THE WAR AND THE CHURCH.

The word for the Prussian conflict, in the present stage, is the word PEACE. The following poem, of English origin, expresses the sentiment which is beginning to arise among the populations of the civilized world:

In the pleasant summer weather, ere the wealth of golden corn
Ready for the sturdy reapers, to the granary was borne,
And the vineyard's juicy clusters still in grace's full beauty hung,
And o'er all the brilliant sunshine its bewitching splendor flung,

Calm and lovely by the Rhineland, its own glorious stream, beheld
Calmly flowed Moselle's blue waters, by "The Maidens" in her pride;
Peacefully the peasants labored in Alsatia and Lorraine,
Looking for the promised harvest as they watched the ripening grain.

Suddenly as falls the lightning, WAR's tremendous thunder flash,
Forward the rushing Cuirasse, fatal as the earthquake's crash,
Fell upon the smiling valleys, crushed with thunderbolts the vines,
Cleft the mantling vine-clad forests, lord rescinding thro' the pines.

Who can paint the desolation of the land, and home, and hearth?
In a moment came the anguish—will it ever more depart?
Who can speak back to bless us? Will the earth her slain restore?
Can the broken heart be healed whose beloved return no more?

Whence came the barbarian legions of the great embattled hosts?
From what dark benighted region, or what Islamic's savage coasts?
Serve they Wodin, Mars, or Moloch, that their altars drip with gore?
Shines the crescent on their pathway, in Mahomet's name they bore?

Bring the "sackcloth and the ashes," bow the head and smite the breast,
Be the "guilty" of the nations with deep penitence confest:
Ask those legions whom they worship? Bid their gaze a moment cease,
While they answer (mark ye!) they tell us "Wasdore THE PRINCE OF PEACE."

Wait thro' "hours that seem like ages," till the work of Death is done,
And "the plains shine out in splendor," on the battle lost and won—
Hark! the Conquerors in triumph are praying, listen to the words they say,
"With great Father, we thank Thee, Father, that we did Thy children slay."

Other prayers rise up to Heaven from the vanquished as they fly,—
Give us vengeance, O, our Father! turn defeated to victory!
"When again Thy Sun arises, and Thou sayest, 'Be there Light,'
"Help us, Lord, to slay our brethren, in Thy holy, loving sight."

Hideous mockery of Heaven! Blush, O Christendom, for shame!
Is ruin the result of teaching thro' long ages since Christ came?
Point not to the wars of Moses, or to a Dispensation closed,
He who then spoke by the Prophets, speaks yet to us now by His Son.

"Put thy sword into its scabbard," thus to Peter said the Lord;
"They that take the sword shall perish (mark the Lesson!) by the sword;
"If on one cheek thou be smitten, turn the other to the foe;"
"Vengeance unto Me belongeth—all revenge thou must forego."

CHURCH OF CHRIST! hast thou been sleeping, that thou answerest not to-day?
Stand, like Aaron, with his censer, 'twixt the dead and living host.
Smite the grim and ghastly idol, which, with sanguinous lips, adores
Man! have ye in God's own Temple—in thy very midst it stands.

Cast War's Image with its trappings and its incense far away!
From its altars tear its banners, ere again thou kneelest to pray;
Cleanse—for there is need of cleansing—from thy robes the crimson stain,
And "offer bread and wine" to deliver those appointed to be slain."

Thou must represent thy MASTER in a world by sin begulled,
Be to men His radiant Likeness, "Holy, Harmless, Undefiled."
Be pure, and be sword forever from thy hand will useless fall,
Goon will overcome the Evil, and Love triumph over all.

August, 1870. E. B. P.

*Metz, La Pucelle.

(Correspondent in London *Daily News*, Aug. 24.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

A Letter to the Ladies.

PITTSFIELD, Sept. 27, 1870.—At this season, my dear ladies, when all the forests on all our mountain sides are beginning to glow with the rainbow hues for which American autumnweather proverbial, you can, with little trouble, provide the means of decorating your parlors during all the long winter which will shortly close in upon us and shut us up in-doors for many weary weeks. It is not yet too late to gather autumn leaves in their full luxuriance. They are just beginning to put on the old and scarlet livery of the final transformation scene; and not for another month will "cold November's surly blasts make bill and forest bare." On dry mountain sides and sunny slopes, there is little change, as yet, but along valleys and northern exposures are already a-blaze, and the rest will follow soon. On one of these perfect September mornings, or in that glorious time which follows the equinoctial—the Canadian *voyageur's* "St. Martin's summer," the "little summer" of the Indians, and the "Indian summer" of the white man—which usually fills two October weeks with its purple haze, and mellow, dreamy sunshine, go forth armed and equipped for a raid upon the treasures of the woods, armed with a sharp knife and equipped with wood shoes, a dress which brushes and brushwood will not harm, and some provision for carrying leaves. The best way is to have a broad flat-bottomed basket or box, with a handle, in which you can lay the leaves as you gather them, taking care to spread them in layers smooth and flat and to take them out and air them, as soon as you reach home; for if packed together, they will lose their lustre and become dull, inanimate "things fit only to be trodden under foot." Another requisite is a large thin book, an atlas or a Colton's geography, in which to press the leaves as they are gathered; but the objection to this is that you must carry so much book for so few leaves. Still another plan is to take sewing with you, but cut the branches on which the leaves grow and arrange them in a bouquet. This is also objectionable, because you must carry a heavy load of worthless wood, and a great many leaves which are valueless for preservation, but which you take for the sake of the lovely ones on the same bough, which would look ragged without them, and because many of the brightest and prettiest leaves cling so lightly to the stem that they will jog out this method of transportation; while, oftentimes, you turn regretfully from a choice bit of nature's painting, because it is the only one on a large bough, and its stem is too short to be grasped in a hand already filled with coarse and longer twigs.

Nevertheless, for a mere bouquet nothing can be more gorgeously superb than a tasteful collection of rich autumn leaves, representing, in miniature, all the kaleidoscopic variety of beauty displayed on the mountain sides. The maple alone can furnish all that is needed in the bright green of the unchanged leaf, the deep yellow of some, and the endless variety of shades which run from brightest pink to royal purple in others; but if you would not be confined to one wood, look around you, and take your choice. Here is the gum, with small purple leaves clinging lightly to a stiff and hard stem, arranged gracefully. Here are the broad, yellow leaves of the poplar, smooth, square and shining; or the wild grape, difficult to find in perfection; or the ironwood, rough of surface and large of size. Here are the small, tapering leaves of the hickory, the still smaller ones of the birch, and the tawny yellow of the chestnut. Here an oak extends its golden foliage, or occasionally exchanges its brownish red for a glowing crimson. Here the sumach holds up its long crimson sprays, enough in themselves to make a beautiful wall piece. In another place the ground ivy extend long sprays of delicate flame-colored leaves, and the sassafras plant holds up a sturdy bunch of gold. Nor must we forget the delicate tracery of the fern, with its sprays first pale and yellow-green and then rapidly turning yellow and brown. If out of these materials you fail to make a bouquet that will excite the unqualified "envy of your enemies and the admiration of your friends, you are indeed unfortunate; but if enough to add flowers to it, here are blue asters and well-named goldenrod in profusion, and you may gratify a taste for other adornments by adding a few bunches of half-opened hazelnuts, or a cluster of chestnut-burs, or the seed-vessels of the ash.

But, however, your leaves are gathered and carried home, the first duty is to press them before they become dry and curled at the edges. They can be pressed between the leaves of a book, but the best method is to lay them between sheets of blotting-paper, placing only one layer of leaves between two sheets of paper; cover the whole with a board and place heavy weights on the top. The paper should be changed and the leaves aired occasionally, to dispel the last remaining moisture. In a fortnight or weeks, at farthest, they will be thoroughly dried, and if the work has been carefully done they will be found to retain all their pristine beauty, and may be arranged to suit the taste. They are often formed into elaborate bouquets, the stems, when not long enough, being glued out with wire; "stained glass" may be made by sticking them on a window pane with transparent gum; and beautiful lamp shades are formed by cutting "extra-heavy" paper in proper shape and fastening the leaves to it, on the outside, by covering the whole with colored gauze or tarlatan. The lamp light shining through shows the shape and color of the leaves as clearly traced and softened as it is designed by the most skillful brush.

Another elegant addition to a winter parlor or sitting-room is a fernery. This is only less troublesome to arrange than the leaves, and, once established, takes care of itself. I made one last winter, in an earthenware pie-plate, in which I first arranged bits of a broken flower pot, laid with convex sides up, the edges touching. These were to drain the miniature garden. Over these came less than an inch of leaf-mold, mixed with rich earth, and in this I planted two sprays of ground-pine, holding them upright by confining the roots with long hairpins, which, being from two to four inches high, locked like palm trees to some eye from the most at their roots. After these were planted two or three small ferns and a clump of arbutus full of buds (for that energetic plant pushes forth its buds in the fall that it may be in readiness for an early opening of the spring campaign), a couple of wintergreen or teaberry stems, with their red berries, and several sprays of a delicate evergreen vine, with bright red berries, which has nearly as many names as it has localities, but the one I like best is the "Partridge-berry." There were also a few of the delicate mosses which one meets everywhere in the woods, but which nobody has yet thought it worth while to name; and the interstices were filled with moss, over which the vines were made to run. The fernery was then well watered with water, and a glass cover, such as are used in confectionery stores to cover fancy cakes, was set over it, resting on the edges of the plate, which was then concealed by a border of silver-paper, and the fernery was complete. It grew and thrived wonderfully. Set on a window-ledge, it asked nothing but to be let alone; though, as the cover was frequently raised, a sprinkling was needed, once in a month or six weeks, to supply the evaporation. In six weeks after planting, the arbutus was a mass of fragrant bloom. The vines had put forth shoots an inch or more in length, and everything was fresher and prettier than when first planted. Made about the beginning of December, of plants gathered at the first season, the fernery was an ornament to my window during all of the winter, and until the reviving green of spring caused it to be neglected; when the increased heat of the sun, intensified, perhaps, by the convex glass covering, wilted and finally killed the plants.

That was a small and cheap kind; but ferneries can be made of any size, by having them planted in a shallow tin vessel, made for the purpose, and covered with a glass frame.

These, ladies, are a few of the methods by which autumn out-door exercise may be combined with winter in-door gratification. I have said nothing of mutting parties, or gatherings of pine and spruce cones, nut-shells and acorns, to make card-baskets and picture frames, of apple-picking, or any other of the many amusements and tasks of breezy autumn; but hoping that this article may be read with interest by some of you, and may point the way to a new exercise of your skill and taste, I remain, very truly,

Your obedient servant,
WICO.

OUR WILMINGTON LETTER.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WILMINGTON, Sept. 27.—The census returns for this State are complete, as to population, and are presented by the Marshal for publication. The population by counties by the last census and also by the census of 1860, together with the increase, is given in the following table:

County.	1870	1860	Increase
New Castle	84,247	78,651	5,596
Kent	27,504	26,823	681
Sussex	29,615	30,880	1,265
Total	142,116	134,356	12,010

City of Wilmington included—in New Castle County 21,258 20,604 9,646

These figures show that the growth of the State has been largely confined to Wilmington, and fuller details published in the *Commercial*, to-day, show that in many of the country districts there has been a decided decrease in population. Wilmington has very considerably short of the figure its citizens fondly hoped it would reach, but we have so many companions in misfortune in other ambitious cities that we bear it with forced composure.

The most remarkable feature of the census is the revelation it makes of the increase time has brought about in the already outrageous political inequality of the citizens of this State. It will be seen that New Castle county now has a larger population than the two others combined, the excess being 2,320, and yet it has only an equal number of representatives with each of them in the Legislature, a minority thus having clearly two-thirds of the power. Outrageous as this is, however, it is mild compared with the foul injustice done to Wilmington. This city is rounded in a "hundred" under our State laws, and has no more representation in the Legislature than any Indian River Hundred, in Sussex county, though Wilmington has 30,004 people, and Indian River 1,767. Wilmington, with a population larger than either Kent or Sussex counties, has but one Representative out of the thirty constituting the two houses of the Legislature, while each of these counties has ten. And this is one of the States in which the National Constitution requires that Congress "shall guarantee a Republican form of government." We are powerless. We can do nothing, for the first step towards a constitutional change must come from the Legislature, and in that body the counties enjoying this unjust power equally possess have a vile hybrid majority to defeat any effort to deprive them of their power. Justice can only be done by Congress, and that body has already coldly turned a deaf ear to an appeal to exercise the power given it, or perform the solemn duty enjoined on it by the Constitution.

Some interest has recently been excited in Reading, by a meeting of business men of that place, to urge the extension of the Wilmington and Reading Railroad directly to that city, in present terminus being Birdsboro', nine miles south of there, where it connects with the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. "I have inquired as to the prospect of the proposed extension, and am assured by those in a position to know, that if Reading wants the road bad enough to pay for the necessary right and equipment, she can have it. The Company already has the necessary authority for right of way, and to loan money on mortgage to pay for the gradation and masonry, and if additional stock to meet the further expense is subscribed, the road will be extended as one to its legitimate terminus. The Company is willing to meet the Reading people more than half way in securing the extension.

Preparations are being made for the laying of the corner-stone of the soldiers' monument next month with elaborate ceremonies. Vice President Colfax has been invited to grace the occasion with his presence, and the Grand Master of the Masonic Order in this State has promised that the stone shall be laid with Masonic ceremonies. The exact day has not been fixed.

Little election, concerning which I have already written you, takes place on October 4th, not 5th, as I stated in my last. I guess the Republicans will be pretty well prepared for it. But little is doing yet in relation to the general election so far as the politicians are not-ified, and we assure you that the politicians are not-ified, and that something will happen before long that will astonish people, and will shake the fossil bones of Delaware politicians till they rattle. I am not disposed to play the prophet, but I no longer have the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Cousney will be elected Governor, and Mr. Heald to Congress. Other people will think so too, to their astonishment, before two weeks are out.

DANE.

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