Farm and Household.

Should Stubble be Burned or Plowed Under?

This is a question which we often hear discussed with considerable earnestness, and, so far as we have observed, the disputants are pretty equally divided. A superficial consideration of the subject would certainly lead one to believe that plowing stubble under is greatly to be preferred to burning it. It seems natural to suppose that by the first plan we restore to the soil a much greater amount of material out of which to form other crops than we can do by simply burning it. But do we restore to the soil the material in a form that can be assimilated by the next crop? Can we make this stubble instrumental in increasing the fertility of land, either by itself or by its action on other substances contained in the soil? These are questions which it is well carefully to consider.

That any considerable quantity of the stubble of ripe grain finds its way into the next crop that is raised on the field, no one will pretend to argue. Thoroughly ripened straw undergoes a very slow decomposition, unless it is exposed to the combined action of heat and moisture; and experience demonstrates that straw—particularly wheat straw—will often remain in the soil for a whole season with its form preserved entire, and its appearance scarcely changed except by the absorption of water. Finally it is true that the fibre of the straw becomes disintegrated and the carbon is left on the land instead of being consumed. But we must remember that chemically carbon is of no use to the soil, though mechanically it may be as an absorber of moisture and the gases. It is from carbonic acid and not from charcoal, that plants derive their supply of carbon. This inert carbon, if we except about one per cent. of nitrogen, is all that is saved to the soil by plowing the stubble under and that would not be returned to it if the same were burned.

Now let us consider the disadvantageous form in which the mineral salts are returned to the soil in the process of turning under. They are in the form of organized matter and must wait until this organism is entirely destroyed before they can be resuscitated into living forms. The potash, phosphorus, soda, lime and silica, separate or in combination, must remain encased in carbon, which is one of the most indestructible substances, until that is slowly wasted away by the action of oxygen. Years might elapse before the silica, which is so necessary to give strength to the stalk of the grain, would again be made available. Now, in all our prairie soils there is a great deficiency of this substance, and consequently the grain grown here is much more liable to lodge than that grown further north or east. It is plain then that we should manage our stubble so that this silica will not become fixed, but will be in a condition to be used over and over again as often as possible. The same thing is true of all the other mineral substances contained in the straw: they are not impoverished by use nor enfeebled by constant employment.

Now let us see how farming affects the stubble with a view of making it available as manure for a future crop. The popular idea is that substances are destroyed by the action of flame, but such is not the case. Rot and fire accomplish exactly the same end in changing vegetable substances; but the one effects in a moment what it will require the other years to perform. Each decomposes; neither can destroy; we have before shown that the sooner this decomposition is effected in the stubble of grain the better will be the results. Straw, from the fact that it contains so little nitrogen and so large an amount of mineral substance, should be burned; but the same process would be very disadvantageous as regards stable manure, or other substances which are rich in nitrogen. These require to be slowly decomposed, and it is preferable that it be done beneath the surface of the ground in order that all the ammonia which is formed by the disengaged nitrogen and hydrogen may be saved. Charcoal here is necessary to absorb this gas, and that which is produced from the slow rotting of vegetable matter is very suitable for this purpose. But the same need does not exist in the case of the lower part of grain straw, as it contains little else than carbon and mineral substances.

Plowing stubble under may produce some mechanical good on certain soils, that are very clayey or are apt to run together and form a coherent mass; but in the great majority of cases stubble leaves the soil quite too porous, and there are few instances where it is not advisable to roll stubble before plowing it, in order to close up, if possible, the cavity of the stalks. This loosening of the soils of clayey land is, perhaps, the only argument, if we except the retention of the carbon, that can be advanced in favor of plowing stubble under. To offset this we have the additional expense of rolling the land and the great disadvantage of the stubble interfering with the movement of the plow and the turning of the furrow.

But even in the case of clay lands the argument is with the fire. Nothing renders clay available for agricultural purposes as does heat. It tends to pulverize it and at the same time to render the silica soluble, and in a condition to unite with potash and soda. Every vine dresser knows and every grain grower should know, that there are few better substances to apply to either a vineyard or a field than pulverized brick. The cheapest and by far the easiest mode of applying this sort of manure is to burn over our clay fields.

But besides the chemical argument in favor of burning stubble, there are others which are equally forcible. Fire has always been spoken of as a purifier, and in no place is it so efficient as in a stubble field. The seeds of the tares which have grown along with the wheat till the time of the harvest are, in a great measure, destroyed by the fire that consumed the stubble, and the same is true to an equally great extent of the eggs and larvæ of insects.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Root Pruning Trees.

A correspondent of the *Florist and Pomologist* says that artizan gardeners who generally have their plots of ground in first-rate condition, find that their pear and apple trees make a great quantity of wood in the shape of strong, luxuriant shoots; their trees are the picture of good health, but they have not much fruit. If they buy a tree, say three years old, the shoots are usually very much shortened, when planted and under ordinary circumstances it will put out vigorous branches the ensuing summer. If, on the other hand, the head of the tree has not been cut it will be very probable that instead of making shoots, flower-buds will be formed the first year. The owner may prune and prune again his vigorous trees by cutting out branches in the autumn, but this only increases the evil. More roots have been formed during the summer, and these will enable the shoots to push with double vigor next year. Let him observe that the tree which he bought had its roots cut or mutilated in the taking; then let him cut through the roots of his strong-growing tree, stopping the channels through which the nutriment is supplied to the branches, and he will find that instead of leaves he will get fruit, and in lieu of a large, straggling head, which overshadows his garden, and interferes sadly with his vegetables and flowers, he will have a compact tree full of fruit-bearing spurs, and highly prolific.

In fact a man need not let his tree get beyond a certain size, for by regularly pruning the roots at stated periods its much greater enlargement will be prevented. Let any person try an experiment in October by removing the soil three feet from the tree to be operated on, a yard in depth, and with a sharp spade cutting through the roots.

Cheap Bee Feeder.

A correspondent of the *American Bee Journal* gives the following plan for making a bee feeder:

Let me tell the readers of the *Bee Journal* what kind of bee feeder I use, and how made.

Take a common gill glass, or a half pint measure, fill it with honey or sugar sirup, draw over it a piece of coarse muslin, and secure it by a small india rubber band. Then open one of the holes in the honey-board, and invert the glass or tumbler over it. The bees will suck out its contents at their leisure. Being air-tight, the honey or sirup will not pass down quicker than the bees require. When used on a nucleus hive, invert a tin cup or small earthen pot over it, to keep away flies, wasps and bees.

A larger tumbler may be used when we wish to give the bees a larger supply of food, to serve in case of absence.

Such a feeder costs only a trifle, and is within the reach of all.

Another correspondent of the same journal gives the following directions:

A good bee feeder can be made of any bottle, of any size from two ounces to two pounds.

But one having a short wide neck and a short dumpy body, with a square or nearly square shoulder is the best. To use, fill up with honey, sugar sirup or water; tie a piece of fine cotton cloth over the mouth, and place the neck of the bottle in a hole over the cluster of bees.

But one that I prefer is made of a glass self-sealing fruit jar—of the Hero, or any other self-sealing screw top pattern. In the center of the top punch fifteen or twenty holes. Over the holes solder a piece of fine perforated tin, such as is used in strainers. Around the edge of the top, outside, have a rim of tin of half an inch wide soldered, to keep the feeder from tutching the honey-board. To use, fill up with honey, sugar sirup, or water; screw on the top, and place it over a hole in the honey-board over the cluster of bees.

Liquid honey or sweetened water, to stimulate bees in the spring or summer, can be given diluted, without any danger of its turning into vinegar in the hottest weather; and a month or two's supply of water can be given at once. It being air-tight, the water will always be good; and those who water their bees in the winter, will find this a useful contrivance.

Bees short of supplies in winter feed from the above as quietly, and with no more excitement than if the supply came in the natural way.

Educating the Horse.

There is a good deal of what may be termed human nature about the horse, that is, a susceptibility to improve by education. All domestic animals possess this, in a certain degree, but the horse is more than commonly endowed in this respect. If left to himself, however, or but indifferently taught when young, the horse, like the neglected boy, will grow up with an uncouth carriage, and though a serviceable drudge, will fail to give pleasure to those who may have the management of him. A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* suggests a plan of treatment for colts which seems to embody the essentials of a suitable education for this important portion of farm stock. He says: "The outline of my plan may be thus given:—As soon as the colt is weaned, he should have good feed, and be handled every day if possible; he should be coaxed rather than made by force to do anything. Never use a switch or the end of a halter strap. Be firm, but not overbearing; it will be found better to overlook the fault, than to attempt and fail to correct it. Never lose your temper; for the moment you do so, you at the same time lose the advantage which you should always have over him.

"During the winter, the colt should stand haltered the greater portion of the time, either in his stable or out in the open air—the later for at least a portion of every day; use the currycomb and brush freely. Remember you are forming the future horse, and care now taken in his appearance or character is by no means lost. By the time he is a year old, he should allow you to place light articles on his back without any resistance, and should be taught not to be afraid of straps hanging loose either about the body or heels. This education should be repeated during the second winter, and by the time he is two years old, he will quietly permit himself to be harnessed up alongside of a quiet horse (his mother if possible) and driven about. During the operation of halter 'breaking,' great care should be taken to always make him walk fast—fast walking should be made a part of his education, and he will never forget it during his after life. I know of no colt which may not be made a good walker if properly trained when young; but this is a fast time, and walking is too slow to keep up with it."—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Treatment of Tree Seeds.

Our people are at last waking up to the importance of trees, whether for fuel, timber or shelter. The subject is beginning to have a literature, as we last month noticed the "Forest Tree Culturist" of Mr. Fuller. Upon looking over our correspondence, we find a great many queries as to the proper method of treating particular tree seeds, and we can best answer these queries in a lump. These seeds may be divided into two classes, one including those that must be sown as soon as ripe: the Elm and the Red and White (or Silver) Maples ripen their seeds in the spring. As we have shown in a former number, the failure with these seeds is due to want of knowledge of the fact that they ripen in June, and that they must be sown at that time. If kept until the following spring, these seeds lose their vitality and fail, but if sown as soon as mature, they make strong young plants the first year. Other seeds needing immediate sowing ripen in autumn, and these are to be treated as nearly as possible as nature treats them. If late in autumn we look beneath the fallen leaves of an oak tree, plenty of acorns will be found from which the radicle has protruded, showing that germination has already commenced. This will give the hint as to the proper treatment of acorns, which are to be planted shallow, and the bed protected with a good covering of leaves or other mulch. Chestnuts, Horse Chestnuts and Buckeyes, Tulip Trees, Hickories and Walnuts are treated in the same way. Hickories and Walnuts are said to do well if mixed with earth in a cool cellar during winter, and we have succeeded perfectly well with Horse Chestnuts put in a box of earth and exposed to the weather all winter.

Seeds that are kept over winter should be preserved at a low and even temperature, and of course be quite dry before put away, to prevet mould. The following are among the commonly planted seeds that are usually to be had of seed dealers: Honey Locust, Osage Orange, the Ashes, Larch, Deciduous Cypress, Maples (except red and white), Spruces, Pines, and other evergreens. Honey Locust, if fresh, will grow without preparation, but if old, it should be scalded. Osage Orange must be sprouted; the others merely need to be sown in a light, rich soil. Evergreens are very tender when young, and are apt to be sun-scorched. These are best sown in beds where they can be shaded by a lattice work screen made of laths.

Young trees, like young plants, require care, and no one need sow the seed with the expectation that they will take care of themselves. Weeding, cultivation and thinning must be daily attended to, and if the little trees are likely to suffer from drought, the ground should be covered with a good mulch of sawdust. If they are left in the seed bed over the first winter, they will need to be covered with leaves.—*American Agriculturist.*

General Rules for Pies and Puddings.

In boiling puddings, mind that the cloth be perfectly clean; dip it in hot water, and dredge it well with flour. If a bread pudding, tie it loose; if a batter pudding, tie it nearly close: gooseberry and apple pudding, &c, should be tied quite close. When you make a batter pudding, first mix the flour well with milk, and stir in the other ingredients by degrees; you will then have it smooth, without lumps. The best way, however, for a plain batter pudding is to strain it through a coarse hair-sieve, that it may have neither lumps nor the treadings of the eggs; add for the other puddings, strain the eggs when they are beaten up.

Be sure the water boils when you put your pudding in, and that it keeps boiling all the time, and that you keep it always covered with water; you should also move it about two or three times at first, or it may stick to the pot; dip the pudding into cold water immediately after you take it out, which prevents it sticking. If you boil your pudding in a dish or basin, butter the inside before putting the pudding in; the same should be done to the dish for a baked pudding or pie.

The quality of pie-crust depends much on the baking. If the oven be too hot, the paste, besides being burned, will fall; if too slack, it will be soddened, and consequently heavy.

Paste should be made on a cold, smooth substance, such as marble, with a light, cool hand. It should be made quickly; much handling makes it heavy. Great nicety is required in wetting the paste; too little moisture renders it dry and crumbly, while too much makes it tough and heavy; and in either case, the paste cannot be easily worked. Practice alone can produce perfection in this art.

Before commencing to make paste for pies or dumplings, it is necessary to place near at hand everything likely to be wanted, to inspect all the utensils, to prepare all the ingredients, and though last not least, to wash the hands and nails perfectly clean; for the hands are the best tools to make paste with.

Always use good sweet butter, dripping, or lard, for pie or pudding crust. Some persons entertain the mistaken notion that butter which cannot be eaten on bread will do very well for paste; on the contrary, the baking or boiling of rancid fat increases the bad flavor. It is a good plan to wash the butter in clear spring water before using it. Make two or three holes with a fork in the cover of your pies, that the steam may escape.—*Jeanie, in the German town Telegraph.*

Corn Cobs.

A writer in the *New England Farmer* has great faith in the medical qualities of corn cobs for many diseases of domestic animals, as well as in the idea that they contain much wholesome nutriment for well ones, and gives his method of preparing them. He says:

"If you have to pay toll for grinding them, they may not pay. But they may be used more economically. I once knew a widow lady who was remarkable for the good condition and fine appearance of her cattle, and for the small amount of hay she used in wintering them. She boiled all the cobs she could collect, and gave the tea or broth to her two cows and to her weak or sick sheep and lambs. In case of sickness, her favorite medicine was Harlem Oil, or Medicamentum. So successful was she that the neighbors used to say that she would take a dead lamb, and after bringing it to life, it would start off bleating, 'Medicamentum and corn cobs cured me.'

"I once tried the experiment by boiling three times a day a pailful of cobs, sprinkling on a little salt, and about two tablespoonfuls of meal to each pailful of cobs, and gave them to the cow warm. With the cobs and 1,400 pounds of bushy hay during the winter, she came out fat enough for beef. For sick cows or sheep, I do not know of anything better than the broth of cobs to give them a start."

Carl Schurz to the Democracy.

The following is the closing appeal of Carl Schurz to the Democracy in his great Chicago speech:

Democrats of the North, a last appeal to you. Not for ourselves will I speak, but to you I will say a word for the poor South, whose friends you profess to be. Did you ever consider what your friendship has made of that unfortunate country? For more than a generation you have excited and stimulated the worst pro-slavery passions in the Southern people. You, children of the free North, could not love slavery for its own sake; you could not believe that so flagrant an abomination could successfully resist the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century, and yet, did you not encourage that insane resistance—resistance to the last—with your insidious acclamations and promises of aid? Is it not true, that but for that artful encouragement the Southern people would have recognized the impossibility of perpetuating slavery, and that, abandoning their false hopes, they might have long ago commenced, by a gradual and peaceable reform, to accomplish that which has now been accomplished by the terrors of revolution and war? That the peaceable and salutary course of reform was not commenced in time—you Northern Democrats are responsible for it. But more: Brave as the Southern people may be, they would scarcely have dared to raise their hands in rebellion against this Republic had they not been assured that the people of the North would not fight, or if they did, that there would be Northern people enough to rise in aid of that rebellion. You, Northern Democrats, caused them to indulge in this fatal delusion; you goaded them on to the path of rebellion, blood and destruction. But still more. In 1864, when the back of the rebellion was already broken, and when speedy submission might have spared us many grievous sacrifices, you, Northern Democrats, then declared the war to be a failure on our side; you then encouraged the Southern people to persevere, to hope, to fight on. And thus the slaughter and destruction continued. But still more. At last the rebellion was vanquished, and the Southern people lay prostrate at the feet of the conqueror, exhausted, impoverished, lacerated, bleeding. So far your friendship had brought them. There was but one way for them to rise to new life, peace, and prosperity. It was by giving up all those old wild dreams of sectional power; by abandoning all thought of the possibility of a reaction; by accepting readily all the new order of things would bring; by devoting themselves, without looking back, to the reparation of their losses; by averting their eyes from the past and turning them full upon the future. And who will deny that after the first stunning effect of their defeat such was their disposition, and that this disposition would have been strengthened by a firm and uncompromising attitude on the part of the North? Thus their wounds might have been quickly healed, and their life restored to health and vigor. But what did you do, Northern Democrats? No sooner was there a chance for their regeneration than you hastened again to pour into their minds the poison of false hopes. You stimulated their pride with flattery. You stirred up their feverish imaginations by showing them the deceitful picture of a possible reaction. By wild harangues you excited them to stubborn resistance to the new order of things. You initiated their worst passions by appealing to their worst prejudices, and, alas, they believed you once more. And now see what you have done. The South is in a new attack of that delirium which the defeat of the rebellion had happily abated, and the repulsive manifestations of which you yourselves now vainly endeavor to restrain; the old terrorism, the old violence, the old mania for the exercise of unrighteous power. And thus, three years since the end of the war have been wantonly squandered, three years which might have given them peace, but for you! And yet, if you are not blind to the signs of the times, you know that all the hopes you have excited are vain. You know what they are struggling for can never be restored, and what they are struggling against is bound to come. You must know that this will be a Republic of free labor and equal rights! [Applause.] And yet you are still pouring oil into the flame of their madness—nay, you are urging the sword into their hands, which you know they can raise only for self-destruction! Democrats of the North, are your consciences dead? Have you no hearts, no pity for your Southern victims? Have their destroyed cities, their devastated fields, have the hundreds of thousands of their sons whose blood they have sacrificed at your instigation, not yet given you your fill? Shall the agony of those whom you have goaded on from error to error, from crime to crime, from disaster to disaster, be continued forever? Will you never give them a chance to return to reason? What have the poor Southern people done to you, that you should never cease to persecute them with your cruel, relentless, murderous, fiendish friendship? [Tremendous applause.] Is it not as if the policy of your party were born of the love of mischief for mischief's sake? When contemplating this appalling spectacle, does it not appear questionable to yourselves which was the most terrible curse for the South, the institution of slavery or the friendship of the Democratic party? Is there no human feeling in your hearts which moves you, no voice of conscience which compels you to desist from this most cruel wickedness?

The Camilla Massacre.

Since the New Orleans massacre, there has been no more infamous outrage than the wholesale murder at Camilla, Georgia. We have before us two versions of the affair. One of these, the Democratic account, got up with all the facts stated so as to justify the massacre, we find in the New York *World*. That account states that the people of Camilla had been greatly agitated for several days, because of the announcement of a Republican meeting to take place there, and, though the account is silent upon this point, no one questions the fact that there was a general determination to prevent the meeting. The people finaliy "heard" that the negroes who were coming to the meeting were all armed, and they became alarmed for the safety of their wives and children, if this numerous body of armed men were permitted to enter the town. So the Sheriff went out of town and met the procession, and insisted that the negroes and others who proposed to attend the meeting should stack their arms outside the town, and then, unarmed, enter the public square, where they might be shot down by the populace. The negroes refused to lay down their arms or to enter the trap prepared for them unless they had the means to fight their way out. The Sheriff then rode into town, and, when the procession neared the Court House, an "intoxicated man named Johns" ordered the music to stop, and fired his musket. The shot was answered by the procession, when a body of armed citizens fired into the procession, killing a number, wounding others and dispersing the remainder. The Democratic account places the responsibility for the murder on the refusal of the procession to abandon their arms. Having resolved to hold their meeting, and deliver their speeches, according to their previous announcement, they entered the town, and met the fate with which Forrest visited the unarmed prisoners at Fort Pillow, and to which the mob devoted the unarmed members of the Louisiana Convention in New Orleans. The *World's* account, which is sworn to, states that "seven negroes were killed, *all of whom* were gentcelly *buried by a committee* appointed for that purpose." Thirty or forty others were wounded. The same account states:

"It is a source of deep regret that the calamitous consequences of this affair fell exclusively upon the misguided negroes led on by the wicked white men, Murphy, Pierce and Putney, who made good their escape. This result is to be attributed more to the sharpness and shrewdness of these gallant leaders in effecting their escape than to the want of intention on the part of our people."

From this it will be seen that there was a purpose to kill these three white men, whose guilt is proven by the fact that they were all "Northern aliens"—Pierce being a Kentuckian by birth, and afterwards a resident in Indiana and an officer of the Union army; Murphy was in the Union army under General Wilson; Putney is a Northern man by birth, who has gone to Georgia to live. These men are all citizens of the United States; but it seems they are infamous because they have taken up a residence in Georgia and refuse to become rebels. One of them is a candidate for Congress, and because he is a Republican his right to hold a meeting is denied, and the regret is expressed that he escaped the Camilla massacre with his life.

The other statement of the facts in the case is, that Pierce and Murphy on the 15th reached the town of Americus, Georgia. They registered their names in the hotel book, and were, soon after, ordered to leave the house. They, however, made their speeches, and were entertained at the house of Judge McCoy, of the Supreme Court of Georgia. While at his house the negroes attempted with drum and fife to pass through the public square, when an armed mob drove them out. The Mayor addressed the mob, stating that there was no purpose to hurt the negroes, but the "two white scoundrels should die." Pierce and Murphy took refuge in the office of the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau until dark, after which the agent sent them through the fields to a point out of town, where he met them with a wagon, in which they escaped into Lee County. Every road leading from Americus was picketed that night with armed men, and no secret was made of the intention to kill Murphy and Pierce. On the 19th these same men, accompanied by seventy-five negroes, entered the town of Camilla, pursuant to appointment to hold a public political meeting. Four miles from town they were met by one Johns, who told them that he was sent to notify them that the people of Camilla would permit no Radical speaking in that town. Pierce accepted the warning to the extent of sending a note by a freedman to the Sheriff demanding protection. The Sheriff and posse answered in person, outside of the town, requesting Pierce not to attempt to enter; that a row was inevitable. Pierce answered that he was violating no law and would speak in Camilla. The Sheriff then galloped back to town. Pierce and Putney, in a buggy, entered Camilla in advance of their crowd, and went to the square; the procession entered, preceded by a wagon in which were two drummers and two fifers. The account then proceeds:

"At a hundred yards from the Court House the band-wagon was met by the man Johns, with a double-barrelled shot-gun, which he discharged into the wagon, wounding two colored men. Upon this there rose up from either side of the road upon which the colored people were approaching the town, a large number of white men, who had been concealed in the under-growth, who opened a cross fire upon the colored people in the road. A few of the colored people, having fire-arms, endeavored to defend themselves, but a majority of them fled. Messrs. Pierce and Putney rushed toward the contending parties, Mr. Pierce throwing up his hands, and calling upon the freedmen to stop, saying 'don't do that, don't do that.' Upon this the whites, or a portion of them, turned upon Pierce and Putney, and fired, wounding Mr. Pierce in the leg and Mr. Putney in the elbow and shoulder. Both, however, made to the woods and escaped, reaching the plantation of Messrs. Flagg & Fish, two gentlemen from Massachusetts, at three o'clock this morning.

"To return to the battle or massacre of Camilla. The freedmen, who were armed, having emptied their pistols, fled for their lives—such as had not already been placed *hors du combat*—leaving the wounded on the ground. The whites pursued, some of them first assuring themselves that those colored men left on the ground were dead by repeated shots at their prostrate bodies.

"Murphy and Janin endeavored to escape in their buggy, but eight miles from Camilla were *overtaken by five or six mounted men.* Both dismounted from the buggy, Janin taking to the woods, and Murphy taking refuge in a deserted house, where he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. His pursuers surrounded the house, and demanded his surrender. He refused, and told them to commence firing. Afterwards parley, upon solemn promise that he should not be harmed, nor detained, he came out, and while talking to some of the party, he was dealt a horrible blow upon the head with a barrel of a gun, in the hands of another. He was then, after some questioning and examination, allowed to proceed on his way.

"Up to 8 o'clock this morning the white people were still in pursuit of the fleeing and wounded with horses and bloodhounds.

"The white people in Camilla boast that one pond contains twelve dead niggers. This pond is near the house of a Dr. Dasher, some two miles from Camilla."

These two accounts agree in the essential particulars: 1. That the people were determined to kill the white men who undertake to make Republican speeches in Georgia to voters. 2. That the massacre at Camilla was a prearranged thing—the whites in town being all prepared with rifles and fowling pieces to shoot down the crowd. The fact that no one but a Republican was hurt indicates who were armed and the relative strength of the parties. Had we a President who was not really the instigator of this rebel violence, the right to hold a public meeting at Camilla and to advocate the election of Grant and Colfax, or any other candidate, should be established if it required that an army 40,000 strong should march through Georgia to effect that result. As it is, the State governments at the South are not able to give protection to the people, when the rebels are all armed, and the President of the United States aids and abets the violation of law and the massacre of those who dare assert the right of freemen to speak and vote as their judgment may prompt them. The only remedy is the election of a President who will enforce the laws and preserve the peace, and give the same protection to American citizens in Georgia that they have in the North.—*Chicago Tribune, Sept. 30th.*

—A little girl, four years old, was left alone in a room in Chicago, the other day, and approached too close to the grate, when her clothes caught fire, and she was burned to death.

☞ The Atlanta (Ga.) *New Era* says that if every man in the South should vote against Grant he would be elected.

NASBY.

AN UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE CORNERS—HOW THE CITIZENS OF THAT QUIET LOCALITY WERE COMPELLED TO TAKE UP ARMS IN THEIR DEFENSE—MR. NASBY'S ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR.

Post Offis, Confedrit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky.),
Sept. 23, 1868.

For fear that colored statements uv the recent unhappy affair wich occurred at this place may be sent North, to the prejoodis uv the Democracy, I hereby make a calm and truthful statement uv it. I will prefix my account by statin that the citizens uv the Corners hev alluz desired to live on amicable terms with the colored men, feelin that ther interests are more or less idektikle. To show how completely we hev conkered our prejoodises and how much we desire peece I will state that for a month ther hev bin only two niggers hung, and them under circumstances uv grate provocation. One uv em made a face at Issaker Gavitt, and tother refoozed to give Kernel Punt credit for a load uv water melons, claimin that the Kernel already owed him, and that ther wuz no law for a nigger to collect debts uv white men. Uv coorse we can't stand inslence from em.

The late unpleasantnis originated in this wise. The Radikels uv this county hed given out that they intended to hold a politikal meetin at this place on the 20th instant. I knew that ef they did it blood wood flow, for I knowd the temper and feelins uv our peaceable citizens. To avoid bloodshed I sent word to em not to come—not to hold the meetin—that ef they did I cood not be held responsible, and ther blood wood be on ther own heads. Partikelerly I warned em not to come armed, for our citizens wont stand that anyhow. We kin never permit men who differ from us to carry arms, ez in case we hev dispoots with em, they mite be dangerous.

My well meant endeavors wuz frootlis, and Issaker Gavitt thot he'd try. On the mornin uv that day Issaker rode out to find if they were bound to come in, and also whether they wuz armed. He returned reportin uv em comin, and every man uv em armed to the teeth. At 10 a. m. the procession entered the town, headed by moosic and the nashnel flag. Ez it passed Bascom's, Issaker Gavitt, who hed a double barreled shot gun in his hand, happened accidentally to let the hammer fall onto the nipple, when it went off. Unfortunately it wuz pinted in the direction of the procession, and a nigger fell from his horse with the top uv his his head blowed orf. To increase the disorder a small rock, playfully throwed by Kernal Punt at about the same time, struck another one on the head, and several other rocks from others in and about Bascom's knocked several more uv em down. Hed the niggers passed on quietly all wood hev been well, but they didn't. Eager to quarrel, and full uv insolence, and reely sekin a pretext to embroil us, the procession stopped in wild confooshin, many uv em takin to the woods to create the impression that they had bin attackt. The dooplissty of the nigger caracter is beyond findin out! We wuz surprised at ther breakin up so suddenly, and for a minit we didn't know what to do.

Ef the procession stopt in front uv Bascom's our citizens conjectured ther design wuz to attack the grosery, wich is reely the citadel uv the town. In Bascom's is all the likker we hev—in Bascom's our innosent revels is held—and Bascom's we will defend it to the last! Wat wuz we to do? Unarmed and helplis we were unprepared for this. But Heaven smiled onto us, and give us the means to defend ourselves. The rifles, revolvers and shot guns belongin to the principle famlies uv the Corners, and the surroundin county, happened to be in Bascom's stackt up behind his bar, and providenshally they wuz all loaded and capped. In a minit's time they wuz distributid, and afore the mob cood organize to make the attack, a well-directid volley wuz poured into em. This dismayed em, and the entire mass uv em, sich ez wuzn't killed, fled to the woods. Two uv the blood-thirsty wretches was shot at in the edge uv McPelter's woods, by the Captain and Elder Pennibacker, who feared that they wuz a goin in there to re-organize and return to complete their dreadful work. Elder Pennibacker killed one inhuman villain with an axe, wich hed bin wounded in the leg and wuz found in a corner uv his fence tryin to stop the flow uv the blood. The Elder wuz afeered he mite re-organize. All that day a posse uv citizens were engaged in quellin the fears uv the community by huntin down these dangerous incenjaries with dorgs and killin uv em, for ez they exceeded us in numbers we reely trembled for the safety uv our wives and children.

After a terrible day, the agitated town wuz restored to its wontid peece, and the citizens slept ez yoosual. The casualtes on our side is not so large ez mite hev been expected, when we consider the fearful purpose uv the barbarians who assaled us. Deekin Pogram wuz seriously injoored by a rock wich Issaker Gavitt histid strate up in his unthinkin excitement, and poor Kernel McPelter's shot-gun bust the second time he fired it, takin orf his thumb. These injoories sustained by our citizens, may be charged directly to the infernal sperit uv the inslent niggers who would pervoke our peacefly inclined people. But they suffered for it. Eleven uv em wuz killed, and some thirty or forty wuz wounded. The latter hev bin all cared for. They wuz taken to the County Infirmary for treatment—the expenses bein charged up to em ez a lien upon ther property, wich will, uv course, be sold to defray it.

Our citizens do not boast uv wat they hev done. They feel it wuz an unpleasant dooty they hed to perform, but they hed to do it. Corrupt and reckless men hev bin leadin the colored people astray, and they hed to defend theirselves. Hed they only taken my advice and not attempted to hold ther meetin this wood not hev happened. Hed they not hev come into the Corners with moosic and a Nashnel flag a flyin, they wood not hev bin killed. And even then hed they gone on quietly, after the fust one wuz shot and the others wuz knockt down with stuns, I doubt whether anything more wood hev bin dun.

They shoodent hev held meetins. We kin never endoor meetins uv niggers, and we never will. Knowin this why will they persist in holdin uv em?

The citizens uv the Corners agree unanimously (except Joe Bigler and Pollock,) that all the blame must rest upon the niggers. I don't bleeve in appeels to arms, but wat kin we do when we are so driven?

Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M.
(wich is Postmaster.)

P. S.—The President needn't send soldgers down to protect us, at least so long ez Grant is in command. Hed we Genral Booel or Hancock in command with Seymour ez President, it wood be different. Ez it is we shel hev to pertect ourselves.

A Drunken Man Driving a Locomotive at Full Speed.

We learn from an engineer on the Hudson River Railroad the particulars of one of the most exciting scenes probably that ever occurred on the line of that road. On Saturday last the locomotive Arctic was standing on the track at Poughkeepsie, awaiting the arrival of the 9:45 a. m. train from this city, which it was to conduct to New York. The fireman of the engine was a recent employe of the road, and jumping off the locomotive repaired to a neighboring saloon, where he became not drunk but utterly wild and ungovernable with liquor.

The time for the arrival of the train was fast approaching, and the engineer, becoming alarmed at the absence of his fireman, got off the engine to look for him. During his absence the fireman returned, and, influenced by the devil, mounted the engine, and with one desperate clutch opened the throttle which was to set the ponderous machinery in motion.

Away the Arctic sped with the speed of the whirl-wind. For a few minutes all was consternation and excitement among the lookers-on. In a moment the engine with its maniac driver was out of sight, bounding along over the track at a rate utterly fearful to contemplate, and suggesting most terrible disasters to such unlucky trains as might be preceding it on the track.

What to do—how to stop the mad career of the engine—were the questions which presented themselves for solution to the minds of the railroad officials at Poughkeepsie. There was but one recourse, and that was to telegraph to the station master at New Hamburg to throw open the switch at that point, and run the flying locomotive off the track. But before the agent at that place could execute the order, the Arctic came tearing along at its greatest speed, passed the station in safety, and was flying on its course like a demon of destruction. Orders were sent ahead for the track to be torn up, as it was determined that it possible no one should be harmed by the freaks of the madman but himself, neither his life nor the value of the engine being considered of the least account when the lives of so many others were depending on the result.

Fortunately the engine was stopped by causes within itself, rather than by any of the measures suggested for its overthrow and destruction. The engineer at Poughkeepsie, when he left the engine to look for his absent fireman, had both pumps at work filling the boiler with water. The fireman either did not know how to shut off the flow of cold water or had overlooked in his frenzy and excitement the fact that the pumps were at work, and neglected to shut them off, and after running about a dozen miles the pressure of water upon the boiler was so great as to cause an overflow, the fires went down, steam was exhausted, and the engine stopped for want of the necessary driving power.

The fireman then took the cushions from the engineer's seat, laid them down in the gutter alongside the track, and coolly deposited himself upon them for a comfortable snooze, unmindful of the terrible excitement and apprehensions of disasters he had caused along the line of the road. The engine was subsequently brought back to Poughkeepsie none the worse for its mad journey, and the faithless fireman was discharged from the employ of the company.—*Troy Times.*

POLITICAL ITEMS.

☞ A French biography of General Grant has been published.

☞ The New Orleans *Republican* says: "We asked an old resident if he saw the Democratic celebration on Saturday evening. He repliied: 'I saw a long procession of General Grant's paroled prisoners—is that what you refer to?'"

☞ The *World* says the Democratic party "is no more bound by General Blair's previous declarations, than by Gov. Seymour's." Which we take to be true. It isn't bound by anything, not even a sense of decency.—*Hartford Post.*

☞ A letter from General Sickles, to a gentleman in Cleveland, says: "I am rejoiced to hear from every quarter that Ohio is sure for Grant. Pennsylvania is all right, and do not regard me as a rash man when I tell you that New York is as sure for Grant as Ohio.

☞ A Democratic exchange says: "The Radical party will go out of sight in November." This is an admission we were hardly prepared for at this stage of the campaign. We expect, of course, to leave the Democrats a long way behind, but not so far as to be "out of sight" quite.—*Hartford Post.*

☞ George Alfred Townsend stated a few weeks ago in one of his Washington letters that Reverdy Johnson, our Minister to England, preferred General Grant to Horatio Seymour, for the Presidency. It is said that that statement is confirmed by intelligence received in Baltimore from Mr. Johnson himself.

☞ The Philadelphia *Press* says: "A few weeks ago the Democrats were confident of carrying the State in October, and eager to wager heavily on the certainty of their triumph in the city. Now they refuse entirely to bet on the one, and only agree to 'put up money' on the other when heavy odds are secured."

☞ The New York *Sun* is informed, on "good authority, that our distinguished fellow-citizen, James T. Brady, Esq., has resolved to vote for Grant and Colfax. This will be a serious disappointment to many of his Democratic friends." Brady is one of the best esteemed and most influential Democrats in the city of New York.

☞ The Meridian (Miss.) *Mercury* speaks the real rebel Southern sentiment in the following oath: "With the skull and cross-bones of the 'lost cause' before us, we will swear that this is a white man's government. We must make the negro understand that we are the men we were when we held him in abject bondage, and make him feel that when forbearance ceases to be a virtue he has raised a power that will control him or destroy him."

☞ On the night of the 21st ult., near Horn Lake, De Soto county, Miss., two colored men and one colored woman were hung. The crime of the two former was that they dared to be Republicans; the crime of the poor woman, that she recognized the assassins and might tell the story of their fiendish deed. They had been together in the field, picking cotton, on Monday, and on the following morning their bodies were found dangling from limbs in a neighboring forest.

☞ At the reunion of the 10th Connecticut regiment, the other day, at Savin Rock, Lieutenant Frank Otis, one of whose arms is on a Southern battle-field, just as he was leaving the banquet, expressed a curiosity to know how the old 10th felt politically. On calling for a vote every man stood up for Grant. As the cheers which the incident elicited subsided, "It is the same old fight," said Otis, waving the empty sleeve, in his enthusiasm.

☞ At one of the Cabinet meetings while General Grant was in the Cabinet, President Johnson was indulging in some of his characteristic self-glorifications over the "sacrifices" which he had made for the country, and one or more of his Cabinet joined in the same strain of self-praise. Gen. Grant quietly and modestly said: "Well, gentlemen, so far as I am concerned, *I have never made any sacrifices for the country.* The country has always done more for me than I have done for it. I suppose I would be ready to make sacrifices, but I have never had the opportunity; and I think that as a general rule, our public men get more from the country than they give it."

An Essa on Long Branch.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Long Branch is a work of natur, and iz a good job.

It iz a summer resort for men, wimmin and children, especially the latter.

Children are az plenty here, and az sweet as flowers in a out door gardin.

They play in the sand for work, and git their feet wet for fun.

Their iz sum attempt at style here, but the prevailing disease iz good sense; you can see this stick out in the way people take it natural and easy, and don't try to outstrip each other in wearing clothes, and them exquisite.

I didn't see but one woman here who was dressed too ekonomikal, and her dress was plenty long enough at the bottom, but the front side of her shoulders seemed to lack sumthing.

I put up at the Continental Hotel, near the roof of the building, from choice.

I kan say that this house is kept a good deal, without neutralizing my dignity, for I paid the same price the rest of the boarders did for my vittles.

I shall put up here agin, when I cum, if I have tew straddle the ridge pole.

I never leave a good hotel for a better one; I learnt this fishing for frogs. If I am where the frogs bite good, that's mi puddle. I