel about nothing; it shows there are independent spirits in the world.

I like to hear the character of my friend slandered; it gives me a chance to defend him.

I like to hear long prayers on Sundays; I can sleep better during the remainder of the exercises.

I like to be praised to my face; it make me think I am no fool.

I like to hear religious denominations slander each other; it is conclusive evidence that their cause is good, and that they are taking the best possible means to advance it.

I like to see fifteen or twenty young men parade themselves in front of the meeting house on the Sabbath, and stare at the ladies as they pass; it shows they have read Chesterfield's advise to his son.

I like to see young ladies, laugh and play at religious meeting; it shoes they possess fine feelings, and take an interest in serious matters.

I like to be surrounded by a lot of idlers when I am in a hurry, it learns me to be patient.

I like to have a person ask me the news, and before I have time to speak, answer himself; it shows he knows more than I do.

I like to see church members aroused from their slumbers to partake of the sacrament; it shows the spirit is willing but the body is weak.

I like to see people hunt the taverns on the Sabbath, talking politics and scandal; it shows that the day is regarded.

I like to hear the bell toll half the time; it tells strangers that we have one.

I like to see people ride for pleasure, go fishing or hunting on Sunday,—the better the day the better the deed.

I like to see young ladies walk late at night; it shows they are not at all afraid.

I like to have a man take a book or newspaper out of my hands without asking, it shows he knows good manners.

I like to have a man prying into my business; it shoes he has an inquiring mind.

I like to see a man in company engross the whole conversation; it shows he thinks himself a very smart fellow.

I like to see young ladies assemble at a window or door to make witty remarks upon people, as they pass; it shows they want to talk of something they can't think of.

I like to see young gentlemen have an exhalted opinion of himself, he is sure there is one that thinks well of him.

I like to see young ladies slander each other; it is a sign their characters stand fair.

I like to see one praise himself; it saves one the trouble of doing it for him.

I like to see a man take pains to discommode the public for the purpose of extorting money for some benevolent object, it shows he means to make the people generous *vi et armis.*

I like to see two red headed sisters quarrel and fight about an abolition sweet-heart; it shows that they are spunky.

There are a number of pleasant things too numerous to be mentioned. At present let the above suffice.

Portraiture of Stanton.

Mr. Brown, of the Confederate Senate, in the course of a recent speech, had the following notice of Secretary Stanton, of whom he said:

It seemed that he had no power to disgust Lincoln. It might be because he was baser than the other two. He rather thought it was, for of all unmitigated falsifiers of sacred pledges and undisguised betrayers of the confidence which he himself had created, Edwin M. Stanton was the meanest and basest. He had one consolation in thinking of this man, Stanton, and that was that he would be certain, sooner or later, to betray Lincoln. Stanton was incapable of keeping faith. He had a fondness for betraying those who give him their confidence; that has become the charm of his life. Mr. Brown related an interview which he had with the present Yankee Secretary of War just before he (Mr. Brown) left Washington the last time. It was under circumstances peculiarly calculated to impress Mr. Brown. His State had withdrawn from the Union. Mr. Brown was passing out of the Senate, and Mr. Stanton from the Supreme Court. They met by accident in front of the Old Capitol, when the conversation at once turned on secession, the action of Mississippi on the question, and Mr. Brown's consequent withdrawal from the Senate. Mr. Brown was surprised, and, under the circumstances, *delighted to hear Mr. Stanton say the South was right, and express an earnest hope that she would stand firm.* You are right, said he; go home and urge your friends to stand by what they have done, and all will be well. Firmness now will secure you all you ask; any wavering and you are lost. He had accepted his advice, and the next he heard of him, he was Lincoln's Secretary of war, or he had better say, Lincoln's butcher. Stanton, by his brutality in refusing all exchanges, had caused the death of at least fifty thousand men, more than half of them his own countrymen.

Fidelity.

Desert not your friend in danger and distress. Too many there are in the world whose attachment to those they call friends is confined to the day of prosperity. As long as that continues, they are, or appear to be, affectionate and cordial. But as soon as their friend is under a cloud, they begin to withdraw and separate their interests from his. In friendship of this sort, the heart has assuredly never had much concern. For the great test to true friendship is constancy in the hour of danger—adherence in the season of distress. When your friend is culminated, then is the time openly and boldly to defend his cause. When his situation is changed, or unisfortunes are fast gathering around him, then is the time of affording prompt, zealous aid. When sickness or infirmity occasions him to be neglected by others, that is the opportunity which every real friend will seize of redoubling all the affectionate attention which love suggests. These are the important duties, the sacred claims of friendship, religion and virtue enforce on every worthy mind. To show yourself warm in this manner in the cause of your friend, commands esteem even in those who have personal interests in opposing him. This honorable zeal of friendship has, in every age, attracted the veneration of mankind. It has consecrated to the latest posterity the names of those who have given up their fortunes, and have exposed their lives in behalf of their friends whom they loved; while ignominy and disgrace have ever been the portion of those who would desert their friends in the hour of distress.

We have the sad intelligence that Brig. Gen. Terry, the young hero of Fort Fisher, is now greatly prostrated by the poisonous malaria in his system imbibed during his Southern campaigning. Were not his duties so imminent and onerous, he would feel compelled to ask a leave of absence from duty for medical treatment.

The Republican Black Beard.

The debate in the Senate on the question of admitting the claim of certain individuals to represent the State of Louisiana in the national Congress has not thrown any particular light so far upon the constitutional principles involved in that question. But it has done something to teach the Republican Senators what manner of men they are, and what sort of a master they have been elected to serve under.

It is related of that eminent and entertaining mariner, "Black-beard," that, by way of keeping his officers to a due sense of their subordination to himself, as well as for the purpose of testing their mettle, he had a pleasant fashion of blowing out the lights in the cabin after supper, and firing his pistols at random under the table.

The captain of the Republican party in the Senate, who notoriously uses the "*speculum mundi*" as a mirror, and gets himself up on the mould of the finest antique characters, has evidently taken a leap out of Black Beard's diary. Mr. Sumner is not to be blamed for looking down somewhat superciliously upon his mates. He is a fair French scholar, and remembers the proverb which tells us that "in the kingdom of the blind and the one-eyed is king;" and he has seen enough of educated society in either hemisphere to be perfectly well aware that none of his republican colleagues could hope to pass muster beside himself, intellectually, in any company of statesmen and scholars. Men like Mr. Chase, who give their days and nights, even at the risk of amaurosis, to such literature as "Cudjo's Cave;" or like Mr. Wade, who could not tell, even on pain or crucifixion, whether his own name is of Saxon, Norman, or Celtic, origin: or like Mr. Wilson, who knows no more of polite letters, than a thinker does of court etiquette; or like Mr. Chandler, who is infinitely more familiar with the price of calicoes than with the rules of logic, are so far as Mr. Sumner's inferiors on all those points upon which it most galls men to feel their inferiority, that they instinctively cower before him in a sullen, ungracious kind of way which flatters his pride without propitiation his benevolence. Representing, too, as he does, the element of positive fanaticism, and of positive hatred to the South, which has necessarily dominecred by slow but sure degrees in the policy of his party, Mr. Sumner has felt his personal superiority reinforced by the progressive accumulation of his political weight. The sort of social contempt for the Chases, and Wades, and Chandlers, and Wilsons around him, which, from his first entrance into public life, has almost undistingui-hedly marked his bearing among them, has thus become a political contempt as well. He is in the state of mind a dandy, who, being accidentally thrown among clodhoppers, discovers that he can thrash the boors as thoroughly as he outdresses them. No wonder, then, that being the sort of person he is, and naturally as destitute of magnanimity as he is of modesty, he has come at last to treating his fellow-senators openly just as he thinks they deserve to be treated. A senator by the name of Henderson, from Missouri, pluming himself unwisely on his loyalty to the administration, was foolish enough, on Friday last, to provoke this formidable ship's captain by some indiscreet and insubordinate remaks about the limitation of the power of Congress over the qualification of the suffrage in the several states. Crock! went the captain's pistol on the spot, and the discomfited Henderson was dropped suddenly back into his seat with the assertion that by the "loyal citizens" of Southern States "negroes," and for the most part negroes only, are meant; and that people who come into the Senate under Mr. Sumner's flag must come prepared to obey orders, and not to suggest mutiny.

Mr. Sumner is perfectly right to do as he will with his own. All that there is in the Republican party of solid and homogeneous is at his back; all its claims to represent in public life the educated opinion of the country rest on his shoulders; he is the only leader of the party who has steadily had his own way at home, and whose name conveys any distinct idea to foreign observers of our affairs. He is the legitimate Agamemnon, and having no Ulysses to back him, he is quite right to stand up for himself and thwack any ill-advised Thersites of his crew into silence, if not into submission.

The Best Time to Prune Trees.

At the last meeting of the Farmers' Club there was a long discussion on pruning trees, by Dr. Ward, and Messrs. Ely, Carpenter, and Smith, and they agreed in opinion, as the result of their experience, that the best time for pruning is the summer when the trees are growing. Trees pruned at that time heal more readily, and are less likely to be attacked by black blast, or otherwise injured, than if prunned in the winter.

Feeding Poultry.

It has been ascertained that if you mix with your food a sufficient quantity of egg-shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay twice as many eggs as before. A weel-fed fowl is disposed to lay a large number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials of shell, however nourishing in another respect her food may be; indeed a fowl fed on food and water, free from carbonate of lime, and not finding any in the soil, or in the shape of morter, which they often eat on the walls, would lay no eggs at all with the best possible will.

Value of Orchard Grass for Pasturage.

It is valued for pasture because it stands drouth better than any other, will bear heavier stocking, and comes forward in the spring very early. "No grass grows so rapidly or continues growing so long throughout the season, or allows to be pastured so early." It grows better than most grasses under shelter.

Training Farm Horses.

A writer on this subject says train your colts to three gaits in harness—the fast walk always, the moderate or road gait for distance, and the rapid trot. We think success in the effort to train a colt to go these three gaits must depend somewhat on the character and breed of the animal.

Potatoes Frozen Without Injury.

S. Walford, of Albion, says: Permit me to lay before your numerous readers the following fact which I have received from Mr. Roadhouse, J. P., of the township of Albion. He informs me that in February last, during the severe frosty weather, his potatoes deposited in a good stone cellar, about twenty bushels in the heap, had become frozen as hard as bullets, and by way of experiment, he threw some six or eight pails of water over them; shortly after doing so the potatoes became a solid mass of ice. In a few days a thaw took place, the ice and water left them, and they remained during the winter perfectly free from frost, and were not in any way injured.—*Canada Farmer.*

Management of Orchards.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

No man living, I think, can show a good orchard of grafted fruit which was kept in grass the first ten years of its life. It is a point settled beyond controversy, that orchards to be healthy and productive, must be cultivated most of the time. There is such a think as over-cultivation. The mistake oftenest is made, I think, of late years, is forcing young trees too much, thereby giving them too luxurous growth, and increasing their liability to injury by the frosts. Land rich enough for a crop of Indian corn, is in good condition for the healthful growth of apple trees. Even after trees are grown to a large size, manuring so as to maintain a vigorous growth often renders the tree unfruitful.

The theory is, that when dame nature, along in Summer and early Autumn, is laying her plants for next year's operations, she forms buds without at first deciding whether they shall be for leaves or fruit, and that we, her servants, may help to determine their character by urging or checking the circulation of the sap; a vigorous circulation and full supply developing the buds into leaves and wood, and a diminished circulation developing fruit buds. A tree which the plow has injured, or which has been bent down by the winds, often is in full bloom, while its thriftier neighbors are expanding their dimensions with no attempt at fruitlessness. On the same principle, if your beautiful orchard, at eight or ten years of age, grows rapidly but does not bear by laying it to grass a year or two, a check will be given to its growth and blossom and fruit will appear in due season.

It is not uncommon to hear a man complain that a certain tree is apparently dying, and regrets it because it was always bore full, not knowing that the partial loss of vitality had turned all its twigs to fruit spurs.

I know of no substitutes for plowing orchards, unless it be mulching. There is a practical difficulty that all experience in raising apple orchards; undoubtedly, low branched trees are most healthy, most productive, most convenient in all respects, except in cultivation. But low branching trees will not admit horses to pass under them; and oxen, though not so high headed as horses, have a great many more horns, which is very inconvenient in your orchards.

After low headed trees have borne two or three full crops, their branches often touch the ground, giving great convenience in picking the fruit, but utterly preventing the passage of a plow team. I know orchards of this character which have long been kept very productive by mulching the whole ground with hay or straw. They were near the sea, and the mulch was the coarse grass of the flate. Where any mulch can be cheaply obtained, I think trees may be planted about twenty-two feet apart, allowed to form low heads, and so cover the ground, and the orchard kept free from grass and weeds by thus covering the surface. The crops derived from cultivation under the trees seldom pay the cost, and in many localities mulching would be cheaper than cultivation, and answer all the purpose. We should then have our trees in their beautiful natural proportions instead of ungainly, long-legged monsters, marred and scarred, and exposed to the alternations of heat and cold, and retarded years in their productiveness. Probably it might not be wise to continue the mulch upon the ground through the whole season, although I am not aware that injury is caused by so doing. The tendency of thus covering the ground no doubt would be to bring the roots toward the surface, but perhaps this would produce no injury. Where mice or moles abound, either the mulch or grass growing in the orchard would afford them winter quarters, and thus endanger the trees.—*Country Gentleman.*

Deafness of the Aged.

Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best purpose, it being intended to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noise or sounds from without would not discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses and the decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a perfect state of existence.

Receipts to get into Fort Lafayette.

Discouraging enlistments by asking intended volunteers to take a drink of South Street gin.

Doubting the originality of Old Abe's last joke.

Calling in question Major Gen. Butler's ability to take—whiskey plain or a sardine stew.

By observing in reference to the President's last call for men, that "you wish he may get them."

Expressing disgust at the perrenial "quiet along the lines."

Disbelieving in the dislocation of the spinal vertetbe of the rebellion.

Calling a loyal sutler a swindler and swearing at the patriotism of a conscript.

Suggesting that a Republican Congressman is liable to err—or that a Massachusetts Senators' loyalty is like the cream on New York milk—only skin deep.

Items.

Death comes to a good man to relieve him. It comes to a bad man to relieve society.

Many devote half of their lives to laying up a store of shame for the other half.

Cattle are not ambitious of fame, but the very wind blows their horns for them.

If women are flowers, we fear that they are as often silk and paper and gum flowers as botanical ones.

"JEMIMA, why does a rich lady act prudently by marrying a penniless man?" "I couldn't tell for my life." "Because she husbands her resources."

It is often a pretty good matrimonial firm that consists of three-quarters wife and one quarter husband.

He was a much disgusted and very desperate man who desired to "swap himself for a dog and then kill the animal."

Even a pig upon the spit may console himself—that things may take a turn.

This life is not holiness, but a becoming holy; not health, but a becoming healthy; not a being, but a becoming to be; not a rest, but a labor; we are not yet what we shall be; all is not yet done and finished, but in progress; this is not the end, but the way; it glows not nor sparkles yet, but every thing is purifying.—*Luther.*

Value of National Glory—Consistency of the War Policy.

National glory is a thing which contributes to the pleasure of but the few, and of those only transiently. Great victories or signal conquests may excite the enthusiasm of some; but it will be observed that this enthusiasm is intense in proportion as the party is ignorant of, or incapable to appreciate the cost in human degradation and misery at which they are purchased. It is so providentially ordered in human affairs, that, in all national enterprises in which force is the principal ingredient, there is a sharp division of the proceeds: the pleasures and profits fall to the lot of one class, the labors and suffering to that of another.

Those classes of the community which do the fighting would never, on their own motion, institute a war; those classes by whose agency war is fomented and declared, would never do the fighting. If the rule were once established that they who make the quarrels should be the only ones to fight, those latter days when wars are to cease from the face of the earth, would come in at once; not through the pacific propensities of those who love to be considered the wise, the conscienious, the philanthropic, humane and religious; but through their cowardice. It is the professedly sympathetic and really pusillanimous who set mankind by the ears, and who, pretending great tenderness for the woes of humanity, feel no more remorse at the slaughter of armies of men, than if they were so many wolves or hyenas.

There is not a man between the lakes and the Ohio who can give a substantial reason to show that the decision, either way of the question, whether there shall be one or two confederacies upon the territory bounded north by Canada, and south by the Gulf of Mexico, would be necessarily of the slightest importance to himself or to his posterity. All arguments in favor of a compelled unity are founded upon predictions, the work of fancies at once diseased and uninstructed, or upon pretences that are inconsistent with each other. When the South was with us, nothing could exceed the scorn of those who are now the promoters of the war, at her supposed poverty of spirit, and destitution of resources.

She was holden up to the world as an element of national weakness. She was charged with being unable to pay her share of the cost of the common Government; and the North complained long and bitterly of the disproportionate burdens it was compelled to bear, to keep the political machine in motion. The Southern States were the weak point of our national territory; the most open to invasion, and the least capable of local organization for defense. These people, enervated by the presence of slavery, were incapable to rouse themselves under the pressure of danger; and even if it were otherwise, the presence of so large a number of negroes, burning with indignation at their servitude, and longing for an opportunity to burst their bonds and pay off a long debt of hatred due to their oppressors, would, in case of peril from without, so occupy them that they could not otherwise than fall easy victims to the invader.

These notions are not now to be disavowed; for they are, in certain states of the argument, still convenient. But, as we have remarked, on former occasions, it is necessary, in order to be a full blown patriot and philanthropist, to accept the direct and the converse of the same propositions—to see both *head* and *tail* on the same coin at one and the same time. We are told by the same parties who, on necessary occasions distinctly hold the views we have given above, that there is donger to *our* liberties from the independence of the South: that slavery is an element of Southern strength: that the people, released from servile employments, have the leisure to devote themselves to military pursuits; and that, under such conditions, hardihood, love of dominion, indifference to personal danger, and a proclivity for military enterprises are always generated. We are told furthermore that this war, unless it ends in the subjugation of the South, will ensure the establishment of a government independent of the will of the masses of the people—a monarchy or an oligarchy; one of the characteristics of which is an ever active propensity to extend the limits of its domain. From this our liberties will be in danger. We shall either be overrun and conquered, compelled to establish a monarchy in order to cope with so vigorous an antagonist, or, seduced by its example, we shall forget those principles of liberty to which—by a convenient fiction—we are now so devoted, and voluntarily go to work and set up a sovereign on our own account.

We have a great work—a *mission*—to perform: indeed we have several. First, we must protect the people of the South, over whose unconscious heads a serious calamity impends. *Their* liberties are in danger, and they do not see it. Our eyes being so much better than theirs, to us it is perfectly apparent. Through their liberties we must protect our own, for if they they lose theirs, ours is gone without the hope of salvation. Whether ours are the most in danger from compulsion or seduction does not distinctly appear: some of our loyal cotemporaries seeming to be most afraid of the one, and some of the other.

All this means that there is no good reason for the war. The reasons given contradict and therefore neutralize each other. In order to be a war man it is necessary to believe that the South is weak, and that it is strong; that it is rich, and that it is poor; that its people are constant and courageous, and that they are imbecile and cowardly; that slavery is an element of social power, and the element of social impotency; that the effect of slavery upon the character of the white man is to render him listless and unenterprising, and also to render him hardy and ambitious. It is necessary, furthermore, to believe that unless we subdue and completely master this people, whose inferiority in point of numbers we have derided, whose characters we have depreciated, and whose resources we have despised, there is imminent danger that they will subdue and master us; or, if this should not be attempted, that we are in peril of having our liberties seduced away from us, *by ourselves*, through the evil example of those toward whom and for whose doings we have no feelings but hatred and contempt. It is necessary, in order to be a war man to be very foolish indeed.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Healthfulness of Apples.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer in the nation had not got an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy desert that can be placed on a table is a baked apple. If eaten freely at breakfast, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has admirable effect on the system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile condentions more effectually than the approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe—for the pies, and cakes and sweetmeats with which their children are so indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total of doctors' bills in a single year sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.

Let us love little children; they are the delicate flower-gods of a soon fading Eden,

I have heard a great divine say that God had two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.

Truth is the only real, lasting foundation for friendship; in all but truth there is a principle of decay dissimulating.—MISS EDGEWORTH.