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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. L. F. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise—
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind
Where tilleth jolly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given,
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search in vain;
The gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-stings sever,
I know that heaven's entrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in his hand
Who judges quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss
That men can ne'er repay,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE BORDERER'S CHILD; OR, WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene, a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men, idly reclining under the trees, betokened by their dress and apperance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier of the Old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noon-tide, meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this, he was of a tall and compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young, for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment we have introduced him to our readers.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession.—The voice was that of a woman and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end, and smoke curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the banks of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. The moment her eyes fell upon him she exclaimed.

"Oh! sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took in, at a single glance, the meaning of the sad group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers, and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play, at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin: but this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child, frightened at the cry, lost his balance, and fell headlong into a stream, which here went foaming and roaring along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country.—Scream now followed scream in rapid succession, as the agonized parent rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the accident.—Fortunate was it that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deferred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so with the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat; his next to spring to the edge of the bank.—Here he stood, for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scence, below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boy's dress, and, while his companions, aghast at his temerity, were prevented, as much by consternation as by the awe with which he had already inspired them, from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my child," gasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you."

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane.—Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam: and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would re-appear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gush of joy when she saw him emerge again from the waters, and flinging the waves aside with his athletic arms, struggling on in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous effort were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely, ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic effort, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rock.—Twice the boy wen out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips, but twice he re-appeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his unresistless form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child? He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way now through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no! he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth following close after that of the boy. And like an arrow from the bow, pursuer and pursued, shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there distinctly visible amid the glassy waters that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent.—Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are," she exclaimed, "see, they are safe—Great God, I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed her's, and sure enough there was the youth still unharmed, and still buffetting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child, and with the other was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless, but his mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task.—But her words, pronouced them—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterwards by more than one who heard them:

"God will reward you," she said, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands, besides mine, will attend you."

And it was so. For to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But throughout his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit, which, in the rescue of that mother's child, as in the more august events of his life characterized our WASHINGTON.

From the New Orleans Advertiser.

EXTRAORDINARY FACULTY FOR CALCULATION.

We mentioned among our news items the other day, the circumstance of a youth in Arkansas, of twenty years of age, who was an idiot, except in the extraordinary faculty he possesses for the computation of numbers. He can give correct answers, instantaneously, to the most difficult questions propounded—by a mental operation, for he has no education whatever.

It is a singular thing that this faculty has been seldom, if ever, found in persons of a well-cultivated or superior mind. It seems as though cultivation destroyed it. Zerah Colborne, whose extraordinary powers many of our readers will remember, entirely lost the faculty as he approached man's estate.

In the year 1788, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia published an account of the existence of the calculating faculty in a negro man, a slave in Virginia, which is, perhaps, one of the most interesting cases on record.—This man was a farm slave on a poor Virginia farm near Alexandria, where he worked hard in the fields all his life. He could neither read nor write, and was, moreover, a native of Africa. He had no idea of the advantages of education, but rather prided himself upon his ignorance, 'because,' said he, 'many learned men be great fools.'—Tom Fuller—for that was his name—was able to give some slight account of the faculty he possessed—or the way he came by it—which none of his predecessors, equally gifted, have been enabled to do.

He showed that in his case at least, it was in a greater or less degree the result of a laborious and natural effort,—a sort of self-discipline by which his powers were slowly cultivated and perfected. He remembered when he could only count ten: and when, by dint of application, he could count a hundred, he thought, as he said, he was 'a very clever fellow.' Having thus got an insight into the nature of numbers, he proceeded to try his powers.

The first thing he did, according to Dr. Rush, was to count the number of hairs on a cow's tail, which he found to be exactly 2,872. After this, he exercised himself by counting the number of grains in a bushel of wheat, and in the same quantity of flax, &c. Thomas had quite a practical turn, and he made his talent quite useful to his mistress in a number of ways. How he acquired his faculty for more intricate calculations does not appear.

Messrs. William Hartshorn and Samuel Coates, of Philadelphia, citizens of the highest respectability and integrity, visited Fuller. When they saw him he was over seventy years of age. Upon being brought to his arithmetic, there was no evidence of decay of his powers. The first question asked him was, how many seconds there were in a year and a half: to which he gave a correct answer in two minutes. To the similar but more difficult question—how many seconds a man has lived who is seventy years, seventeen days, and twelve hours old, he replied in a minute and a half, 2,210,500,800 seconds which will be found to be the correct answer.

A curious circumstance occurred in connexion with this answer, showing that whatever was Tom's mode of arriving at these results, it was one of reason and thought. One of the gentlemen who questioned him had ciphered out the sum with a pen, and his result did not agree with Tom's. He told Tom so, assuring him he was wrong, and that his answer gave too many seconds: upon which Tom immediately exclaimed, 'Stop, massa, you forgot de leap year.' It then appeared the gentleman had forgotten to allow for the seventeen intercalculary days.

KEEP YOUNG.—There is no surer destroyer of youth, of youth's privileges, and powers, and delights, than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill temper and selfishness. We should all be cautious, as we advance in life, of allowing sorrowful experience to overshadow our perception of the preponderances of good.

Faith in good is at once its own rectitude and reward. To believe good, and to do good truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanite's condition. To take events cheerfully, and promote the happiness of others, is the way to insure the endearing spring of existance.

Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth that keeps a man's nature and being fresh and green. If we would leave a gracious memory behind us, there is no better way to secure it than by living graciously. A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for these who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrance that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and gone.

A true woman is a good deal like a piece of Ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till the sheriff is after you.—*Boston Mail.*

Men with "offish" wives will doubtless profit by the above. A bachelor friend thinks that getting married is a pretty sure way of putting the sheriff on your track, but he doubts whether the gratification of knowing that you are loved is worth so much trouble and expense. He has no idea of seeing ruin for such a paltry consideration.

A Solution of salaratus applied to the sting of a wasp or a bee will stop the pain instantly.

SELF EDUCATION.

Benjamin Franklin was a self educated man. So was Bejamin West. The one among the most distinguished philosophers, the other among the best painters the world ever saw. Each had a good teacher, because he taught himself. Both had a better teacher daily, because both were advancing daily in knowledge and in the art of acquiring it.

Baron Cuvier was also a self made man. He was at all times under a good teacher, because he was always taught by Baron Cuvier. He, more than any other man, perhaps, than all other men before him, brought to light the hidden treasures of the earth. He not only examined and arranged the mineral productions of our globe, but ascertained that hundreds, and even thousands of different species of animals, once living, moving in the waters and upon the land, now form rocks, ledges, and even mountains. Cuvier thought, that he owed a constant debt of gratitude to his mother for his knowledge, because, when a child, she encouraged him in linear drawing, which was, of the utmost service in his pursuits. To the same encouragement the world is of course indebted for the knowledge diffused by Cuvier among all nations.

Sir Humphrey Davy, by "self-instruction," made more brilliant and more important discoveries in chemical science than any one who preceded or followed him.—Farmers, mechanics, house-keepers, and many others, are now enjoying the benefit of his labors.

Elihu Burritt, by self-instruction, had acquired at the age of thirty years, fifty languages; and that, too, while he was laboring vigorously over the forge and anvil from six to twelve hours daily.

The late Dr. Bowditch taught himself until he exceeded all who had gone before him in mathematical science.

Roger Sherman, whose name will descend to posterity as one of the ablest statesmen and brightest ornaments of the American Congress, taught himself while working upon his shoe bench.

George Washington was a self-made man. His name will fill all future ages with reverence.

There were hosts of others, who in former ages moved the intellectual and moral world; also among those who now move and elevate themselves. Such must be the fact in all future ages.

Every child is his *own teacher*. He teaches himself things; and every thing coming under his observation—animals, vegetables, minerals, tools and operations of famers, mechanics, and housekeepers—science and art. He teaches himself by seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, talking, handling, using, and comparing things, and their operations with each other; also cause with effect. Every child of common talents learns a language before he is three or four years of age. Many thousand children now in our country, not over five years, speak fluently two languages—the English and German.

"THE OLD WOMAN."

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a strippling of sixteen designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond almost all other phrases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passiport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and comes off conquerer. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers; trials untold and unknown only to God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now, in her old age—her duty done! patiently awaiting her appointed time—she stands, more truly beautiful than even in youth! more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory!

Young man! speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously—tenderly of her!—But a little time, and ye shall see her no more forever! Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward!—Others may love you when she has passed away—kind-hearted sisters, or she whom all the world you may choose for a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately!—children may love you fondly! but never again, never! while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of yon old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

In agony she bore you!—through purling, helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward tetchy boyhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moisted the parched lip; her eye that lighted up the darkness of wasting nightly vigils, watching always in your fitful sleep, sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. Oh! speak not her name lightly! for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully! Through reckless and impatient youth she is your councellor and solace!—Up to a bright manhood she guides your improvident step, nor even then forsakes or forgets! Speak gently, then, and reverently, of your mother; and when you too shall be old, it shall, in some degree, lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins!—to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to "old women."

The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands. Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.

PARSNIPS AS A FIELD CROP.

Parsnips are sometimes cultivated as a field crop, and have been judged nearly equal to the carrot as food for stock. They are of much intrinsic value, whether considered in this light or as one of our most delicious table vegetables. The product, when grown on a genial and properly prepared soil, is as great as that of any other root, and its fattening qualities are thought superior to any other.

On the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, the parsnip is extensively cultivated, and it is said that all the pork on the latter island is fatened with this root, and is noted for its delicacy and flavor. It is fed to swine both raw and cooked, and is eaten by them in either state with great avidity. In the fatening of cattle, it is found in Jersey "to be equal if not superior to the carrot, performing the business with as much expedition, and affording meat of exquisite flavor, and a highly juicy quality." The animals are very fond of it. A lean ox may be perfectly fattened in three months, by feeding him 100 lbs. a day of sliced parsnips and a little hay. As early spring food for milch cows it proves profitable—when fed in connection with cut straw and hay, and a little meal or bran, the flow of milk is increased, and the color and flavor of the butter is improved. For horses, as an *alterative* food it is equally grateful with the carrot. "A peck cut fine and mixed with equal quantities of cut straw and two quarts of oats, with a handful of salt, makes," says the *American Farmer*, "a most invigorating meal for a horse; a few such feeds a week, opens his hide, softens his hair, and keeps his system in a healthful condition." But as a general food, the parsnip is thought too fattening, and to possess a tendency to reduce, rather than improve the strength of the horse. In fitting poultry for market, this root is mentioned in the Book of the Farm, as having been used with success.

The soil which best suits the parsnips, is a deep and fertile sandy loam. But they grow well on heavier soils than carrots or turnips, and will flourish on almost any soil, if it is rich, well pulverized and dry. If the soil be not naturally rich, it must be made so by abundant supplies of well rotted manure. The land should be plowed very deeply, and the product will be much increased if it is also sub-soiled, that the roots may go down as far as they choose.

The seed, which should be planted as early as the ground can be prepared, may be drilled in, in rows about twenty inches apart. From two to three pounds per acre is required, and it should be of the last season's growth, as if kept longer it is very apt to fail of vegetating. Some recommend the soaking of the seed for twenty-four hours, and then drying in plaster and ashes. Sand is frequently mixed with the seed in sowing, in order to facilitate proper thinness in its distribution. The "Isle of Jersey" is recommended as the best variety.

The cultivation is much the same as that recommended for carrots. When the plants are two or three inches high, they should be carefully hoed, and thinned out to about six inches apart in the rows. They should be hoed as often as the weeds render it necessary, and their growth is improved by keeping the soil light and open by frequent stirring.

Upon ground where no water will stand, they may remain all winter without injury, and even with manifest improvement. Those required for winter use should be dug as late in the fall as the season will permit; and in the spring, as soon as the frost leaves the earth, the farmer can commence feeding from them. When dug to store away, they should not be closely trimmed either in top or root, and must be stored away in a cool place and covered carefully with earth, as exposure to air or heat wilts and injures them.

We have condensed the above from various sources, failing to find in any one place or in proper shape for our columns, the information desired. Our only experience with the parsnip is in the garden and on the table, and there we have found them all right. There is no more delicious vegetable in early spring than a well-boiled, well-buttered parsnup,—and we believe that the farm stock will appreciate them with plainer cooking, and their cultivation as a field crop prove worthy of adoption by the agriculturalist.—*Rural N. Y.*

STEAM POWER ON FARMS.—The Marquis of Tweedale has succeeded perfecty in working plows by steam power. The distinguished English Agriculturalist, Mr. Meche, in a late article says, "There can be no doubt but that very shortly every agriculturalist must use steam power if he is to stand his ground in the race of agricultural competition. The want of it is already felt, if not seen, by those who have not the means or inclination to use it. The time is approaching when a steam engine on a farm will be as common as the drill or threshing machine, although like them, it has to pass through the ordeal of disbelief, doubt and prejudice. A committee of the Royal Agricultural Society gave the most extraordinary accounts of the rapid introduction of farm locomotive engines, during the last three years.

A FARMER'S WIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Sir Antony Fitzherbert, Chancellor to Henry VIII., thus describes a model farmer's wife: "It is a wyve's occupation to winnowe all manner of cornes, to make malte, to wash & ironyng, to make hay, shere corne, and in time of nede to help her husband to fill the muckwayne or dungeart, drive the plough, load hay, corne, and such other. And to go or ride to the market to sell butter, cheese, eggs, chekyns, capons, hens, pigs, geese, and all manner of cornes."

DESERTED.—On Friday night week, as many as 20 of the Princeton's crew deserted from her, and escaped to the shore by swimming. A portion of them have since been arrested, and the police are on the alert.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TO DESTROY UNDERBRUSH.

"What is the best time to cut underbrush, &c?" In the June number of the Farmer the above question is propsed by "a subscriber," to which I propose to give an answer, combining both a little experience and a little theory. Having been brought up on a farm, I used to hear much said by farmers in regard to the "best time" for cutting bushes, &c., and remember well the many uncertainties that existed, and the various opinions given on the subject. Some recommended to cut them at one season, some at another. Some regard the "moon," others the "signs," &c. I also remember that the same kind of underbrush, if cut at one season, would start again and grow luxuriously; but if cut at another, would be completely "used up." I have also within the last few years had opportunity to notice the same facts; and the conclusion to which I have arrived is, that different shrubs or bushes, trees, &c., may be cut at different seasons of the year. Some are killed by the cutting as early as the first of July; others by the first of August; and so on until October or even November. The rule is this: "Cut any plant, or shrub, about the time that it is done growing for the season, and its destruction is almost certain." If cut before this time it will generally start up the next year. The exceptions are few. So much for the facts, now for the theory.

1st. In the spring of the year, all roots are vigorous. Hence, if a tree or shrub be cut at this time, or while in full growth, the root will send forth a new set of shoots.—The exceptions are—1st Evergreens, as pine, hemlock, spruce, &c. 2d. Those that have a copious flow of sap in the spring, as the mapic, birch, &c. Yet even some of these will start up again if cut soon after the buds have opened, i. e., after the spring flow of sap has ceased, except in the case of old or large trees, in which the root appears not sufficiently vigorous, or the evaporation from the new stump too rapid to allow of the formation of new shoots.

2d. In Autumn, when a shrub or tree has done growing for the season, the active energies of the root cease, being, perhaps, somewhat exhausted by its summer action. If, then, the bush or tree be cut after it has done growing, but while the stem and leaves are fresh and full of sap, the vital force of the root will rarely be sufficient to cause a new growth; but if left till the foliage is dead or dying, the energies of the root are restored by the returning of the sap, and are ready for action again as soon as the season of growth shall return. Hence, too early or too late cutting will be equally unsuccessful.

Cut your underbrush, then, at the time above specified, and it will rarely start again. If it does, the growth will appear sickly or stinted, and soon die of its own accord, or, a second cutting, at the proper time, will insure success. The same rule applies to all other plants, as Canada thistles, milk weeds, &c., with great or less certainty, according to the greater or less vital force, or tenacity, or life, peculiar to the root of each kind of vegetable.

The "proper time" can easily be determined by observing whether new leaves continue to appear at the end of the prominent branches. When the end leaves are of full size, and a bud is seen at the end of the branch, then, or soon after, is your time to cut. If deferred longer beyond this time, or till the leaves begin to turn yellow, or fall, cutting will be of little use, as the root will be "strong" for a new start on the opening of a new spring.—*Genesee Farmer.*

MISAPPLIED YOUTH.—We know not the author of the following, but young men of the present generation would do well to lay it to heart. An idler, or spendthrift, in youth, need scarcely hope for ease and competence in old age. "Destitute old men generally become so by youthful neglect or extravagance. A healthy and industrious young man can save at least his fifty dollars per annum, which by time he is too old to labor, would enable him to spend the evening of life in a tranquil home of his own, surrounded by those comforts, and even luxuries, so grateful to declining age. But youth, intent on present pleasures, seldom think of age, but spend present earnings in fine clothes, fast rides, late suppers, balls, etc., and thus often leave old age deprived even of life's necessaries. Too many of them strut pompously about our streets, fashionably attired, yet in debt even for board and clothes, while others waste inherited fortune in luxurious and even vicious indulgences, till overtaken by poverty, they become dejected, think themselves fortunate to get work, live along from hand to mouth and, finally disabled, are thrown upon the cold charities of a heartless world.—Young men, so live that in advanced age you can both possess a competence, and look back upon a life well spent."

A HEAVY HAUL OF LAND WARRANTS.—We understand that a Mr. Wilder, of N. Orleans, has presented claims for the bounty lands due the regiment of blacks who served during the last war in defence of New Orleans. There can be little doubt, we presume, that that regiment, and their heirs and assigns, are duly entitled under the law; but from the sweeping way in which these claims are suddenly marshalled, it is fair to presume that some one has been at work recently, copying records in the Departments bearing on them. The law makes no difference as to the color of those who have regularly served this government in war, granting the reward to all—white, Indian, and colored, according to service and grade. We presume that if these claims are substantiated by the evidence usually required, they will be promptly honored at the Pension Bureau.—*Star.*

KINDS OF TURNIP SEED TO SOW.—At this season we should prefer the Norfolk, or the red or scarlet top kinds. The first yield the most—the latter are best for table use.

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