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Southern Field and Fireside [Augusta, GA], 1859-1862

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SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [Augusta, GA]
1859-1862

Note: This microfilm includes scattered issues, often filmed darkly (sometimes too darkly to read, and originals were sometimes stained or had folds in the paper.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], June 4, 1859, p. 15, c. 1

The Camel in the South.

The following letter, published in the Savannah *Republican* of a recent date, will be read with interest. If good, serviceable camels can be delivered here at from \$150 to \$450 a head, the demand cannot fail of being large in a few years:

Artesa, (near Selma,) May 22.

Editor Savannah Republican:

Yours of the 17th instant reached here on the 20th.

In reply, generally, the camels have proved equal to all the demands made upon them. They have been on my plantation for the past week, plowing and carrying burthens to my entire satisfaction, though I have not been able to give my personal attention to the making and fitting of gear adapted to the peculiar form of the animal, having been engaged on the Grand Jury, and only at home from sundown to sunrise.

Besides, the long voyage from the Canary Islands here, and improper feeding since their arrival, have reduced the camels very much, so that they are really too poor to work. With more flesh and proper fitting harness, I hazard nothing in saying that a grown camel will draw with ease one of our two horse prairie turning plows. I am now breaking out cotton middles with a winged sweep of 24 inches from wing to wing—the camel poor, and with two years of growth before him.

On Tuesday last, I sent twelve bushels of corn to Selma, to be ground, on the same camel. The corn was placed upon a saddle weighing 170 lbs., and the camel driver 160 lbs., making a burthen of 1002 lbs.—a very good mill wagon and team, I think.

The price at which camels can be sold here varies according to the age and size. The extremes are \$150 and \$450.

The camel will eat almost anything that the goat does not refuse. They are fed in the Canary Islands on barley straw and barley chaff, and occasionally, but very seldom, barley meal is given them. I think they could soon be taught to eat cotton seed. While at work I feed them upon hay and wheat straw; when at rest, they are turned into a dry pasture, and they are improving every day in flesh and spirits. There are now ten in an old field where a mule would starve, luxuriating upon weeds, briars and shrubbery.

Two of these camels will be retained by me. The others are owned by J. A. Machado, and the sale at the above prices, for exchange on Mobile or New Orleans, payable in six months.

I induced Mr. Machado to bring these camels over, for the purpose of satisfying myself if they would answer for plantation purposes. I believe they will, although I have not yet harnessed them to a wagon.

I am not interested in the sale of them, except as a planter desirous of checking the immense draught upon our cotton for mules, by substituting a procreating animal of more power and greater longevity, and which requires less expensive food to keep in working condition.

If the camel reaches this point, I shall feel amply repaid for the outlay of time, money and trouble, which I am now doing to ascertain it.

In my experiments thus far, it may be proper to add, I found the camel awkward, of course; but not restive, or unwilling, or intractable.

In conclusion, let me say, that the above is the result of my operations with “the animal of the prophet,” up to this time. I will write you again when I am better posted.

In the meantime, with the warmest wishes for your prosperity and happiness, I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,
Benj. M. Woolsey.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], June 25, 1859, p. 35, c. 4-5

[Written for the Southern Field and Fireside.]
Stray Leaves from the Diary of a
Country Lady.
By M. M., of Walnut Grove.

Christmas Eve.

This has been a busy day with me; and, were it not for the iron chain of habit, I should undoubtedly be asleep just now, instead of scribbling over the ordinary incidents of the day. But the custom of reviewing, in some way or other, the good and evil of daily life, is too strong to be laid aside, for a temporary fit of fatigue.

Owing to sundry mishaps, a little tardiness, and the blessing of an abundant crop, we have just managed, while the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the revolving levers of the screw, to pack, the last snowy fibers of our cotton; and as I take a liberal share in all the troubles and perplexities of the plantation, as well as its pleasures and profits, I felt as though an incubus were lifted off my shoulders, when I saw Jack and John, with a grin of satisfaction peculiar to themselves, roll, by their united strength, the last ponderous bag from under the screw.—John gave it a hearty thump with the sledge hammer, by way of a parting salutation, I suppose, and then, majestically setting his arms akimbo, he ordered his dusky satellites, “to pick up them baskets, and ropes, and baggin’, put ‘em up in the gin house, lock the pick-room door, and give him the key.” No prouder, happier darkies walked the earth, than did John and his crew from the gin house, this evening, where I could not resist the temptation of going myself, to witness the winding up of the agricultural drama for the year. The packing of the last bag is always one of proud triumph, to black and white, and a general jubilee ensues accordingly; but when it happens on Christmas eve, when [fold in paper] are such “that last bit of scatterin’, [fold in paper] away in the last bag, and there will be no more “botherin’” about it, who can tell what visions of roast pig, turkey, and ham, the substantial of the coming feast to-morrow, and the “*Christmas*” that is to be given out [of] the smoke house, for their own private management and possession, are floating in *floury* splendor before these dusky sons and daughters of toil? Well, they had fairly earned it, and with an unsparing hand it shall be dealt out to them; for truly it is here, that I, at least, exquisitely realize, that “it is more blessed to give than to receive.” This morning, aunt Betty and I put our wits and hands together to make our Christmas cake, the batter was uncommonly light and fine, but somehow, a vision of a “raw steak in the middle” has been haunting me ever since I felt its weight, but aunt Betty says, “it’s all right,” and of course she

knows. Our Christmas box of fruits, nuts, and candies, which Bill brought home from town, in the wagon last night, I with Eve-like curiosity, had to peep into to-day, and, thanks to G.'s care, they are, to use his own favorite terms, "truly splendid." Joe cried for a stick of candy, and as I had petted him up to this stage of naughtiness, I had, of course, to continue the process, and give it to him, though I had promised myself that nothing should be touched till to-morrow. Black as he is, I see he is not lacking in developing the same traits of character, common to all other young Americans.

This afternoon, I sent Dinah to hunt hollies and evergreens, to decorate the rooms. She came back loaded with water oaks, cedars, and mistletoes, but reported no hollies to be found; so I had just despaired of carrying out my old childish practice of

"Decking our houses, on Christmas day,

With holly and ivy, so green and so gay,"

When I saw big Jack coming with an armful which he had found, while hauling a load of wood. I appreciated them all the more, that I had not sent him for them; but he knew of old my fancies for "sich nonsense," as I understand he terms it, in the kitchen—and ministered to them accordingly. I busied myself very pleasantly in arranging festoons and flower-pots, and was so fortunate as to find a few faithful roses on the never failing monthlies, and just an ounce more of sunshine would have brought out the hyacinths and jonquils; but, never mind, they will be here by and by. So I contented myself with delicate pearls of the mistletoe, which I contrasted charmingly with the rich scarlet berries of the holly. I remembered the beautiful running cedars and ground pines, we used to get at home, long ago, but these, I knew, did not grow in this latitude, so I twined *them* around the halls of memory, and left them there, green and fresh, as they hung in days of yore.

I have had only one drawback to my pleasure to-day, one tiny spot on the kaleidoscope of home life, and that is in itself so silly I am half ashamed to pen it. Aunt Betty with the pertinacity of long standing and undisputed authority in all culinary matters, insisted I should point out which turkey she must kill for to-morrow. I half suspect this to be a species of refined cruelty, which she practices towards me, for she knows how much I dislike to do it; yet, I had to go with her to the turkey house, where she had them all safely imprisoned, and point out the right one, but I felt all the while like a judge, compelled to pronounce sentence of death upon an innocent victim of fate instead of crime. If we must eat turkeys, and pigs, and chickens, I had rather not see them till they are stuffed and browned, and brought to the table, though I must admit this is rather an odd sort of fastidiousness.

One more item, and I have done for to-night, or "Santa Claus" will be started to see me sitting up, ready to receive his elfish majesty when he tumbles down the chimney. Having been most successful with turkeys, this year, it occurred to me, if I knew a family whose necessities were such that they had not a turkey, and could not procure one for a Christmas dinner, I would supply the want; but strange, yet pleasant to record, I have taxed my memory in vain to dispose of a single gobbler upon these terms. I can think of no family in our neighborhood that cannot afford a Christmas turkey, if they wish it. And thereupon I caught myself indulging for a moment in what some would deem the unwomanly habit of philosophizing a little and reflecting. "That can be the cause of this?" said I to myself; "why are we of the South distinguished so favorably from some other sections of our country? Can slavery have anything to do with it? Is it owing to this institution that all, among us, who practice a reasonable degree of industry and economy, are so well to do in the world, that charity, in one of its most common and important terms, is likely to become extinct, just from the lack of opportunity for its

exercise?" This cannot be averred as strictly true in all parts of the South. In cities, no doubt, to a certain extent, unavoidable poverty and destitution, do and must exist; but in the country, at least in this section of the South where I reside, necessary want is almost unknown. A generous soil always rewards honest industry, with competence and comfort.

Christmas Night.

At last, the day is over, with its cares, its pleasures, and I must add, its trials, too. If it be true that trifles, light as air, make up the sum of human happiness, (and I am fain to believe they do,) I suppose it is equally true that trifles, of the same specific gravity, make up the sum of human misery. Christmas day belongs here almost exclusively to negroes. The whole household of them is invariably astir long before day, and one's precious morning nap is sadly interrupted by cries of "Christmus gif, missis!" "Christmus gif, master!" shouted at you from every cabin door you pass, and by every grinning elf, that can pronounce the words.

Popping bladders, and guns touched off with a coal of fire, are fitting accompaniments to such chorus.

This matter of "gifts" for presents is often a serious tax upon one's resources of imagination, and material supply. Innumerable collars, and caps, and ribbons, and coats, and pants, and cravats, are to be forth-coming, for each must have something. Half the morning, too, is to be spent in the smoke house, sharing out "*Christmas*," in the shape of flour, lard, sugar, coffee, and molasses. This, however, the negroes claim as no gift, but their right. It is theirs, by prescriptive traditionary title. Then, there were passes to write, and aunt Betty's domains to visit, and there was the distribution of prizes, for cotton picking, which we postponed for to-day, to be presided over. I had kept a faithful register of weights, for my own satisfaction, as well as theirs and we managed it so that each should get something, a dime only, sometimes, for the small ones, but some carried off, in prizes, as much as five dollars. Mr. B., the overseer, says they have picked uncommonly well during the fall, and the weights bear out his assertion. I scanned the countenances of all, as they received their money; the men, cap in hand, with a grin, a bow, and the inevitable scrape of the foot; and the women, with their own peculiar, short bobbing curtsy. There was not a shadow of discontent; for jealousy among themselves (thanks to the simplicity of their natures) [fold in paper]

About twelve, and guest arrived [fold in paper] toilette was barely made to receive them, so many and various had been my occupations of the morning. In the evening, some one proposed to solemnize the "Yule Log," an enormous one of oak. (F. insisted that it should be put on, though it was almost warm enough to have dispensed with fire.) So we gathered up the scattered "chunks," and placed them carefully away. For myself, I confess a momentary feeling of superstitious awe come over me as the thought occurred, should we all, of that social group, be spared to gather around the ample hearth, and kindle again the flame of friendship, with the cheerful blaze of another Christmas fire? But all things must end. It is now late at night. Our guests have departed; and I am alone, making up my day's account. The gifts have been distributed to the grateful and grinning recipients; the bladders are all popped, ammunition is exhausted, and the guns are still. The hub-bub of Christmas day is over. For servants and children of the South Christmas is the happiest day of the year. And to us old folks—the misters and the mistresses—the fathers and mothers—is it not the happiest for us too? If it is not, *ought it not to be?* On what other day of the three hundred and sixty-five do we make so many hearts glad, so many hearts of those dependent upon us for support and happiness, to leap for joy?

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To Dye a Very Dark Blue.—Add to a common indigo dye one tablespoonful of madder to one ounce of indigo.

To Dye Silk or Wool an Orange Color.—Boil the skins of ripe onions half an hour; take out the skins, and add one ounce of alum, to one quart of dye; put in the silks, stir often for half an hour; dry, wash, and iron quite damp.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 13, 1859, p. 96, c. 1

Curling Fluid for the Ladies.—Take Borax 2 oz., Gum Senegal in powder, 1 drachm; add hot water (not boiling) 1 quart, stir and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add 2 oz. Alcohol [sic] strongly impregnated with Camphor.

On retiring to rest wet the locks with the above liquid and roll them on a twist of paper as usual; leave them till morning, when they may be unwrapped [sic] and formed into ringlets.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 27, 1859, p. 111, c. 1

Sheep Raising in Texas.

[“]The *Gonzales Inquirer* says: A flock of some fifteen hundred head of Mexican sheep and goats crossed the river at this place last Thursday, going East. In order that the reader may form some idea of the extent of this business in our State, we will here remark that, from a safe calculation of one of our sheep-raisers, it is estimated that not less than one-fourth of a million of sheep have been brought into Texas from Mexico since the 1st of January last, exclusive of those imported from Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas. It is also estimated that by the 1st of next January this number will have been doubled, thus making something like half a million of sheep brought from Mexico into our State during the year. Of the number already brought in it is thought that about seventy or eighty thousand have crossed the river at this place.”

Nothing gives us more pleasure than to copy evidence of the growing prosperity of the South. We find from close observation, that the Texas *Musquite* [sic] grass is one of the best growing plants that can be grown in Georgia, and no reader can do us so great a favor in any other way as to tell us how we can obtain a few bushels of the seed of this southern grass for cultivation in this State. Even a few pounds or ounces will be thankfully received. Our collection of grasses is already respectable, and constantly increasing.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 27, 1859, p. 112, c. 2

The Best Apples.

By R. Peters, Esq., Atlanta, Ga.

[“] Wm. N. White, Esq:--Dear Sir:--I enclose you a list of apples that in my orchard have proved superior to all others, giving me a bountiful supply of that valuable fruit every day in the year.

I am rather out with the very large apples. They will not stick to the tree during our September and October gales and as a general rule are not reliable keepers.

No. 1. Yellow May—Size, small, ripe the last of May; valuable for its being the earliest known variety. It is extensively grown in Southern Virginia for its shipments to the New York

Market. Tree a slow grower, but productive.

No. 2. Red Astrachan—Size, medium to large, ripe early in June; an apple of great beauty and fair quality, valuable for market purposes, its crimson color and rich bloom making it very attractive. Tree, a good grower and productive.

No. 3. Early Harvest—Size, above medium, ripe early in June; one of our best early apples of fine quality, valuable for the table and for cooking. Tree, rather a poor grower, but an abundant bearer.

No. 4. Red June—Size, over medium, ripe the middle of June; a well known and truly popular Southern apple, valuable for all purposes. Tree a fair grower, and a regular bearer.

No. 5. Yellow June—Size, large, ripe from the middle to the last of June; a southern seedling of great merit—should be extensively cultivated for marketing. Tree a vigorous grower, and an abundant bearer.

No. 6. Sweet Bough—Size, medium to large, ripe the first of July; a very superior apple for the table, of a rich, sweet, sprightly flavor. Tree a fair grower and moderately productive.

No. 7. Rhodes Orange—Size, large, ripe early in July; a seedling from Newton county, Ga; of good quality, the tree yeilding [sic] like the orange successive crops of blooms and fruit. Tree a slow grower when young, but a heavy bearer.

No. 8. Julien—Size, medium, ripe the middle of July; a very delicious apple of Southern origin, should be in every orchard. Tree a good grower and very productive.

No. 9. Yellow Horse—size large, ripe the last of July to the middle of August; a true Southern variety well known and deservedly popular, reliable and valuable in every respect. Tree a fine grower and yearly bearer.

No. 10. Summer Pearmain—Size, medium to large, ripe 1st to middle of August; a truly valuable and beautiful apple of Northern origin, adapted to the Southern climate. Tree a moderate grower, but prolific bearer.

No. 11. Aromatic.—Size, medium to large, ripe the middle to the last of August; a South Carolina seedling, of fine quality, quite an acquisition. Tree a vigorous grower and a great bearer.

No. 12. Gravenstein.—Size, large, ripe from the 1st to the 20th of August; a European variety of great promise at the South, flesh tender, crisp and juicy. Tree vigorous and productive.

No. 13. Taunton—Size, very large, ripe early in September; continuing in fine eating order for six weeks—a seedling from lower Georgia, the most valuable apple of its season, should be extensively grown for market; of good quality, and showy exterior. Tree, a vigorous grower, and a prolific bearer.

No. 14. Robinson's Superb (Farrar's Summer)—Size, very large, ripe the 20th of September to the 20th of October; a splendid apple of Virginia origin, flesh crisp, rich and juicy, well known in upper Georgia. Tree, a fine, upright grower, and a yearly bearer.

No. 15. Hamilton —Size, large, ripe in September; a seedling from Cass county, Georgia, a very superior apple. Tree, a good grower, and a regular bearer.

No. 16. Buncombe (Meigs)—Size, medium to large, ripe early in October, will keep until January; a very beautiful and truly valuable apple, one of the very best in cultivation. Tree, remarkably vigorous, and a regular prolific bearer.

No. 17. Buckingham—Size, very large, ripe 1st to the middle of October; a seedling of the Cherokee Indians, of high flavor and beautiful appearance. Tree a vigorous grower, and a capital bearer.

No. 18. Mangum (Carter of Alabama)—Size, medium, ripe in October, continuing in

fine eating order until December; it is probably a native of North Carolina, and identical with the premium apple of the State Fair of Alabama known there as "Carter." It is one of the very best and most reliable apples of its season. Flesh crisp, tender, juicy and delicious. Tree a fine grower, and a capital yearly bearer.

No. 19. Oconee Greening—Size, medium to large, ripens in October, keeps until February; a seedling from the banks of the Oconee river, Georgia, the very best of the many greenings in cultivation; it should be extensively grown for marketing and for family use, flesh crisp and of a rich aromatic flavor. Tree vigorous and a profuse bearer.

No. 20. Rawles Jannette—Size, medium to large ripe in October; will keep until January; a Virginian variety, retaining in this climate its late blooming habit, fruit of good flavor. Tree strong, and a yearly bearer.

No. 21. Green Crank—Size, medium to large; ripe 1st November, will keep until February; a variety quite celebrated in Tennessee, and one of the best early winter apples, flesh crisp, juicy, and of a pleasant vinous flavor.

No. 22. Bradford's Best—Size, large, ripening in November, keeps until March; an apple in repute near Memphis Tennessee, of good flavor and handsome form. Tree very vigorous and a constant yearly bearer.

No. 23. Stevenson's Winter—Size large, ripe in November, keeps until March; a seedling from Holly Springs, Mississippi ; a very beautiful apple, a decided acquisition. Tree a moderate grower and a good bearer.

No. 24. Yellow English Crab—Size, medium, ripe in November, keeps until March; a southern seedling of good quality, and well worthy of propagation. Tree very vigorous, and a yearly bearer.

No. 25. Mattamuskeet—Size, large, ripe in November, keeps until March; a seedling from North Carolina, of fair qualities and good keeping properties. Tree of vigorous habit and a good bearer.

No. 26. Limber Twig—Size, medium, ripe in November, keeps until April; a well known Southern Seedling, rather inferior in quality, but very firm and a desirable keeper. Tree a fair grower, and a profuse bearer.

No. 27. Lever.—Size, medium, ripe in November, keeps until April; a seedling from South Carolina, a valuable handsome apple of good quality. Tree remarkably vigorous and a capital bearer.

No. 28. Yates—Size, small, ripe in November, keeps until March; a seedling from Fayette county, Georgia, of a pleasant aromatic flavor, a truly valuable apple, far superior in this climate to Hewes' Virginia Crab, Hall, and others of the small varieties. Tree, a splendid grower and a profuse yearly bearer.

No. 29. Nickajack—Size, large to very large, ripe November, keeps until March; a Southern seedling of wide spread reputation, its great size, showy exterior and late keeping properties, makes it a very desirable variety for market purposes; it is known from Virginia to Georgia by various synonymes [sic]—flesh, firm, quality good. Tree very vigorous and a regular bearer.

No. 30. Shockley—Size medium, ripe November, keeps until May, a native of Hall County, Geo., decidedly the best and most reliable of all the late keepers, and particularly calculated for the cotton growing belt, where it has been grown to great perfection in several localities, an apple of attractive appearance and good flavor, valuable for marketing and for family use. Tree vigorous, bearing heavy yearly crops.[“]

A reliable list, the result of much experience and containing quite enough varieties for any orchard. Will the writer favor us with his observations upon other fruits?

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], September 3, 1859, p. 119, c. 5

Notes on the Pear and Apple.
By Rev. Richard Johnson.

The following varieties of the pear and apple have fruited in the specimen orchard of the Atlanta Nursery, conducted by Mr. Johnson:

1. Anannas d'ete.—The tree is a good grower and productive. It has a number of fair specimens this year. Of the quality we cannot judge as it is not ripe. (Quality good, ED.)
2. Andrews.—A good bearer, tree vigorous, and fruit beautiful and good.
3. Bartlett.—Fruit large and very good. The tree is healthy and a good grower; productive.
4. Bell et Bonne.—Fruit very large, tree healthy and a good bearer. Fruit free of any astringency, but not of the first quality.
5. Epine Dumas.—Very productive. The tree does not seem to be a fast grower. The fruit was astringent last year; whether this was the effect of frost, or is one of its qualities in this climate, we cannot say. The crop of this year is not ripe.
6. Belle Lactative.—Tree healthy, a good grower, and an abundant bearer of delicious fruit.
7. Beurre d'Anjou.—Tree, a good and healthy grower, productive. Fruit beautiful and delicious. We have a number of trees; all look well.
8. Beurre Easter.—A regular bearer, and good keeper. The tree is a healthy and good grower. It keeps longer than any pear we raised last season.
9. Doyenne White.—We have seven trees of this famous variety in bearing; one only looks well, and has a fair crop.
10. Doyenne Bos[]k.—Tree strong and healthy; and an abundant and regular bearer. Fruit of the best quality.
11. Duchesse d'Orleans.—Tree healthy and a good bearer. The fruit is handsome. Last year it was astringent; the crop of this year is not ripe. The fruit has suffered much both years from frost.
12. Duchesse d'Angouleme.—Most of the fruit of this popular variety was killed this year by frost. What remains is small and defective; it is generally very good.
13. Flemish Beauty.—Tree healthy, and a good and early bearer. Fruit magnificent, and of excellent quality.
14. Fortune.—This is the first year we have fruited it, and it is not ripe. We can say but little of it so far, except that it promises to be a good bearer.
15. Glout Morceau.—In Griffin, this pear is a fine bearer, and attains great perfection; one crop was injured last year by frost, and has been entirely cut off this season by the same element.
16. Henry IV.—This pear, so far as we have been able to prove it, turns out to be a very delicious variety. The tree with us, is not a fast grower, but healthy, and in good seasons, a fair bearer.
17. Louise Bonne de Jersey.—We hardly know what to say of this pear. It has always

been good with us until last year, when not a specimen from six or eight trees were worth eating. Was it the effect of frost? If so, it will be worthless again next year.

18. Nouveau Poiteau.—This is the first year we have been able to fruit this variety. It is not ripe, and what its quality will be, we cannot say. The tree grows well, and promises to be a good bearer.

19. Passe Colmar.—Of this variety, we have fine trees in bearing. We have fruited it several years, and never have seen it worth eating. A friend tells us that we must thin it freely. We will try that treatment.

20. St. Michael Archange.—This is one of the very best varieties in cultivation. The tree is an erect and hardy grower. It bears when young, and is fruitful every year. The fruit is of the best quality, and always handsome. The tree is as thrifty as Baffam, and the crop as certain, and much better.

21. Seckel.—This pear has always been with us what it is everywhere. The tree is hardy and productive, and the fruit is delicious.

22. Urbaniste.—The habit of this tree answers exactly to the description given by Downing.—It is hardy, and readily forms a pyramid. It is not ripe, and we can say nothing of its quality.

23. Westcott.—Our tree fruited for the first time this year, it is not ripe.

24. Golden Beurre of Bilboa.—A good bearer. Fruit medium, and good, but not of the first quality. One bearing tree is on Quince and very weak. A very vigorous one, we have a [on?] Pear roots has not fruited.

25. Beurre Clarigeau.—A good bearer. Fruit handsome and delicious, we have only a small tree in bearing.

26. Beurre Coubalt.—This is a good juicy Pear. The tree is very early and regular bearer. The fruit is not large but fair, and of good flavor.

27. Beurre Duval.—A good bearer so far as we have proved it. It has borne with us for the first time, this year. Of its quality we can say nothing, as it is not yet ripe.

28. Bleeker's Meadow.—Tree hardy and very productive. We never saw it fit to be eaten until last year; when it was gathered about the last of August; and in a much shrivelled [sic] state, became delicious about the middle of October.

29. Bloodgood.—A very early and good Pear. Tree healthy and a good grown [sic].

30. Buffain.—An excellent Pear. Tree a vigorous, and erect grown [sic]. It is a constant and abundant bearer.

31. Couseillar Ranwez.—We can endorse Col. Wilder's description of this fruit in every particular except its flavor; of which some robber deprived [sic] us of the pleasure of judging. (See Downing last edition, p484.)

32. Knight's Monarch.—We have been deceived by this Pear for the last time. It is the same from Boston to Georgia. All the specimens look alike, and not one resembles Downing's drawing which represents it as a long Pear, when it is a short one. Can there be a mistake abroad? The variety we have is worthless.

33. Vicar of Wakefield.—This variety has been very generally confounded in Georgia, with St. Lozer which it resembles so closely as to deceive the most practiced eye until its quality is tested by the taste. The mistake was pointed out a few years ago by those experienced cultivators, Doctors Beckmans & Brincklee, to whom specimens were sent by the writer from two gardens, both claiming to be genuine, while both were spurious. Our trees are from good hands; whether or not they are genuine, we leave more experienced judges to decide. The

genuine Vicar is far superior to St. Lozer.

34. Apple, Mary Chester.—This apple was first brought into notice by Dr. N. Chester, of Marietta, who thinks he procured it from the remains of an old Indian orchard. No one to whom it has been shown knows it. It is named in compliment to his daughter.[“]

With the foregoing notes, came from Mr. R. C. Johnson, of the Atlanta Nursery, specimens of the fruit of each variety, some of which have not ripened yet. We shall give briefly our own impression of the character of each of these, hereafter. Meanwhile, both gentlemen will accept our thanks. These condensed notes giving the personal experiences of parties in different sections, are of great value to those who wish to form collections of fruit.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], September 3, 1859, p. 120, c. 2

Dwarf Prolific Okra.—Some six years ago, a lady friend sent us a few seed of the dwarf okra, since which we have cultivated no other variety, and we are quite sure any one trying it will never plant any other kind. It grows only from two to three feet high, bears an immense long pod and fruits from the ground to the end of each limb. We are surprised so little is known if it South. We sent a few seed of it, a few months ago, to Messrs. J. M. Thorburn & Co., New York, and this season received an order from them to raise five bushels of seed expressly for them. The advantage of the Dwarf Okra over the common kind is in the small quantity of wood fibre [sic] or stalk, and the great proportion of pods or fruit. Roasted okra seeds make a good substitute for coffee, and where the dwarf kind is cultivated expressly for seed, thirty or forty bushels may be raised from one acre.

Cotton Planter.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], September 17, 1859, p. 134, c. 3

The Texas Fever Among the Cattle in
the South-West.

[“] Fort Scott, K. T., Aug. 12, 1859.

To the Editor of the Missouri Democrat:

This part of Kansas is improving very rapidly, and filling up with industrious and enterprising settlers. The corn and other crops promise finely; but the great drawback we have, is what we call the *Spanish Fever*, among our cattle, caused by driving the Texas cattle through here. There have been about fifteen thousand head driven up the military road, from Fort Gibson, by the way of Fort Scott, on to Kansas City and Fort Leavenworth, during the past spring and summer. The last drove came through about the 2d of June. This disease follows wherever these cattle go, and is seen nowhere else. It has ruined hundreds of men here. Some poor men have lost quite half their teams, and all they have for the support of their families.— Many are left without any means to cultivate their lands. We can't keep as much as a milch cow on this road.

This disease made its appearance among our cattle this year about the 10th of July. One of the first symptoms is a dull look out of their eyes. They all hold their heads down, refuse to eat, draw their breath quick and hard, and, as the fever increases, lie down frequently and stagger as they walk. When they walk, they appear to lose the use of their hind parts. They usually live from three to six days, some as long as eight days. On post-mortem examination, we find the manifolds of the stomach perfectly hard and dry, without any appearance of moisture about

them. We have tried most every remedy without much benefit.[“]

There is something peculiarly strange about this so-called contagious malady. Like yellow fever in our own species, its contagiousness is open to doubt; yet the attending circumstances appear to favor very strongly the correctness of the popular belief in Kansas on the subject.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], September 17, 1859, p. 135, c. 5

What are the Best Peaches?

The following list of peaches, with the notes thereon, was drawn up by Mr. Richard Peters, of Atlanta, Ga., at the request of the Editor of this department.

For some years past we have been exchanging with him, and comparing specimens of this fruit, in order to correct errors of name in both collections, and to ascertain what were [sic] really the best varieties in cultivation. In this way, over two hundred kinds, embracing all the finest local varieties to be obtained, and all that are laid down as best in the various standard fruit books, have come before us. Of these Mr. Peters gives his favorites in the list below. In this list there are three varieties we have not seen. We should have been glad to have had the number reduced to about thirty, but of the thirty-seven we know in the list as it is, it is difficult to say which to throw out, and there are ten or a dozen kinds at least, that we, and probably Mr. Peters, would rather have added to a list for one's own use, than to undertake to throw out any of the present list. There are some peaches so exactly alike in taste, that any one or two or three varieties is enough, the only difference being the shape of the fruit, the size of the flower, or the glands of the leaves, either of which make a distinct variety, though they are not distinct to the palate. In such cases, substitutions can be made, but there are certain others in this list for which no satisfactory substitute can be found. We believe, for instance, that the first peach on this list will be indispensable in every good collection for a century to come, unless its stock becomes diseased. For a very small collection Nos. 1, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 17, 20, 23, 32, 35, 36, 38, might be selected; but in making a selection, some few have been taken for which others of the same season would have been nearly or quite as satisfactory. It is well to ripen at the same time several varieties, as sometimes one of them escapes our Spring frosts, while another, blossoming a little earlier or later, has no crop for the season. The list below will in this place afford fruitfully five months, and if our readers will plant these trees in a fair soil, take care of them, and thin the fruit, they will ascertain what a good peach is. Very few have in Georgia eaten a good, soft peach. Good clings are more common.

No. 1. Early Tillotson.—Ripe June 15th to 25th; size, medium; freestone; flesh white; the best for market purposes of the very early varieties, and deservedly popular at the South for its productive properties, its fine flavor and handsome appearance.

No. 2. Early York —Ripe June 21st to 30th; size, medium; freestone; flesh white; a very delicious peach, but rather too delicate for marketing.

No. 3. Coles Early.—Ripe June 23^d to 1st July; size, medium; freestone; flesh white; a handsome showy peach of fine flavor.

No. 4. Fay's Early Ann—Ripe June 25th to 1st July; size, medium; freestone; flesh white; a very pretty peach of superior flavor.

No. 5. Troth's Early—Ripe 28th of June to 5th of July; size, medium; freestone; flesh white and firm, well adapted to marketing.

No. 6. Early Admirable—Ripe July 1st to 12th; size, large; freestone; flesh white; one of the best of its season, firm and of good quality.

No. 7. Eliza—Ripe July 3^d to 10th; size, large, freestone; flesh yellow; a very productive and desirable variety.

No. 8. George IV.—Ripe July 5th to 15th; size, large; freestone; flesh white; one of the best, most showy and delicious of peaches.

No. 9. Grosse Mignonne—Ripe July 5th to 15th; size, large; freestone; flesh white; by many persons considered the best peach in cultivation.

No. 10. Chinese Cling—Ripe July 6th to 20th; size very large; clingstone; flesh white; a new variety recently introduced from China, of good quality, valuable for marketing.

No. 11. Crawford's Early—Ripe July 6th to 20th; size very large; freestone; flesh yellow; a magnificent peach of good quality and deservedly popular as a market variety.

No. 12. Early Newington—Ripe July 16 to 25—size medium to large; semi-cling; flesh white; a truly delicious and beautiful Peach, worthy of a place in every orchard.

No. 13. Georgia Cling—Ripe July 16 to 25—size medium to large; clingstone; flesh white; a Georgia seedling of great merit, possessing size, beauty, and quality; one of the earliest and best clings in cultivation.

No. 14. Vanzand'ts [sic] Superb—Ripe July 18 to 26—size medium to large; freestone; flesh white; a magnificent Peach of the highest flavor, and in every respect a decided acquisition.

No. 15. Lemon Cling—Ripe July 18 to 28—size large; clingstone; flesh yellow; a beautiful lemon-shaped variety, excellent for marketing and preserving.

No. 16. Brevort's Morris—Ripe July 20th to 25th—size large; freestone; flesh white; one of the highest flavored peaches in cultivation.

No. 17. Old Mixon Cling—Ripe July 25th to August 5th—size, medium to large; clingstone; flesh white, truly delicious, rich and melting; should be in every collection.

No. 18. Susquehana—Ripe July 25th to August 5th; size very large; semi-clingstone; flesh yellow; a seedling from Pennsylvania; a very attractive Peach of good quality—capital for marketing.

No. 19. Flewellen—Ripe August 3^d to 12th; size medium; clingstone; flesh red; a seedling from middle Georgia, where it ranks as the best cling in cultivation.

No. 20. Crawford's Late—Ripe August 2^d to 10th; size large; freestone; flesh yellow; a superb Peach of fine flavor.

No. 21. Buckner's Red—Ripe August 1 to 20; size large to very large; semi-clingstone; flesh yellow; a seedling from middle Georgia, of great merit; a very showy, remarkable keeper, and, therefore, valuable as a market variety.

No. 22. Camak's Newington—Ripe August 4 to 16; size medium; clingstone; flesh white; one of the best, if not the very best, of the August clings; a great bearer and valuable for all purposes.

No. 23. Old Mixon Free—Ripe August 6 to 12; size large; freestone; flesh white; moderately [sic] productive and of good flavor.

No. 24. Druid Hill—Ripe August 8 to 18; size large, freestone; flesh white; a truly luscious and attractive variety; should be in every collection.

No. 25. Brown's Free—Ripe August 11 to 20; size very large; freestone; flesh white; a showy Peach; valuable for marketing.

No. 26. White English—Ripe August 15 to 25; size medium to large; clingstone; flesh white, a seedling from upper Georgia; very popular with the ladies for preserving.

No. 27. Abbot's Late—Ripe August 16 to 26; size large, freestone; flesh pink, firm and of fine flavor.

No. 28. Pace—Ripe August 18 to 29; size large to very large; freestone; flesh yellow, striped with red; a well known Georgia seedling of the Indian Peach class, and by many persons highly valued.

No. 29. Tinley's Superb—Ripe August 21 to 30; size very large; freestone; flesh of a bright orange; a seedling from the Pace—a magnificent and luscious variety.

No. 30.—Ward's Late—Ripe August 23 to 30; size medium to large; freestone; flesh white; one of the best flavored of the August freestone Peaches.

No. 31.—Clark's September—Ripe September 3d to 12; size large; clingstone; flesh white; a very beautiful and high flavored seedling from DeKalb county, Ga.

No. 32.—LaGrange—Ripe September 5 to 18; size medium to large; freestone; flesh white; decidedly an acquisition.

No. 33—President Church—Ripe September 15 to 25; size medium; freestone; flesh white; a seedling of Athens, Georgia, and there highly prized.

No. 34—Alberge Cling—Ripe September 21 to 30; size large; clingstone; flesh yellow; of fine flavor and showy exterior.

No. 35—Eliza Thomas—Ripe October 1 to 20; size, very large; clingstone; flesh white; a seedling from the garden of Mr. T. L. Thomas of Atlanta, Georgia ; very productive, of fine quality; decidedly valuable.

No. 36. Nix's Late—Ripe October 6th to 20th; size, large; clingstone; flesh white; a seedling from Newton county, Georgia, valued for preserving and marketing.

No. 37. Calloway Cling—Ripe October 10th to 25th; size, medium; clingstone; flesh white; a peach of capital flavor and handsome exterior.

No. 38. Baldwin's Late—Ripe October 25th to November 10th; size, medium; freestone; flesh white; a seedling from Alabama, variable in size and quality, but often handsome and of fine flavor; the premium peach of Georgia State Fair, October, 1858.

No. 39. Cowan's Late—Ripe October 25th to November 15th; size medium; clingstone; flesh white; a seedling from lower Georgia; one of the very best late clings; of a rich creamy color and good flavor; may be kept until December.

No. 40. Cherry's November—Ripe November 1st to 15th; size, medium; clingstone; flesh white; a seedling from West Point, Georgia, often of excellent quality, but variable like all of the very late peaches.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], October 1, 1859, p. 146, c. 5

Advice to Young Ladies.—In his excellent address to the graduating class of St. Mary's Hall, at Burlington, last month, Bishop Doane spoke as follows:

“The times are out of joint. Corruption stalks in our high places. Licentiousness has, well nigh, lost its shame. Infidelity is bold and brazenfaced. For these things your sex is greatly answerable. Women are not true to themselves. They wink at vice. They make a compromise with worldliness. They tolerate irreligion. And they are victims of their own unfaithfulness. The stronger sex look up, in best things, to the weaker. They have all had mothers. They have all had sisters. If women were but true to God, true to themselves, they would have strength from Him to hold the world in check. No woman ever fell but by her own consent. As at the first, woman is the tempter. There is no man, that has not passed into a brute, to do as tigers do, that can resist the matchless majesty of a resolved woman. And stronger than all law, stronger

than anything but God, would be the power of women to put down rudeness, and lay the bridle upon license. But women are slaves to dress. Women are willing to be flattered. Women are careless of their companionship. Women are unscrupulous in their amusements. Young women set up for themselves. They look upon their parents as old fashioned. They are impatient of domestic restraints. They are averse to domestic occupations. They vote their homes a bore. They congregate away from its control. They indulge in unreasonable hours, to meet the other sex more than half way. They permit the approaches of familiarity. They tempt the hidden devil of their nature. They forget their Bibles. They neglect their prayer books. They are women of fashion. They are women of the world. What else they are, is rather shaped by opportunity than by themselves. In this way, the female atmosphere is stripped of its freshness and its fragrance. The woman is no longer what she was made to be—'a help meet' for the man. And man ceases to be what God designed him to be—her partner, her prop, and her protector.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], November 19, 1859, p. 203, c. 4

[For the Southern Field and Fireside.]
About Men's Kissing.
By Louise Manhiem.

To Americans with whom any thing approaching a caress, even between the closest of relatives, is rare, the idea of two men embracing is not in the least touching. On the contrary, it has in it, to many, something of the ridiculous. But this should not be so—it *is* far from being so. Education taught me the same prejudice, tho' often as a child, I have wondered why men and boys did not love each other, as women and girls, and thought it sad indeed. Later on in life, I found this subject matter for much mirth, mostly in teasing my brother, a man past forty, who blushed like a girl on being kissed, before a crowd, on both cheeks, by an old German school teacher at Geneva, with whom he had placed his son, and who professed a furious attachment for both of them.

I confess to a little tightness at my throat at this feat of the old man, and if I had had more faith in the sincerity of a friendship of two weeks growth, I should perhaps have been more touched; and then P.'s crimson blush and intense annoyance was too good a thing to let pass, and I teased and exposed him pitilessly, whenever I could, in payment of the many tortures he was ever inflicting on me.

However, I got used to seeing men kiss while I was in Europe, and looked upon it indifferently, till once travelling with my youngest sister, the two children, and two other young ladies, under the protection of a very gallant and *distingue* American gentleman, who was to meet at the end of the voyage a dearly beloved friend. So romantic was the attachment between these gentlemen, both having no superior in the States for birth, wealth, good looks, talents, and chivalrous nature, that it was become the subject of remark in their city of adoption. The girls teased M----- a good deal about his friend, and I fancy were a little jealous (he was a good catch) and one of them tauntingly laughed out, "I should not be the least surprised to see them rush into each other's arms and kiss."

"Kiss him! Indeed you may expect it. Frank and I never parted, or met yet without it, and, please God, never will."

The girls thought him quizzing them, but at any rate promised themselves some fun at seeing the elegant, the dignified, the cold and sarcastic Mr. -----, *kissing* the brilliant, talented,

handsome Frank -----.

We entered the port. The girls and children clustered outside in the saloon of the great steamer, in a fever of delight and expectation of friends, novelties and the arrival of Mr. -----. I, older and sadder, sat in my state room—and—I fear me—crying! not from envy of those gay careless things outside, but alas! I was not eighteen and had come to give up the little children—not little now, whom I had loved, protected, and taught for seven long years, give them up to another!—would they find the friend, the mother I had been to them? Alas! I feared not.

Suddenly I heard a flutter and excitement in the little crowd gathered at my door, then a rush, then a kiss,--yes, a loud hearty kiss!—it went through my heart like a knife—then a passionate—

“Frank!”

“Guy!”

I could not help it! I rushed to the door, and beheld the young men holding each other at arm’s length and gazing eagerly into each other’s face. Never can I forget that spectacle!

Tears were in the eyes of both. I turned and looked at the girls. They were almost pale, quite still, and subdued; tears were in their eyes too, and a look on their faces which said, “Oh, will I ever be loved like this!” I *knew* they never would, for all their youth, beauty and brightness, and I shrunk silently back, closed my door, sat down on my trunk and cried—Oh, how bitterly I cried!

Since that time I *like* to see men kiss each other, if there exists a real sincere attachment, and for fathers not to kiss their sons, and brothers each other, on occasions of meeting or parting for a length of time, I think is—well—brutal. And when I hear of people laugh and make fun about men’s kissing, I can’t help getting in a passion; and as I can’t always explain, for a certain little choking at the memory of that scene, I just get up and walk off, as I did from the tea-table the other night, when the subject was jested upon; or, I say something sharp and bitter, which make people set me down as demented, for I am not in the least given to caressing myself, and then to expect it of men! So they shrug their shoulders and “one of her crochets” is all the response I get.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], November 19, 1859, p. 204, c. 5

The Camel in the United States

The newly imported camels, for the use of the army in Texas, seem to have subsided from novelties into regular pack-horses. Speaking of their superiority over mules, Mr. Beale, who has charge of them, in a report to the Government, says:

“I have lately tried effectually the comparative value of mules and camels as pack animals. The experiment leaves the palm with the camels. Both trains receiving the order to start at the same time in the morning, the camels invariably arrive at camp, a distance of twenty-five miles, an hour, and sometimes an hour and twenty minutes ahead of the mule train—the mules carrying a burden of two hundred pounds, the camels packed with four hundred, besides a rider, armed with his rifle, revolver, and ammunition, and his bedding laid over the pack to sit on.

“The young are great pets in camp, but very mischievous—poking their noses into every bag, pot and pan about the camp fires. Their great aim in life at present seems to be to ape the manners and habits of their sires—kneeling down and growling and complaining precisely as the

old ones do when the train is packed. We have entirely discontinued the cumbersome oriental apparatus used as a saddle, and have in its place one of light, useful and simple construction.”

The Boston Courier concludes an interesting and discriminating article on the introduction of camels into this country, with the following remarks:

The time has come for attempting, on an ample scale, the breeding and general introduction of camels into this country. This should be done by the government directly, or under the immediate direction of those public officers who have been successful in the treatment and employment of the camel, even beyond the most sanguine anticipations. So long as railroads across the vast plains and deserts, and mountain regions which lie between us and the Pacific, are for various reasons impossible, the camel will be found an efficient substitute for that mode of transportation; and it is believed that a good portion of the vast sums now expended for army transportation to the distant posts and more distant points where our scattered army is called to operate, might be saved by the employment of this patient, powerful, docile, and incomparably useful animal.

It seems to be generally admitted that the experiment of acclimating the camel, and putting it to profitable use in this country, has been, at any rate promises to be very successful.—“The cost of importation,” says the Courier, “has been much less than was originally estimated; the animals are found much more tractable, and are more easily applied to the various kinds of labor for which they are wanted, than was anticipated; the acclimation of the camels is effected without hazard to their life or strength; and no serious obstacle, so far, is found to their introduction and use for many important purposes.” It is now proposed to make an additional importation. Two importations have already been made, and the whole number at present in the country is about sixty. They were all brought from the Mediterranean. The attention of government is now directed to Mongolia, where the animals exist in great numbers and are remarkably hardy, and are subject to almost as great changes of temperature as they will be liable to here. They can be brought easily through the North Pacific ocean to California.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], December 17, 1859, p. 240, c. 1-2

Deciduous Shrubs.

We undertook in our notes for the month, in last week’s issue to give our readers a list of desirable shrubs. As it is so printed that we are unable to read it ourselves, we fear our readers are in the same position, and therefore give this week a more full list.

Lilacs: Persian, Common, and new French;

Mock Orange or *Philadelphus coronarius*.

Roses of which we shall give a list of varieties soon.

Azalea calendulacea.

Kerria japonica or Japan corchurus.

Spirea prunifolia, double white.

“ *lancifolia* or *Reevesii*, white, double and single.

Calycanthus or Sweet Shrub.

Double, white and pink Hawthorne.

Flowering Ash.

Deutzias, *scabra*, *crenata* and *gracilis*.

Altheas, several varieties.

Snowball or *Virburnum opulis*.
Wigelia rosea.
“ amabilis.
Rhus cotinus or Purple Fringe tree.
Snowberry, Tree Paeony, Forsythia Viridissima.
Dwarf Flowering Almond, *Daphne mezereum*.
Vitex Agnus Castus, Buffalo Berry.
Cydonia, (or Pyrus) japonica or Japan Quince, two varieties, white and blush.
Privet, Tartarean Honeysuckle, Rose Acacia.
Jasmenum nudiflorum.
Amorpha fruticosa or Wild Indigo.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], January 14, 1860, p. 270, c. 2

A Homespun Party.

Under this heading we find the following in the Richmond *Whig*:

“The movement toward Southern independence is progressing steadily. The people of Virginia are indeed earnest about this matter. While we gentlemen have contented ourselves, as yet, with meetings, speeches, etc., the ladies have begun to act. Without noise they have commenced to give force and color to our resolutions—to put our theories into practice. We had the pleasure, a few evenings ago, of attending a ‘homespun party,’ given by a patriotic lady of this city, whose excellent good sense prompted her to substitute deeds for words, and to inaugurate at once that system of self-dependence which has been the theme of the innumerable public meetings held recently in every county of the State. The party was a decided, a brilliant success. More than a hundred ladies and gentlemen, belonging to the most respected families in the city, were present, all of whom were attired in part or in whole in garments made of Virginia fabrics, woven in Virginia looms. It was strictly a Virginia cloth party.”

At a public meeting held in Alexandria last week it was resolved—

“That, by way of giving a practical issue to this meeting, and as the first step towards the attainment of Southern commercial independence, the citizens of Alexandria here assembled pledge themselves to use and wear no article of apparel not manufactured in the State of Virginia; and to buy all our hats, caps, boots, shoes and clothing at home and of home manufacture, and induce our wives and daughters to do the same; and that the directors of our several railroad companies be and they are hereby respectfully requested to pursue the same policy with reference to all articles required by their respective roads.”

In other cities and towns in Virginia “Homespun Clubs,” the members of which pledge themselves to dress in no other than Virginia fabrics, are being organized.

The policy of keeping out of debt for costly imported goods, and of producing at home, as near as may be, all the comforts of life, is deserving of all commendation. Irrespective of any sectional feeling, it is our duty to study and practice good economy by husbanding all our resources, whether agricultural, manufacturing or mineral, and thereby keep, as well as create wealth. To produce a large amount of property and then spend it foolishly for gew-gaws, and in vicious idleness, betrays a childish disposition, and a weakness of purpose which are anything but creditable. We must learn to keep property as well as how to dig it out of southern soil.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], January 14, 1860, p. 271, c. 2

It was remarked by an intellectual old farmer, "I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man; for the one or the other I am compelled to be."

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA, January 21, 1860, p. 280, c. 1

(For the Southern Field and Forest.)

A List of the Best Apples.

By J. Van Buren.

Wm. N. White, Esq.—Dear Sir: Enclosed I send you the long promised list of Apples. I give none but those well tested. I have many highly recommended which may be equal to these, but as I have not fruited them, have not placed them in the list.

Summer Apples.

Red June—A general favorite, not so acid and more pleasant than Early Harvest. Size medium, form oblong conic, color dark crimson when fully ripe, tree very poor grower in the nursery, but when planted out for two years grows off thriftily. Ripens 20th June to 20th July.

Nautehalee—An Indian seedling from Alabama. Size large, form globular conic, a good deal ribbed, especially about the calyx, color a fine, delicate, waxy yellow, with a pale blush cheek, tree only tolerably thrifty in the nursery, flesh white, juicy, and sprightly sub-acid. Ripens 1st July to 1st August.

Toccoa.—A seedling from Habersham county. Size medium, form oblong conic, color yellow, ground nearly covered with bright blended red, flesh yellow, juicy, delicious, rich acid, highly aromatic, similar to Esopera Spitzenberg. Ripens 1st to 15th August.

Julien—A splendid apple, so juicy that it cannot be used for drying, rotting before getting dry. Supposed to have been introduced from Western Virginia. Size medium, form a little conical, color a peculiar waxy yellow, ground striped and marbled with carmine, flesh white, tender, juicy, and rich. Ripens first to last of August. Tree a fine grower, very productive.

Autumn Apples.

Disharoon—A native of Habersham county. Size medium to large, form globular, color dull green, specked with grey russet, flesh a little yellowish, juicy and rich, tree vigorous and productive to a fault, scarce ever fails to produce a good crop. Ripens 1st September to 15th October.

Bachelor—(Rush, King, Gross, Armstrong)—A splendid apple, size very large, form oblate, color yellow ground, striped and marbled with bright red, flesh yellow, tender, juicy and very rich, tree a fine grower. Ripens 15th September to last of October. Tillaquer and Rabun may may [sic] prove to be identical with the foregoing.

Rome Beauty—A native of Ohio, size large, form globular, conic, color yellow ground, shaded and striped with bright red, flesh yellow, juicy, tender and fine, tree a fine vigorous grower. Ripens 1st September to 15th October.

Horse or Hoss—A fine apple for drying, for which it is more generally used than any

other variety at the South. Size large, color a fine golden yellow, flesh yellow, hard, dry, and acid, tree very vigorous. Ripens August and September.

Winter Apples.

Camak's Sweet, (*Grape vinix* [?]. *Winter sweet*.) Size medium, color greenish yellow, with a blush cheek, flesh white, juicy, hard and fine, a good keeper. Tree slow grower, has small wiry branches with prominent peculiar buds, bears early and abundantly. Ripens October to March.

Equinetely, (*Sol Carter, Williamis*.) A native of North Carolina. [fold in paper] oblate, a little conic; color, yellow ground, nearly covered with dark red; flesh yellowish, tender, juicy and rich. A first rate apple in all respects. Ripens October to February and March.

Horn—a native of Monroe County, Georgia. This apple will prove to be the best adapted to the Southern climate and soil of any yet known. It produces fine fruit in the vicinity of Mobile and keeps sound until May, which no other variety has yet done. Size medium to large; form oblate; color, green, with a dull red cheek; farther south nearly covered with red; flesh, greenest white, hard, crisp juicy; flavor, excellent mild acid. Ripens November to June.

Shockley, (Romanite, Waddel's Hall.) A native of Jackson County, Ga. Size, medium; form, a little oblong and conic; color, yellow ground, nearly covered with red; flesh, yellow, juicy, hard and aromatic. Tree, vigorous grower. Ripens October to April. A very popular apple, but will succumb to Horn, when it becomes better known.

Hoover —A South Carolina apple; very beautiful in appearance. Size, large; form, oblate conic; color, dark crimson, beautifully spotted with white; flesh, white, hard, juicy and acid. Tree vigorous. Ripens October to January.

Summerous.—(*Nickajack, Red Warrior, Howard, Berry, Red Hazel*.) Origin, North Carolina. Size, large; form, globular, sometimes a little conic; color, yellow ground, striped and shaded with red, with numerous russett specks; flesh, yellow, tender, juicy, and fine flavored. Ripens October to March. Tree vigorous and of straggling growth, has fewer leaves than any other variety we are acquainted with.

Walker's Yellow—A native of Pulaski co., Ga. Size, large; form nearly globular, a little conic; color, a fine golden yellow, with a blush cheek; flesh, yellowish, hard, juicy, and rich, rather too acid to be called first rate. Tree, rather slow grower, but productive.

Clarke—A native of North Carolina. Size, medium to large; form, oblong conic; color, greenish ground, nearly covered with very dark crimson; flesh, yellowish, hard, juicy, and good. Ripens November to March. Tree vigorous.

Clarksville, Geo.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], January 28, 1860, p. 287, c. 3

To Dye Slate Color.—Boil green chestnut bark one hour; take out the bark, and add four ounces green vitriol for one pound woolen yarn or cloth; stir frequently one hour; dry before washing.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], January 28, 1860, p. 287, c. 5

The Kitchen Garden.—Failures.

. . . Other failures arise from the seeds sown being impure or defective. You can judge of seeds somewhat by their appearance; but as they are generally purchased in sealed packages, the best safeguard is to purchase only those raised by reliable growers. There are seedsmen from whose stock a good head of cabbage, or lettuce, or a fine crisp radish, can scarcely by any chance be raised,--while there are other growers whose seeds are almost sure to satisfy the reasonable expectations of the purchasers. Landreth, Buist, Thorburn, and B. K. Bliss are growers, whose seeds, in good hands, always give satisfaction. In flower-seeds, Mr. Bliss is really unrivalled.

Many of our seeds might well be raised at home. Butter Beans, for instance, at seven dollars per bushel, the usual price, would pay. Cabbage and Lettuce, from home-grown seeds, if kept pure, head better than Northern seeds, which in turn prove superior to the English and French.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], January 28, 1860, p. 288, c. 1

Select List of Vegetables.

Let us at this season, preparatory to putting in our crops of vegetables, glance over the long catalogues of the seedsmen, and select therefrom those varieties which are really best worthy of a place in our Kitchen Garden. We will omit nearly all the fancy sorts, and take only those which we know will do well.

Artichokes we don't fancy, those who do, generally prefer the Green Globe.

Of Asparagus there is no better sort than the Purple Top variety, so named from the purplish tint of the shoot.

Of Snap Beans: Early Mohawk, Yellow Six Weeks, and Extra Early Six Weeks, are the best early sorts, one of which is enough.

These are followed by the Valentine and the Refugee, of which the latter continues long in use. These are all excellent.

The Large White Lima is the best pole bean, but the Carolina, or Butter Bean, though smaller is more prolific. There is a White Pole Bean, which is found in the cornfields of many of our planters, that affords excellent Snaps late in the season. It is also an excellent winter bean when dry. Another excellent variety to use as snaps, is of a dingy white, striped with black.

The best Beets are Extra Early Turnip and Long Blood. Many like the Red Turnip and Radish Beet, but it is not worth while to multiply sorts that are no improvement.

Of Cabbage, there are a host of varieties, but to sow first, Early York is still the best. There is nothing better to follow than Large Early York, and for winter cabbage, Flat Dutch and Late Drumhead, are still the very best of the common cabbages. None of these are, however, equal to the Savoys of which Green Curled and Drumhead are the very best. For pickling, Red Dutch is generally preferred.

Many do not like Carrots, but they are desirable for soups, and no kinds are equal to Early Horn and Long Orange.

Cauliflower is not so certain a crop as the Purple Cape Brocoli [sic], and, though handsomer, is no better in flavor. The Dutch and Walcheren sorts are preferred.

Of Celery, there are new varieties almost every year, but still nothing is really better than the White Solid and Red Solid, the standard old sorts.

Of Corn, we like several sorts. Adams' Extra Early, Early Sugar, Stowel's Evergreen afford a succession, but later in the season it is best to rely on our common varieties as better

able to endure our burning sun.

Curled Leaved Cress and the Winter Cress are very useful salads of early culture.

Of Cucumbers, the select list is: Small Early Russian comes first; after this either the Early Frame or White Spine may succeed, followed by the Long Green, that standard variety for the main crop.

Of Egg Plant for use, nothing is better than the Large Purple. The White and the New Scarlet are desirable ornamental plants.

To plant in the fall to stand over until spring, select the Hardy Green Lettuce (or Hammersmith.)

To plant now for early use, take the Brown Dutch or Early Cabbage (Butter.) The Green and the White colors come later, and are both equally good. Royal Cabbage comes later still, and heads finely. The India Curled is also a good late sort.

In Leeks there is not much choice, but the Scotch is as good as any.

The earliest Melon of good quality, is the Christiana, a fine, yellow flesh variety. Beechwood is an excellent sort to follow. Netted Nutmeg is a good variety, but the best of all the varieties, is the Netted Citron. The best of the Watermelons offered by the seedsmen is the Mountain Sweet, but there are no better sort than the unnamed varieties grown throughout the South. For preserving and cooking, the Apple-Pie Melon is much superior to the old Citron Watermelon, and will keep a year.

The Common Brown and the Curled-Leaved Mustard are the best for greens.

The Dwarf Okra, and the Round-fruited variety, are both improvements on the old fluted sort.

Large Red and Yellow Dutch are the best of the Black Seed Onions. A much more certain crop is made from the sets of these sorts, or those of the Top or Button Onion, than from planting the seed.

Curled Parsley and Hollow-Crowned Parsnips, are the only sorts worth growing.

Of that universal favorite, the English Pea, the earliest sort is the Daniel O'Rourke. Extra Early comes nearly as soon, and the crop comes all at once. On this account, we prefer the Cedo Nulli, which is more prolific, and yields several pickings. Songster's Early No. 1 is also a fine early sort. For second early, Early Frame is as good as any. This is followed by that capital variety, the Dwarf Blue Imperial, and the Champion of England, the finest flavored of all Peas. The Dwarf Sugar Pea is excellent shelled, while the young pods are cooked like Snap Beans. The most reliable of the late sorts are the large White Marrowfat, and the Peruvian or Black-Eye Marrowfat. Experiments made last year by Mr. Elliot, of Ohio, seem to have established that the pea is more productive, if planted not less than six inches deep.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], February 4, 1860, p. 295, c. 1

[For the Southern Field and Fireside.]
Southern Hay.

A move in the right direction is now making in the way of rendering ourselves independent of that part of our Union which has of late, both by word and deed, manifested such relentless and unremitting hostility to our prosperity and progress. Our people are dressing in homespun and dispensing with northern shoes and other products as far as possible. Can we not go a little further and render it unnecessary that bale after bale of Northern hay should daily pass

before our doors here in Central Georgia, some three hundred miles from the coast. The freight alone on this hay would amply pay planters in the vicinity where it is said to raise and prepare the crop for market. It is not unlikely that the result of the very next presidential election may render the Union no longer possible for us, so that it will be well for us while dropping off our luxuries to take proper measures to provide for our necessities.

The greatest blow which we can strike for southern independence, will be given with the tools of the planter and mechanic. Putting in a few acres of grass, the coming months will do more for our section, than cart-loads of Congressional speeches.

Timothy.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], February 4, 1860, p. 295, c. 3

Recipe for Making Good Coffee.

Take, of first quality,

1 lb. Mocha,

2 lbs. Martinique, (West Indian,)

2 lbs. Bourbon or Java.

Parch each kind, separately, in a revolving cylinder, till the grains are about the *color of chesnuts* [sic], or dark Mahogany.

Let the parched coffee cool, spread out on a waiter.

Mix the five lbs. thoroughly together, and then bottle the coffee and keep it corked; or put it in some other vessel that will perfectly exclude the air.

Every morning, a few minutes before breakfast, grind two ounces of your bottled coffee in a fine mill; place it properly over the strainer in your coffee pot, press it down pretty closely and pour on it one point [sic] of *boiling water*. Pass thus the water (made again to boil) *twice* through the coffee, keeping covers on as much as possible, shaking as little as possible, and no stirring.

You have now three cups of limpid, strong, amber-colored coffee. Pour your coffee into the drinking cup; sweeten to your taste with loaf-sugar, and no more water, but dilute only with good fresh milk, or cream, hot as possible short of boiling.

Then, drink coffee that is *coffee*.

If you would be economical—after breakfast boil rapidly for six or seven minutes, in a little more than one pint of water, your coffee grounds. Let it settle for five minutes; pour off the water carefully into a bottle, and cork it up, to be used next morning instead of pure water, to make your coffee in the manner above described.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], February 4, 1860, p. 296, c. 1

Select List of Vegetables—Continued.

In Peppers, the main difference is in the degree of strength. For pickling there is none better than the common Bell Pepper, while the Cayenne Long is the best where greater strength is required. There is a yellow West Indian species, equally fiery, which, when in fruit, is very ornamental. Peppers, as a condiment, are very salutary in hot climates.

The best early Irish Potato is Fox's Seedling, while the Mercer is generally preferred for

the main crop.

Cashaw [sic] is the only Pumpkin worthy of a place in the garden.

The best Radishes are, Long Scarlet, Short Top, and the Red Turnip Rooted, (the former much the best,) for early sorts; the White and the Yellow Summer to follow them. The Chinese Rose Winter is the best winter sort. The early radishes are much more crisp and digestible.

The Victoria and Linnaeus are the best varieties of Rhubarb. It is difficult to raise it from seed—the young plants are so apt to damp off; so it is better to get the roots. We have succeeded perfectly of late with these. We are speaking of the genuine Pie plant, and not of the Garden Dock, which is known all over the country as Rhubarb. Of well grown Rhubarb two of the leaf stems are enough for a large pie, which most people think quite equal to the apple, and it comes long before the strawberry or any other spring fruit.

Of Salsafry [sic], there is but one kind, and the same may be said of the Sea Kale, a very useful vegetable, by the way, which is readily grown from seed sown in the fall.

Round Leaved Spinach is perhaps the best of its varieties.

Of Summer Squashes, the Early Bush is the best for small gardens. The yellow Crookneck is perhaps the best flavored, but takes up more room. The Hubbard is a new winter sort, the value of which is not yet settled.

The white bell shaped Cuba Squash when we had it pure, we preferred to any other for winter use, and there is also a striped one of the same shape that is good.

The extra early Tomato, a new French sort, is worthy of trial; so also is the new pink or Fejee Island variety, but the large Red, and the large smooth Red are really about all that are wanted, as there is no great variety of flavor in the different species.

For Spring sowing take either the early Flat Dutch, (strap leaved), or the Red Pepper (strap leaved) sorts. Take also, the same for the first crop to come in Autumn. Yellow Dutch is an excellent late kind and keeps finely. Norfolk Globe are too good Autumn sorts, which also furnish excellent greens for early Spring use.

The yellow Ruta Baga, and the sweet German or white Ruta Baga, when well grown, are most desirable late sorts of these two, the last is the best—when true.

Of Sweet Herbs every garden should contain Sage, sweet Basil, sweet Marjoram, summer Savory, and Thyme, and these are about all that are required for culinary use.

This list of vegetables might have been made to embrace twice the number of sorts, which differ slightly from these in shape, but it contains all that is really needed. There have been in fact very few desirable varieties added of late to those in cultivation ten years since, and it is better to see that you get the old leading sorts fresh and pure than to be on the look out for novelties, which nine times out of ten are not as good.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], March 10, 1860, p. 335, c. 2-3 copy page

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], March 17, 1860, p. 344, c. 2

Choice Double Petunias.

Double-flowered Petunias are of very recent introduction, and exceedingly interesting. They do not bloom so profusely as the single varieties but their novelty is very exciting. We do not claim for them the merits that some have done; “As large as roses, and nearly as fragrant.”—

The following are the very best:

Imperialis, white.

Imperialis Purpura, pale purple.

Eclinda, rose pink.

Van Houttil, pale lilac.

Azora, white, with violet shaded.

Dr. Lindley, purple.

Red Cross Banner, dark purple.

The most beautiful single variety is *Petunia inimitable*, bright purple, marbled with pure white.—[Buist's Almanac.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], April 7, 1860, p. 366, c. 4

Sugar Culture in Texas.

Mr. S. B. Buckley, who is writing a series of interesting letters to the *Country Gentleman* [fold in paper] the productiveness of a Texas sugar plantation:

Mr. McNeel is said to be one of the best managing sugar planters in Texas, having from six to seven hundred acres in cane, which is here planted anew once in three years; but to equalize the work, one-third of the ground is replanted each year. Some planters replant their ground only once in four years. The planting begins from the middle to the last of January, with joints of cane. It is said that cane has never matured its seed, either in the United States or Cuba. The planting is here done in drills seven feet apart—but in Louisiana the distance between the rows is often less by one or two feet. There, also, a hogshead of 1,000 pounds of sugar is considered a good yield for an acre, but as much as one and a half hogsheads are occasionally grown. Here two hogsheads of 1,200 pounds each have been made from an acre in one season. Of course this is an extra amount, the average in good seasons being from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds of sugar per acre. Two barrels of molasses to a hogshead of sugar is the general proportion. The cane is worked with the plow until the last of June or the first of July, when its tops meet and shade the ground so as to prevent the growth of weeds the crop is “laid by.” The grinding of cane commences from the 10th to the 20th of November, and lasts until it is time to plow for a new crop. One acre of cane will replant six, which is generally saved at the commencement of cutting in the field for fear of frost, which commonly comes and destroys a large proportion of the crops, as was the cane this season. Dry and cold weather are the great drawbacks upon the profits of sugar making, which otherwise be much more profitable than the cultivation of cotton; besides, to carry on the latter business, a much less investment of capital is required. I have read of the severe labor required on a sugar plantation—how that the negroes were worked to death, and had to be renewed every few years. So far from this being the case, the average length of life among the sugar-planting negroes is greater than that of the whites, and negroes prefer that business to the making of cotton. On Mr. McNeel's plantation “old Daddy Prince” died a few years ago, aged 101 years, and there is now living there “Jim Grandpa,” a long gray-bearded patriarch upwards of 90 years old, surrounded by great great grandchildren. This old negro has been “laid by,” and not worked for Mr. McNeel during the last thirty years. All of Mr. N.'s negro houses are of brick, plastered and well-furnished. I was in one for four persons, which cost \$2,000. Mr. M. is a true philosopher, who has discovered that he can realize the greatest amount of happiness in making all his dependants [sic] cheerful and comfortable. He deserves

no credit for this. It is for his interest pecuniarily; and at the same time renders his home pleasant, by surrounding it with smiling appurtenances, all of which tend to increase the sum total of his enjoyment. There is a happiness in doing good—there is a pleasure in making others happy.

S. B. Buckley.

Brazoria Co., Texas, Jan. 1860.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], May 26, 1860, p. 6, c. 2

Dogs Vs. Sheep.

A correspondent who resides in clay County Ga., says that he has been many years trying to raise a flock of sheep, but “the dogs and mean people are so savage on them” he is about to turn over what he has left to a man to keep on shares. He has had as many as seven hundred head some years, and one hundred and fifty killed in twelve months. He now wishes to purchase a few good Cotswold sheep; and we are unable to tell him where they can be had. It is hardly creditable to the intelligence of the “Empire State of the South,” that it does so much to prevent the increase of sheep by allowing every man, whether “mean” or not, to keep as many half-tamed and half-starved wolves as he pleases, without any tax whatever. As wolves and dogs breed together perfectly, all naturalists now agree in regarding them as only varieties of one species; so that dogs are tame wolves, and often wolves made more vicious by leaving the vices, cunning and crimes of their biped masters. The editor has had to sell his flock of sheep because tame wolves destroyed them in the day time when feeding in their pastures. A reasonable tax on dogs to cover losses of this kind, would soon remedy the evil here as it did in the State of New York.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], June 9, 1860, p. 23, c. 2

Color of Houses.—We should recommend the body color of the house to be of a light cream; the cornices of the house and of the verandah, and verandah posts and rails, of that tint of brown which is displayed by the newly opened chesnut [sic]; the styles of the doors and Venitian [sic] shutters two shades darker of the same color; and the panels of the doors, and the slats of the shutters, and vertical slats of the verandah, two shades deeper still. With regard to the fences and out-buildings, they should be of a graver neutral tint, and should, in all cases, be subordinated to the main dwelling. Another general rule may here be advanced in conclusion: In the midst of foliage, keep the tone color of the house, of the lightest possible of neutral tints; but when the house is more open and exposed, subdue the tone of color to correspond and make up for the want of bowring foliage, by deep verandahs.—[Rural Register.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], June 9, 1860, p. 23, c. 2

Papering Rooms.—“In a complete Cottage Villa, the hall will be grave and simple in character, a few plain seats its principal furniture; the library sober and dignified, or learned and bookish in its air; the dining room cheerful, with a hospitable sideboard and table; the drawing room lively or brilliant, adorned with pictures and other objects of art, and evincing more elegance and gaiety of tone in its colors and management.”—Downing.

We have seen the prettiest effects produced by the following means: The hall was papered with oak paper, in panels; the wood work, doors, sash, mouldings [sic], &c., being grained of a slightly darker shade of oak, and the whole neatly varnished; a geometrically figured

oil cloth of three colors: brown, stone color, and white, covered the floor; whilst the furniture consisted simply of two walnut chairs of a Gothic pattern, and a table and hat-rack of a similar style. the library was papered, also, with panelled [sic] oak; furnished with book-cases of grained walnut, walnut chairs and writing table, and with a carpet of small Mosaic pattern, in which the brown tint predominated. The living room was papered with plain paper, of the tint of the falling leaf—or rather, of that color of green which everybody will recognize as peculiar to the freshly wilted blade of Indian corn—three inches wide, and composed of two colors only: a deep green and a subdued brown. The walls so papered, were varnished, to preserve the delicacy of the color and for the purpose of washing them over when they became dusty or fly stained. This work was done four years ago, and although the paper has been washed over every spring, it looks as fresh and perfect as when it was first put on. The parlor was also papered with plain, smooth paper, of a light blossom color; the border being heavy and of fine contrasting colors: deep crimson and green. All the interior wood work was grained to resemble oak, and varnished. The only exception being the washboards, which were marbled in imitation of Egyptian black marble.—[Rural Register.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], October 20, 1860, p. 173, c. 1

Chewing Gum.

Trifling as the subject may appear, yet it is of importance. If it is of importance to have sound teeth in middle life and old age, proper pre[]tion muse be used in childhood. The habit of chewing gum is like applying small air-pumps to the bases of the teeth. When the gum is separated from the teeth, it forms a vacuum between itself and the teeth, and the consequence is a violent strain on the dental nerves. Bad results may not show themselves immediately, but the boy or girl who indulges in the habit may calculate on having rotten teeth when in the prime of life. Nor is this all. The habit, like tobacco-chewing, induces an unnatural flow of the humours [sic] toward the mouth, where it must be ejected as saliva. This is bad enough when it can be ejected; but when from sickness or other causes the habit must be discontinued, the result may be, and no doubt has been, fatal.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], October 20, 1860, p. 175, c. 4

Flowers for Christmas.

In the windows of sitting-rooms may be had, at Christmas, Hyacinths, narcissus, Jonquils, Tulips, and Lily of the Valley forced, *Leucojum vernum*, Scillas, Crocuses, Snowdrops, &c., slightly accelerated after the flower buds are visible; Scarlet and Unique Geraniums, Violets of all kinds, Mignonette, Chinese Primroses, Cyclomens, Common Polyanthuses, Primroses, and Single Wallflowers kept under protection. Shrubs should be confined to Camellias, Dophnes, Coronellas and China Roses.* * *

The first thing to be done, if you want a fine display at Christmas or the New Year, is to get in a good supply of bulbs as early as you can get them.* * * A four-inch pot will do for a nice Hyacinth bulb, and a five-inch for a strong Narcissus, and a four or five-inch pot for three of the VanThol and other Early Tulips. * * * Use rich, sandy loam; give good drainage by crooks at the bottom of the pot, and leave a little of the bulb above the

soil. Then select a dry, elevated place, out of doors, and there place your pots and cover with six inches of ashes, old tan, or anything of the kind, so that the bulbs will slowly imbibe moisture and the roots be protruded. Heavy rains should be avoided by covering the bed. A dampish, dark cellar is a good substitute, or the bottom of a cupboard, if the floor is kept dampish and a sprinkling of damp moss is kept over the bulbs. No watering will be needed to the soil, but the damp ground and the dampish covering will give all the moisture that the bulbs need.

Managed by either of these modes, in November many of the pots will be crammed with roots, and the flower-stem will be showing from the bulb. Select the forwardest of these for forcing. It is of no use trying forcing before this rooting takes place. The front of a hot bed rising from 65° to 75°, and with a top heat commencing with 50° and rising to 65°, is the best place for them. The grass must be shaded from sunshine, gradually giving light until the young leaves become quite green. Plunge the pot a little at first, and then to the rim, but prevent the roots getting out at the bottom. Under such circumstances little water will be needed until the flower-stem is rising well, though, of course, the soil should not be dry, but if the plunging medium is moist, it is best as yet not to saturate the soil.* * * * * When the florets are rising well, raise the pot out of the bed and in a few days remove to the greenhouse or window. Some of our friends, with nothing but their cupboards and a kitchen fire, manage to have Hyacinths early in January and distribute some to their friends, but they attend to them with care and nicety, and make a little sawdust and warm water the substitute for the hot bed.—[Cottage Gardener.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA, July 6, 1861, p. 52, c. 5

[For the Southern Field and Fireside.]
Extracts from the Diary of a
Southern Physician.

For one third of a century I have been pursuing “the even tenor of my way,” in the laborious, and by no means lucrative, practice of my profession. And yet as I look over my ledger at debts unpaid, and names of debtors who have paid the last great debt, memory brings up forms long forgotten and now mouldering [sic] in the grave, with whom, in days of yore, I have taken sweet counsel, and whose tried and valued friendship I have ever esteemed. What, then, if some did not pay? I will take the sweet kernel [sic] from the bitter shell, and find pay enough in the relief I have given, the good I trust I have done, the warm friendships I have made, and the comfortable daily bread with which the bounteous Giver of all supplies me. I have always kept a diary, in order the more carefully to record my medical views, and to leave to those who follow me something to cheer a saddened hour and relieve a weary rainy day. It was not written for publication, but I have thought possibly the readers of the paper would relish some of the experiences of a Country Physician.

I live in a small town in Virginia, which must be nameless now, but which bears an historic name, both of the past and of the future. It has seen two struggles for independence, and in this last, is likely to be no common place. So much for my introduction to the reader.

In the month of September, 18--, I was called to go some twelve miles to see a sick person, and as the reader can be introduced thus to the heroes and heroines of this story, I ask them to go with me.

It was in the middle of the night, a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered the road, never

good, very bad, and locomotion slow. The clouds, however, had broken away, and the moon in all of her glory had come forth to light me on my weary road. So gathering up my reins and speaking to my noble mare, who promptly responded to the call, I moved on, as rapidly as circumstances would allow, to fulfill my errand.

Just at sunrise I neared the river, the beautiful Shenandoah, and as I reached a hill overlooking it, I checked my horse, to admire the beautiful scene, which broke upon my view. At my feet rolled the beautiful stream, its murmuring waters a fitting requiem to the brave spirits who had lived and hunted on its banks. On the other side was the beautiful Blue Ridge, rising up as it were from the river, and even at a less distance than a mile, retaining the bluey veil, from which it derives its name, its sides were covered with foliage, and the frost which had but just touched the leaves, gave every ting and colour [sic] of the rainbow.

For miles the river might be seen wandering among the hills, seemingly tearing them from their mother mountain, and giving the most beautiful landscape which it has ever been my fortune to see.

Around me on every side was the luxuriant growth of these fertile hills, the grass and waving corn refreshed by the rain, while from the branches of the trees the drops of water hung like dewdrops, courting the first kiss from the rising sun.

And there he comes,—rejoicing like a strong man to run a race little by little, degree by degree, he rises from behind the mountain and, by his bright rays sent everywhere, proclaims the day begun.

All this I saw in a moment, but never tiring, I still paused to view and admire, praising the greatness and majesty of Him who made all things; but awaking from my dream, I rode on to the house, which was but a short distance off, and throwing the rein to one of the gang of children who gathered around “*the Doctor*,” I paid my professional visit and went to the family mansion to receive a hearty Virginia welcome to breakfast.

The family consisted of only three persons, the host, a fine old-fashioned Virginia gentleman, whose hearty laugh, as he “welcomed the coming and sped the parting guest,” made you feel at once at home and as if you had known him for years. Fifty winters had passed over his head, but, except occasionally a grey hair, or a slight wrinkle, time had dwelt lightly with him, as always with those who take her as they find her.

His wife was quite a different character: she was a good woman—in her way; had received her share of life’s blessings, and with a devoted husband and a loving daughter to smooth the evening of her days, she ought to have been happy. But she was not; she belonged to the class of pickles, not preserves, and gave the impression as you looked upon her, that she had become thoroughly saturated with vinegar, or to change the figure, she

“Like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,

Tormenting himself with his prickles.”

and thus delighting in her own unhappiness, she was never satisfied that any one should enjoy himself.

But this dark side of the family picture was illuminated by a bright sunbeam in the person of a lovely daughter of just nineteen summers. If nature had been lavish in vinegar with the mother, surely she had put up this parcel with a profusion of every sweet. She was not pretty, and yet no one could look upon her fine form, lighted up as by her grey eyes, which in turn were shaded by beautiful lashes. Without wishing to look again; and no one could be with her an hour, without seeing that the ruling passion of her life, was disinterested devotion to others—a beauty of character which few have, and all admire. Such was Virginia L----

A physician and minister are always welcome everywhere in their particular beat; and the fifth seat at breakfast was prepared for me, while the fourth was occupied by a young gentleman of the neighborhood, who I believed then was the lover of Virginia.

The meal passed in discussion of the topics usual, politics, the crops, gardens and poultry yards, and being finished, Mr. L. and myself discussed an old Virginia pipe, and walked around to see the stock, &c.

When we returned to the house we found our hostess waiting for us with a particularly vinegary smile, and then I was informed, as a friend of the family, of the engagement which I suspected already.

“I do not know what she wants to get married for; she is a great deal better single,” says Mrs. L.

“Only, my dear,” answered her husband, “because it is a part of the nature of your sex never to be satisfied.”

I wondered at the temerity, and a glance at the *cruet*, showed that if vinegar possessed the power, his days were numbered; but as she could not annihilate by a look, a man who pertinaciously drummed upon the table, and sent curl after curl of smoke aloft, she did what was next best, went off into hysterics, seeing the preparations for which I hastily took my leave. I found Virginia in the arbour [sic], as I left the grounds, and she told me, what her face showed, that disease was working upon her frame. I prescribed for her, and promising to see her again, hastened on to avoid the storm, which was now raging in all of its fury at the house.

A few days after I returned and found my patient worse, even ill. The anxious friends hung upon my every word and look; deep grief was pictured upon every face, and only the intolerable mother could find time for selfish complaints, “in case nobody pitied her,” as if hers was the only heart to be lacerated.

At last the crisis came and was safely passed, and she was better, out of danger, relying only upon her strong constitution to bear her through. But now comes the point of my story, which I confess, has been reached through dull detail and uninteresting narrative.

One evening during her convalescence, tired and worn out by a long day’s ride, I turned my horse at eventide towards her father’s, having promised to stay there all night. I struck into my accustomed road, several miles below the town where I resided, and as I rode through a long narrow valley, I gave my horse the rein and fell asleep; suddenly I awoke and saw before me the figure of Virginia L. riding upon a horse. I rubbed my eyes and shook my head, but it was no delusion; there she was, dressed in white, and with every appearance of nature. I do not know that I am less timid than other men, but I struck my horse with the spur and urged him towards, what I could not decide, whether reality or an illusion; but as I approached, it vanished. Surprised beyond measure, I drew my watch and noted the time; it lacked ten minutes of nine o’clock.

I rode on rapidly and as I approached the house, the inconsolable wail which broke upon my ears, convinced me that all was over. I had missed the messenger who had been dispatched for me, and arrived now too late to do more than offer my sympathies.

I asked what time she had died? “Five minutes to nine o’clock,” was the reply. I compared my watch with the house time, and it was five minutes slower than Mrs. L’s watch. Just, then, *at the moment when I had seen the appearance four miles off, her spirited had passed to heaven.*

Now, account for this as you please, reader, it is true, and you may call it spiritualism, magnetism, sleep, or what you will, I have never been able to say what it was; and I confess,

while not very superstitious, I have never been able to tell the tale to any, without a cold shudder running through my system.

Why should I tell of the grief of that household? Of the brave old heart, whose idol had been removed; or of the manly spirit, who had looked forward to support her upon his strong bosom, when the church should give him the right; or of the unhappy mother, who in all her grief lost the sympathy of her friends, by her eternal complaints of the peculiar hardness of her lot?

We laid her in the corner of the church yard, a simple head-board, stating her name and recounting her worth, to mark the spot; and flowers grow upon her grave, placed by orphan hands, and watered by the grateful tears of those to whom in life she was a friend.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 3, 1861, p. 83, c. 3

Prepare for the Soldier.

“In time of peace, prepare for war” is an adage the wisdom of which history has established. How much more, then, should we, with war upon us—a war in which we are to be the victors or submit to extermination—how much more, we say, should we prepare for the contingency of a protracted struggle. We are among the few who, however unwise they may seem, believe us when we think good grounds, that the war can not continue to the close of this year—unless we fail in every calculation we have made respecting the results of the first great battle that is fought. But we should, nevertheless, make our preparations as though there were no prospect of a speedy termination of the conflict. We should get ready for a long war—and to do this involves a great deal of work, that becomes more difficult as time progresses.

Those who fight our battles should receive our most diligent care. They are exposed to peculiar hardships, and their wants will make an incessant demand for our labour [sic] and money. They must have a ready supply of food and clothing—as winter approaches they must receive garments and covering capable of protecting them in bad weather—hats, shoes, socks, underclothing, tents, blankets, must be constantly supplied, as the constantly recurring demand for these articles, mostly perishable, may arise. Medicines and hospital stores must be provided for the sick. A constant supply of all these must be kept up—and yet, it may be, that the supply of material for furnishing them—thread, cloth, leather, etc., may be all the while growing more and more scant. We are now thrown entirely upon our own resources, and we must use every available means of meeting the demands of what may be a protracted contest.

It is a source of pride and of pleasure to see the zeal and alacrity which Southern women have exhibited in meeting the claims upon their patriotic efforts in behalf of the soldier. They deserve all praise, and the remembrance of their approval and labour [sic] will nerve their defenders in the hour of battle. But as long as the soldier is in the field, as long is their task incomplete; for the work they have done is but a specimen of what they must yet do, till the war is ended—do, perhaps, under circumstances of peculiar disadvantage. We will not suggest that zeal may abate or pecuniary aid diminish—but the condition of trade and the inconvenience arising from the blockade must be felt in a thousand ways, even by our lady patriots. They will find work to do to which they have long been unaccustomed. The spinning wheel and the loom must again become household articles. The crochet needles must be displaced by the old fashioned knitting needles. The kitchen, where the stores for the sick are to be prepared, must be a place of favourite [sic] resort, and become the theatre of many a culinary triumph over unprecedented embarrassments.

We would modestly suggest, that in every community the ladies would act by concert in giving their valuable aid to the volunteers. The first object should be so to divide their labours [sic] and proportion their supplies as to quality and quantity, that their labours [sic] may be most serviceable in procuring a sufficiency and a proper variety of stores for their friends. Let the supply be of serviceable articles—nicknacks will be dispensed with—delicacies should go only to the sick. By such concert of action, having ascertained from the Captains of their companies who have left their respective counties, what the soldiers from any one county may need that they can forward within, say, six months, the supply may be had by dividing out the work and enlisting ladies all over the county in that service. So the task will not fall on the few collected in the villages, towns and cities, find if there be ladies who are not fortunate enough to have their county men in the field, they can, nevertheless, go to work and knit socks and make underclothes and provide sheets and towels and bed-ticks and pillow cases for the hospitals, and send them to the nearest town or county association.

In short, this is a time in which we all can find work to do. Our institutions, our liberty, all that we hold dear are threatened; and we have no option but to surrender them, or defend them till the enemy is driven back, or we have perished in the effort. None but unworthy cravens can think for a moment of a surrender. Let us conquer or die. But we cannot conquer without toil and sacrifice, such perhaps as we never yet dreamed of, and to conquer, all must do what they can. Women and even children are not “exempts” in this war, and to them we appeal to make ample provision to meet the wants of the soldier, even through the rigours [sic] of a winter campaign. Thus the war, dreadful as it is in many aspects, will have produced a good effect, in arousing all the people from apathy, in inducing habits of industry and economy, in awaking the dormant love of country and all the noble feelings that attend a strife for imperiled liberties—and at its close, we trust, we shall find ourselves advancing to a glorious and useful future upon a higher lane of virtue and enterprise than that upon which we have heretofore been making progress.—S. C. Advocate.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 17, 1861, p. 100, c. 1

The Winter—Our Soldiers.

The question of supplying our soldiers with winter clothing is beginning to attract considerable and commendable attention. The South must depend mainly on herself for clothing materials during this war. While her magnificent crops will supply a large surplus of breadstuffs and food above the demand for home consumption, it is possible that the blockade of our ports may continue up to the season when our volunteers in the field will require heavy woollen [sic] goods to protect them against the inclemency of winter.

We endorse the expression of a Nashville cotemporary who says that every loom in the Confederate States ought to be busy to supply this necessary demand. We can work for our country as well at the plow handle and at the loom as in the tented field. Our woollen factories are too few to depend upon them for the fabrics that will be necessary to supply the demands that are now near at hand.

Every private loom and every fair hand that can direct should now ply with unceasing care until we are satisfied that there is not a soldier unclad among our gallant men. It is an act of patriotism which may be done, in main part, by our fair countrywomen, that we are sure they will not neglect when their attention is properly directed to it.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 17, 1861, p. 100, c. 2-4
Summary: Description of the Georgia Lunatic Asylum.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 17, 1861, p. 100, c. 4

Women of the C. S. A.

We would direct attention to the appeal of 'An Alabama Matron,' addressed to mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the Confederate States. It is no trifling suggestion that females may act in an important part in the passing contest. There is an indirect way in which they may participate in it, in perfect consistency with their position in life, and the retiring unobtrusiveness that most becomes them. It has been well remarked that the present is peculiarly the time for the offices of 'man's ministering angel.' There are many ways in which this may be carried, out, and doing as much for the cause in the relief of the suffering troops as men to in inflicting punishment to our enemies.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE [AUGUSTA, GA], August 24, 1861, p. 107, c. 2

Our Texas Correspondence.

El Paso, Texas, July 22, 1861.

Some of the many readers of *The Southern Field and Fireside* may derive pleasure from reading a letter from this portion of our beloved Confederacy. It is true, that we are at one extremity, thousands of miles from the great heart of our new-born nation, yet every pulsation is as strong, every artery as full, as though we were children of the Old Dominion. But I will defer giving expression to our feelings on the war topic until the country between there and San Antonio has been described. The command under Major Waller left the latter place on the third of June, with provisions for forty days, no forage being allowed our horses, they being expected to pick up enough green during the night to travel on the next day. Nothing in the formation of the country, the size of the timber or the luxuriance and beauty of the prairie flowers, deserve particular notice, until you reach the first crossing of Devil's river. It is a mile from where the road enters the canon to the opposite bank, and when I looked at it, down, down its rough, rocky sides, I had no idea I would ever see a more fearful spectacle; was certain at least half the wagons would be broken, but not an accident occurred.

About half way up, on the west side, is a stage stand. Here three or four men find dismal employment in taking care of the mules belonging to the mail line. They never carry them to water, nor to green, for the Comanches, ever on the alert, would be certain to stampede them. We camped at the Painted Cave, thus named because some Indian artist left various coloured [sic] specimens of his skill on the face of the rock. One of the boys was wounded here; dropped his six shooter, the hammer striking on a stone, it exploded, the ball entering his arm near the shoulder. The hammer should never rest on the cap.

The face of the country now began to change. For miles and miles it seemed one vast bed of rock, covered over with dark, volcanic-looking pieces, between which a few thorn bushes, a foot high, found a little nourishment. At Fort Hudson we again struck Devil's river, and the road followed the bed of the stream for several days. Did any of you ever travel from Mobile to Montgomery in the winter, when the stage line was in operation? If so, you have a faint idea of

the *via diabola*. The Mexican name of this river is San Pedro, or Peter, though if it is at all typical of him, they had better get another patron. Two days of hard travel brought us to the Rio Pecos—the most remarkable river in the Confederate States.—Just before reaching Fort Lancaster, which is situated down in the valley, a view never to be forgotten, is spread out in all its grand magnificence, for the wearied eye to gaze and feast upon. Standing upon the brink of the chasm, it seems almost impossible for horsemen and wagons and stages to go down by that road to the Fort. Ten feet in width; a few rocks thrown up as a parapet on the left hand side; if a wagon should topple over, 'twould fall nearly a thousand feet. 'Tis about five times that distance from the top to the bottom. As far as the eye can reach, the valley of the Pecos extends to the northwards—barren, cheerless and desolate. Thirty feet in width, crooked and deep, of a chocolate colour [sic], and a sickening taste, it winds its loathsome way to the Rio Grande.

The Deon [?] Holes are the next objects of curiosity; over six hundred feet of rope, with a heavy weight, failed to reach the bottom. The holes are about thirty yards in diameter, the water is brackish, and of a dark bluish-green colour [sic]. It is said the water rises and falls once in twenty-four hours. Like the Pecos, it does not quench thirst, but rather aggravates it.—On the fourth day after leaving the holes, the road turns sharply to the left, and seems to terminate in the side of the mountain. This is the entrance to Wild-rose Pass. High up on either side, large masses of iron-stone, piled one above another, with clefts and caves, it seemed the fit abode of infernal spirits, or real Appaches [sic]; while further on, long columns of the same, balanced one on the other, hundreds of feet in height, appeared like grim Cyclops, placed to guard the Pass, and disdainingly to leave their posts, were petrified by the lapse of ages. Roses and honeysuckles, and innumerable flowers, classless and nameless, here shed their fragrance to these men of stone. On leaving this canon, we entered a Praire [sic]-Dog city, and for thirty or forty miles on either side of the road they have completely undermined the earth. This is one of their largest towns.

We now began to suffer for water; only three little holes in a hundred miles; our horses jaded, and several large trains of emigrants, with thousands of cattle just far enough ahead to drink and muddy all the water. But a kind Providence, seeing our necessities, sent us several abundant showers.

After thirty-three days of constant travel, weary in mind and body, we reached this place. The green trees, ripening fruit, voices of women, all seemed conspiring to make us believe we were in Paradise. But the illusion vanishes in a few days—the trees were cottonwood, the fruit no better than that at home, the women are yellow and ugly, and their voices not half so sweet as the little “singing birds” we left behind. God bless them, they are coming nobly forward now in their country's call, in this her hour of trouble.

Forty-five miles north of here, the enemy, five or six hundred strong, and receiving reinforcements all the time, are fitting up Fort Fillmore, to give us a warm reception. We have four hundred, under Lieutenant-colonel Baylor, and although they outnumber us, and are fortified up, we will give them a fight. Ten of the boys from Houston captured one of their Lieutenants—Stith by name—and six men, the other day. When I write again, if I am so fortunate as to be alive, and you receive my letter, it will tell of Fort Fillmore captured, or four hundred men will never return to their wives and children.

Respectfully your friend,

Sigma.

[For the Southern Field and Forest.]
A Response from Middle Georgia
To Mrs. A. R. C., Mrs. H. and E. L. S.

Three of us, Carrie, Jennie, and I, sat together one lovely morning, a few weeks since, busily engaged stitching on soldiers' clothes.

"Have you seen the last FIELD AND FIRESIDE?" enquired Jennie.

"Yes," said I, "and it is suggested that we have a Southern Magazine."

"Yes," said Carrie, tugging at her needle, "we need one, we wish one, and will and shall have one."

"Three cheers," said Jeanie, enthusiastically clapping her little hands, "for the Southern Magazine, and the dear ladies that have originated the idea!"

"Send a voice from Georgia, Lizzie," said Carrie, and forthwith I fell into a muse.

The work is before us, and we can and will do it. Not as a voice from this grand old Empire State, but only as an echo from one of its little towns, I send, dear ladies, a word of cheer and encouragement for your noble enterprise. May the "red old hills of Georgia," which inspired one of Georgia's distinguished statesmen to sing their praise years ago, and many a note, to be caught up again and re-echoed from the seashore, till every daughter of genius in this land of flowers, poetry, and talent, shall awaken to her true work, and set forth with a determined heart of fire and nerves of steel, in the accomplishing her part in building up our national literature. It is time we threw off the shackles of a wretched, contaminating Northern literature, and had one, pure, holy, and beautiful, and national, of our own.

The, onward to the work! I bid you Godspeed. We are weary of stale, silly old Godey, who has repeated and re-repeated the silly nothings of his worn-out contributors from month to month and year to year, since I can remember, and, even now, has its leading story a libel on the South.

There is originality enough about us, in the peculiarity of Southern scenery, the glorious beauty of our landscapes, the refinement of our social life, and the simplicity of our republican customs.

The fields of botany are ripe for the *devote* of Flora, to begin her operations; rich are our grand old forests in floral treasures, unparalleled in loveliness. Waterfalls, lakes, Indian remains, river, fields, mountains, children, negroes, churches, social customs—all our surroundings, in fact, are inspiring theories [?] for the pen of genius.

Then we have soil consecrated by the blood of our ancestors, who struggled against England's haughty nobles for our liberty; soils rendered classic by the legends of the heroic deeds of the noble dead. Tales of wonder are still told that are hair-raising in their thrilling effect. Need we go to the insolent North, or our old enemy, England, for our literature? Or to infidel France for the best method of putting on our bonnets, or expanding our skirts, shaping our sleeves, or adorning our parlours [sic]? It is time *Southern* gentlewomen decided these feminine matters for themselves, and learning wisdom from the fate of our enemies, avoid for our children, the dangerous shoals of skepticism and infidelity, so rife in German, French, and English writers. For who may say, but the [] and insanity of the North may not be attributed, in a measure, to the effect of impure European influences?

We have children to bring up. We need a pure literature which draws its greatest inspiration from the truths of vital religion. Let us set about it with an earnest purpose. Let God inspire the thoughts of this fair [] through the influence of the beautiful world []ing above

us, which He has made, and take the weak things to build up a monument for national good and glory, even as He builds the isles of the sea by the wee coral insects.

Mine is a feeble pen, but, with all the earnestness of my heart, I say I will aid, in every way I can, a Southern Magazine.

Let us, then, be up and doing, that our Magazine, baptised [sic] as it were in the blood of our noble braves who have fallen in our country's cause, and consecrated by the tears of our Southern women, may come forth pure and beautiful, a gift worthy the sons of the South from her determined, self-sacrificing daughters.

'Labour [sic], all labour [sic] is noble and holy,' much more so this labour [sic] born of our love of country and of our children's interest. Above the roll of the morning reveille, the roar of artillery, and the clash of arms, let the still small voice of woman be heard through the pen speaking in persuasive accents to the youth of our country, of all that is noble in life, all exalted, high moral worth, that should be the aim of our future statesmen and mothers.

Surely, dear ladies, ours is a momentous work. Let us not fold our hands and sit idly or despairingly down, when there is so much to be done, and we plainly see woman's hands will have the work to do. Let our Magazine go forth to gladden the heart of the soldier, and amuse the intolerable *ennui* of his hours of inaction, by the genial, noble teaching of those he is willing to lay down his life to save from the cruelties of a ruthless foe.

This is no time to dream dreams. Our literature will bear the impress of the correctness of this age. Labour [sic] and action are the watchwords of the times in which we live. Female colleges abound in our sunny land. Bands of bright girls are educated annually. Why do we not see more brilliant essays and sweet heart strains of poetry from these young collegians? Can they sit down with their talent folded away in a napkin? Fear they not the displeasures of the Lord, when He shall come and find they have not improved what He has so beneficently given them?

Faithless are they in their Creator if they do not use, in the service of all that is noble and good, the education they have been so fortunate as to receive.

Labour [sic] while it is day, the night cometh when none can work—what thy hands find to do, do quickly. Now is the time to achieve our mental emancipation from our '*cultivated*' enemies. Our very Sabbath School literature is the offspring of wretched, unprincipled people who pander when they write to the free thinking, infidel school of philosophers, of which Emerson [sic] is chief apostle, and who write for *our children* books filled with vile caricatures of our own Southern land and its institutions, and ridicule (even in Sunday School books) the manners and social customs of our outraged people (If any doubt, I will quote.) Away with such a literature; better the maxim of Mr. Jefferson, that 'he who is simply ignorant, is wiser than the one that believes error,' than to be taught by those who profess to believe their own dogmas to be 'higher law' than God's written word.

Respectfully,
Mrs. E. S. W.

Griffin, Ga.

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FOREST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 1, 1862, p. 250, c. 2-4

[For the Southern Field and Fireside.]

The Meddleton
Soldier's Aid Association.

It is but an act of simple justice to the patriotic citizens of Meddleton, the “Southern Confederacy,” and the world in general, to give at least a brief account of the “Meddleton Soldier’s Aid Society, or Association.” “Posters” had invited “the *Ladies* of Meddleton and vicinity” to meet at the Town Hall at 10 ½ o’clock, A. M., on Monday, June 3rd. The gentlemen of the place, *being opposed to secret Societies*, or from some *patriotic* motives, (not by *any means* from *curiosity*, as to our object in assembling—oh no!) slipped quietly in and occupied the back seats in the building. We couldn’t be impolite, and request them to leave the room, so we did the next best thing, and made them useful. After a whispered consultation among some of the ladies and gentlemen, Esq. Roberts was requested to state the ‘object of the meeting,’ viz.: “to form a society for the making of garments, for every volunteer from the village and county.” To shorten the story, at the next meeting, the “Committee” reported a “Constitution and Bye-Laws,” and an election for officers was held, with the following results: Mrs. Langston, President—Mrs. Thompson and Miss Araminta Higgins, Vice Presidents—Mrs. Stephen Anderson, Treasurer—Miss Jennie Fielding, Secretary. The Pres. then appointed various “Committees,”—and thus our ‘Association’ was organized.

The “Meddleton Guards” had been in Virginia two or three weeks, when the society was formed, and another company was in process of formation. The members of the Society rented a large room, in which the cutting was done, and where the ladies agreed to meet to sew. Their “sewing room” soon became the rendezvous for all the loungers and gossips in Meddleton. We hired the village tailor, an Englishman, fond of “the joyful” and scarcely less fond of making quotations from “the poet,” meaning thereby none other than the “Bard of Avon.” Mr. Owens was a *picture*, when, with his green shade pushed back on his iron-grey locks—minus coat and shoes—and huge shears in hand, he would recite some passage from his favorite poet—with an air worthy the ‘brigand’ of a strolling theatrical troupe. He chewed constantly, only pausing occasionally to comment on the sayings and doings of others.

Not all the spirits were harmonious in the Society, and Miss Araminta was leader of the “malcontents,” seconded by Miss Jemima Grubb, a strapping country girl, with red hair, freckled skin, and a face that Clem Howard (the sauciest little witch in the State) called “*horsey*.” Clem and I had privately dubbed them “The Hawks,”—as every piece of sewing when completed was subjected to their keen eyes, and the stitches pulled by Miss Araminta’s long, bony fingers, until it was a wonder they did not break. The Misses Hobbs, or as they called themselves, the *Miss Hobbses*, were not unimportant members. The silent, Miss Martha Ann, more familiarly known as “Puss,” was a quiet, plain person, but Miss Kitty was noisy, and full of curiosity. Miss Kitty was tall and angular, with hair, eyes and complexion of an indeterminate neutral tint, and eyelids suggestive of ophthalmia. She affected Mona Livingston’s style of dress, that is she wore bright colors, &c. Mona was a tall, graceful brunette, with large, luminous eyes, that could flash like summer lightning; though kind and obliging, her manner had a slight degree of hauteur, not unbecoming her stately beauty. She loved to wear bright, lively colors, that while they suited her admirably, would subject ordinary looking women to the charge of being “flashy.” The Hobbs family kept no servant, the young ladies assisting their mother in household and kitchen duties. Frequently one would come, informing us that “Sister had dinner to cook.”

On one occasion, when Miss Kitty has remained at home “to wash and starch,” she made her appearance dressed in a manner that amused us no little. She wore a very bright, much soiled pink berage, beflounced to the waist, with a gay yellow sash. On her neck, a string, or half a dozen strings of imitation red coral beads, clasped in front by a miniature steamboat! Pendant from her large ears were dangling ornaments resembling small brass door-nobs [sic]; while her

hair was arranged “a la Eugenie,” with the ends of the black [back?] hair protruding, and a “net” on the back of her head, that was originally blue, but not being of “anti-Macassar” materials had long lost its beauty. Mr. Owens looked up, and growled,

“Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.”

“Mr. Owens has got the wrong quotation,” suggested Clem, to Mona and I, “it runs this way—“*neat*, but not *gaudy*.” as the monkey said when he painted himself blue.” Mona gave a hasty rap with her little foot, and set the sewing machine in rapid motion as Miss Kitty came up, taking a seat by us. She espied Mona’s work basket; forthwith taking possession she proceeded to inspect the contents. She took out the dainty gold thimble, and after trying to fit it on each finger successively, succeeded in *pointing* it on the tip of the fourth. The next thing was the inquiry, “what is this ‘ere thimble made of, Miss Mony, gold, or *bruss* washed over?”

“Gold,” was the brief response.

“What did you pay for it?” was the next question.

“It was a gift,” curtly replied Mona.

Now, my friend Mona is fastidiously refined—Clem says “touchy” and knowing this, I tried to divert Miss Kitty’s attention—but in vain. She took up a small mother-of-pearl portmonaie.

“Well, this is the shiniest horn ever I seen,” followed by the query, “what did it cost?” Her only answer was a faster movement of the machine.

Not all abashed, Miss Kitty opened the “portmonaie,” and counted the money in it. Having satisfied herself as to the state of Mona’s funds, she next took up a silver fruit-knife, and deliberately pared and eat a tempting peach, that Clem had brought to Mona. When Miss Kitty had finished eating, she coolly picked her teeth with the knife, never heeding the flush that crimsoned Mona’s cheek, or the dimples playing “hide-and-seek round” Clem’s quivering lips. Miss Kitty *cleaned her nails*, then replaced the knife in the basket. Mona’s jaunty hat, with its floating, snowy plumes was hanging near, and it was the work of a moment for Miss Kitty to put it on; she turned to the sewing circle with the most satisfied smile imaginable, saying:

“Girls, how do it look, isn’t it becoming?”

Clem gave a shout, as Mona jumped up from the sewing machine, and exclaimed:

“Take off my hat, instantly; how dare you meddle with my things?” Before the astonished spinster could reply, Mona had left the room.

“Well, well; some folks is powerful touchy to be sure; its a bad thing to have such a awful temper. I can’t tell what in the world *I* ever done to make her mad!”

Mr. Owens, as I have already said, was not a “Son of Temperance” and Miss Araminta declared that when he left the room to “sharpen scissors,” &c., he always stopped at the “Exchange.” It was not long before she announced to the “Association” the discovery she had made. Among the members was Mrs. Callahan, a kind, motherly old woman, who always tried to find some excuse for the erring. She made us laugh many times with her queer speeches, and the respect she paid to “Callahan’s” sayings. She was unwilling to condemn Mr. Owens, without the assurance that he did “imbibe” too freely so she accosted him with this question:

“Mr. Owens, do you go to the “Exchange” after liquor?”

“Since brevity’s the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and flourishes—
I will be brief”

and answer: "Madam, you guess aright the object of my visits."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Callahan, "It must be tejusness to stand at that table day after day a-cutting all the time. I don't wonder you get tired if it, so bless your heart, I wouldn't put no flourishes on them soldier coats. I'd cut 'em plain. Then the wimmen folks wouldn't have so much trouble a-fitting 'em. Talking about fittin' makes me think of sure enough *fits*; there's Mrs. Martin's (you know Sallie Smith that was, what married John martin), well, her sons' got awful fits—it's skeery, I tell you. Some folks says sperits of turpentine is might good for fits, and then agin, some says just drop a little mite o' table salt on a fitsified child's tongue, and it'll cure it certing. Callahan, *he* says—

"What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears,
With this abundance of superfluous breath?"

exclaimed Mr. Owens, who had been mute with surprise at Mrs. C's garrulity. "Talking she knew not why—and cared, not what!"

His poetic musing was not intended for Mrs. Callahan's ear, though Mrs. Owens did not seem at all confused when she replied

"I don't wonder them fire-crackers deafs your years, for last Christmas, Callahan, he bought some of 'em and carried 'em down to Miss Martin's children, and I *never* heard the like o' fuss them crackers did make. I'm sorry they've got such a rebundance of 'em over to the "Exchange," we'll all get so deaf we can't half sew these ere clothes. I'll tell Callahan, and get him to come"—

"Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done,"

interrupted Mr. Owens, as he hung up his coat and kicked his shoes under the table.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

Mrs. Callahan came back to her work, but the whirr of the machines drowned her reply. One day she came in looking so grave that I asked if she was sick. "No, Marion child, I ain't sick, but Callahan is bad off. He came in night afore last lookin' sorter grunted, and yisterday mornin' he told me, 'old 'oman,' says he, 'I'm bad off.' What's the matter old man?" says I. Says he, 'I can't walk; the rheumatiz has done tuck me surreptitious off o' my legs.' So I made him some red pepper liniment, and rubbed him well; and he said it burnt him like all firement, and I left him a-screechin' and a-squawkin' like a old lame duck.' Mrs. Callahan had three nephews in the "crack" company of the county, the "Dixie Fire-Eaters." One was Sergeant, while the others were privates in the company. Mrs. C. took their coats to make. Clem came dancing up to me saying, "Marlon Grey, you've half a dozen Cadet cousins, please take the chalk and mark the 'chevrons' for a Sergeant's coat." I marked the sleeves, and Mrs. Callahan went home with the coats to make. She sent in a few days for more trimming, which Clem dispatched to her. When the work was reported 'returned,' to Jennie, I saw a quizzical expression of the countenance of the 'Secretary.' Soon after, I was near her, when she said, 'do look at Mrs. Callahan's work.' I found she had trimmed *all three* for a *Sergeant!*

The 'Dixie Fire-Eaters' drilled every day, and frequently in view of our 'sewing room.' At the tap of the drum, the girls would fly to the windows, and chatter there like black birds. In vain would Mrs. Langston tap on the table with her thimble and call out, 'Ladies, we have no time to lose!' and Miss Araminta would toss her head scornfully and say:

"Young men are vain enough *now*, girls, without your chasing from window to window to look at them. *I've* seen the time when young ladies waited for the young men to run after

them!' or, 'brass buttons always turn the heads of silly women.'

2nd Lieut. Johnson was not indifferent to the interest manifested in the company, and once having command in the absence of the senior officers, he tried to make an extra display. His voice was not good, and he had a cold that did not tend to soften it. His tone was deep, almost sepulchral, and harsh, as he ordered 'file right, march!' Clem said, 'The Lieutenant's voice seems to come from three feet below his boots.' Mrs. Callahan had come up unobserved, and she chimed in, 'Yes, honey, it does, but it sounds to me like "he's *a-tearin' rags!*" Such a laugh it raised! Even Miss Araminta could not conceal a smile.

But among the loungers, was a character without a notice of whom, this faithful, and veritable chronicle would be incomplete. Not a member of the Association, but unfailing in his attendance at the meetings, was Wesley Wilson. He was so good-natured, always ready and anxious to sharpen pencils, put on needles and oil the machines, &c., that we all liked him. He was tall and angular—of a most ungainly figure; being high-shouldered, narrow-chested, hair, eyes and complexion sandy, and feet and hands enormous. Clem said his tailor made his 'unmentionables' '*knock-kneed!*'—the same sauce-box adding, 'I declare Marion, he looks so much like a *calf*, I expect him to cry 'Ma-a' whenever he opens his mouth.' Wesley was a devoted admirer of the little lady, and withal the most 'verdant' of men.

On a warm, sultry afternoon in August, Mona, Clem, Jennie and I betook ourselves to a window to eat peaches, and "get cool." "Now girls," said Clem, "I will *melt*, unless I can find something to amuse me, and I intend to call Wesley here." A gracious "Mr. Wilson, won't you have some peaches?" brought Wesley immediately. We knew that he had lived in the "wire-grass" region, and was fond of relating what we called his "gaitor" stories. Clem knew this, as she has frequently heard of his exploits among them. She adroitly introduced the subject, and innocently asked, "Mr. Wilson did you ever see an alligator?"

"Many a one, Miss Clem; when we lived down in the wire-grass country, Pa owned a saw-mill, and the pond was full of alligators. I've seen 'em crawling out to sun themselves often, it was such a 'ponny' place the 'gators' would hide in the high grass, and you'd get right up to one, and never now it 'till you'd hear something go '*snap*,' and then you'd better walk chalk I tell you. One day I was walking down to the mill, and had 'Tigs' (that's my dog, and his name's 'Tiger,' but I call him 'Tigs' for short,) with me, when all at once I seen a big 'gaitor' come a-tearin' up the road—I knowed the thing was after 'Tigs,' so I wasn't no-ways discombobulated about it." "And you were not frightened?" "Oh, no, I wasn't skeered at all. Here it comes up the road, this way and that a-way, just a-wiggling and a-twistin' along—you know how alligators walk?" "No," said Clem, "do show us how it looked!" But Wesley objected at first to this, when Jessie urged him, "do, Mr. Wilson, show us," said Mona and I yielding to the spirit of mischief that possessed the others, added our entreaties. After another "*Dear Mrl Wilson, please show us,*" from Clem, he could no longer refuse. Down he sprawled on the floor, imitating to the best of his ability, the locomotion of the alligator. Mona bit her lips until they glowed like ripe strawberries, while Clem and Jennie urged him on. Hearing the very expressive "*snorts*" given by Wesley in his new character, Mrs. Langston turned to see the cause of the singular sounds. Seeing Wesley floundering about on the floor she became alarmed, and gave a little scream as she jumped up, upsetting table and work basket. Miss Araminta, Miss Jennie and the two Miss *Hobbse*s took refuge on the tailor's counter, while the other ladies rushed screaming to the door. Mrs. Callahan, in the kindness of her heart came to the rescue, crying out "he's got a fit, or maybe he's been bit by a mad-dog, and has caught the hydrostatics or the hydrophathy or somethin'. She seized a bucket of water and dashed it over Wesley, as

alarmed by the noise, he hurriedly regained his feet. It was over in a moment, but Wesley was gone before the merry peals of laughter had died away, as Clem explained the state of affairs. For a week Mr. Wilson was invisible. At the end of that time he re-appeared, his face bright with smiles; a grinning negro followed him, bearing on his shoulder a large box; Wesley bowed and said to Clem, "I've brought you a present, Miss Clem." She had frequently been the recipient of fruit and melons from Wesley; she therefore thanked him, accepting the gift. Unsuspectingly she raised the lid of the box, when an alligator two or three feet long jumped out. Wesley had his revenge, as the ladies made for the doors at a very quick "double quick." He quietly re-placed the alligator in the box, ordering the negro to 'carry it to Mr. Howard's and leave it.' He then walked up to Clem saying, 'Miss Clem the next time you want to see a gator walk you can have it better done than it was the last time. I went down to the old mill to catch that expressly for you.' Clem had little to say the rest of that day, but she made peace with Wesley as he walked home with her that evening.

I have said little of the soldiers, not from a want of interest in them, for our hands and hearts were ever busy for them, but I intended only to give an introduction to some of the prominent members of our 'Association.' Our thoughts were often with our brave friends, and if we made merry sometimes it was only because we had such merry spirits as Clem Howard in our midst. We sent off boxes of clothing frequently to the soldiers, and frequently members would put in private parcels for friends in Virginia. An old man came staggering under a heavy bundle into the room. He laid it down carefully and asked of Jennie, 'Are you the woman what writes?' 'I can write a little,' replied Jennie. 'I wish you'd mark on this bundle that the Captin must give it to my son.' 'What is your son's name, and where is he?' queried Jennie. 'His name's Plu Cox, and he's nigh about Portsmouth or Norfor(l)k one.' 'How do you spell his name?' asked she somewhat puzzled. 'Oh, most any way—his Mar would name his Pluribus Unum, after one o' her cousins, so we call him Plu.' Jennie marked to bundle to E. Pluribus Unum Cox, and by that time Mr. Cox, Sen. had brought a *jar of honey* to be labeled. She said, 'you are sending your son so many things.' 'Yes, his Mar put in a sight o' cakes and crablanterns, and I wanted to send a right smart chance o' tobacco, but Mar she says, 'now, Par don't put that in here, it'll spile all my cake, and it ain't no use to send Plu tobacco when he's right in Virginia whar it grows. All he's got to do when he wants it is just to go right out and pull it and chaw.' Says I, 'you're right Mar, I never had thought about that.'

The volunteers were generally *polite*, as well as brave men. This was the rule, and most rules have exceptions. Clem was a favorite with the soldiers, and if a favor was to be asked of the President of the Association she was usually selected as medium. One day a soldier (something of a dandy in a country way) asked to speak alone with her for a minute. She walked to the window with him to give him the opportunity he desired. I saw by the expression of her face that she was amused at what he had told her. She walked back to Miss Araminta (acting President) and said, 'Miss Araminta, Mr. Jones requests the Association to supply him with half a dozen white shirts. He prefers them with puffed or frilled fronts. He wants an order from you for coarse and fine tooth combs, hair and tooth brushes, and desires to know how many white handkerchiefs you allow each soldier.' Miss Araminta was at first too indignant to speak, but she gave Mr. Jones a sharp answer that sent him away muttering 'mighty no account Society this, if it can't furnish a feller with nothing but uniforms, socks, shoes, bed clothes and tents.' Such cases were *very rare*, for the soldiers were generally *too* grateful for our work. One volunteer whom we had always thought very bashful, had evidently quite a penchant for Jennie. He brought fruit and melons, depositing them without a word, on her table. A short time before his

company left he said to Jennie, 'I'm going to the wars, and I intend to fight for *somebody* I know.' Jennie thinking he wanted an opportunity of telling her about his sweethearts said, 'I expect she will feel very proud of you—won't you tell me her name?' He gave her a look that Clem reported as perfectly killing and altogether *excruciating*. 'I won't tell you her name, but I'll say *this* much, *it's the girl what totes the book*' alluding to the book Jennie kept as Secretary.

I wanted to tell you of our grand Tableaux Vivants, and the splendid supper for the benefit of the Dixie Fire-Eaters and the Meddleton Guards, but I am afraid, if I have had a reader he or she feels drowsy or weary of my chatter. I will only add, if any would like to hear more of the Meddleton Soldier's Aid Association, I will furnish them with other notes of scenes,

“Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess
Made my eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never filled.”

To be continued. Microfilm from University of Georgia Libraries