

## THE SWORD AND THE PLOW.

BY F. BENJAMIN GAGR.

Far back in Time's departed years,  
Ere earth was drenched in blood and tears,  
Two brothers, from their father's hearth,  
Went forth to toil upon the earth;  
Each with stout heart and hardy frame,  
And each in search of wealth and fame:  
One was the Sword, with haughty brow,  
The other was the humble Plough.

The Sword the fairest of the twain,  
Was reckless, cruel, dark and vain;  
A daring and ambitious youth,  
The foe of virtue, peace and truth.  
Forth from his father's hearth he sprang,  
While far and wide his praises rang;  
Yet mercy shuddered as he came,  
And fled affrighted, at his name!

Men shrunk in terror from his wrath,  
While cities blazed along his path!  
Kingdoms into the dust he hurled,  
And bound in chains a wandering world.  
In every land in every clime,  
He wreathed his brow with blood and crime,  
Yet still the life-devouring Sword,  
Was praised, exalted and adored.

As bold the humble Plough went forth,  
But not to desolate the earth—  
To counteract God's wondrous plan,  
And swell the countless woes of man;  
But with the heart and hand of toil,  
To break the deep and fruitful soil—  
To scatter wealth on every hand,  
And beautify and bless the land!

He made the nations thrive in peace,  
And swelled their stores with rich increase;  
Bound the torn heart of want and woe,  
And bade the land with plenty flow;  
And scattered wheresoe'er he trod,  
The golden harvest-gifts of God!  
Yet even then and until now,  
Men have de-pised the humble Plough.

Thus bow the nations to adore  
The wretch who stains their hearts with gore!  
And thus despise the nobler mind,  
That toils to bless the humble kind;  
Yet it shall not be so for "aye,"  
For lo! there comes a brighter day,  
When, through the darkness of the Past,  
The sun of Truth shall gleam at last.

Then shall the carnage-loving Sword,  
So long exalted and adored,  
Sink in forgetfulness and shame,  
Till men shall cease to know his name.  
They shall the Plough, despised so long,  
Be theme for universal song:  
The first of all in Honor's van,  
And noblest of the friends of Man!

**ORIGIN OF HUMAN MALADIES.**—John Abernethy the eminent surgeon, used to tell his scholars that all human maladies arose from two causes—**stuffing and fretting.**

## THE RAVAGES OF INSECTS.

Such insects as Hessian and wheat flies, curculios, weevils, army and boll worms, annually destroy crops to the amount of twenty millions of dollars. If a pirate on the high seas, or an Indian savage on the land, injures the property of a citizen to the amount of a few dollars, millions are expended, if need be, to punish the offender. This is right. But when public enemies of a different name do a thousand times more injury to a whole country, are its citizens under any necessary restraint which forbids their making a common effort to protect their property from insect devastators?—Parasitic plants, such as rust on wheat, and many fungi, as well as injurious insects, are on the increase. To attempt to explain the reasons why this is so, would lead at once into questions in animal and vegetable physiology, out of place in this brief synopsis of such rural topics as are believed to be of general interest. It may not be amiss to remark, however, that many boys are apparently educated to kill all small birds that subsist mostly on insects, so soon as these youngsters are large enough to shoulder a gun.

Government can do much to check the ravages of insects, by collecting and diffusing useful information as to their habits, times of transformation, and the best means of destroying or avoiding them. If farmers fold their arms, and say that nothing can be done by the science of entomology, nor by any other means, what but an increase of the evil is to be expected? Not to *try* to escape the infliction, is treating one's enemies with unmanly forbearance, and evinces a belief in fatalism worthy a disciple of Mahomet.—*Patent-Office Report.*

**POTATOE BREAD.**—Take potatoes, boil them until thoroughly done, peel or skin them, and then mash them up as fine as they can be made. Add a sufficient quantity to your yeast and flour, make into dough and bake. This is not only more economical than the bread made of all flour, as it takes less flour; but it also makes superior bread, and one that continues soft much longer. The sweet potatoe makes a most delicious bread when thus used, and superior to that made by the common potatoe.—The toast made from this bread is much softer, sweeter, and superior to that from bread made in the ordinary manner. Sweet potatoe biscuit are excellent, but not so healthy as bread.—*Ex.*

**NEW METHOD OF JOINING METALS.**—Some interest has been excited by the experiments of a French gentleman, in London, who has it is stated, discovered a method of joining, by some cement, pieces of metal together so firmly, that when exposed to a tensile strain, they will break through the metal rather than at the joint. Could such an invention be brought to bear practically, it would effect a complete revolution in works of metal.