CHRONICLE.

WHEAT—THE FLY.

A late number of the New York Farmer, publishes a letter from the Rev. Henry Coleman, purporting to develope a discovery for the destruction of the *Grain Fly*. It will not fail to claim the earnest consideration of those who are more immediately liable to injury from the ravages of the fly. The process which he represents has been successfully used to destroy this mischievous insect, seems to be a feasible and plausible means for the accomplishment of such an end; and we hope further experiments will tend to establish its entire efficacy. The letter is important; and we here present to the reader, all the essential parts of it:—

The grain fly or insect, which, for a few years past, has been destructive to wheat in many parts of the country, has this year extended his ravages, and excited, wherever he has made his appearance, very serious alarm. An eminent farmer in the State of New York wrote to me a year since, that he must give up the cultivation of wheat, as his crops were so much injured that he hardly obtained a return equal to the seed sown. I knew another instance in the same State, where, though the straw was large and the appearance promising, yet from thirty bushels sown not more than seven were obtained. I have known other cases in which the whole field has been mowed and sold for litter; and in a recent excursion up the valley of the Connecticut, I have heard complaints every where, and seen hundreds and hundreds of acres so destroyed that the grain they would yield would hardly pay for reaping. Besides this, the same insect has destroyed many fields of rye in the same manner as the wheat, and has been found this year in the oats; the progress of the insect has been about forty miles a year; and a distinguished gentleman in Vermont, a practical and extensive farmer, remarked that he feared they would on this account be obliged to relinguish the cultivation of small grains.

The habits of the insect have not yet been accurately observed. I myself have not yet seen the fly, but have seen the worms in the kernel after the grain has been destroyed. He is represented as being a small reddish fly, which is seen hovering over the wheat fields in immense numbers, while just in flower, and has been observed to alight upon the kernel or bud, to ascend it, and then descending in the inner side, to deposite his egg between the stalk and the kernel. I purposely avoid the use of all scientific terms, wishing to be understood by common farmers. From this egg the worm is generated, which entirely consumes the grain while in the milk, leaving nothing but the husk, in which are found several small yellow worms, about an eighth of an inch in length. As the work of destruction is now completed, any farther observation of his habits are of no importance, unless we can some way reach so as to destroy the germ of the future insect. No preparation of the seed or ground, has yet been found effectual to this end.

The continuance of the fly upon the grain is thought not to exceed three or four days, and they are seen in greater numbers just at night. Some farmers have found late sowing a partial security, as the season for the flies has passed away before the wheat was in condition for their attack. Spring wheat, sown as late as the 20th and 28th of May, has in a great measure escaped, while some sown as late as the 7th and 8th of June has been untouched, though in case of such very late sowing, the farmer will be very fortunate if, in attempting to escape the fly, he does not get nipt by the frost.

I have now, however, the extraordinary happiness of announcing to the agricultural public, what there is reason to believe will prove an effectual, as it is a reasonable and feasible preventive. Should it prove effectual, the remedy will be worth millions and millions of dollars to the country. It was communicated to me on a late tour of agricultural inquiry and observation, by Dr. Eliphalet Lyman, of Lancaster, N. H., an intelligent and enlightened and practical farmer, whose crop of wheat usually averages from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. It consists in the application of fine slacked lime to the wheat just at the time of its heading out and flowering, at the rate of about a peck to the acre,

It is sown broadcast upon the wheat while the dew is on, and the field is rendered white with it. The best mode of applying it is with the hand, and for the person who sows it taking his proper breadth or cast, to walk backwards, so that he may not cover himself with the lime. It must be sown while the wheat is wet or the dew is on, and the philosophy of its application is very simple.—The maggot of the fly is deposited between the grain and stalk. It is, of course, an animal substance. The lime, or alkali, mixing with the dew, is carried down upon it, and neutralises or destroys it. Dr. Lyman has now tried this preventive three successive years, and has invariably, as he assurss me, saved his crops, while those of his neighbors have been destroyed.

I visited, at the same time, the field of a Mr. Bellows, in the same town, who had been advised by Dr. Lyman to make this application. The field consisted of several acres. He did it, and it has proved successful, and what is strongly confirmatory of the value of this remedy, is the fact that a field of rye belonging to Mr. Bellows, adjoining his wheat, and I think within the same enclosure, which was not limited, has been nearly destroyed by the fly.

These are certainly very important experiments, and I make no delay in presenting them to the public. Dr. Lyman has promised me a more particular account of the experiment and result, and likewise Mr. Bellows, which, as soon as received, I shall be happy to communicate. I have received an indirect and indefinite communication, that the same experiment has been successfully made in Gilmanton, N. H., but I have not been able to obtain either the name or the details.

HENRY COLEMAN.

Medowbanks, Sept. 15th, 1835.

CULTIVATION OF CORN.

We take time by the fore-lock, to suggest to our subscribers and other readers, the propriety of saving all their *ashes*, through the present fall, ensuing winter, and spring, from the weather, with a view of manuring their corn in the hill, next season. The effect of a half pint or pint of ashes upon a hill of corn, must be seen to receive credence; but we feel certain that we hazard nothing in saying, that the yield of an acre thus stimulated to vegetable luxuriance, will yield 33 1-3 per cent. more than one which is not, though both may be in equal tilth at the onset. We do not pretend to comprehend the *modus operandi*, or specific action of ashes, in promoting vegetable growth, whether it be by meliorating the superincumbent *material*, and converting it into a pabulous substance peculiarly adapted to the purposes of vegetable food, or whether it acts more *directly*, and merely as a stimulant; but of its effect, from long and close observation, we are enabled to speak with certainty. It is, beyond all comparison, the most efficient manure for *present* purposes, that can be used in the cultivation of almost any crop. And we would venture this opinion, that corn manured with unleached ashes in the hill, would be less annoyed by the cut worm, than that to which other manure had been applied. We recur to this subject thus early, because we desire that some of our public spirited and intelligent farmers should prepare themselves to make such experiments as may silence all cavilling upon the subject.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

LIME.

As farmers are now engaged in ploughing up their ground for winter fallow, to receive the meliorating influence of the frosts and snows, would it not be well to turn in a coat of lime with the vegetable lay. By so doing, it appears to us they would, the ensuing season, receive all the benefit from the lime, which is usually derived from it the second year. The peculiar virtue of lime consists, in part, in accelerating the process of vegetable decomposition, and thus within a given time, increasing the quantity of carbonic acid evolved, and in correcting any superabundance of vegetable acid which may abound; and so far as these benefits may be derivable from the application of lime, corn planted in fields next spring, manured this fall with lime ploughed in, would receive every advantage which usually appertains to crops the second year.—*ib.*

HOUSING AND WINTERING POTATOES.

—The erroneous practice pursued by our best farmers generally, induces me to state the manner I have pursued for years with unvaried success. To preserve 5 to 600 bushels, I make a box or bin 4 feet wide, 3 feet high, and of sufficient length to contain the required quantity, have the joints well fastened and made as tight as possible—put into the cellar bottom. If the potatoes are intended to be taken out at different times, two or three partitions should be put in crosswise of the bin, to preserve such as are not required for immediate use from exposure to the atmosphere. After this preparation is completed, the next operation is gathering and housing them. Here I must again dissent from the ususl practice of farmers generally. Instead of leaving them in the sun and wind to dry, after digging, in small parcels, in carts or heaps, they should immediately be covered with tops os something else, even if they remain in the field but a few hours. This destructive practice must I think be entirely attributable to want of reflection. It is the sole cause which produces the evils so much complained of by us called the watery potatoe—destroying not only the flavor, but a great portion of its nutriment. In fact, sun, wind and rain are as destructive to a new dug potatoe, as moonlight is to a fresh caught fish. When your potatoes are removed to the cellar, put into the bottom of your bin two inches of fresh earth; then fill one apartment with potatoes, within three or four inches of the top—immediately cover it with tough grass turf cut up with the spade, a little dove tailing, to the thickness of three or four inches; cover them with turf, grass sipe up, packed close and pounded down with a wooden maul, to exclude as much air as possible. In this manner, in a cellar of suitable temperature, they may be kept fresh and good for a year without germinating. No danger is to be apprehended of having too much dirt stick to the potatoes—it assists in preserving them. An occasional sprinkling of fresh earth among them will be found serviceable.

Our neighbor, Mr. Mead, planted, last spring, a quantity of Potatoes, of one kind, and in the same soil. In the latter part of July, he cut off the tops of about half of them. In digging them, he finds that in those hills where the tops were cut, the potatoes are twice as large as in those where the tops were permitted to grow, and much more numerous—a fact for agriculturists which may prove of utility.—*Barre Gaz.*

Caution against Poison.—House-keepers should be cautious about using glazed earthen vessels for boiling confections, either preserved in acids or liable to undergo acetous fermentations. The lead used in the process of glazing is a deadly poison. It is disengaged by the action of acids, and diffuses itself through the entire contents of the vessel from which it is corroded. Many persons, not aware of this fact, preserve pickles and sweetmeats in glazed earthen jars, and from the deleterious change which the confections undergo in consequence, lose their healths, if not their lives, without ever suspecting the cause.—*Buffalo Adv.*

To preserve Celery throughout the Winter.—Get up the celery on a fine dry day, before it is injured by frost, cut off the leaves and roots, and lay it in a dry airy place for a few days; then remove it to a cool cellar, where it will be quite secure from frost, and pack it up with sand, putting layers of celery and sand alternately.—*Lou. Gar. Mag.*

The Fair of the American Institute, held annually in the City of New York, excels this year in the number of its specimens, and in the richness and gratification of its displays, any thing of the kind ever before exhibited in this country. The number of specimens of American manufacture, skill, and enterprise, amounts to *twelve hundred*, and these embrace every variety almost that enters into the use and consumption of the country. The New York papers are filled with the enumeration and descriptions of the articles. Even the closest observer of the progress of the country in manufactures, will be astonished at the combined results of the improvement, as exhibited at the institute. Politicians of every hue and persuasion—men of all ranks, professions, and vocations—citizens of every condition in life, may here meet on common ground, where all contention is hushed, and creeds, opinions and prejudices are absorbed in the universal admiration of the unrivalled genius and enterprise of our countrymen, and in the patriotic and fervent desire which the whole scene irresistibly creates, that this blessed land of free institutions, and wholesome laws, and religious liberty, may move on in her career of greatness and glory and unequalled prosperity, a lamp in the path and a light to the feet of every nation and kingdom, and clime in the known world.—*New Brunswick Fredonian.*

LONG ISLAND RACES.

Union Course.—The second fall meeting for this year, over the Union Course, Long Island, commenced on Thursday. The weather was particularly auspicious, and the attendance respectable, considering the numbers that were detained in town by the election. The match race for $5000 aside, two mile heats, between Mr. Tillotson's Admiral and Mr. Johnson's Daniel, did not come off—Colonel Johnson having paid the half forfeit.

For the sweepstakes, two mile heats, the following horses were entered:

A. L. Botts' ch. c. Veto, by Gohanna, out of a Tom Tough mare.
R. Tillotson's ch. c. Red Russett, by Eclipse, out of a Bedford mare.
R. L. Stevens' s. c. Mark Moore, by Eclipse, out of a Lalla Rookh.
H. Wilkes' s. c. Dr. Syntax, by Eclipse, out of Saluda.
John Heath's br. f. Catharine Davis, by Tonson, out of an Archy mare.
R. F. Stockton's b. f. Amelia, by Lance, out of Monmouth's dam.
S. Gouverneur's ch. c. out of Highland Mary, by Barefoot.

The five first horses only started. In the first heat Catharine Davis led until the last quarter, when Dr. Syntax made a rush, passed her, and won the heat by about a length. At starting, Catharine Davis was backed against the field; but after the first heat, her backers perceiving that Dr. Syntax appeared somewhat lame, hedged their bets by taking the field against him. Time, 3m. 14s.

The second heat was won by Veto, hard pressed by Dr. Syntax, who lapped her as she came to the pole. Time, 3 m. 53s.

The third and last heat was again won by Veto; Dr. Syntax coming in only three or four lengths behind.

The time of the three heats and particularly the first has seldom been equalled on any course.—*Cour. & Enq.*

Second Day.—The proprietor's purse of $300, two mile heats, was won by Mr. Heth's gr. colt, Sir Kenneth, in three heats, beating Cora and Columbia, and distancing Sky Lark and Stevens' imported colt Hatterer, and F. Jones' ch. colt. Columbia Taylor took the first heat. Time, 3m 48s; 3m 50s; 4m 4s.

Third Day.—The Jockey Club purse of $1000, four mile heats, was won by Post Boy, in two heats, beating with apparent ease Juliana, Black Heath, and Bay Maria. Time, 7m 52½s; 7m 52s.

Why a needle swims—It was asked in a late paper why a needle carefully placed on the surface of a pail of water would not sink. A correspondent has sent us the following answer.

There is an attraction, a coherence between the particles of water, which is manifested by water hanging in drops and in numberless other ways, which cohesion of water cannot be overcome without the force of some other body either attracting or piercing it. The watery particles cohere, a needle (in its ordinary conditon) has no counteracting affinity, and has not force enough by its gravity to overcome that of the water. This is "why a needle swims," though heavier than water.—*Boston Traveller.*

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

From the Portland Evening Advertiser.

THINGS IN LONDON.

JULY, 1835.—"One man is an atom—at most but an atom, a mere atom, an anatomized atom!" Horror of horrors—how many times has this London been emptied in the many past centuries! What do they do with the dead? can the earth hold them? How many feet of dead, think you, there are under the earth, hereabout? If the resurrection will be, as we think, what a spectacle will be exhibited here! The two millions of people over whom I am looking now, 30 years hence, will be half gone—sixty years hence, quite gone. A new race will be in these streets. Our day will be *antiquity*. People will wonder how we looked and acted. The people's children's children will be trampling over us. Two millions more of dead will be added to the millions of millions under the earth. Other men will be in St. Stephen's then. The St. James will have another king and queen, if king and queen then there be—and the worms will be eating this one, if then he be not already eaten. Perchance his monument will stand up somewhere, as rusty as Charles the Second's. But old Thames will be what he is now. He will not change. Whip up quickly your heavy horses, ye draymen on Ludgate Hill. Others are hurrying to take your place. Drive on, livery boys. Who will drive when you are dead? What will a thousand years know of you? What folly to pile up these huge masses of stone! Old Time sends abroad millions of messengers, eating and gnawing the very stone,—and by and by he comes himself, with his terrible sledge, and strikes down what they have loosened. And you, Westminster Abbey, must also fall. He is at work with you. By and by, rubbish will fill your Poet's Corner. Aye, this old Tower, they are propping up and propping up. Its turrets look as if they shake. *There* is the monument erected in memory of the great fire. Who knows but another great fire will level even this dome in the dust. Sir Christopher Wren built this—and Sir Christopher Wren sleeps in a dark cell under my feet.

I have just been looking at Nelson's sarcophagus, under the very centre of this dome. Nelson died to lay in that gloomy place, to dispel whose darkness torches must be lighted, ere his tomb can be seen. Oh, what is glory! A shilling is asked to see him, and the great painters, and some others—the same sum is demanded for seeing the beasts in the Tower. What care all the mighty mass of human beings moving around this church, who lie buried here! The huge clock is striking. How many have died within the scan of the eye hence, since it first began to strike! Why cannot we arrest the march of Time, and keep young, and ever have such fresh feelings as I have now? The mischief is, I get used to every thing. What is new to-day will be old to morrow. Already London seems natural—not so strange, so awful, as when I came here almost frantic with astonishment. I cannot catch new thoughts, but I instantly lose them. What I see in the morning as wonderful, becomes old before night arrives. If I write down every thing as it first seems to me, I rave. If I wait till I am cool, the phantom is gone, and I am spiritless. The sound of the organ below startles me again. I hear its loud notes swelling through the dome, and rolling through niche and gallery. The preachers in cathedrals ought to be giants, with giants' voices. If man had the power of the organ, a vocal power like that, then he could speak fitly of heaven in such vast aisles. He looks puny now, not like God's messenger. The service of religion is below, and the service of mammon above;—religion in the church, money scrambling without. See the gold-getters in the great Bank at my feet. In that Royal Exchange, nearly full of rich merchants, the wealthiest on the globe, empires are bargained for. And then the forests of masts on the Thames, and in the huge docks far away. Myriads and myriads of streets and lanes! who can count them,—all full of people—and who can feed them?—Whence do the people of this empire obtain enough to eat? This puzzles me. If all this city drank from the little Thames, would they not drink it dry? How do they, I again ask, get enough to eat—so many eaters and so few producers! What a slaughter, too, there must be each day to feed them! What hecatombs of cattle slain!

Such were some of my thoughts, confusedly crowded together, as I stood upon the topmost gallery around the Dome of St. Paul's Church, and from this great height in the heart of the city, surveyed the masses of men and things all about me. In trusting you with these thoughts, such as must rush into every man's mind on looking at such a city, from such a place, I give you a better description than twice as many words in any other form can do. I can tell you, to be sure, that I overlooked the dwellings of two millions of people, including the suburbs of London, and I might amplify upon the thickness of the smoke, and the dusty light it imparts to every thing. For miles you look upon dwellings. A rumbling, confused sound swelling upwards, as of armies marching, falls upon your ears. You feel, and the feeling is a true one, as if you are looking with a glass upon the heart of all the world, whence blood is rushing every where,—for no other city any where exerts such an influence on all the world as London does. Here mankind (if I may use the expression) seem to have come to a focus. Whatever you want, or imagine you want, money here will bring. Whatsoever you wish to see, you can see. Even this very scene of London, with a mock St. Paul's, is kept for show at the Coloseum, at the other end of the city, and it is perfect, too, with the smoke and all. And there, as if to mock nature, is kept a tropical climate, with tropical plants,—a cave, too, actually made, with a real waterfall, stalactites and all,—and then, as if it was not enough to astonish you, you are taken to Switzerland, shown Swiss cliffs, real cliffs too, more waterfalls, really made and true to nature, and then from a Swiss cottage, you see Swiss mountains, (a painting this,) and boats in actual motion over it! Here near Regent's Park, in thickly-settled London is all this, all made—a steam engine (out of sight) pumping up the water, and turning water-wheels, and then cascades with their rainbows too! I call it the heart of the world, then; for specimens of all the world are here. You can see any thing, or have any thing you want to have—of fun or frolic—of literature or science,—of pleasure or of labor,—of what ever there is, that the highest or lowest tastes of man can desire.

After a half-satisfying look from the Dome of St. Pauls, I was fool enough to clamber up into the dark ball, where the hot, pent up air, and the puffing of five or six fools like myself, made the air insufferable. I go down the narrow and dark steps again as soon as possible—and why I vexed myself to climb up in that dark place was more than I can tell. This height is more than 356 feet from the pavement of the church. The length of the church is 500 feet. The ground plot on which it stands, is two acres, 16 perches and 70 feet. Then I took a stroll through the whispering gallery—into the old library where there is nothing remarkable but the floor put together without a nail—by the geometrical staircase, which is a curiosity—and among the clock works, of the extent of which you will have an idea when I tell you that the dial is 57 feet in circumference, the length of the minute hand 8 feet, and that the bell which strikes the hours, weighs 11,474 pounds, and has been distinctly heard 20 miles. I had been into the crypt of which I have spoken before, and there saw where Wren, Nelson, Collingwood, Reynolds, Lawrence, Barry, West and others are buried, and told you too, that we were conducted about by the light of a lantern in this subterranean abode. The rest of my leisure time I spent among the monuments which British pride and British generosity have clustered thickly together in the aisles of this great church.—Packenham and Gibbs, who fell at New Orleans, stand on one monument here. General Ross has a monument here. So has the Marquis of Cornwallis. Sir Isaac Brock, who fell at Queenstown, (Canada) is represented as a corpse reclining in the arms of a British soldier, while an Indian mourns over his fate. The design of Gen. Ross's monument is *Valour* laying an American flag upon his tomb, over which *Britannia* is recumbent in tears, while *Fame* is descending with the laurel, to crown his bust. The sculptor Flaxman worked the monumental honors to Lord Nelson. His statue leans on an anchor. On his right, beneath, Britannia directs the attention of two young seamen to Nelson, their great example. The British Lion on the other side, guards the monument. The figures on the pedestal represent the North Sea, the German Ocean, the Nile and the Mediterranean. On the cornice are the words, Nile, Trafalgar, Copenhagen—but as to the last the less that is said about it the better, so I think. Sir William Jones, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Admiral Rodney, Sir John Moore, Lord Collingwood, and the philanthropist Howard, each have monuments here—with perhaps some forty or fifty others. The best inscription of all, is that of the builder of the church, *si monumentum requiris, circumspice*, on a plain marble slab, over the iron gate leading to the choir.

Thus do Englishmen pay their tribute to mind, manifest itself however it may. The Poet as well as the Soldier, the Architect as well as the Judge, the Painter as well as the Sailor, has his monument here. What an inspiring place for an Englishman! What a stimulus to ambition! But this much less so than Westminster Abbey, after visiting which the traveller will understand why Nelson associated victory with its vaults and aisles, in the hour of battle.

English taste may love "the venerable look" of St. Paul's as much as they please, but till I learn to love a coal pit, I shall have no love for such a mass of "lamp black" as this is on the outer side. The greatest piece of impudence of which John Bull is guilty,—and I could not say a harder thing, for he is such an essence of impudence at times,—is in bepraising the "solemn air" of his sooty buildings. He lives in a climate that rusts and begrims every thing exposed to it, and therefore his country's "venerable look," and denounces the bright cheerful aspect of American dwellings. The London coal soot is over a half inch thick, I should judge from the view, on the walls of St. Paul's,—and we are really told, that this is "mellowed," "softened," "grand," "antique," "sublime." Why we could make all America "sublime" in a week or so by our pitch, tar and lamp black. Think now of the impudence of John Bull landing in New York, for the first day in his life able to wear a clean shirt all the day, snuffing our dry air in contempt, and turning up his nose at our neatly painted dwellings! Think of his praising the "venerable aspect" of his smoked and sooty St. Paul's! Think of his thus extolling the vice of his climate, and ridiculing the purity of ours! Did you ever hear such ingenious impudence? I say nothing of the structure itself. I have had no opportunities as yet to compare and thus to criticise, for I have not seen St. Peter's, nor have I been on the Continent where I am expecting to see wonders. Imagine a huge church to be in the centre of the Broadway of New York, or your own principal business streets, and you will have an idea of the situation of this, and a faint one of the bustle all around. Thick as are the people in Wall street, they are three times thicker about here. If they walked as rapidly as they do there, no man would soon know his own head and legs from his neighbor's. B.

A SHOWER OF TOADS.

Having fallen in with the following narrative in the French Lancet, I thought you might like to add it to your stock of *herpetic* anecdotes. It was reported to the Academy of Sciences.

M. Berthier, a medical student *interne* of the hospital of St. Louis, writes that while hunting in the month of April, 1830, near Marietto, a village not far from Avallon, (Tone,) a shower came on during a stifling heat, which obliged him to take refuge in a hut. After the first dash of five or six minutes, M. Berthier prepared to go on, when, raising his head to look at the direction of the clouds, he received on his face several small bodies, which he supposed were drops of rain; but looking around him, he saw that with the rain there fell little toads, about the size of a large hazel nut.

The author of the letter adds:—My dog, who until then had kept in advance, seemed terrified, and slunk between my legs, uttering moaning cries. Some minutes after, the rain increased in violence, and when I left my shelter, to which I had been obliged to return, the water shed from the roof had been filled with these battrachins; moreover, along the distance which I traversed during a quarter of an hour, the earth was spread with considerable numbers of them.

M. Berthier thinks, as do many others who have previously expressed their opinion, that the toads had been raised by a whirlwind, with the water of some marsh. "I am more inclined to think so," says he, "because at the distance of half a league from the place, and exactly in the direction of the storm, I found two considerable reservoirs, surrounded by numerous marshes, and because immediately after the shower I was struck with the very strong marsh odour."—*Scientific Tracts.*

The following extract from La Martine's introduction to Fatalla's Narrative, contains the reflections of a philosopher. It introduces a theory which is confirmed by the author's experience; and is well worthy the attention of the reader.—*Martinsburg Gazette.*

"The more I have travelled the more I am convinced that *races of men form the great secret of history and manners.* Man is not so capable of education as philosophers imagine. The influence of government and laws has less power, radically, than is supposed, over the manners and instincts of any people, while the primitive constitution and blood of the race have always their influence, and manifest themselves thousands of years afterwards, in the physical formations and moral habits of a particular family or tribe. Human nature flows in rivers into the vast ocean of humanity, but its waters mingle but slowly, sometimes never; and it emerges again, like the Rhine from the lake of Geneva, with its own taste and color. Here is, indeed, an abyss of thought and meditation, and at the same time a great secret for legislators. As long as they keep the spirit of race in view, they succeed; but they fail when they strive against this natural predisposition: nature is stronger than they are.—This sentiment is not that of the philosophers of the present time, but it is evident to the traveller—and there is more philosophy to be found in a caravan journey of a hundred leagues, than in ten years' reading and meditation."

Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make the experiment with his son of ten years old for a single week, and only during the hours which are spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child—converse with him familiarly—put to him questions—answer inquiries—communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation—awaken his curiosity—explain difficulties—the meaning of things and the reason of things—and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he will himself be astonished at the progress which will be made.—*Professor Lindsley.*