

The Farmers' Department.

Hints on Feeding and Fattening.

Animals destined for the shambles are disposed of to the butcher to the best advantage, if well fattened.—The reason is that the flesh of a fat animal is better than that of a lean one, more delicate in flavor, tenderer, sweeter, juicier—this aside from the value of the fat itself. A very fat animal is not in a natural condition, and on this account it is desirable that the feeding should be brought as rapidly and steadily as possible to a consummation. It is most undesirable to have any check to the steady laying on of flesh and fat; positive falling off in flesh is with sheep usually fatal to their ever fattening well. Fattening animals are peculiarly liable to certain obscure disorders, owing to the unnatural circumstances in which they are placed. Good farmers therefore exert themselves to keep stock stalled for fattening, healthy, by giving them the comfort of clean stalls, the tonic of fresh air, the increased appetite accompanying a variety of change of diet, a healthy skin secured by occasional currying, now and then a little salt as an appetizer, and to secure freedom from anxiety by quiet surroundings, regular feeding, and the kindest treatment.

In feeding swine, which are the most easily fattened of our domestic animals, great economy may be exercised by feeding very regularly, by cooking the food, by occasionally feeding raw roots in small messes as a general corrective, by feeding finely broken up charcoal now and then, or giving the hogs access to it, and securing cleanliness where they are fed in pens. It is well to remove from such hogs the inducement to exercise in rooting, by wiring their noses.

A hard worked ox will never grow fat. The more work he does, the less will he lay on fat, the amount of food being equal; and conversely, the less he works, the more easily will he fatten. Used in a horse-power, he may grind much corn; standing in his stall he may grind only what which he himself consumes. Labor is expended in both cases, and why may we not argue that the fattening of the animal is retarded in proportion to the amount of labor he does, and that the labor of the beast in grinding his own corn is thus a loss to the farmer. Cooked feed digests more easily than raw; that is, the stomach labors less. Do we not profit therefore in cooking the food, even of neat stock? In feeding this class of animals the moderate fermentation of hay and stalks in connection with bran or corn meal and a little salt, whereby the stalks become softened and the flavor of the meal and salt is disseminated throughout the mass, has been found a great saving. This is cooking without fuel. Steaming fodder is extensively practiced also, as is well known, with economical results where it is conducted on a sufficiently large scale and with requisite care. Sheep are best fed on raw material. Let them grind their own grists. For some reason they seem to have better health for it. The exception does not militate against the rule, but shows the necessity of watching the effect upon all animals of artificial diet and unnatural surroundings.

BEES WORKING IN TWO HIVES.—The following remarkable incident is related by a correspondent of the London Agricultural Gazette: "On the 20th of June this year, I lived a very large swarm of bees in a straw hive. Before they had been in it many days, they discovered an unoccupied hive about two feet distant from their own, half filled with clean empty combs. They sagaciously took possession of it, and used it as a store house for honey, while combs were being constructed in their new domicile. At night they did not abandon their store-house, but left a guard of about 500 bees, who remained there contentedly, without any apparent concern at the absence of the queen. This hive was made of wood, with glass windows, so that I could examine the interior, day and night. I could see the honey in the combs, and the bees clustered between them, and coming out by hundreds to the glass, when I held a light to it at night."

CARE OF CARNATIONS.—Take great care to protect your fine carnations that are in pots from hard frosts, excessive rains, snow or sharp frosts, which will preserve them in strength to flower in great perfection. The choicest varieties of these plants should always be removed in their pots, about the beginning of November, and placed in frames, or in a bed arched with hoops, in a warm, dry situation in the full sun, where they can be occasionally covered when the weather is unfavorable; but let the covers be kept constantly off in the daytime when the weather is mild and dry.

PLANT TREES AND SHRUBS.—Now is the time for this labor, about which the *Homestead* utters these sensible and advisory sentences:—"But a few days more remain this Spring suitable for planting trees. Who will improve them in this duty? Are your roadsides all lined with shade trees, and is every nook and corner about your premises supplied with its appropriate tree, shrub or vine? Improve the first good day in supplying all vacancies, and, our word for it, you will find it labor well spent."

ROSE BUGS DESTROYING GRAPES.—In some localities the rose bugs are so numerous at the time certain grapes are in flower, that they destroy the entire crop by eating the blossom.—At a recent meeting of the New-York Fruit Growers, T. W. Field alluded to this subject, remarking that the rose bugs came upon his vines in such myriads that it was impossible to destroy, or even drive them away. He said that while the *Isabella* and *Catawba* were nearly all destroyed by these pests, the *Hartford Prolific* and *Delaware* bloomed too early for them, and the *Concord* was but slightly affected. If this proves to be the case elsewhere, it will be well for planters to select sorts which flower before the rose bugs make their appearance.

Don't Attempt Too Much.

Attempting too much, or "beginning to build without first counting the cost," as the besetting sin of a great many people, and the caution above written, is as often needed by the farmer, as by the members of any other class of community. For the more we see of farmers and farm management, the stronger is our impression of the great need, upon four-fifths of the farms of the country, of a concentration of expenditure in labor and capital. The contrary system of *expansive*, of "covering a great deal of bread with a little butter," prevails; the farming is "laid on thin," the ground is "run over" carelessly in the makedo way of working (shirking, rather) when to secure any reasonable profit, it should be farmed well and thoroughly.

Look again before you pronounce this a harsh statement. Is it good policy to expand the labor of putting a crop over six acres, when at the same cost a like result may be realized from three or four? That is, put double the labor in preparation and culture, and twice the manure on an acre, and, taking out additional rent and taxes you must pay were you to sow two acres, you will get as profitable a return in the first instance as you would in the last. Besides, the *looks of the crop!* Which would do you the most credit as a farmer? Will you be content with thirty bushels of corn, per acre, at an expense of perhaps, ten dollars, when by adding labor and manure to the amount of five dollars more, you may have more than double the quantity of corn? Will you grow inferior stock, with the same care and food, when by a larger outlay at first, you may have the best—those always saleable at good prices; while the unimproved, scrubby animal, scarcely finds purchasers at any price? You will not, if you consider the subject carefully and understandingly.

Think over the matter, and "don't attempt too much!" The more land one works on the "spreading-it-thin" system, the poorer he becomes. Call in your "interest-money," draw out your "bank deposits," and embrace your whole farm in a thorough course of culture. Drain, manure, cultivate well, keep good stock, suit your labor to your land, but still heed the caution, "Don't attempt too much."

THE HORSE.—The noblest conquest which man has ever made is that of this proud and fiery animal, which shares with him the fatigue of war and the glory of battle; no less intrepid than his master, the horse sees peril and confronts it; he inures himself to the sound of arms, he revels in it, he seeks it, and kindles with the same fire; he likewise participates in his pleasures; at the chase, the tournament, the race-course, he shines, he glitters; but, quite as docile as he is brave, he does not suffer his mettle to overcome him, but knows how to subdue his impulse; not only does he bend to the hand that directs him, but he seems to consult its desire, and ever obedient to the impressions he receives from it, he starts, slackens his pace, or stands still, and acts but to satisfy it. He is a creature that renounces his own being, to exist solely by another's will—that even knows how to anticipate it—that, by the speed and precision of his action, expresses and accomplishes it; that feels as much as we desire, and does but what we wish; that, giving himself up unreservedly, never rebels against any duty, serves with all his might, becomes thoroughly spent, and even dies, the better to obey.

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BLOWING FLOWERS EARLY IN HOT-BEDS.—Many sorts of bulbous, tuberos and fibrous rooted perennial flowers, if planted in pots, and now placed in a hot-bed, hot-house, or any forcing department at work, will shoot and flower early without much trouble, only to give occasional watering. Pots of roses, dwarf almonds double-blossom cherry, peach, etc., may also be placed in the forcing houses for early bloom.

The grass and gravel walks should all be kept in decent order, especially in the principal parts of the garden and pleasure-ground; suffer no leaves of trees or other litter to remain thereon, for such would give them an unbecoming appearance.

Educational Department.

Order in the School-Room.

The necessity of order and neatness in and about the school-room I have chosen as a subject, which has been explained by precept more than by practice. But few of the many teachers entrusted with the charge of training the youthful mind, ever consider that so much depends upon the attractiveness of the school-room. For it is here that the student learns, not only the lessons taught from books, but the habits which characterize him through life are formed while attending school; and one who has been accustomed to an untidy and disorderly school-room, will, in nine cases out of ten, ever be followed by habits of slothfulness.

Next to home the student should love the school-room; and as he wends his way thither, fancy pictures in glowing colors in his imaginative mind, the pleasure of reciting well those long and arduous lessons which, under the encouraging smile of a teacher, seem but an easy task; and it is with delight that he welcomes the smiling faces of his school-mates, who, like him, are striving to gain the unending treasures of knowledge. Under the guidance of a teacher whose motto is, "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place," he will acquire the habits of order and system, in whatever calling he may engage.

The influence which a teacher exerts over his pupils by the example he sets before them, is the influence which guides him through all the vicissitudes of those long years of patience and untiring study, in the intricate and obtuse parts of science; and though his precepts be good, yet if his example fails to demonstrate the same, it will be of little if any benefit to his pupils.

Man loves to labor amid the works of nature. When contemplating them in their many and varied forms, he feels strengthened and invigorated to commence with renewed energy the task before him, and the mind too, expands more freely and drinks in deep draughts from the perennial springs of knowledge with ease and pleasure. The mind—most mysterious in its mechanism, and wonderful in all its properties—is placed in the hands of the teacher to train in the way of knowledge, and imbue it with the principles of truth and justice, which shall ever prove a safeguard against the vice and temptations which beset its path; and if this daily association be where the hand of nature has lavishly bestowed her bounties, will it not learn to love the beautiful flowers, forests and fields? Surely it can admire the order and regularity which characterize them, for all these seem to work together for good in perfect union, impressing upon it the important part sooner or later to be acted in the grand drama of life, actuating each to size upon those means which time will call him to employ. And to do this he must be familiar with scenes gone by: He must treasure up those important truths which history, the ever living language of the past, presents; but he sees this only in the distance; and now he resolves to persevere and conquer: all the obstacles in the way of accomplishing his cherished hopes. If, thus, delight in the beauties of nature, encourage the student to progress in his studies, then certainly this is a sufficient excuse for ornamenting the grounds attached to this often times rude and rustic temple of knowledge, where so many of childhood's happy hours are spent. He is but an indifferent observer who will not turn from nature up to nature's God.

ONE THING AT A TIME WELL DONE.—To Teachers:—Never conquer two difficult studies at once. One enemy at a time, is not a better rule for the warrior than the student. Let the student make frequent reviews. Never let him enter upon a new lesson, till he has reviewed the old one. If possible, let him review on each Saturday, what he has read during the week. Let the student, at the beginning of a book, get short lessons. It is the only way to make a scholar. The teacher cannot hear long lessons with accuracy. A student should never be permitted to recite poorly, day after day. Now and then, by accident, he may make poor recitation, but he should generally have his lessons well. Let the teacher be certain that the lessons are so short that the student can get them, and then let him be required to get them. What has been said may be summed up in the following general rule: *Let the student have such lessons as he certainly can get well, and then let him be required to get them well.* A pupil that will not learn well such lessons as he can learn, if small, should be induced to it by the application of some persuasive more or less pungent. If he is so large as to be beyond the reach of any persuasive, he should be sent home. No conscientious teacher will permit his school to be injured by so bad an example. The boy should be put to other business. He had better be doing something behind the plough or the counter, than nothing at his books.—*Preface to Colton's Greek Reader.*

No less than fifteen histories, twenty-five biographies, twenty-seven geographicals and travels, thirty-eight novels, eleven poetical works, and eleven theological, are announced as about to issue from the British press.

Religious Department.

TOLERATION.

Though in the matter of our faith we cannot all agree; Yet in the bonds of friendly love, We can all united be; For we indeed must be that creed, In fact not wrong a feather; Who do not refuse to kneel, Love and peace together.

This world indeed would wiser be, If all would cease contention, If none would strengthen by his acts The ranks of those of dissension, If each and every one would strive, In love's wide field to sow, Choose his own creed—and also give The same right to his neighbor.

Let the Soul Assert Itself.—There are no divinities among us. The most finely-touched spirit in our midst is only a spark of the Divine, struggling up to its source through the opaque wrappings of mortality. Our prelates are human, and our prophets are fallible. The most they can give us is here and there a glimpse and a suggestion; for the rest we must lift up our eyes and stretch forth our hands, standing fast by the oracles of God and the voice within us.

But we have fallen upon days of audacity and assumption. Grave doctors roll up their ethical, æsthetic and theological pills, and sagely count them out—so many sugar-coated, blue, and belladonna to be taken every hour till thoroughly indoctrinated. To make answer: "I have a meat that you know not of," or, "I see a light yonder," is rank heresy. If they cannot dispel the illusion with any crow-bar of logic, or battering-ram of rhetoric, we are given over to the father of lies with an unctious anathema.

To what purpose, then, are our strong instincts and full-voiced souls? We go forth with our destinies in our hands. It is not Paul, nor Apollon, nor Cephas we seek, but an answer from the Infinite without to the infinite within. No man of true magnanimity will use the prestige of his genius, the magnetism of his personality, nor even the fine threads of intuition and prophecy, to compel another from his convictions. To a great, reliant soul, there is something pitiable in the sight of a personality blown away and merged by a power that it does not acknowledge, yet cannot resist.

There hath been appointed under heaven, no moral, intellectual, or religious monarchy. The new-born babe is a self-asserter, in spite of swathing bands. The blue-eyed boy of six summers will startle the deepest philosopher with his innocent questioning, and sometimes leap at once to the solution of a problem, which the most sapient research had failed to compass.

Every home should be the fostering place of those qualities which make self-sustained men and women; but it is too often a kind of mint, whose copper, silver and gold coin are all stamped alike with the ancestral arms. Away with the mummery of hereditary opinion—political, religious, or any other! To fasten the faith of a developing soul to the skirts of your own creed, is a wrong to that soul, to yourself, and to your creed. Sooner or later, the knowledge will come to him that your light is his darkness. The heavens have not opened to him; he has been walking blindly in your footsteps, with no revelation. The rays of the Godhead may stream upon your upturned gaze, but his eyes follow the trail of your garments; he sees no glory—hears no "well-beloved"—feels no inspiration; and, at last, enfeebled with spiritual vassalage, and disheartened by the gloom, he loses his hold, and is tossed about helplessly. Let the glow of your faith and the might of your prayers surround such a soul like an atmosphere; but wait patiently till it thrills to the still voice of the Revealer.

And ye weary-hearted—vexed and bewildered with the counter teachings of good and evil spirits, who come alike with white wings and soft-pleading whispers, pointing diverse ways to truth; ye misguided, with the demon of unbelief crouching darkly and heavily upon the beautiful faith of your childhood; ye self-distrustful—despising the oracle within, so unblest of the oracle without—be silent! O, be silent! and the voice of the outer Jove shall stir the soul of the inner Jove to a glad "Eureka!"

Sleep as Heaven's Gift.—"And so he giveth his beloved sleep,"—sleep of the body is the gift of God. So said Honor of old, when he described it as descending from the clouds, and resting on the tents of the warriors around old Troy. And so sang Virgil, when he spoke of Palinurus falling asleep upon the prow of the ship. Sleep is the gift of God. We think that we lay our heads upon our pillows, and compose our bodies in a peaceful posture, and that, therefore, we naturally sleep. But it is not so. Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his fingers on his eyelids—did not the Almighty send a soft and balmy influence over his frame, which lulled his thoughts into quiescence, making him enter into that blissful state of rest which we call sleep. True, there are some drugs and narcotics whereby men can poison themselves well-nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He pestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; he draws the curtain of darkness; he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes; and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child! I give the sleep." Have you not known what it is, at times, to lay upon your bed

and strive to slumber? And, as it is said of Darius, so might he said of you; "The king sent for his musicians, but his sleep went from him." You have attempted it; but you could not do it; it is beyond your power to procure a healthy repose. You imagine, if you fix your mind upon a certain subject until it shall engross your attention, you will then sleep; but you find yourself unable to do so. Ten thousand things drive through your brain, as if the whole earth were agitated before you.—You see all things you ever beheld, dancing in a wild phantasmagoria before your eyes. You close your eyes, but still you see; and there be things in your ear and head, and brain, which will not let you sleep. It is God alone who alike seals up the sea-boy's eyes upon the giddy mast, and gives the monarch rest; for, with appliances and means to boot, he could not rest without the aid of God. It is God who steeps the mind in Lethe, and bids us slumber, that our bodies may be refreshed so that, for to-morrow's toil, we may rise recruited and strengthened. O, my friends how thankful should we be for sleep!—Sleep is the best physician that I know of. Sleep hath healed more pains of wearied bones than the most eminent physicians upon earth. It is the best medicine; the choicest thing of all the names which are written in the lists of pharmacy. There is nothing like to sleep! What a mercy it is that it belongs alike all! God does not make sleep the boon of the rich man; he does not give it merely to the noble, or the rich, so that they can keep it a peculiar luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, the sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat a little or much.

Thrilling Narrative of Libby Prison.

I was captured on the 21st of September, 1863, by the Eighth Texas Cavalry, in Cooper's Gap of Lookout Mountain, fifteen miles from Chattanooga. At the same time some two hundred others of Col. Watkins' Third Cavalry Brigade fell into the hands of Gen. Wheeler's corps. The first act of Confederate kindness that I received was at the hands of a Captain, who threatened to blow my brains out for refusing to inform him of the direction taken by our retreating column. He also kindly relieved me of my sash, which I had refused to deliver to him.

We were placed under charge of the First Kentucky (rebel) Cavalry. To Capt. Witt, of this reg't, I am indebted for the preservation of my hat, coat, boots and watch; but, for his care, would most certainly have been taken from me. Numbers had already been robbed. Almost every overcoat and blanket had already been taken.

It was amusing, even to a prisoner, to witness the manner in which this robbery was committed. If a Federal soldier was the possessor of a good hat or a pair of boots, a rebel would approach him, and with mocking politeness, invite our Federal to "come down outen that ar hat; come up outen dem ar boots." Rather quickly, by some rough game that two played at, boots and hat changed possessor. In some instances the Union soldier would be permitted to pick up some pieces of leather and felt to replace, in some measure, what had been taken from him.

If the prisoner had provisions, he was considerably relieved of them. That night many a rebel mess rejoiced over a nice warm cup of Yankee coffee.

About fifty wagons were captured, most of which, after being plundered, were burned, the teams having been taken off by the drivers in their escape. On the night of our capture we were quartered in the camp of the 1st Kentucky cavalry. And here I would gratefully acknowledge the kindness shown me by Dr. William Gault, surgeon of the reg't, who generously shared his blanket and his crust with me, and did everything in his power for our wounded. My greeting also to Dr. Evans and Capt. Rogers, of the 1st Kentucky.

It was a cold night; the men were put into a lot, without shelter and with very few blankets. They built a fire, keeping from freezing as best they could. No rations were issued.

On the following day we were escorted by details from the 8th and 11th Texas, and 1st Kentucky cavalry, under command of Lieut. Brooks, of 1st Ky. cavalry, to Tunnel Hill. Lieut. Brooks proved himself to be a kind and humane gentleman.

We started early in the morning, marching until nearly midnight, making short halts every few miles to rest. The prisoners, being cavalrymen, were easily fatigued; besides, many were sick. Dark night came on by the time we reached Ringgold, the whole party nearly fagged out. Longing for rest, we certainly expected to remain in Ringgold until morning. But no; the inexorable man of authority ordered Lieut. Brooks to drive his prisoners on. On we went.

And as the weary herd pressed on, many a foot was blistered sore, many a throat became dry and parched, many a parched tongue craved for water, many a knee grew too weak to bear the wearied frame any further.

For some the task was more than they could perform. Many dropped by the roadside exhausted. In these cases the guard showed more mercy and tenderness

than we expected. A number of them dismounted, put the exhausted prisoners upon their horses, themselves, in many instances, leading the horses which the riders were too weak to control. At last the longed-for end of the journey came, and we were turned out on the common for the remainder of the night. We could hardly be expected to eat without food or sleep without covering. Finally, about a pint of coarse cornmeal for three men, and a small piece of bacon was brought to us, and devoured with a relish. How the meal was made into bread and baked I really do not know. However, the Yankee soldier is very shifty, and carries with him, even into captivity, his propensity for burning rails.

On the 23d we were moved to Dalton; on the 24th to Atlanta. Still no rations had been issued.

The rason assigned was that they had nothing. Weary, hungry, and blanketless, we turned out upon the commons; confined to a small space by a company of Home Guards; who, with bright but trembling bayonets, compelled us to keep at a respectful distance. This space was horribly filthy; the ground without sod, covered with pebbles and jagged rocks. Here it was doubtless intended that we should repose and sweetly slumber. Heavy dews fell at night, and no wood was allowed. Our condition was anything but pleasant.

On the 25th we received first one, and afterwards five days' rations, consisting of a few crackers and meat in proportion.—Citizens who came to give or sell to the soldiers were driven away by the guard.

At night we were driven into "Hell's Half Acre," an enclosure surrounded by a plank wall some eighteen feet in height, with sentries walking their beats above us. We were guarded by graybacks with guns, and tormented by graybacks without guns. The latter were very small and quite insinuating in their addresses, also said to be branded C. S. We called them Atlanta Home Guards. I can give but a passing notice of the "Hell's Half Acre"; yet it has a tragic history, which will yet give to light. A large number of deserters from Bragg's army were confined there waiting their fate; also a Tennessee Major, with ball and chain, brought by disease to a mere skeleton; for what cause, let those tell who kept him there until death released him.

From Atlanta to Richmond, we were guarded by Texas, Alabama, and Georgia troops, commanded by Captain John W. Turner, of the 19th regiment South Carolina infantry. By him we were treated universally with kindness and courtesy. Arrived at Richmond on the 1st of October 11 p. m. The enlisted men were sent to various buildings; the officers taken to the famous Libby.

The sensation a prisoner feels upon seeing Libby for the first time is indescribable. He certainly feels as if he had already lost all of his friends, and now his own turn had come.

In the office of the prison, as much of our money as could be heard from was taken from us and credited. No search was made. We were taken into the third story, directed down a dark pair of stairs into a darker room, and to "go down thar." A horrible stench greeted us; the floor was wet, and covered from one end to the other with human bodies. By climbing upon and under a large table in the room we managed to find space upon which to lie.

The rations of the officers we found to consist of eight or ten ounces of light bread, two or four ounces of spoiled or badly cured bacon, smelling so badly that we were obliged to hold our nostrils in order to eat it.

In addition to this we received a small quantity of peas, full of worms, or, in lieu of peas, three quarts of rice, for fifty men. We afterwards received about four ounces of beef per day, instead of bacon, and corn bread took the place of wheat bread.

At one time the ration of meat was stopped, two or three small frosted sweet potatoes being given instead. The reason for issuing such potatoes being that they were commissary stores, and unless used would rot entirely. At times we received no food for two days. Then meat would be withheld for several days, and the privilege of buying denied us. The surgeon left Libby on the 24th of November. On the 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th no meat had been given us, and the bread was of such character that we could scarcely eat it. On the 20th of November the prisoners in Castle Thunder had been nine days on bread and water. One of them, a citizen prisoner from Connecticut, named Thompson, had received from home a box containing clothing, valued at perhaps \$50, which he offered to give freely for one pound of meat. Sometimes our supply of wood was cut off for a day, though many cords were lying within twenty yards of our prison.

It may well be asked how could we live on such fare. I am certain that not more than five officers of the hundreds in Libby lived for more than a week at any time upon the rations furnished by the prison authorities. Those who attempted it, from being too proud or to foolish to receive from their more fortunate fellows, soon became lean, lank, cadaverous frequenters of the kitchen to keep warm, or were sent as patients to the hospital. We were divided off into classes of about thirty each, with one of the members a commissary, who

levied a weekly tax upon those who had money. This money was spent for vegetables to put into our soup and hash; sirup and burnt rye to be used as coffee. We also divided ourselves into smaller messes of four to six members, with a caterer, who would buy butter, eggs, coffee, meat, and extra bread for his mess. When the market was denied us, long faces were decidedly in the ascendant. Besides the privilege of the market, officers are allowed to receive boxes of provisions from home. These boxes, I believe, are almost without an exception, received by those whom they are sent.

The officers were confined in six rooms, each 43 feet wide by 102 feet in length. In one end of each room was the sink, which, often neglected, would become so offensive that we could scarcely bear the stench.—The floors were frequently washed and scrubbed just before dark, and this gave us a wet floor to sleep upon, thus adding another item to the list of our many discomforts.

For a time many of the officers had no blankets or other bedding—the bare floor to lie upon, nothing to keep them warm. Very few had more than one blanket, until supplied by the U. S. Sanitary Commission and friends at home. There was no glass in the windows; hence many were compelled, by the cold wind whistling through, to pace the floor for half the night to save themselves from freezing.

On November 20th the following prices were paid by officers in Libby Prison for the articles named:—Four per bbl., \$200; meat of any kind per pound, \$3; meal per bushel, \$30; butter per pound, \$6; eggs per dozen, \$3; chickens per pair, \$12; one turkey, \$30; sugar per pound, \$4; coffee per pound, \$12; potatoes (sweet or Irish) per bushel, \$30; onions per dozen, \$3; oysters per quart, \$20, molasses, per gallon, \$24; apples per bbl., \$60; nails 20c apiece. These prices were paid in Confederate money, seven dollars of which was worth one dollar in greenbacks.

Such is but a faint description of the officers' fare in Libby. Of the private soldier's condition I do not know enough to give a just idea. I do not believe pen can portray his sufferings. You have doubtless seen many accounts published by persons released from Richmond. Most of the accounts I believe to be true; yet much, very much, is still unaid. Those officers who have been in Belle Island tell of suffering and privations endured that makes your blood run cold.

I have seen prisoners, Federal soldiers, pick up old, hard, musty corn bread out of the muddy gutters of the street, and eat it. I have seen them, when stooping for this bread, fall upon the ground from weakness—from what I believe to have been starvation. I have heard them, when offered clothing by the Federal officers, to say, "Give us bread first—we are starving." I know that they were robbed of their blankets and clothing at Atlanta and in Richmond. I saw hundreds of them being sent off to Danville, without blankets, without overcoats, without shoes, without socks. I am certain that not one in fifty had a blanket.—Our Government may well look after the prisoners taken to Danville.

The reasons assigned for such treatment were various. Sometimes because they could do no better; sometimes it was as punishment for some petty offence; at other times it was—well, what! Perhaps the following extract from the *Richmond Examiner*, of Oct. 30, 1863, will throw some light upon the subject.

"The Yankee Government, under all the laws of civilized warfare and the cartel, are entitled to these men, and, if they will not take them, let them be put where the cold and scant fare will thin them out in accordance with the laws of nature."

CHATTANOOGA, Dec. 14.—Col. Wilkins, commanding a Kentucky brigade, returned to-day, from a cavalry reconnoissance as far as Lafayette. They dashed into Lafayette and captured a rebel signal station, six officers, forty privates. The balance of a large force of rebels fled.

The 20th Pa. regiment has been ordered home for furlough, having re-enlisted as veteran volunteers. A number of veteran regiments and batteries are preparing to enlist under the new order.

A rumor prevails that Longstreet in his retreat from Knoxville lost four thousand prisoners and nearly all his cannon and trains.

General Palmer's resignation as commander of the 14th corps, which was accepted, has been recalled, and he is again in command.

James Walker, a New York artist, has been commissioned to paint the battle of Chattanooga.

ASTLUM FOR SOLDIERS' ORPHANS.—About a year ago, the Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offered to place at the disposal of the State Government the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to encourage volunteering, but Gov. Curtin did not feel authorized to accept it. In the belief that the offer of the Company still remains good, we learn that Gov. Curtin intends suggesting to the Legislature that it authorize him to receive the sum, and that an appropriation be made, in addition, the whole amount to be used for the establishment of a home for the orphan children of soldiers of this State. The suggestion is a very praiseworthy one, and reflects great credit upon the Governor. We trust it may be adopted.