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BY
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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From the National Intelligencer.

"A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME."

Where will be the birds that sing
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gaily now—
O! where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age
And fiery youth,
And childhood, with
Its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come!
But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come! R. G. T.

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1857.

CURIOUS MODE OF GETTING A WIFE.—One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from recent rains and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented alley, he observed a young lady standing in a perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty; and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed:

"That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So, springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home. She twice performed the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles.—Presently our young hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance. For a full moment he stood looking at the door, and then, with a wonderful big sigh, turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and returned to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement. He had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres and bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books and became quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity of gathering marine knowledge, and in a year the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as cabin boy.

One night the young man, with all the officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and, to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps, up which two years before had tripped the bright vision he had never forgotten.—Thump went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the parlor; and like a sledge-hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume introduced his blue-eyed daughter, with a pleasant smile, as "the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all a blaze, and his brown cheek flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly there was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty ladie."

It was only a year from that time the second mate trod the quarter deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child had pleased the Captain, and, though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Harry Weils is captain Wells, and Grace Hume, according to polite parlance, Mrs Captain Wells. In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greatest part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

USE OF THE DICTIONARY.

The reader may discover by the following extract, that it would be possible to write a technically gramatical sentence which would be unintelligible. The words below can all be found in the Dictionary, and all are gramatically used; and yet the thing is as hopelessly dark as if written in Cherokee. It is an amusing illustration of the fact, that one may write English, or speak it, and still use an unknown tongue. The letter purports to be a note from an author to a critic:

SIR:—You have behaved like an impeginous scroyle! Like those inquinate, crass sciolists who envious of my moral celesitude, carry their nagacity to the height of creating symposically the facund words which my polymathic genius uses with urbity to abligate the tongues of the weetless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams. I will not coacervate reproaches—I would obduce a veil over the atramental gratitude which has chamfered even my undiscerptible heart. I am silent on the foscilliation which my coadjuvancy must have given you when I offered to become your fautor and adminicle.

"I will not speak of the lippitude, the ablepsy, you have shown in exacerbating me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So I tell you sir, syncophically, and without supervacaneous words, nothing will render incognoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I would vellicate your nose, if I thought any moral diathrosis could be thereby performed—if I thought that I should not impignorate my reputation by such a digradiation.

"Go! tachygraphic scroyle! band with your crass, inquinate fautors—draw oblectations from the thought if you can, of having synachronically lost the estimation of the greatest poet since Milton, and draw upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it. "Knowledge is power, and power is mercy—so I wish no worse than it may prove an eternal hypnotic."

For an entire solution of the above highly interesting missive, the anxious reader is invited to amuse himself an hour or two with Walker's or Webster's unabridged.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS CHARLATAN.—The most celebrated and the most successful charlatan of Paris—Mengin, the itenerant pencil-seller—is just dead, and has left behind him a fortune of 400,000 francs. No one can have passed many days in Paris within the last ten years without having observed on the Place de la Bourse, the Place du Chatelet, the Place de la Madeleine, or some other open space, the conspicuous figure of a tall, handsome man, with a brass hemlet and plumes, and a beard—the very model of that of Hudibras, "in shape and hue most like a tile"—standing on the box of a light cart, and haranguing a crowd. He wore a costly mantle of green velvet, embroidered with gold, and on the fingers of his white hands were many rings of great price. Behind him was a squire, who, from time to time, blew a trumpet to attract public attention, whose garments were only less splendid than those of his master.

The only end and aim of all this pomp and circumstance was the sale of lead pencils at two sous a piece. Mengin possessed in a high degree the art of commanding the attention of his audience. The laughs he raised were rare, but his face was full of promise of something good coming, and thus he kept alive curiosity. Though his speeches took a long time in the delivery, he was essentially a man of few words.—He made long pauses, which were filled up by pantomime and making grotesque sketches on a slate to show the quality of his pencils.

The substance of every one of his discourses was that, he had originally set up in a quiet shop, but finding that he could not get a living in it, he had resolved to become a quack, and that from the hour of his taking that resolution he had done well.—"Why," he would say "do I fix myself up in this ludicrous costume? I will tell you candidly. Because, going about in this dress, I sell a great many pencils, and if I stayed at home in a warehouse coat I should sell very few. I am a quack, I admit, but I am an honest one, for I sell a good article; and if you want a pencil, I doubt whether you will get as good a one any where else for the money." The speech was always followed by numerous demands, which he supplied from cases packed in the body of the cart. Of late he was want to speak of the large fortune he had made, and he would not unfrequently turn out the contents of several *rouleax* of gold, and count them in the public view. He was a remarkably healthy looking man, and could not have been more than forty years old, but was carried off by a fit of apoplexy.—*London Daily News.*

END OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—The celebrated Lady Hamilton was distinguished almost above every other woman of her age for personal beauty. Her accomplishments were scarcely inferior to her beauty. She was skilful in music and painting, she had exquisite taste, and her features would express every emotion by turns. The only occasion on which Bedford of Fonthill Abbey threw open his splendid mansion to company, was when Lady Hamilton, along with Lord Nelson visited it. All that the wealth of the princely owner could furnish was provided to give splendor to the scene. The grounds were illuminated by lamps and torches, and the interior of the apartment was a blaze of jewelry and gold and silver. Spice wine and confectionary in golden baskets were handed round to the company. A numerous party were assembled, and Lady Hamilton shone the envy of them all. Attired in a rich costume, she entered with a golden urn in her hands, and recited some verses which the company were far too polite not to applaud, spoken as they were by one who had such influence over the hero of the hour. No one was there to tell her all this was deception; that sin surely carries its own punishment with it, and that the pleasure she was pursuing was a vain shadow! Thirteen years after the banqent at Fonthill had taken place a lady buying some meat for her dog, at a butcher's stall in Calais, was thus accosted by the butcher's wife—"Ah madam, you seem a benevolent lady, and upstairs there is a poor English woman who would be glad of the smallest piece of meat you are buying for your dog." Who then was the grateful recipient of such humble alms!—Alas! it was the beautiful Lady Hamilton. After the death of Lord Nelson, deserted by those who had fawned upon her in prosperity, she gradually became impoverished, and died in a wretched lodging at Calais. Her property consisted only of a few pawn broker's duplicates. Her body was put into a common deal-box, without any inscription; and over the praised of statesmen, warriors, poets and artists, the funeral service was read by an officer of half-pay.—Such was the end of the beautiful Lady Hamilton.

SCENES AT THE BURNING OF THE UTICA LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The correspondent of the N. York Times in giving an account of the burning of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, on the 14th inst., thus refers to the appearance and conduct of the unforfunate lunatics, who were rescued and taken to an adjacent grove.—Perhaps fifty patients, all women, some in straight waistcoats, and others with their hands merely tied together, were scattered in groups about, and all in a high state of excitement, consequent on the fright and the fire, and their unwonted situation in the open air, surrounded by a gaping, laughing, jeering crowd. No efforts of the keeper could keep the poor creatures still: the most that could be done was to prevent them from running away.

Here sat a woman of slovenly aspect, singing. Her song was changeless both in tone and in words, but was interrupted by frequent outbreaks of subdued laughter.—She seemed to think herself the cynosure of all eyes, and wore a smile of the utmost complacency.

Near her groveled on the ground a gray haired woman, with a Roman nose, and with a figure of much portliness. She kept up a sort of half gibber, with her mouth agape and rolling from side to side, striking with her hands. She was not long allowed to lay thus in the dirt: it being found impossible to induce her to set up. I took hold with some other gentlemen and laid her on a bed which had been produced, and spread under a tree.

Pacing gently to and fro, with a book clasped in her hand, a tall, thin lady (she could not have been over twenty-five) was talking to the unheeding crowd in a tone whose touching, kindly, affectionate earnestness I have never heard equalled. The patient pathos with which she warned the laughing crowd to be ware of the judgment which delayeth not, and the undisturbed equanimity with which she smiled on in the face of rudeness, "touched me nearly."—The kind creature was talking to some little boys who had, in the shifting of the crowd, found themselves before her. Stooping over she said to a fine-looking little fellow—"You love to go to Sabbath school, don't you?" The boy said, "Yes, I do." She seemed delighted at the response, and encouraged to a manifestation of her affection for the little fellow, for the tears came into her large eyes, and she laid her hand upon his head. The boy removed his cap reverently, and looked up unshrinkingly into her face. Then she took his hand, pressed it in her own and stooping, imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. I saw the tears coming down her still calmly smiling face, as she turned away to conceal them, and walked off.

The next one who caught my eye specially was as striking and horrible a contrast as perhaps could have been produced. She stood a living embodiment of rage and passion, of fierce, soul-tearing anger. Her hands were tied behind her, and a keeper was on her each side. With teeth sunk madly into her nether lip, with features working convulsively, and eyes glaring fiercely, she stood and looked about upon the crowd. Her eye met mine; it lighted up with a yet wilder frenzy; a scream rung from her lips, and she made a spring toward me. But her keepers restrained her. Then she raved! Gods! what oaths, what billingsgate, what filth from those bloated lips. Near her stood a woman with a foalded newspaper over her eyes, engaged in a fervent and unceasing prayer for deliverance from the impending flames. She was praying when I first entered the grove, and she was in the same position when I left.—Standing alone by herself, apparently neglected by her keepers, a woman was engaged in hastily arraying herself in "ascension robes" of white.

EXTRACT.—"There seems to be an opinion prevailing with many, which probably prevents their compliance with the Institution of Religion, more than any thing else, namely: That while they *refrain*, they may freely indulge themselves in many things which would be inconsistent with the obligations which those Institutions imply.

But in this opinion, sacred mistakes (or false suppositions) are contained. It supposes that a *man may live innocently and be good enough, though he live in constant disobedience to God!* It appears also, that a compliance with the ordinances of religion *lays new duties upon him*, or makes that unlawful for him which *before was not so*, and those practices sinful which before were innocent.

But neither of these suppositions is true—*He that lives in disobedience to God lives in a state of sin, (for sin is neither more nor less than disobedience to God)* and with regard to the other suppositions, though it be acknowledged that the ordinances of religion furnish *new motives* for doing our duty and supply *new strength* to perform it, yet our compliance with them increases neither the number nor the magnitude of our duties. What can be done with a *good conscience* may always be done, and what cannot be so done, ought *never* to be done—*whether we comply with the ordinances of religion or not.* For instance—it is a man's duty to renounce the Devil and his works," the world and its wicked tempers, and the evil appetites and passions of his nature, whether he hath been baptised or not."

Let those who are living in *disobedience to God*, because beguiled by this *lie of Satan*, ponder the solemn *truth* contained in the above extract.

THE CLERGY AND THE LAITY.

At the late convocation of the Church of England, one of that body, who had twice visited the United States, the Rev. Mr. Caswell, thus remarked upon the subject of admitting laymen to a voice in the government of the church. Of course, though the reverend gentleman spoke of the "American church," he only meant that branch of it known as the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:

"When I first new the American Church, in 1828, its bishops were nine in number, its clergy under five hundred, and its communicants perhaps thirty thousand. In 1853 in company with a member of this convocation, I was present at the General Convention held in New York. How great was the change effected in 25 years! The bishops were, in 1853, 32 in number, the clergy 1,700, the communicants above 100,000. At the present time there are 36 bishops, nearly 2,000 clergy, and probably 130,000 communicants, representing perhaps a million and a half of actual worshippers. In the Convention of 1853, we saw a body of clergy and laity far more numerous than this House of Convocation, yet far more unwieldly, and most regular and orderly in its proceedings.

It was evident that the clergy, far from being "swamped" by the laity, were greatly assisted by them, that in fact, the practical experience of the laity supplied what was wanting to the zeal and piety of the clergy, I confess that as I looked on that assembly and witnessed the demeanor of the distinguished men—judges, legislators and others—who had given up three weeks of their valuable time at the call of the Church, and who had brought all their abilities to the solution of difficult questions, I thought of our Jerusalem Chamber, and wished that by some constitutional arrangement we could be permitted to avail ourself of the services of such a "lay element." With the clergy, the American laity are found to work heartily in carrying out plans for Church extension at home and abroad. Having seen what lay agency in Synods is capable of effecting, and having judged from hence how much more it may accomplish, with the blessing of God, I desire to add my testimony in its favor.

THE SEXES IN THE STRAWBERRY.

Mr. LONGWORTH, the veteran cultivator of Cincinnati, in a recent letter to the public, gives an account of the manner in which he made the discovery of pistillate and staminate plants among strawberries. An illiterate market-woman beat him in raising strawberries for market, and became his teacher. She threw out a large part of her plants, and, on examining them, he found they had anthers, while the larger part of those retained in the garden had only pistils. Just enough of the males were retained to fertilize the pistillate plants. This was the foundation of a new method of strawberry culture, which has revolutionized the practice of the growers of this fruit in Europe and America. It has led to hybridizing, and to the originating of nearly all the popular varieties now cultivated. The whole tribe of seedlings came of the practice of this unlettered fruit grower in Ohio. The prize strawberries of Cincinnati are the results of judicious crossing, for the purpose of obtaining new varieties. Hovey's Seedling was impregnated with the largest English hermaphrodite, and, of the great number of seedlings produced, the Prolific, the Superior and the Extra Red, were deemed worthy of cultivation. These are abundant bearers of excellant large fruit. A hint from Mr. LONGWORTH'S experience will be of service to all growers of this delicious fruit: "I mix with my rich garden-mould one-half of the poorest and stiffest clay I can find. The result is, plants of a much larger growth, that stand dry weather, bear more and larger fruit, and the plants are never thrown out of the ground in the Spring, when the ground thaws."

ETERNITY.

Eternity *has no gray hairs!* The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour, its palaces, they are but as the guilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no foot-steps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbid the approach of night. Its fountain will never fail—they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever-present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

FASHIONABLE ABSURDITY.—An old woman in hooped skirts.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, (K. T.)
7 mo. 6th, 1857.

There has been no general celebration here of the eighty-first anniversary of American Independence; every one being left to go it on his own hook. There were a few excursions and pic-nics—some of the excursions being got up for the disposal of town lots, at their places of destination. I consider speculating in this species of property rather a hazardous business, owing to the immense number laid out, "*on paper*," throughout the Territory. It would be well for the next legislature to pass a law reverting every other section for agricultural purposes. I spent the day very quietly in my room at the Shawnee House with the exception of a few hours in the morning spent at the fort witnessing the drill and listening to some fine music by the band.

Active preparations are now being made at the fort on quite an extensive scale for the expedition to Salt Lake. Every few days the boats coming up the river bring troops and government stores for the campaign. One of Major & Russell's trains of 125 wagons with government stores, left two weeks since in advance of the troops, which are expected to leave during the present month.

The sale of the Iowa trust lands have taken place and were purchashed by the squatters on them, at the appraised value which ranged from $1,50 to $3,00 per acre, (10) ten quarter sections not taken up, (and which being left by the squatters were considered the worst in the tract) were sold to the highest bidder, the lowest selling for $3,50 and the highest $5,50 per acre.—These lands lie in the northwestern portion of the Territory adjacent to Nebraska, and extend back from the Missouri river from twelve to fifteen miles.

The sale of the lands for the benefit of the confederated bands of Kas-kas-kia, Peoria, and other Indians are now going on at Paoli, Lykins county. Owing to these lands having been advanced, many of the squatters who were only provided with sufficient means to purchase their claims at the appraisement price find themselves forced to leave their property or be placed at the tender mercies of the speculators.

The Delaware trust lands to be sold the present month and considered the most valuable of any yet sold are appraised at the following rates per quarter section, according to the location and value of the land, viz: $1.25, $1,50, $1,75, $2.00, $2,25, $3,00 and $4,00 per acre. The largest portion of the tract is appraised at $1,50 and $1,75 per acre. Those at $1.25 are rough and broken and those at $3,00 and $4,00 lie contiguous to some town site.

The excitement caused by the late fatal affray at the polls, resulting in the death of James M. Lyle has abated; an investigation of the case has been going on during the past week which has not yet been concluded. The prisoner and the city since the occurrence up to the evening of the third have been guarded, (during the night) by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred of the citizens, in contemplation of a visit from some of our border neighbors of Missouri, but since then the prisoners have been placed by Gov. Walker under the charge of the troops at the fort, and are accompanied to and fro to the court house by a company of U. S. dragoons. The origin of the difficulty (although an old feud existed between the parties) was brought about by the distruction of a ticket by a German, to whom it was handed to vote. It appears that in the first ward, the city being divided into two wards, there were two tickets run. The opposition ticket having one free State and two Pro Slavery men on it. The destruction of this ticket causing the interference of a number of persons, the prisoners and deceased being among the number.

This ticket was defeated by 109 majority—in the second ward but one ticket was run—the result of which was given in a former letter.

Intelligence received here from the plains per Rockey Mountain troopers report that the Cheyennes are making extensive preparations for hostilities upon the whites.—They have given the traders notice to leave their country and that they are determined to destroy every white man found on the plains, whether he be trader or emigrant. Together with the hostility of the Indians and the outrages of the Mormons the troops are likely to have their hands full.

The returns received make the number of votes cast by the national democracy at the late election for delegates to a constitutal convention 1572, the number of voters registered were 7202, and the estimated vote of the Territory is 30,000. Gov. Walker is represented to have said since the election that the people had lost all interest in their institutions.

Marshalls and their deputies are now engaged in taking a census under the provisions of the law passed at Topeka.

The weather here for the past two weeks has been delightful; the farmers say that it is very dry. I have not noticed it probably because I am not interested in any crops in Kansas. K.

RAINY DAYS.—In general, Johnson tells us, the number of rainy days is greatest near the sea, and decrease in propotion the further we penetrate into the interior. On the eastern side of Ireland, it rains 208 days of the year; in the Netherlands on 170: in England, France, and the north of Germany, and in the Gulf of Findland, on from 152 to 155 days; on the plateau of Germany on 131, and in Poland on 158 days; while on the plains of the Volga, at Kasan, it rains on 90, and in the interior of Siberia, only on 60 days of the year. In Western Europe it rains on twice as many days as in Eastern Europe; in Ireland on three times as many days as in Italy and south of Spain.

A western editor in dunning his subscribers says he has had *responsibilities* thrown upon him which he is obliged to *meet*.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

From the Country Gentleman.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

The proper season for transplanting varies with different cultivators. Many prefer autumn planting, and the reason they give for their preference is this:—when trees are planted in autumn, they say the ground becomes better settled about the roots of the tree, and they are then enabled to throw out fibres in the spring. I greatly prefer spring planting for nearly all varieties of trees, for the reason: if planted in the fall, very soon after setting out, the trees have the heavy fall rains, which renders the loose earth around the tree a perfect mortar, and the wind then blows the tree to and fro, making a circle or halo around the tree externally about three inches from the trunk, all around which freezes hard at night, and presents in the morning a rocky wall around the tree, and as the hole is about six inches larger than the collar of the tree, it chafes off the bark around at the collar, and unless some manure is placed by it, the frost will extend down around the tree and freeze the small roots. The season for planting on the banks of the Hudson varies from the first of November to the first of December for autumn planting, and from the first of April to the fifteenth of May for Spring planting. I, for many reasons, do all the planting in the spring, except for apple trees, and as they are so very hardy, autumn planting will answer full as well, or perhaps better for that tree.

The following brief rules may be some guide to those who have not had any experience in setting out trees: 1st. Never plant a tree unless the ground has been first well pulverized. To plant tress in holes as many persons do, is almost fatal to their growth. 2d. Deep planting is a great error in this country, and more trees die from this than any other caust. They may thrive for a year or two, but soon die, and apparently without any cause. The fibrous or surface roots should not be more than an inch and a half or two inches in the ground. 3d. Commence planting by taking out the earth to a foot or more in depth, and of sufficient width to admit all the roots without crowding, bending or breaking them. If the soil is poor, compost, well decayed, rotten manure, wood ashes, or a little lime (if the tree planted is apple or pear) may be thrown advantageously in the bottom of the hole below the roots. Then fill in among the roots with earth well mixed with fine compost manure, using the hand to scatter it well among the smallest fibres, and do not leave any large holes under the tree to act as miniature cisterns. 4th. Before planting, prune all the roots that have been injured in removal with a sharp knife, but do not cut them off with a dull spade, as many do; shorten such roots as are too long, and take out those that are too much crowded; avoid injury or cutting any of the small fibres. 5th. Prune the top and branches of the tree in proportion, or rather more in proportion to the pruning done to the roots. 6th. Fill the earth firmly in, and around the roots. Do not shake the tree up any—giving it a few shakes will be sufficient.—Fill the holes up carefully, and do not throw too much ground in at once. If dry weather ensues, a pail of water may be given to each tree, and the soil around the tree could be then slightly earthed over to prevent evaporation. If hot and dry weather succeed during the season, then mulch with coarse straw manure, which is best, or straw, hay, leaves, &c. In Europe—but a custom seldom thought of in the United States—before planting an orchard, the ground is thoroughly subsoiled or trench-plowed to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, and we consider if the first, and most important operation in the preparation of the ground for an orchard, unless the soil be so gravelly as to render the process useless. It is impossible for a tree to flourish when it is surrounded by a thick sod.—When a tree is situated in land covered with grass, a rich compost of earth (muck) and manure should be dug in around the trees, care being taken that no unmixed manure comes in contact with the roots of the tree. The ground should be kept mellow about the roots until the tree has obtained considerable size, by spanding or forking in with a flat pronged potato fork around each tree three times during the season, but not too late in the fall, as a second growth is not desirable at that season. The fine manure should be forked in, in the fall of the year. Do not use too coarse manure, or you will have plenty of mice to pay your trees a visit in the winter season, unless protected by the tins mentioned in a back number of this journal; if they are thus protected, the manure may be as coarse as you please, and can then be left on the surface in a heap around the tree till spring and the juices of the manure will rush down around the roots, and you will see a wonderful difference in the growth of your trees the following spring. In attending to the preceding suggestions, I feel assured that the cultivator will be amply repaid for any extra trouble or enpense, by the consequent increased growth, beauty and productiveness of the tree. And whoever will follow the above to the letter will not be one of those who are now often heard to exclaim, "He who plants pears, plants for his heirs." I will conclude with the number of trees that can be *planted* on an acre of ground at various distances apart:

At 4	feet each way,	- - -	2,720
" 5	" "	- - -	1,742
" 6	" "	- - -	1,200
" 8	" "	- - -	680
" 10	" "	- - -	430
" 12	" "	- - -	325
" 15	" "	- - -	200
" 18	" "	- - -	135
" 20	" "	- - -	110
" 25	" "	- - -	70
" 30	" "	- - -	50

Clermont, N. Y. T. S. C.

"A penny for your thoughts, madam," said a gentleman to a pert beauty. "They are not worth a farthing, sir," she replied, "I was thinking of you"

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