The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. | ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1869. | VOLUME XVI--NO. 40.

Great Cavalry Fight of the War.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOK.

At daylight a long thunder came up from the woods of the Rappahannock. The greatest cavalry combat of the war had begun.

At that sound Stuart leaped to the saddle and rode rapidly towards the front. Fifteen minutes afterwards his headquarters had vanished. On the green slope of Fleetwood not a tent was visible.

Is the reader familiar with the country along the Upper Rappahannock? If so, he will remember that the river is crossed in Culpepper by numerous fords. The principal—beginning on the left, that is to say, up the river—are Welford's, the Railroad bridge and Kelley's fords.

Stuart's left, under Wm. H. F. Lee, was opposite Welford's; his centre, under Jones, opposite Beverly's; his right under Hampton, towards Kelley's, and a force under Robertson was posted in the direction of Stevensburg, to guard the right flank.

This force amounted to seven or eight thousand cavalry.

The Federal column which now advanced to attack it, is said to embrace the cavalry of General Hooker's army, and must have numbered more than twelve thousand sabres.

Stuart rode on rapidly down Fleetwood Hill, and was soon opposite Beverly's Ford, where the enemy had crossed in force. General Jones was heavily engaged, and the Napoleons of the horse artillery were roaring steadily. Every moment the round shot crashed, or the shell tore through the woods about three hundred yards in front of the pieces, where the dismounted cavalry of the enemy had effected a lodgment. They kept up a hot fire at the cannoneers, and the steady rattle of carbines further up the river told that Lee was also engaged.

In face of the bursting shell, the blue *tiraillieurs* could not advance, and Stuart sent an order to Hampton to move in and attack on the right.

The troopers of the Gulf States advanced at the word; their dense columns were soon seen slowly moving, with drawn sabre, across the plain; the moment of decisive struggle seemed rapidly approaching, when suddenly a heavy blow was struck at Stuart's rear.

I had been directed by him to ascertain if "everything had been sent off from Fleetwood," and to see that no papers had been dropped there in the hurry of departure. Going back at a gallop I soon reached the hill, and rode over the ground recently occupied by the headquarters. The spot seemed swept. Not a paper was visible. All that I could see was a withered boquet, dropped by some young officer of the staff—a relic no doubt of the last night's ball at the village.

I had already turned to ride back to Stuart, when my attention was attracted by a column of cavalry advancing straight on Brandy—that is, upon Stuart's rear. What force was that? Could it be the enemy? It was coming from the direction of Stevensburg; but how could it have passed our force there?

"Look!" I said to an officer of the horse artillery, one battery of which was left in the reserve of the hill, "look! what column is that?"

"It must be Wickham's," was his reply.

"I am sure they are Yankees."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed.

But our doubts were soon terminated.

From the rapidly advancing column two guns shot out and unlimbered. Then two white puffs of smoke spouted from their muzzles, and the enemy's shell burst directly in our faces.

The horse artillery returned the fire, and I hastened back with the intelligence to Stuart.

"It is only a squadron, I suppose," he replied with great coolness. "Go back and get all the cavalry you can, and charge the guns and bag them!"*

It is impossible to imagine anything calmer than the speaker's voice. I know, however, that the attack was more critical than he supposed. Hastening back, I came up with two regiments, and then ascended the hill at full gallop, leaping the ravines and darting towards the crest.

Suddenly it blazed with staggering volleys. The Federal cavalry had rushed straight across the fields towards the hill—ascended its western slope as we ascended the eastern, and met us. Coming in squadron front, they struck the Confederates advancing in columns of fours, and in confusion from the rough ground. They [illegible] thrown in disorder, and [illegible] the enemy [illegible] over Fleetwood Hill. [illegible] Stuart was [illegible] in [illegible] by infantry and artillery.

All that saved us at that moment was the "do or die" fighting of cavalry and horse artillery.

On the crest of Fleetwood took place a bitter and obstinate struggle. It was one of those fights of the giants, which once witnessed is never forgotten. The cannoneers of the horse artillery fought as savagely, hand to hand, as the regular cavalry; and the crest became the scene of a mad wrestle, rather of wild beasts than men.

All at once the form of Davenant appeared amid the smoke. He had come rapidly from the front, and now threw himself into the combat like the bloody hound to which Stuart had compared him. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes fiery. Leaping from his horse, he seized the sponge staff of a gun, from which all the cannoneers had been driven, and ramming home a charge of canister, directed the gun upon a column of the enemy.

Before he could fire, a Federal cavalryman rode at him, and cut furiously at his bare head with the full weight of his sabre.

Davenant did not try to draw his word—the attempt would have been useless. In his hands he had a weapon, and with a swing of the rammer he swept the cavalryman from his saddle*. He fell headlong, covered with blood, and Davenant aimed and fired the load of canister—leaped upon his horse, and drawing his sword, plunged into the melee, his eyes flaming, his voice rising loud and inspiring above the combat.

It was a stubborn, a superb struggle. Three times the enemy's guns were charged and captured; three times the Confederates were furiously charged in turn, and the pieces recaptured by the enemy. A final charge of the grey cavalry carried all before it. The Federal artillery was seized upon and their cavalry driven back—but at that moment a heavier force still was seen advancing upon Stuart from the direction of Kelly's Ford.

It was a splendid spectacle. They came on in solid column, and rapidly formed a line of battle on the slope of Fleetwood, with drawn sabres, and flags floating. As they moved, they seemed to shake the very ground. I had never seen so great a force of cavalry drawn up, and the critical moment of the battle had plainly come.

At that instant, the great field presented a remarkable appearance. Cavalry were charging in every direction, and it was hard to tell friend from foe. Stuart was fighting, so to say, from the centre outwards. The enemy were in his front, in his rear, and on both his flanks. If they closed in, apparently, he would be crushed as in a vice. The iron hand would strangle him.

That moment tested the nerves. Stuart's "heart of oak" bore the strain. He was aroused, stung, his cheeks burned, his eyes flamed—but the man was sufficient for the work. I looked closely at him. "Do or die" was plain on his face. From that instant I never had any doubts about Stuart.

He rushed two pieces of artillery to a knoll in front of the line of Federal horsemen. A moment afterwards two reports were heard, and two shells burst precisely in the middle of the line, making a wide gap in it, and checking the charge which had begun†.

All at once I saw a column of cavalry coming up from the river, and turning to Stuart, said:

"General, what cavalry is that?"

"Hampton's!" Stuart exclaimed—"Bring it up like lightning!"‡

I set out at full gallop, and soon reached the column. At the head of it rode Young, the *beau sabruer* of Georgia, erect, gallant, with his brave eye and smile.

I pointed out the enemy, and gave the order.

"All right!" exclaimed Young, and turning to his men, he whirled the sabre around his head and shouted.

"Forward!"

The column thundered on, and as it passed, I recognized Mohun, his flashing eye and burnished sabre gleaming from the dust cloud.

"Charge!" rose from a hundred lips. Spurs were buried in the hot flanks; the mass was hurled at the enemy; and clashing like thunder, sword against sword, swept everything before it. Not a single shot was fired—the sabre only was used. The enemy were broken to pieces; what I saw was a wild melee of whirling swords, flying horses, men cloven to the chin, while others were seen throwing themselves from the saddle, and raising their hands to escape the keen swordsmen slashing at them§.

The great force of the enemy sweeping down on Stuart's flank was thus routed. The spectacle which followed was ludicrous as well as exciting. The enemy fled in disorder. Never before had I seen the nails in the hind [illegible] of hundreds of horses; myriads of horses' tails, streaming like meteors as they ran!

The force disappeared in the woods, hotly pursued by their foes. The dust followed them in a great cloud; from that cloud arose yells and cheers, cannon thundered, carbines rattled; but that sound receded more and more rapidly toward the river.

On our left, the brave Wm. F. H. Lee had been successful. He had charged and repulsed the enemy, falling wounded at the head of his men. They had not again advanced upon him. Near the Barbour House he presented an unbroken front to them.

Stuart held with his cavalry, indeed, the whole Fleetwood range. The long thunder of his artillery said to the enemy,

"Come on!"

They did not come. They went back.

Their cavalry had crossed the river to ascertain the meaning of the great review. They had discovered nothing after heavy loss. The ground was strewed with their dead and dying. They retired shattered and bleeding.

Stuart's loss was also great. Even his staff was not spared. One of my brother staff officers was killed, another wounded, a third captured.

But Stuart had won the greatest cavalry fight of the war.—*From "Mohun; or, The Last Days of Lee and His Cavaliers."*

*Fact.
‡His words.

Abbeville.

A BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE—LAW AND ORDER—HOSPITALITY—METHODIST CONFERENCE—BISHOP WIGHTMAN—TRADE—COTTON—BUSINESS FIRMS—THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, and Messieurs and Mesdames, the readers of news, if I wing my flight somewhat slowly, and thoroughly digest my impressions before I share them with you. Abbeville, next in order on my itinerary, is distinguished with a white mark. The memories thereof are pleasing, and are indelibly engraved on the convolutions of my cranial hemispheres. Abbeville is unquestionably one of the finest, and most beautiful, villages in South Carolina. Indeed I must confess to a pleasant surprise at the general appearance of the town, at the number and the beauty of its stores, private residences and ornamental grounds. The courthouse is a substantial and ornamental structure, and the Episcopal Church the handsomest in the State, I think, outside of Charleston and Columbia. The other two churches, the Methodist or Presbyterian, however, in my humble opinion, have nothing to boast in architectural beauty or symmetry. I was surprised to find so many evidences of a high order of civilization, of intelligence, education and refinement. My surprise will be explained in a measure when I state that this was my first visit, and I had but recently read the messages and proclamation of Governor Scott, in which I was led to believe that Abbeville was the home of ruffianism and outlawry; that there was no respect for the laws, and that none but a Democrat dare open his mouth there. Now, I have a most Christian deference to the powers that be, and dislike exceedingly to differ in opinion from a man who has authority to print proclamations in all the newspapers, headed with the coat-of-arms of the State and countersigned by that other high official, the Secretary of State. But the truth must be told; I state it as my deliberate conviction that I think Governor Scott is mistaken; that the people of Abbeville are just as peaceable, orderly and law-abiding as the citizens of any other district or county in the State, and I think the Governor will find it so.

I was shown the very spot at Hodge's Depot where Randolph was killed. I saw several gentlemen who witnessed the deed. They see three men dismount, hitch their horses, go to the cars, shoot Randolph, then with pistols in their hands deliberately walk backwards to their horse, mount and ride away. They did not know a single one of the three men. This I was told again and again by persons living in the icinity, all of whom had heard these eye-witnesses tell this, and they firmly believed it. How, say they, was it possible to arrest these murderers when they were well armed and of course determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and no one present prepared for such conflict? If the people present at this murder had been the most "loyal" in the United States (and there is no evidence that they were not). I do not see how they could have acted otherwise than as they did.

I see by the papers that one Talbot, who had been suspected of complicity in this murder, has been arrested. The people of the district was harshly spoken against, in public and in private, by the Executive of the State, because Talbot was allowed to be at large. Now, I have met no one who knows anything of Talbot's participation in the Randolph murder, though I heard that he was not a man of peaceable reputation. During the war he was a deserter, and defied the enrolling officers again and again. And although the sympathies of the community were then unquestionably against [illegible] with the enrolling officers, he succeeded by one means or another in evading their vigilance, and keeping out of the army. You will not be surprised, then, to hear that this man was at large, months even after the Governor suspected him of being *particeps criminis* in the Randolph affair. Be it remembered, moreover, that I saw no one who knew of such complicity or connection on the part of Talbot.

And because a few bad men in a community break the laws, and, favored by circumstances, get away, the whole community must be scolded with messages and proclamations, threatened with martial law and negro militia, and finally with a bran new act of the Legislature giving the Attorney for the State power to change the venue, when in his judgment he deemed it necessary, in order to convict a political (or-quasi-political) prisoner, a measure reserved for the second half of the nineteenth century, in free and Republican America, though unknown in the darkest period of the middle ages, and in the most arbitrary of despotic government. Juries have been packed ere now, but not under aegis of a constitution securing its State "a Republican form of government." However, I see by the newspapers, that his Excelency the Governor has thought better of the matter and no longer favors the measure.

I was fortunate in being at Abbeville during the session of the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and thus had the best possible opportunity of witnessing the large, whole-souled, Christian hospitality, for which others, more familiar with the place and its people, have long known the latter famous. The town was full of preachers. There were old preachers and young preachers, large preachers and small preachers, big preachers and little preachers; some married and some single, some good-looking and some who were not; but old and young, fat and lean, great and small, they all appeared in fine spirits, and in the very best of good humor, enjoying to the full the annual reunion, the brief interval of rest and freedom from the weight and care of parochial duty, and the renewal of good fellowship between the preachers themselves, as well as between them and their hospitable entertainers. It was my good fortune to hear Bishop Wightman, of your city, preach on Sunday morning, and although he labored under a severe affection of the throat, and evidently spoke with difficulty and even pain, the greatness of the occasion seemed to endow him with superhuman strength, and he soon soared untrammelled into the lofty heights of Gospel truth, carrying with him in full sympathy the entire congregation, a large number of whom were preachers, who keenly enjoy this refined and elevated pleasure of listening annually to the Bishop's Conference sermon.

Abbeville village has not grown of late years as many other places in the central and upper part of the State. Much of the trade of the county, say within eight or ten miles of the river, goes to Augusta. Some, I hear, from this district, even go to Augusta with wagons. Then, again, as Abbeville is about eleven miles from the main trunk of the Greenville Railroad much trade goes to Hodges' Depot on that road Then there are Greenwood, Ninety-Six, Cokesbury and New Market, places of more or less note, long established, each one of which is receiving its share of cotton. Newberry also receives some of the trade of Abbeville county.

Abbeville Court House last year is estimated to have received about eight thousand bales of cotton, while Hodges' Depot shipped about five thousand bales. I have no data by which I can estimate the present production of cotton of the county. The census of 1860 gives it at 21,977 bales, exceeded only by Barnwell (23,490) and Edgefield (27,197) At that time Abbeville had a population of 32,385, of whom 20,502 were slaves. The improved lands are put down at 238,000 acres, and those unimproved at 352,000. Cash value of farm lands $5,938,000.

Abbeville boasts of two papers, the *Banner* and the *Press*, both well edited, and thoroughly reflecting the public opinion of the county.

The principal business firms here are: J. Knox & Co., Trowbridge & Co., Fowler & McDonald, J. J. Cunningham, Miller & Robertson, White, Smith & Co., A. M. Weir, Dr. E. Parker, and Dr. W. T. Penny.

There are two hotels here, one of which, the Marshall House, is kept by Mr. Mays.

Abbeville is the place of residence of Judge Wardlaw, of Hon. Armistead Burt, of Colonel Perrin, of General McGowan, and of many other gentlemen distinguished heretofore in the field, the forum, and in the councils of the State and of the country. Their voice now is silent, but their presence still is felt; and the time, I hope, my dear readers of the *News*, will ere long come when their counsel will not be passed by unheeded simply because it is the voice of age, wisdom and experience. Stupidity must yield to intelligence, ignorance to education, sans-cullottes and proletariot to men of wealth and station. It has ever been thus, and will ever so continue, though the order of a thousand years may be reversed for a brief space of time, the result of a species of political earth-quake.

BIRD'S-EYE.

[*Correspondence Charleston News.*

SOMETHING PITHY.—Four gentlemen, a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic—met by agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said the Catholic rose, armed with a knife and fork, taking about one-third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming as he sat down, with great self-satisfaction, "*Papa est caput ecclesia*—The Pope is the head of the church." Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one third, embracing the tail, seated himself, saying, "*Finis coronat opus*—The end crowns the work." The Presbyterian now thought it was about time for him to move, and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed, "*In media est veritas*—Truth lies between the two extremities." Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate, and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of drawn (melted) butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming "*Ego baptizo vos*—I baptize you all."

What is an Acre Worth

When a Southern farmer, be he a large or small one, will rightly compute the value of an acre, and set the proper worth by it, we may then expect that material and real wealth to the State that is only now imaginative. We call ourselves an agricultural people, and admit that the wealth of our State lies in its productions. To a great extent, we may say altogether, that as a people, we are dependent upon our cotton, rice and tobacco crops for what money we make. As to our corn crop, we hardly feel like counting it in, if we judge from thousands of bushels that are brought from the West to supply the demands of our people, and the thousands upon thousands of dollars we send out of the State for that article alone; not counting the millions of pounds of bacon that we buy also from the West.

Every man that cultivates a few acres of land imagines that he must put half or two thirds in cotton; that cotton is the only thing that will bring ready money. We would not have a word to say about planting cotton if each acre planted brought a bag; but when we know that if it takes from three to four acres of our worn lands to make a bag, we feel that it is labor and money thrown away, and that the farmer has never for a moment sat down and calculated the worth of an acre well manured and well worked.

An acre of land well manured, well taken care of, is worth from $50 to $100. An acre that will bring twenty-two bushels of wheat and thirty bushels of corn the same year, is worth $100 per acre; and any pains taking farmer can make an acre produce that. The manure dropped in stables or yards by horses, cows, hogs, sheep, &c., will manure one acre well. We speak of the small farmer, the man with but little stock. Care and economy is all that is needed to save manure; but so long as we drive along in our slip shod way of making and saving manure, we may expect but poor returns from the soil. If the small farmer could be induced to take half the pains the New England farmer does on his place, there would not be a farm in Baldwin county that would not be worth at least $20 to the acre.

But what we desire to call the especial attention of our farmers to is the importance of manuring at least one acre well and planting it in something that will bring him $100 clear. It can be done, and done easily, but there must be system about it. Let the small farmer who reads this, look at the nearest city or town to which he trades, and see what article of provisions sell readily. Take, for instance, sweet potatoes, everybody eats them, and they find a ready sale; they keep well, and can be sold by the wagon load or bushel, at from fifty cents to one dollar.

A farmer knows how many bushels an acre will bring, and he knows that he can get $100 to an acre even at fifty cents per bushel. Take the ground pea; it will sell readily and bring a good price. Take onions, take Irish potatoes, take peas. Put the acre in anything but cotton, and it will bring more money than cotton would. Much manure is sometimes saved and wasted by trying to manure ten to twenty acres, when in fact it should have been put on one or five. Farmers get discouraged and say, it won't pay to save manure, because they have tried it, and their crops were a failure; and failed because they tried to do too much with too little, just as a foolish house wife would attempt to make one blanket cover three beds.

Reduce manuring to a system; make a calculation how much one bushel of manure will manure well; how much one horse load will manure well, and then put it on accordingly. Don't guess at the matter, but go at it like sensible men, and in a few years, with deep ploughing, you will find your lands doubled, quadrupled in value. Take one acre at a time; see that it pays for the manure put on it, and make it so rich that you can always say, there is one acre that will pay me well, if no more; but it is as easy to make ten do it as twenty or fifty. Turn under in the fall the green crops of peas or the rank weeds, and much has been accomplished; but our small farmers need not expect ever to improve their lands so long as they plant cotton and it takes about four acres to make a bale. Their lands will wear out and they grow poorer every year, and when they die, the farm is not worth two dollars per acre.

Remember, that an acre of land is worth $50 when well manured, and it will be worth $100 if kept well manured, for it will bring provisions to that amount any time. Will our small farmers act upon the suggestion hereafter? We know of two acres in Milledgeville that produced forty seven bushels of wheat, and the same year produced eighty-four bushels of corn. It was manured from the stable, but well done and well ploughed. What would ten such acres be worth to a small farmer?—*Southern Recorder.*

An Old Farmer's Suggestions.

In plowing, see that the work is well done. Let the furrow slice be fairly turned that the decomposable matter contained in the roots may be perfectly inhumed, and secured from the wasting effect of the atmosphere. This is very important. If you apply dressing before breaking up, too much care cannot be exercised in the accomplishment of this work, as upon its efficiency will depend, in a great measure, the success of the subsequent undertaking. No balks should be passed over; what the plowshare leaves should be turned over with the hoe or hand. Many plows perform their work imperfect. In the first place they do not detach the furrow slice at a proper angle, and then, instead of inverting it, they either "stand it on edge," or break it in pieces. Implements of this character are worse than worthless. When land is imperfectly plowed, the after cultivation is always onerous and perplexing, and as a natural consequence is poorly performed. It is therefore much better to expend money for a good plow, one that will perform its work in a satisfactory manner, than to use an imperfect one, as it will entail obstacles which it will be found no way easy to overcome.

MANURING.—Never scant your crops. Plant no more land than you can manure well. It is better to have one-half an acre of soil well managed than ten acres imperfectly worked and manured. It requires no more labor to manage one acre of land that will produce fifty bushels of shelled corn, than it does to manage one that will yield but twenty-five It is acknowledged to be poor policy to half feed our domestic animals, and why should it not be considered equally absured and injudicious to half starve our corn and other crops, which we rely upon mainly to feed us.

WOOD ASHES.—Every bushel of wood ashes applied to the corn crop is worth one dollar. The truth of this assertion has been repeatedly demonstrated by the result of experiments accurately conducted. On all light soils the action of ashes is highly energetic and salutary; they exert a warming and invigorating influence, and promote the rapid growth of almost every species o production.

When to Buy a Farm.

Very few persons seem to know that the months of July and August are the best in the year in which to look for or purchase a farm. At this season one can judge whether the land can or does produce good crops; for if it is rich the waving grass and grain will be ocular demonstration of the fact; and, if there is, according to the stereotyped assertion, an abundance of choice fruit, it can be seen at this time to the best advantage. The low lands will show whether they are really dry enough for pastures in summer, and the upland its capacity for withstanding a drought.

Summer is also a very good time to view the never failing spring and the trout pond near by, and a draught from the one and a lunch from the other are attractions which those who possess them seldom fail to bestow upon those who are likely to become purchasers. Even the weeds on a farm will assist a man in determining its value; for, if nothing but stunted rag weed and five finger are to be seen, then the land may be put down as poor indeed; but if burdocks and catnip abound, it shows strength to produce crops of a higher order.

The pasture and meadow, orchard and garden, all show what they are and what may be expected of them in these months; but earlier or later the aspect of things may change. In the spring the trees have not shown leaves, flowers or fruit; the roads are muddy, if ever, and the distance from the railroad station to the farm appears much greater than it actually is, especially to a stranger. In autumn the leaves are turning yellow, the grain has been gathered, and the dry stubble is all that remains, and the fruits are nearly gone; still, the air is fresh and the landscape glowing with autumnal tints; but the valuable products of a farm are mainly out of sight, being stored in the barn or in the proprietor's pocket.

TWO VALUABLE RECIPES.—*Editors Southern Cultivator:*—Allow me to give you two recipes that should be printed in letters of gold, and given to the public;

RECIPE FOR CHOLIC OR SCOURS IN HORSES.—Give a half tumbler of spirits of camphor in a pint of warm water (cold will do); if not relieved in fifteen minutes repeat the dose. Give nothing else. I have never known it fail in a practice of twenty years. No after bad effects.

NAIL IN THE FOOT.—To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, [illegible] with bandage, and the cure is [illegible] magic. Renew the application [illegible] day, if necessary [illegible] application usually does the work. [illegible] cured both man and horse in a few [illegible] they were apparently on the point of [illegible] lock jaw. These recipes, reme[illegible] practiced, will save many valuab[illegible]

APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and stew [illegible] pints of apples; mash them, add [illegible] eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter [illegible] and nutmeg, or grated lemon. Ba[illegible] short crust.

Interesting Planetary Discoveries.

The planet Mars is the only object in the whole heavens which is known to exhibit features similar to that of our own earth. And the accummulate explorations and discoveries of astronomers during the last two hundred years have resulted in the construction of a globe representing the characteristics of this planet as astronomers believe them to exist. At a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society of England, a globe of Mars was exhibited, on which land and seas were depictured as upon an ordinary depictured globe. By far the larger part of these lands and seas were laid down as well known entities, respecting which no doubt is felt among the astronomers than is felt by geographers concerning the oceans and continents of our own globe. An interesting description of this globe appears in *Frazer's Magazine* To the lands and seas developed in the planet are applied the names of those astronomers whose researches have added to our knowledge on the subject. Each pole of Mars, it seemes, is captured by ice, which varies in extent according to the progress of the season. Around each cap there is a poplar sea, a northern sea being termed, the Schroter's Sea. The equatorial regions of Mars are mainly occupied by extensive continents, four in number and named Dawes Continent Madler Continent Secchi Continent, and Herschel I. (Sir W.) Continent. Between Dawes and Herschel Continents flows a sea shaped like an hour glass, called Kaiser Sea, the large southern ocean out of which it flows being denominated Dawes Ocean. Between Madler and Dawes Continents flows Dawes Strait, connecting a large southern ocean and a northern sea, named after Tycho. Herschel Continent is separated from Secchi Continent by Higgins Inlet, flowing from a large southern sea termed Maraldi Sea. In like manner Bessel Inlet flowing out of Airey Sea (a northern sea) separates the Madler and Secchi Continents. Dawes Ocean separates into four large seas, and large tracts of land lies between them, but whether they are Islands or not is uncertain. In Delarne Ocean there is a small island, which presents so bright and glittering an aspect as to suggest the probability of its being usually covered with snow. These seas, separated by lands of doubtful extent, reach from Delarne Ocean toward the South pole.

One of the most singular features of Mars is the prevalence of long winding inlets and bottled necked seas. These features are wholly distinct from anything on our earth. For example, Higgins Inlet, is a long forked stream extending for about three thousand miles. Bessel Inlet is nearly as long, and Nasmith Inlet still more remarkable in its form. On our earth the oceans are about three times as extensive as the continents. On Mars a very different arrangement prevails. In the first place there is little disparity between the extents of oceans and continents and then, these are mixed up in a most complex manner. A traveler either by land or water could visit almost every quarter of the planet without leaving the element in which he began his journeyings. If he chose to go by water he could journey for upwards of 30,000 miles, always in sight of land, generally with land in view on both sides, in such intricate labyrinthine fashion are the lands and seas of Mars intertwined.—*Boston Journal.*

THE BAG PICKERS OF NEW YORK.—At a meeting of the Working Women's Association of New York, on Monday evening last, Mrs. Norton, chairman of a committee of investigation into the condition, habits, labor and earnings of the rag pickers, in the metropolis, presented quite an interesting report:

She said that the mere collection of rags forms but a part of the business of these chiffoiners. They not only pass these into their bags, but pick up bones, pieces of glass, old iron, boots, shoes, scraps of leather—all are equally valuable. After the rag picker has filled his bag or basket, and often his hat and pockets, he goes home and assorts his wares, and then sometimes makes another round. The labor begin usually at three or four o'clock in the morning. Some make their rounds in the middle of the night, starting at ten o'clock. About one or two in the afternoon he goes home The different articles are placed in different receptacles and and left there to accumulate until the dealer comes around. The price paid to the rag-picker for paper and rags is three cents per pound; glass one cent a pound; for bones, scraps of bread and other garbage, fifty cents a bushel; leather boots and shoes are bargained for. They earn from forty cents a day to ten dollars a week. In this as well as everything else, there are grades of workmen—some living as well as other workmen and from hand to mouth. They resent every infringement of their vocation. The large majority of these are Germans, who coming out here poor, are compelled to accept this way of living. There is a small colony in Willet street, consisting of 100 families and 450 persons. Some have comfortable homes, send their children to school, and when [illegible] have earned enough emigrate to [illegible] West. The whole number is [illegible] hundred. The old rags and [illegible] they pick up are given to the [illegible] and return to the breakfast [illegible] in the shape of newspapers. The old bones are transformed in parasol handles, also into tooth brushes and other articles of trade. Pieces of [illegible] often find their way into the boudoir in the shape of the Grecian bend and panniers. She had come across more than one instance in which the rag-picker had been changed into a Wall-street gambler. Nothing is refused by him; nothing is filthy save that which he cannot find. He is a living peripatetic sermon which teaches us not to despise the day of small things.

STAY AT HOME, BOYS.—A Southern friend of ours, who is temporarily sojourning in New York, writes us as follows: "Tell our people, especially the young men who contemplate a search for fortune in this metropolis, to stay at home. Of the thirty thousand Southerners in and around the city, probably not one-third are earning their salt. As light porters, subordinate clerks on microscopic salaries, or as bashful "drummers" among their home acquaintances, a portion of these unfortunates are worrying out all their ambition which constituted their stock in trade; and cursing the hour in which they left friends and hearthstone. New York is no Eldorado for any one without capital."

"Let Virginia boys treasure this up, and bear in mind that the same energy displayed at home that is required in New York to keep soul and body together, would net them a respectable competency"

We add—Let them also bear in mind that this "respectable competency" can be readily acquired by patient industry in cultivating the face of the earth. Let our young men and boys learn that manual labor is honorable, and that the earth will never place her riches in the dilatory hands of freedmen; but will yield an ample reward to those who diligently cultivate and enrich her worn-out soils, bestowing upon them such labors as are meet to convert them into fruitful fields and gardens.—*Richmond Whig.*

What send Children to the Devil.

The child that is not taught to be useful, and industrious, and beneficent, and that self-indulgence is low and vulgar, will, unless it be early taken home to heaven stand a chance to be overcome and taken captive and enslaved by evil, long before it shall get half way on the road from the cradle to the grave.

Goodness of heart, not sharpness of intellect; strength of character, not brilliancy of accomplishments; copious treasure laid up in heaven, not vast accumulations of this world's goods; the fear of God, not the applause of men, are what keep young people, and old people also from going to the devil.

To sum up the whole matter: Young people are sent to the devil by lack of sympathy, by lack of understanding, by lack of study of children's natures, by lack of devotion to children's welfare, by selfishness, bigotry, cruelty and tyranny on the part of the parents. In short, by whatever makes the human fatherhood the reverse of the Divine Fatherhood.

It will be admitted by all, that to train up a family of children in the way they should go, is one of the greatest achievements within the compass of man's ability; and yet, how little of thought, or study, or ingenuity, or effort, or time, or travail of soul, is given to the subject, especially by fathers. Could my business under heaven be carried on successfully, if no more attention were given to it than is usually bestowed on the training up of a family of children? Certainly not. Not even a litter of prize pigs could be raised with such a feeble outlay of time, or exercise of brains.

A man who would train up his children in the way they should go, must associate with them continually, and study them up, and in the best sense be their guide, philosopher and friend.

This cannot be done without much and persistent effort. It must often be done when the parent is oppressed with lassitude of body, and sickness of heart, and weariness of soul. Sometimes, when his whole nature cries out for rest, he must rouse himself and nerve himself to hear a story of childish grief, and to feed some stricken little heart with the love and sympathy for which it hungers.

To do this effectually he must put up a prayer to God for help whenever he turns his face homeward, and ask for grace to meet his family with steadfastness and serenity of soul. If in his heart his prayer shall always be, as he draws near home, 'Father of mercy, help me to receive my children as I wished to be received by thee—thy kingdom come, thy will be done in my heart as it is in heaven, and forgive me my trespasses as I forgive my children their trespasses'—and then he does his best to realize his prayer, it is safe to believe that his children will not be among those who will be sent to the devil.—*Packard's Monthly.*

The following curious notice has been stuck up at the Pavilion Henry IV, at St. Germain: "Notice—the persons here undermentioned are not allowed to enter: 1. Men in working clothes. 2. Women without [illegible]. 3. Servants without [illegible] Children without [illegible] without [illegible] their [illegible]