

THE BEAVER ARGUS
Will be Published Every Wednesday
IN MINIS' BUILDINGS,
THIRD ST., BEAVER, PA.
At \$2.00 per annum in Advance

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 41-No. 6, Beaver, Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1865. Established 1818

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.
Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1
per square - each subsequent insertion
50 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly
advertisers, and on long advertisements.
A space equal to seven lines of this type
measured as a square.
Special notices 25 per cent. addition to reg-
ular rates.
Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.
Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political
and other Notices of a public nature, free.

POETICAL.

THE PLAYMATE.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
The song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear,
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music, and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She hid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy,
Who felt her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May—
The constant years told o'er,
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But the cage back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I see the spring,
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses bloom;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There, happily, with her jeweled hands,
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap, wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes waft us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree;
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them—
And how the old time seems—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face—I hear her voice—
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours;
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers.

Oh, playmate in the golden time,
O'er mossy seats is green;
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds, so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow,
And there, in spring, the yearlies sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

Miscellaneous.

American Nationality.

One of the grandest and most enduring results of our present war for the Union is to be the establishment of the nationality of the American People. We are to convince ourselves and the world that we are one nation. The true idea of republican government is to be settled for ever. Other republics have existed and flourished, but they were limited and partial in their character. They had not the real elements of united strength, and therefore did not continue. It has remained for the patriots of America to establish the fact that a genuine republic can not only be permanent but universal.

The great national struggle through which we are passing has developed the following facts:

First, That a well-educated republic possesses more inherent power than a monarchy.

Second, That such a republic as ours in America can be maintained in time of war as well as peace.

Third, That the consolidation of the Government by the will of the people is consistent with the sovereignty of the States.

By the concurrent operation of these facts, American nationality has been secured, and as long as they continue this to operate, it will be maintained to the end of time. They have shown, beyond all cavil, that the government of the people, rightly administered, is the strongest government on earth, and the only government really adapted to the best happiness of mankind.

What, then, is American nationality? It is the practical elucidation, in the face of all the world, hostile as well as friendly, of the Declaration of American Independence. It is forever that we are doing "what any nation may do." It is proving to all mankind that we are not a confederation of colonies; not a union of partners in business, from which any one may withdraw at pleasure; not a league of States bound together by a treaty, as with foreign lands; but a distinct, united, consolidated nation, in which there is no separation but a revolution and the disruption of the

whole. Secession is thus proved to be treason; treason is civil war; and civil war must be put down by the nation, or the nation ceases to exist.

If the present gigantic war of the Union to maintain the Union intact had accomplished nothing else, it has achieved wonders in establishing these facts. The republic is seen in the lurid light of our vast battle fires as it was never seen before. Never had our national flag such a significance as it has now. Never was the United States Constitution so ordained to be rational as it is by the thunder of our republican cannon. Never was the Declaration of Independence so illuminated as it has been within the last four years by the valor of our army on the land and our navy on the sea. We have proved our patent of nobility as a nation in the presence of a witnessing world. We have set our seal of nationality in the blood of patriots; and prouder insignias than the stars and ribbons, the scepters and crowns, the diadems and thrones of monarchs, are found now in the annals of America.

It only remains for the American people to cultivate and perpetuate their nationality. We must show by our conduct toward other nations that we esteem our own the best among them all. By doing this we do not preclude the foreigner from loving his own land. He has the right to do so, and no American, but would despise him if he did not. Let it be understood, however, that what the Englishman claims for England, the Frenchman for France, and other men for their nationalities, the American claims and will maintain for America.

This is American nationality. We ask nothing more; we will take nothing less.—*Phila. News.*

"She Is a Widow."

Did you notice that sneer, the tone of contempt with which those words were uttered? The Hindoos burn widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, and we call them cruel—American Christians, with the Bible in their hands, often treat widows with a more refined, but no less real cruelty.

Dear readers, did you ever speak lightly of widows, and did you ever realize what the word signifies? A widow! one who has loved and been loved—once the mistress of a pleasant home where clustered the richest blossoms of affection, where was music and gladness, one who once had a strong arm to lean upon, a noble manly heart to sympathize in all her sorrows, and to shield her from every rough blast. You knew her then; perhaps you often partook of the hospitalities of that home which she adorned. How respectfully you were—how lovingly she seemed, how lady-like—she was a wife then—she had a protector. But days of darkness and sorrow came—her husband—her earthly all, was laid low, and she, the tenderly nurtured, the "precious one," the joy of that now cold heart, was a widow! At first you were all kindness and sympathy, but days and weeks, and months were on, and you forgot your friend—did she forget? No; but she must struggle for bread; she who had always shrunk from any other than household care, must care for business now; she must bargain with you, and others of your sex, or starve.

And now you strangely forget those other days, and you are a noble exception if you do not take advantage of her ignorance of business, to make a good bargain for yourself to her loss.

If necessity compels her to be on the alert against business trickery, then forsooth she is a strong-minded woman, and your bachelor friend is warned against such designing widows! Shame! Shame! where is your manhood, your sense of right and justice? You know better; you know it is almost martyrdom for her to meet you in the marts of business and to talk of dollars and cents; you know that the memory of the past comes upon her with an almost overwhelming sorrow, while, as with calm exterior, she seems to guard the temporal interest of herself and little ones, you know she is a gentle, true, loving woman, one whom the Lord has afflicted, one who has too much reason to think that all real manliness is buried in the dust.

Designing! Do you ever think when you speak lightly of widows, that your wife may soon be liable to the same reproach. Your wife is not secure; the wife of your friend was no less happy than your own is now; she was no more self-reliant, no more "strong minded," and even now she shrinks from contact with the outer world with just as much delicacy; but stern necessity needs no such womanly feeling.

Beware, then, O man, perhaps professedly Christian brother, how you forget the teachings of the blessed master. Beware how you emulate the heathen, by inflicting torture on the sensitive spirit of a refined woman, harder to be borne than the fagot and the fire. Remember, that the Holy One, foreseeing all, has proclaimed himself the widow's God, and that his ear is open to every sigh of her pained heart, and He said to you, "By your words you shall be justified, and by your words you shall be condemned." Speak respectfully, then, of these afflicted ones. The Lord made them widows, not in wrath, but because "whom he loveth He chasteneth."—*Cong. Herald.*

Distinct Like the Billows, But One Like the Sea.

Who hath not read the sweetly flowing lines of "D. F. Taylor," literary editor, and for a long time the correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Journal*. We commend the following patriotic, graceful, delicious article to the careful perusal of our many readers. We have rarely enjoyed an article so much:

The Roman knight who rode "all accoutred as he was" into the Gulf, and the month of the hungry Forum closed upon him and was satisfied, slew in his own dying, that great Philistine, Oblivion, which sooner or later will conquer us all. We never thought, when we used to read his story, that the grand classic tragedy of patriotic devotion would be a thousand times repeated in our own day and presence; that the face of the neighbor who had walked by our side in disguise all the while, should be transfigured in the twinkling of an eye, like the face of an angel; that old gods who thundered in Greek and lightened in Latin should stand aside while common men of plain English speech, upon whose shoulders we have laid a familiar hand, should keep in motion the machinery of that grand epic of the world, the War for the American Union.

But there is an old story that always charms us more. In some strange land and time—for so the story runs—they were about to cast a bell for a mighty tower, a hollow, starless heaven of iron. It should toll for dead monarchs—"The king is dead"—and make glad clamor for the new prince "Long live the king!" It should proclaim so great a passion or so grand a pride that, either would be worship, or wanting these, forever hold its peace.

Now, this bell was not to be dugged out of the cold mountains; it was to be made of something that had been warmed with a human touch or loved with a human love. And so the people came like pilgrims to a shrine, and cast their offerings into a furnace and went away. There were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had broken in heroes' hands; there were crosses and rings and bracelets of fine gold, trinkets of silver and toys of poor red copper. They even brought things that were looked up in an instant by the red tongs of flame; good words they had written and flowers they had cherished; perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone of volume, of the bell.

And the fires panted like a strong man when he runs a race, and the mingled gifts flowed down together and were lost in the sand, and the dome of iron was drawn out like levitation. And by and by, the bell was alone in the chamber, and its four windows looked forth to the four quarters of heaven. For many a day it hung dumb; the winds came and went, but they only set it sighing; birds came and went and sang under its eaves; but it was an iron horizon stripes and passions of men rippled below; they out-grope the ants and out-weight the bees and out-watched the shepherds of Chaldea, but the chamber of the bell was as dumb as the cave of Macchab.

At last there came a time when men grew grand for right and truth, and stood shoulder to shoulder over all the land, and went down like reapers to the harvest of death; looked into the graves of them that slept, and believed there was something grander than living; glanced on into the far future, and discerned there was something bitter than dying; and so standing between the quick and the dead, they "quitted themselves like men."

Then the bell woke in its chamber, and the great waves of its music rolled gloriously out, and broke the blue walls of the world like an anthem; and every tone in it was familiar as a household word to somebody, and he heard it and knew it with solemn joy. Poured into that fiery heat together, the humblest gifts were blent in one great wealth, and accent feeble as a sparrow's song grew eloquent and strong, and a people's stately soul heaved on the tenth wave of a mighty voice!

We thank God in this, our day, for the furnace and the fire; for the offerings of gold and trinkets of silver and the broken links of iron, for the good words and the true word; for the great triumph and the little song. We thank God for the loyal Ruths who have taken up the words of their elder sister, and said to this Naomi of a later time, "where thou goest I must go; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God!" By the memory of the Rahels now lamenting within it, for the honor of heaven and the hope of mankind, let us who stand here, Past and Present clasping hands over our heads, the broad ages dwindled to a line under our feet and ridged with the graves of dead martyrs—let us declare before God and these witnesses, We will finish the work that the Fathers began; Then these to their sleeping; And these to their weeping; And one faith and one flag for the Federal gun!

Cities.

Augusta is the second largest city in the South, and is situated on the banks of Savannah river, six miles east of Milledgeville, and twenty miles from Savannah, and about the same distance from Charleston, with which it is now connected by the South Georgia Railroad. Atlanta, now reduced to one hundred and seventy-one miles east of it. The principal street is Broad Street, running parallel with the river, being over a mile in length, and is the widest. There are a number of theaters, the Globe, Eagle, Phoenix, and United States being the prominent ones. The latter has been changed to the Confederate States House, from eighty to ninety thousand seats of cotton per annum were formerly shipped down the river, and before the war the roads leading out of Augusta carried from three to four hundred thousand bales annually. Since the rebellion Augusta has become a large ordnance depot, besides maintaining manufacturing of cannon, small arms and material of war.

Macon.

Macon is the county seat of Bibb county, and is situated on the right bank of the Ocmulgee river. It is about in the center of the State and in connection with Atlanta, Augusta, Columbus, Savannah, and other cities adjacent, by rail. It is about thirty miles south-west of Milledgeville, and is a city of some seven or eight thousand inhabitants. The river is navigable for steamboats, and is the principal mode of transportation. It had a large cotton trade with the surrounding towns before the war. Most of the business blocks are of brick and the hotels were, at one time, excellent. The Lohr House is the principal hotel, kept by Simon Lohr, who first opened the LaGrange Hotel, in New York City.

Columbus.

Columbus is located on the banks of the Chattahoochee river, and is surrounded by a rich agricultural country. It is at the head of steamboat navigation, and about two hundred and thirty miles from Augusta by rail. It was laid out in 1823, and now contains a population of some thirty thousand souls. It is connected by the Atlanta and Macon railroad, and with Mobile, Alabama, by river and with New Orleans, by a large cotton gin. It was a few days since that a large amount of clothing and camp equipment was manufactured at Columbus. It is closely built, and is a much better looking city than Macon.

Milledgeville.

Milledgeville, the capital of the State, is situated on the Oconee river, and is the county seat of Baldwin. It is not a very large place—perhaps three thousand inhabitants—and is built on several hills, and presents rather an uneven appearance. The State House, a fine building, shaped in the form of a parallelogram, with gothic turrets, and battlements, is said to have been recently destroyed by our cavalry—a portion of Sherman's corps—as also some other public buildings. A few good stores, and one ordinary hotel, to which may be added twenty whisky groceries, constituted the town proper.

Madison.

Madison, or the Georgia railway, is a pretty little town, sixty-seven miles south of the city of Atlanta, and contains about three thousand inhabitants. It is the section of a rich cotton region, which is occupied by wealthy planters. A large amount of trade was brought here before the rebellion, since which time it has been used as a depot for Union prisoners. There were several fine schools here before the rebellion, one of which was a military institution, and which we learn was destroyed, with other property, by Sherman's troops, recently.

From Union Point.

From Union Point, a six hours ride by rail, brings you to Athens, the county seat of Clarke. Greensboro is about half way between Union Point and Athens. Lexington, a small town, comes next, which is the old residence of the Lumpkin family, formerly so well represented in Congress from Georgia. Fourteen miles or more, you reach Athens, which is picturesquely situated on high hills, and which is the seat of the University of Georgia, or Athens College. The population of Athens is about 5,000, and the people are of a better order than most of the Southern towns, many of them being highly educated and refined. SAVANNAH, the chief seaport of Georgia, is the largest city in the State, and contained in 1860, about sixteen thousand inhabitants. It is situated on a high bluff, on the river bearing its name, sixteen miles from the ocean. A heavy cotton trade, much of it with foreign ports, formerly characterized this place. A line of steamships connected it with New York and Philadelphia, also Charleston, and St. Jones, while the cities in the interior are reached by lines of railway. The prominent merchants are men of Northern birth, but a large number of wealthy cotton brokers are Jews. Previous to the war, the volunteer military force of Savannah was one of the most perfectly disciplined in the South. Much of the military ability of the rebel army may be traced to Savannahians, who figure largely in the SeceSSION ranks. The approaches to the city from the sea, by the river, were obstructed, by chains, bars and torpedoes, besides water batteries in

The Charleston "Mercury" on the Situation.

The following significant article appeared in the Charleston Mercury of January 12:

The condition of this military department, as embraced within the limits of Georgia and South Carolina, is anything but satisfactory to any man who is a student of facts, and has capacity to understand their bearing. We presume there is no one in the department to whom the condition of the present military organization is less satisfactory than to the General commanding. Probably, there is no one so thoroughly aware of the lamentable disorganization that prevails in certain corps and sections of his command. Yet it would scarcely be fair to hold him responsible for this condition of things.

His department has been newly turned into his hands, and many of the troops are new to him and to his department. They came to him under the command of imbeciles, he has received them a herd of stragglers and outlaws. What has been done to eradicate this fatal evil, we shall not stop to inquire. The time has been short to do much, and the forces have been much scattered. But the very last moments are arriving, when all must be done that can be done. The enemy does not intend to wait upon our leisure. And there is much to do.

Before bringing ourselves to face the enemy, it is absolutely essential that those in command bring themselves to face the vital evils existent within our own lines. The path we now are traveling is straight to destruction. The crisis of the Confederacy has arrived in fatal earnest. The result of the next six months will bring the Confederacy to the ground, or will re-instate its power. "Without reform we are doomed." There is more than one department of the Government in which reform is important. But reform in our armies is essential—is vital. Without it the death of the Confederacy is already tolled. With the proper reform made, he is a coward who carries his heart in his boots.

There are men in the land—there is light in the land! It is the imbecile that "kicks at heart"—it is the coward that "kicks at heart." There is a way to reform, and it is to be found in the hearts of our men.

Religious.

Those Fragments.

When the Saviour had fed thousands with five loaves and a few fishes, miraculously he said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost."

We propose this command as a lesson to Christians now. The same Jesus, now enthroned as King, Provider, and Head of the Church for whose behalf he is made head over all things, has munificently poured into the lap of the Church an abundance of means. Harvests are ample, prices are good, health is unusual, hopes are brightening. Out of your abundance, fellow-Christians, you ought to administer to the wants of the poor, the demands of the visible Church, the necessities of the dying heathen.

But I propose you to consider a more special point of duty, and to call attention to a more homely specimen of enterprise and effort for the Lord. I propose you to go into your dark cellars, your gobwebbed closets, and your chilly garrets, above the first days of the new year, and while you are there alone with your God and Saviour, reflect upon the relations in which you stand to him as your Benefactor, contemplate the fragments of all manner of things that lie there in confusion and disorder, the food of moths and mice, and consider well what your saviour would likely say to you in view thereof. Perhaps you may hear him whisper, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." The article of cast-off apparel, be it silk, or wool, or cotton might make warm and happy some of God's poor, that are all around you. The very brass on that old dilapidated umbrella, or the ivory on that ruined parasol, or the fragments of glass ware, or the tatters of carpet, of oil cloth, and the ruined remains of other things, would each buy a tract or print, and distribute a leaf of the Bible, that might save a soul! Think not that it is niggardly and mean to care for these fragments, and sell them.

We would not have you limit your gifts to means derived from such sources; but we remind you that they may be worth as much as the fragments of the broken loaves, and ought to be saved.

The Apple Tree Borer.

Dr. Asa Eitch, the State entomologist of New York, has written the following article in the *Register of Rural Affairs*. In re-printing it, we may add that the Doctor is one of our first entomologists, as well as one of our most practical horticulturists.

"To repel this beetle from depositing its eggs upon the bark of the tree, the latter part of May should be rubbed with soft soap, or some other alkaline substance applied to it. Five years ago I treated half my young trees in this manner, and the following spring not a borer could be found in any of them; while of those to which soap was not applied the major part had young borers a quarter of an inch long in them, fifteen of these worms being found in a single small tree. I now have continued to apply soap to the same trees each year since, but have occasionally found borers in some of them. I am inclined to think, if soap is applied the latter part of May, and repeated it copious rains occur to wash it off before the end of June, the trees will never be attacked by the insect. Dusting the bits of the trees thickly with air-slacked lime bids fair from experiments which I have recently commenced, to be more efficacious than the soap. If notwithstanding these precautions, any worms become established at the root of the tree, they should be immediately ferreted out, and destroyed. This can be done much more easily when they are young and small, as they are lying in or directly under the bark."

Salting Hay.

In hurrying seasons, when there is much bad weather, it is sometimes necessary to get hay when imperfectly cured, or not sufficient made to prevent it becoming musty when moved. When this is the case, the use of salt is found to be highly beneficial; it prevents mustiness, and gives a fine flavor to hay that would otherwise be almost worthless for ordinary purposes. From one peck to one peck and a half to a ton will be found enough to prevent mould, unless the hay is very damp, when the application of half a bushel, or even a large quantity, will be allowed. Meadow hay may be preserved by the use of salt, and its value greatly increased thereby for feeding purposes, especially when given to sheep. And here permit me to remark that the very best article of winter feed that can be provided for sheep, if cut before it becomes over-ripe, and properly made, is the coarse grass abounding in our natural meadows.

Renovating Flower-Beds.

If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top soil, and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland mixture, well chopped up with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf-mould—say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of each of the three ingredients. Fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings off hedges, refuse wood, straw, &c., built up over a hole and packed round with flakes of old turf, and then burned, make a capital dressing; to dig into the old soil, if you cannot well get new material to replace the worn-out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one-fifth the whole very old dung, would prove a good mixture.

Religious.

Those Fragments.

When the Saviour had fed thousands with five loaves and a few fishes, miraculously he said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost."

We propose this command as a lesson to Christians now. The same Jesus, now enthroned as King, Provider, and Head of the Church for whose behalf he is made head over all things, has munificently poured into the lap of the Church an abundance of means. Harvests are ample, prices are good, health is unusual, hopes are brightening. Out of your abundance, fellow-Christians, you ought to administer to the wants of the poor, the demands of the visible Church, the necessities of the dying heathen.

But I propose you to consider a more special point of duty, and to call attention to a more homely specimen of enterprise and effort for the Lord. I propose you to go into your dark cellars, your gobwebbed closets, and your chilly garrets, above the first days of the new year, and while you are there alone with your God and Saviour, reflect upon the relations in which you stand to him as your Benefactor, contemplate the fragments of all manner of things that lie there in confusion and disorder, the food of moths and mice, and consider well what your saviour would likely say to you in view thereof. Perhaps you may hear him whisper, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." The article of cast-off apparel, be it silk, or wool, or cotton might make warm and happy some of God's poor, that are all around you. The very brass on that old dilapidated umbrella, or the ivory on that ruined parasol, or the fragments of glass ware, or the tatters of carpet, of oil cloth, and the ruined remains of other things, would each buy a tract or print, and distribute a leaf of the Bible, that might save a soul! Think not that it is niggardly and mean to care for these fragments, and sell them.

We would not have you limit your gifts to means derived from such sources; but we remind you that they may be worth as much as the fragments of the broken loaves, and ought to be saved.

The Apple Tree Borer.

Dr. Asa Eitch, the State entomologist of New York, has written the following article in the *Register of Rural Affairs*. In re-printing it, we may add that the Doctor is one of our first entomologists, as well as one of our most practical horticulturists.

"To repel this beetle from depositing its eggs upon the bark of the tree, the latter part of May should be rubbed with soft soap, or some other alkaline substance applied to it. Five years ago I treated half my young trees in this manner, and the following spring not a borer could be found in any of them; while of those to which soap was not applied the major part had young borers a quarter of an inch long in them, fifteen of these worms being found in a single small tree. I now have continued to apply soap to the same trees each year since, but have occasionally found borers in some of them. I am inclined to think, if soap is applied the latter part of May, and repeated it copious rains occur to wash it off before the end of June, the trees will never be attacked by the insect. Dusting the bits of the trees thickly with air-slacked lime bids fair from experiments which I have recently commenced, to be more efficacious than the soap. If notwithstanding these precautions, any worms become established at the root of the tree, they should be immediately ferreted out, and destroyed. This can be done much more easily when they are young and small, as they are lying in or directly under the bark."

Salting Hay.

In hurrying seasons, when there is much bad weather, it is sometimes necessary to get hay when imperfectly cured, or not sufficient made to prevent it becoming musty when moved. When this is the case, the use of salt is found to be highly beneficial; it prevents mustiness, and gives a fine flavor to hay that would otherwise be almost worthless for ordinary purposes. From one peck to one peck and a half to a ton will be found enough to prevent mould, unless the hay is very damp, when the application of half a bushel, or even a large quantity, will be allowed. Meadow hay may be preserved by the use of salt, and its value greatly increased thereby for feeding purposes, especially when given to sheep. And here permit me to remark that the very best article of winter feed that can be provided for sheep, if cut before it becomes over-ripe, and properly made, is the coarse grass abounding in our natural meadows.

Renovating Flower-Beds.

If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top soil, and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland mixture, well chopped up with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf-mould—say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of each of the three ingredients. Fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings off hedges, refuse wood, straw, &c., built up over a hole and packed round with flakes of old turf, and then burned, make a capital dressing; to dig into the old soil, if you cannot well get new material to replace the worn-out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one-fifth the whole very old dung, would prove a good mixture.

Religious.

Those Fragments.

When the Saviour had fed thousands with five loaves and a few fishes, miraculously he said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost."

We propose this command as a lesson to Christians now. The same Jesus, now enthroned as King, Provider, and Head of the Church for whose behalf he is made head over all things, has munificently poured into the lap of the Church an abundance of means. Harvests are ample, prices are good, health is unusual, hopes are brightening. Out of your abundance, fellow-Christians, you ought to administer to the wants of the poor, the demands of the visible Church, the necessities of the dying heathen.

But I propose you to consider a more special point of duty, and to call attention to a more homely specimen of enterprise and effort for the Lord. I propose you to go into your dark cellars, your gobwebbed closets, and your chilly garrets, above the first days of the new year, and while you are there alone with your God and Saviour, reflect upon the relations in which you stand to him as your Benefactor, contemplate the fragments of all manner of things that lie there in confusion and disorder, the food of moths and mice, and consider well what your saviour would likely say to you in view thereof. Perhaps you may hear him whisper, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." The article of cast-off apparel, be it silk, or wool, or cotton might make warm and happy some of God's poor, that are all around you. The very brass on that old dilapidated umbrella, or the ivory on that ruined parasol, or the fragments of glass ware, or the tatters of carpet, of oil cloth, and the ruined remains of other things, would each buy a tract or print, and distribute a leaf of the Bible, that might save a soul! Think not that it is niggardly and mean to care for these fragments, and sell them.

We would not have you limit your gifts to means derived from such sources; but we remind you that they may be worth as much as the fragments of the broken loaves, and ought to be saved.

The Apple Tree Borer.

Dr. Asa Eitch, the State entomologist of New York, has written the following article in the *Register of Rural Affairs*. In re-printing it, we may add that the Doctor is one of our first entomologists, as well as one of our most practical horticulturists.

"To repel this beetle from depositing its eggs upon the bark of the tree, the latter part of May should be rubbed with soft soap, or some other alkaline substance applied to it. Five years ago I treated half my young trees in this manner, and the following spring not a borer could be found in any of them; while of those to which soap was not applied the major part had young borers a quarter of an inch long in them, fifteen of these worms being found in a single small tree. I now have continued to apply soap to the same trees each year since, but have occasionally found borers in some of them. I am inclined to think, if soap is applied the latter part of May, and repeated it copious rains occur to wash it off before the end of June, the trees will never be attacked by the insect. Dusting the bits of the trees thickly with air-slacked lime bids fair from experiments which I have recently commenced, to be more efficacious than the soap. If notwithstanding these precautions, any worms become established at the root of the tree, they should be immediately ferreted out, and destroyed. This can be done much more easily when they are young and small, as they are lying in or directly under the bark."

Salting Hay.

In hurrying seasons, when there is much bad weather, it is sometimes necessary to get hay when imperfectly cured, or not sufficient made to prevent it becoming musty when moved. When this is the case, the use of salt is found to be highly beneficial; it prevents mustiness, and gives a fine flavor to hay that would otherwise be almost worthless for ordinary purposes. From one peck to one peck and a half to a ton will be found enough to prevent mould, unless the hay is very damp, when the application of half a bushel, or even a large quantity, will be allowed. Meadow hay may be preserved by the use of salt, and its value greatly increased thereby for feeding purposes, especially when given to sheep. And here permit me to remark that the very best article of winter feed that can be provided for sheep, if cut before it becomes over-ripe, and properly made, is the coarse grass abounding in our natural meadows.

Renovating Flower-Beds.

If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top soil, and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland mixture, well chopped up with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf-mould—say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of each of the three ingredients. Fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings off hedges, refuse wood, straw, &c., built up over a hole and packed round with flakes of old turf, and then burned, make a capital dressing; to dig into the old soil, if you cannot well get new material to replace the worn-out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one-fifth the whole very old dung, would prove a good mixture.

The Wife of Gen. Grant.

The wife of Gen. Grant has been presented by the citizens of Philadelphia, with a residence costing \$50,000 and the widow of Gen. D. B. Birney, with a home costing \$10,000 while \$20,000 has been invested for her benefit. Good for the Quaker City.