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The Easton Gazette.

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[From the New York Despatch.]

I SHARE THEM NO LONGER WITH THEE.

BY RICHARD BARKER.

Ah! why do they wish me to mingle
In pleasures so frail and so fleet?—
Joys thrilling and merriment's tingle
Have long ago ceased to be sweet;—
Why, why do they force me to haunt them,
The scenes where the light-hearted be,
And listen to music's glad anthem,
When I share them no longer with thee!

To childhood's old fireside they bring me,
That once to my heart was so dear—
And childhood's old anthems they sing me
I once longed so fondly to hear;—
I see the old home, and I listen
To youth's merry, innocent glee,
And my sorrow dimmed eyelids out glisten,
Since I share them no longer with thee!

No matter how lively dancing
The sunbeams may glitter and play—
What matter how deep and entrancing
The bright eyes that circle my way—
What matter the smiles and caresses
They fall not to shower upon me—
The charm that once lightened oppresses,
For I share it no longer with thee!

I wander at eve thro' the wildwood,—
The berries are glistening there still,
The flowers that sweetened our childhood
Still blossom by streamlet and hill:—
Not a wreath has been snatched from the bower—
Not a leaf has been plucked from the tree;
But ah! where is the soft thrilling power
They had when I shared them with thee!

Tho' oft they have courted and wou me
To join them in dance and in ball,
They know not what spell is upon me
That turneth life's blessings to gall;—
When the charms of the Spring-time are blooming,
Their beauties no longer I see,
For anguish my heart is consuming,
Since I share them no longer with thee!

Life's terrors no longer alarm me—
Its blessings no more can I prize,—
No pleasure it wafteth can charm me—
No evils it bringeth surprise,
My prayer and my only desire is
At once from earth's sorrows to flee,
And join those bright seraphs whose choir is
Enlivened, enchanted by thee.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

MY FIRST PATIENT.

BY "OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN."

I had passed the rubicon. I had gone through the fiery ordeal of examination unscathed, and was fairly dubbed Doctor of medicine. The "M. D." sat strangely upon me at first, but I bore my honors as meekly as possible, and turned my attention towards the most feasible *modus operandi* (I at that time, prodigiously affected Latin phrases) of commencing a practice that should ultimately rival, in extent and fame, (as in my modest self-appreciation I felt was more than certain,) that of Hippocrates himself.

My father, a plain common-sense man, presented me with a horse, a purse sufficient to keep me for six months, (with economy, as the old gentleman said,) his parental blessing, and his advice to proceed to —— town as the most likely place in which to commence practice.

Our family were well and favorably known in —— town, and that was one thing of moment to me. It was a comparatively new place, and that was another desideratum, it had also been pronounced that there was decidedly an opening for a new physician, and that was the third and most important recommendation. There were three physicians in —— town, to be sure, but one was blind with age and otherwise superanuated; a second was said to be a very good physician when he was sober;" whilst the third, Dr. Sheepshanks, really possessed pretty much all the practice of the place.—This then was to be my rival. And the result so proved.

I followed my father's advice, went to —— town, hired an "office," hung out my shingle, unpacked my medical library, arranged my bookshelves at once tastefully, scientifically, and conspicuously, and sat down in an arm-chair, with my feet on the mantle-shelf, and a huge tome on dietetics, in my hand, to wait for a call.

I might have waited from then until now, some forty years, for a call (my private opinion,) if—after waiting four and half months, with occasional intervening drives to inspect the beautiful and picturesque country around,—I had not hit upon a promising scheme.

Sitting in my favorite posture, one morning, pretending to be very much occupied with the page before me, but really watching with nervous anxiety to see if the shadow of a call would not fall upon my threshold, I was aroused by the simple occurrence of Dr. Sheepshanks driving past at a furious rate, bowing as he glanced by with, as I thought, a provoking condescension, that had in it far more malicious exultation than friendly recognition.

"The very thing!" exclaimed I, starting to my feet with a bound. "Thank Dr. S., you have taught me something—you have given me a new idea that I shall forthwith act upon." I accordingly saddled Cherry (my horse) in great haste, taking care to throw my professional "bags" across the saddle, mounted, and taking the direction opposite to that taken by Dr. Sheepshanks, rode as though Eblis himself were at my heels. Upon arriving at a sequestered place I slackened my pace, gazed upon the delicious scenery around me, gave my Rosinate free rein to nibble grass and drink of the refreshing waters of a sparkling spring, and then took my way leisurely home.

This same process I went through with in the afternoon, taking care to vary the route. Upon the next morning I was suddenly called to the same patient I had visited on the morning previous, and in the afternoon I had no call, for I did not wish to have it appear that my services were in too sudden a demand.

For one month I rode thus furiously thro' the village, some part of every day, and sometimes twice and three times a day, to the infinite delight of the various groups of ragged boys, who lustly cheered me as I passed, and the infinite amazement of certain toothless gossips, who stretched out their long, wrinkled necks to peer at me.—But the only good I appeared to have accomplished was to wear off some of Cherry's superfluous fat.

I was as far from a genuine call as ever. Meantime funds ran low. The stipulated "six months" lacked but two weeks to their completion; and then what was I to do?—Ride back home on Cherry's back, like a whipped cur, acknowledging myself beaten, throwing myself on my father's generosity again, and thus rob my sisters of what was now theirs by right? No, I had too much pluck for that. I knew my father had done all he could for me, all he ought without robbing the younger ones. So I went with my fast rides, fully persuaded in my own mind that sooner or later something must come of them.

For some inexplicable cause, I had very few friends in —— town. To tell the truth, I had none. Everyone appeared to avoid me, as by mutual consent. I felt this severely, but I was too proud to acknowledge even to myself how much hurt I really was by the coldness and distance of all around me. My life was a very lonely one, but I resolved never to say "die," so I kept a "stiff upper lip," was courteous to every one, asked nothing of any one, and—took my furious rides to attend upon imaginary patients.

In my heart I blamed the envious spirit of Dr. Sheepshanks for all my success. could see by the light of his green eyes, as his oblique glances flashed suspiciously on me whenever we met, that my presence in —— town was anything but agreeable to him. I found he was the cause of old and young, mothers, daughters and fathers, looking at me so askance; and my suspicions were one day more than confirmed. Jake Peabody, a great gawkey fellow, half fool, half wit—the only one being in the village who had attempted anything like familiarity with me, but whose familiarity was so disgustingly conceited and vulgar, that it was more offensive to me than the reserve of the rest—lounged into my office one evening just at dusk, and after inspecting the backs of my books, (for the fiftieth time) he broke out with:

"Dull work, doctor, ain't it, eh?" and he gave a sidelong leer.

"To which author do you allude, sir?" replied I with all the dignity of twenty-one

"The *author* of the *dull work* to which I allude isn't bound in calf," and he gave another knowing leer, accompanied by a chuckling laugh; "but, with the hide of sheep's trotters, his sheepskin serving to hide the wolf of his nature," and this piece of involuted wit concluded, the creature chuckled immoderately.

"You are entirely too deep for me, Mr. Peabody," rejoined I; "I cannot conceive to what volume you allude."

"Some folks have sometimes too much dignity to conceive what they don't wish to comprehend; eh, doctor, isn't it so?" and again he chuckled immoderately, resuming: "To be plain, then, Dr. Sheepshanks isn't he a volume in himself? But let me tell you, doctor, he does not owe you any love."

"No! why not, pray, if I may ask?" inquired I, contemptuously.

"Why not? Bless me! how can you ask? Why, haven't you come into the village with the express intention of stealing away his practice; or robbing him, beggaring him on his very hearth stone?"

"Pah!" exclaimed I.

"But, let me tell you," persisted Jake, "I have heard Sheepshanks make use of those very words, and let me tell you moreover that all your ill-luck proceeds from his strenuous exertions in your behalf."

"Ill luck! I may not have so extensive a prace as the other physicians of the place, certainly, I am a stranger here as yet.—There is enough for all to do, if the sick of the place are properly attended to, and"—

"Yes, that may all be, and, between you and me is, but Dr. Sheepshanks don't think so, and mark my words he won't rest until he gets you out of here for, you see, you are young, good looking, and confoundedly smart. So you see you are mightly in his way."

"It is for the people of the place themselves to decide. My patrons appear perfectly satisfied with the services I render them, and Dr. Sheepshanks has still as much or more practice than he can attend to with justice to his patients."

As I said this with an air of sublime loftiness it was met with a look of quizzical incredulity that would have nonplussed any one less determined or desperate than myself.

"Dr. Sheepshanks says, 'that, for your patients! and Jake snapped his fingers.—He tells every body that, your mighty fast rides are all sham, that you have never had one real call, not one real patient since you have been in the place, and he says he is determined to watch you and expose you to the whole town. Now, Dr. —— thought I might as well act the part of a friend toward you and put you on your guard. They say forewarned is forearmed," and the ungainly fellow jerked his hand forward for a "good morning," grunted a "good bye," and took himself off.

That he meant kindness towards me I did not of course believe, and determining not to be affected by his malicious gossip, I saddled Cherry and took a pleasant ride—not a professional one, but a ride through the silent, grand old woods, that the voice of nature might speak soothing words to my heart—that my perturbed feelings might find the rest they needed.

I came home strong and refreshed, ready to battle with the world anew, and take it rough and tumble. I was determined not to give up the ship, so the next morning I again saddled Cherry for one of my furious gallops. I was even in a greater hurry than ever—for my patient lay in a most critical state, even at the point of death.

I was aware, in my terrible haste, as I passed Deacon Peabody's, of seeing Jake mount his gray mare, which was standing at the gate saddled and bridled, and follow rapidly in the same direction I had taken.—But the circumstance gave me no uneasiness until I found, turn which way I would, the gray mare, with Jake Peabody on her back, was ever at my heels.

Still on, on I went, and still followed the persistant gray mare. I turned down the cross street and the gray mare turned also: I turned up the next and the gray mare turned up the next also. I thought of flight, but Cherry was at his fullest speed already. Still on I went, until at last I began to see signs in Cherry of flagging. He was covered with perspiration and foam, and was already lame of one foot.

"I shall lose my horse to a certainty," thought I, but then, I thought that Cherry stood as good a chance as Jake's gray mare, so on I went—the point at issue now being which could hold out the longest, Cherry or the gray mare.

At this juncture, I cast my eyes over into a field. Something unusual was going on, evidently. I looked more intently; a man was lying on the grass, and a woman was leaning over him, wringing her hands piteously, while near by stood a horse and plow. A moment more and I was up close beside them: and—so was Jake and the gray mare.

I sprang from the back of my panting horse, and in the coolest manner imaginable, said in a loud, clear tone:

"Ah, my good woman, I see I am just in time. Not a moment to lose. Take heart—all will yet be well!"

I went quickly but quietly to my saddle-bags, drew from them linen bandages, lint, several instruments, and various other professional paraphernalia, and proceeded without delay, to set the poor man's bones, splinter his limbs, bandage his bruises, apply restoratives to his lips, and otherwise attend to his necessities.

The poor man had been ploughing, but, by some accident, had fallen forward, and jerking the reins in a wrong direction, horse and plow passed over him, injuring him terribly—almost fatally. After I had patched him up, I proceeded to make a rude, but strong litter of branches of trees, and turning to the silent and wondering Jake, requested him to assist me in helping the now comparatively easy man to his home.

Jake complied instantly, and soon we had the injured man laid comfortably upon his own bed, his grateful wife thanking me in tones so heartfelt that Jake seemed so much affected that he appeared on the point of mingling tears with the weeping wife.

I heard him ask her, aside, just as we left, if she had sent for Dr. ——, naming my name, to which she replied enthusiastically: "Yes, Heaven forever bless him. I sent our Tommy as soon as the dreadful accident occurred, and he hasn't got back yet."

This was enough. Our ride home that morning (Jake's and mine) was rather an unhurried one; he expressing much astonishment all the way, and I taking the matter coolly, as a thing of course. But before night my fame was spread, all throughout —— town. I had call upon call before the week was out, and in a short time was actually crowded with practice.

I visited the wounded farmer as often as necessary, and saw him fairly on his legs again. I found from his wife that she had sent her "Tommy" for a physician on the morning of her husband's accident, and that from my opportune arrival she had judged, of course, that I was the doctor her boy had found, but I had not more than got out of the house, as the good woman informed me, when Tommy, with another physician, arrived.

This is a faithful account of how I got my first patient. Dr. Sheepshanks and I, before I left —— town, became good friends. He found that there was enough work for both of us, and I found what an astonishing deal a little popularity will do for a man, and all through being "just in time."

THE PITH ON'T.

There was an old fellow, a good deal of a bore, who used to occasionally worm himself into dinner, where his conversation was not always timely, and not seldom obtrusive. One day Blossom had received from New York some very large fine lobsters, and had served them up to one or two friends sitting at his favorite end of the table. Among them came in also our obtrusionist He had the misfortune to lose all his teeth, except a long eye-tooth that stood sentinel at the corner of his cavernous mouth.

"What is them red things, Blossom?" he asked.

"Lobsters," replied the host. "Did you never see a lobster before? They are the finest eating in the world. Try that leg."

Here he gave him a hugh claw, and told him to "go to work upon *that*."

Ae put one end of it in his mouth and began to mumble it over without making any very great progress.

"How do you *like* it," said Blossom, who, with his friend, were ready to split their sides with laughing. They had helped themselves to some other dish, and were *waiting* for their portion of the lobster.

"Can't tell yet," said the other. "How do you eat that cussed thing, anyhow?"

"Oh, eat it right down," said Blossom: never mind the bones."

By this time the man with his one sharp tooth, had succeeded in drilling a hole through to the meat. Having established a *suction*, as Blossom saw, he asked him again:

"Well, how do you like it *now*?"

"Well," he replied, "it is pretty hard eatin' but I *kinder like the peth on't*."

It didn't need the roar that followed this to satisfy the victim that the pith of the whole matter was that he had been badly "sold."—*Spirit of the Times.*

The report that it was so cold one day last week as to break off a marriage engagement, by the freezing up of the young man's passion, is doubted by the ladies.—The general effect of cold nights is to bring the marriage fever to a crisis.

It has been ascertained that the average quantity of sugar consumed by every man, woman and child in the United States is 29 lbs. per annum.

THE HUMAN PHYSIOGNOMY.

That there exists a connection between the physiognomy and character has been a popular notion from the earliest ages of the world. In the oldest statues and pictures precisely the same style of feature is employed to represent brutality as would be used by a sculptor or painter now. In like manner serenity, benevolence, a strong will, quick passions or calm impartiality were depicted by the Greek and Roman artists substantially as they have been in later ages by Flaxman, Canova, Titian or Raphael. Every man is practically more or less of a physiognomist. Few of us but form some notion of a person's character, from his general appearance, long before we have become intimate enough with him to study it understandingly. Women are given to physiognomy even more than men. How far the study of faces may be reduced to a science is, however, a question never yet solved. Lavater and others would have men trust infallibly to physiognomy. A late article in the London Quarterly Review sums up all that is known on the subject; explains the philosophy of a belief in physiognomy, and discusses how far the study is trustworthy. It may amuse if not instruct our readers to glance at the subject in something of the same spirit.

It is incontestible that there are types of faces for childhood, youth, manhood and womanhood. If we see a picture, though it may be the portrait of a person we do not know, we never hesitate to pronounce whether it is the likeness of a male or female, an adult or a minor. All of us have met men with what are called feminine faces, women with masculine ones, children with old and wizened ones. Invariably too, the character follows these appearances. So far, therefore, there is no doubt there is truth in physiognomy. The coincidence between national features and national peculiarities is another point about which there can be no dispute. John Bull is typified in his burly frame, his dogged look, his consequential strut. Brother Johathan's restless, nervous energy scintillates from every fiber of his hatchet face, lean body and twitching gait. Races differ also in features and form—there is always a connection between the two. It is impossible to look over Catlin's gallery of Indian portraits, without feeling that the men and women there represented are cruel, bloody and unlettered. The likeness of Raphael is full of the mingled spirituality and sensuousness of the most perfectly developed Romaic races, and that of the late Emperor of Japan is as perfect a type of the material, sensual Mongolian.

As a general rule a large head is universally conceded to betoken superiority.—Where the forehead is predominant it symbolizes great mental power; where the mind-region is high and arched it indicates strength of feeling; where the chief mass is behind you may look for energy, hard work and practical ability. A large, broad forehead usually accompanies a capacious and comprehensive intellect; a large, high forehead represents a mind powerful in following out one and the same train of ideas.—The English type of head is large and long, with both forehead and hindhead remarkably elevated, and this indicates intelligence and practical ability, to which the feelings are generally subordinated; and such all know to be the character of Englishmen as a nation. But though large heads, *per se*, indicate more ability than small heads, a small head, with a large frontal development, gives its possessor the ascendancy over large heads with small foreheads.—This explains why so many women with small heads obtain and preserve such influence. Among celebrated men, Raphael, Charles XII. and Frederick the Great had small heads; but their frontal regions were dominant, which explains what seems at first a paradox.

A massive jaw has always been associated with firmness. Deep-set eyes usually characterize the keen-sighted observer, as prominent eye-balls indicate fluency of speech. Large noses, especially in men, have always been considered good signs. A woman's nose slightly turned up, is regarded by the French not as a defect, but as an evidence of vital sprightfulness. A thick, fleshy nose in man or woman hints at sensuality. Heavy lower lips reveal the predominance of animal appetites, while a thin upper lip is popularly associated with a scornful, sneering disposition. Small ears imply energy. Ears that stand out mostly belongs to persons in whom the sense of hearing is dominant, such as the musical, the mysterious, and the timid. Close-lying ears are usually characteristic of recklessness and physical courage. These are the principal physiognomical signs about which observers generally are agreed. Some theorists, however, think they can discover in the hand the arm and the hair quite as reliable indications of character. The London Quarterly examines the whole subject at great length, and to the Review we refer persons who are especially curious in the matter.—*Balt. Sun.*

IS THE SUN INHABITED?—Sir David Brewster states that so strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and season must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered as a proof of his insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschell as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deduceable from his own observations on the structure of the sun.

For the Easton Gazette.

YOUNG MEN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF EASTON.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you permit me to call the attention of the citizens of this county to the importance of the above association. About 18 months ago a number of the youths of our town associated themselves together for the purpose of mutual instruction, in collecting and reading choice books and debating useful subjects; thus far they have struggled against many difficulties. have collected about five or six hundred volumes, and have become an incorporated institution. Their room, which is in the Temperance Hall, is lighted up every evening where these young men spend their leisure hours in reading, except Friday evenings which are set apart for debate. Is it not *astonishing* that such an institution as this should not receive the approval of every citizen of the county, yet such is the fact, that it has scarcely received a passing notice or thought from this community. What, sir, let me ask, are the advantages derived from this undertaking? Some of the obscure youths of our town may here receive a thirst for knowledge which may lead them to become the brightest ornaments in our country. My dear reader pause and think for one minute, and your judgment must be convinced in favor of this undertaking.

It is a lamentable fact that there is not a single Circulating Library on the Eastern Shore of this State, and if men are not able to purchase books they have to do without them. This, I think, is easily remedied—let the people come forward and contribute either books or money and this youthful sprout will soon grow to full manhood, and every member of the community may be benefited by it. Many persons are able to give them handsome donations, and all can give a small one, which if it should be general will amount to a handsome thing and place them beyond failure. Now fellow citizens come up to the help of those young men.—If you have no money to contribute send them one or more good books. Many of you have them lying on your dusty shelves which will probably never be read by you—but if you give them to this Society they will be read by many. Reader have you a son to whose future you are looking with intense anxiety? Then point him to this means of acquiring information, encourage him to join and attend its meetings, and he will be much more benefited than spending his evenings idling about bar-rooms and stores, where his habits are corrupted, in stead of being improved.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to call the attention of the Ladies to this Association, for if they give it their countenance it cannot fail. Some may have sons in whom all their future hopes are concentrated, others may have daughters, who in after life may be led to Hymens Alter by some bright genius, who may date his start to this youthful institution. How many widows have been able to rejoice over the prosperous son? how many have been supported in their declining years by such boys? and their gray heirs brought down to the grave in peace. But reverse the picture and let us see within the circle of our own acquaintance how many parents have been brought down to the grave with their heads whitened by sorrow and trouble, of an idle, dissipated son, who if he had been trained in acquiring knowledge, in a society like this, his end would have been the reverse. Now, my dear reader reflect upon this subject, and your sympathies will be enlisted in behalf of these young men, and our town will be the first on this Shore with a Circulating Library, by which the whole county may be benefited. Q.

TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.—The following despatch was received at Washington on the 26th ult., by the President of the Submarine Telegraph Company:

"ST. JOHNS, New Foundland, Jan. 26th, 11 o'clock A. M.—To Cyrus W. Field, National Hotel, Washington. The Legislature of the Colony will be opened on Thursday next, when the Atlantic Telegraph Cable will form a prominent topic in Gov. Darling's speech. (Sined, A. Shea.")

This despatch was received at the Washington Telegraph Office at 10 o'clock and 56 minutes this morning! The distance from St. Johns to Washington is 1,960 miles. It was re-written at six different stations, involving a considerable loss of time, and in addition was nearly forty-five minutes at Halifax! Notwithstanding all this, owing to the difference in longitude between St. Johns and Washington, it reached the latter point before the hour at which it was timed!—*Reporter.*

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—A Hoosier found himself in New York, surrounded by a bevy of fair damsels, who tried to sell him: "Do the ladies play at the west sir?" asked one of them with a simper. Hoosier saw the game, and resolved to win. "Oh, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano, mostly?" "Never, Miss: the instrument we have out our way is the *swinette*, and the girls all play it." "Oh, dear! I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell me what it is, and how they play." "Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each take one of these under her arm and *chew the end of his long tail*, and that brings the music!" The girls made no further attempt to "trot out" the Hoosier, concluding there was too much pepper mixed with his greenness.

THE PARDONING GOVERNOR.—An exchange says that Govrenor Clark, of New York, was being shaved the other day, when the barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little too hard: "Pardon me," said he very naturally. "Put your hand in my coat pocket and pull one out," said the kind hearted Governor; "I'll fill it up for you when you're done."

AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer furnishes that paper with the following rules for making good butter:

1. Milk should never be set for butter in a dark, damp cellar—as it is the case with butter makers in this section—as the cream is thereby moulded before it has time to rise, which gives the butter a mouldy taste.

2. The milk is allowed to set too long before being skimmed, which gives it a cheesy taste.

3. The cream is kept too long before it is churned, after it is skimmed, which gives it the taste of the other two, and also a sour taste.

4. The butter should never be washed in water, because it takes away that beautiful aroma so essential to good butter.

5. It should never be taken in a person's warm hands, as the heat melts a certain portion of the globules, which gives it an oily taste, and makes it become rancid very soon.

6. The milk should be set in good clean tin or earthen pans, in a dry, open, airy, and shady place, above ground, if possible, although a cellar may be so built and ventilated, as to answer the purpose. It should never set over twenty-four hours, in warm weather; and for a dairy of three cows or over, the cream should be churned every morning, and never be kept over forty-eight hours in warm weather; in cold weather it may be kept longer.

It should always be about the same heat that milk is when drawn from the cow, and churned steadily, and I have never known it to fail of coming readily; (we use a cylinder churn;) it is then taken from the churn with a wooden butter ladle, into a wooden tray which has been well scalded and cooled in pure cold water; the salt is then worked in, to suit the taste, with the ladle, which is easily done with a little practice, and the buttermilk well worked out; it is then set away in a cool place for about twenty-four hours, when it is well worked over again, as long as milk or pickle can be worked out. Butter made in this way, and put down in stone pots, and kept from the air, will keep good for a long time.

PRUNING.

There is, perhaps, no subject in horticulture so little understood as the principles upon which pruning is founded. The object in pruning fruit trees is chiefly to hasten or regulate the crop of fruit, and induce or retard the development of wood growth. With reference to the former, more depends upon summer pruning and disbudding.—Trees are frequently barren from excessive wood growth, which is weakened by pruning during summer. It is a well understood fact among scientific cultivators, that summer pruning weakens, and winter pruning strengthens the wood growth. Hence the practice of nursery men in pruning young trees after the season's growth is completed, to increase their luxuriance.

Trees that have arrived at a bearing state, if properly managed during growth, would probably require no winter pruning, unless the removal of large and misplaced branches. In the abstract, it seems a negative practice to encourage a luxuriant growth, and then cut it down in winter It is quite possible to manage trees without having recourse to winter pruning, unless for special objects, as already alluded to. It is certain that much injury is inflicted by the indiscriminate use of the saw and pruning knife, at this time, especially on young bearing trees.

Make it a study, next season, to disbud and summer prune all growing trees, so that you may weaken and check the wood; pruning such trees *now* increases their future vigor, since, by diminishing the branches after the fall of the leaves, the roots gain greater preponderance. On the other hand, it is no less necessary to prevent weakness from overbearing. Since the introduction of the dwarfing system, by grafting on weak growing stocks this error has been frequently committed, and unprofitable trees have been the result. It has also had a tendency to throw discredit on the system, by those who from want of knowledge and experience, have been unsuccessful in cultivation. There are many kinds, naturally of slender growth—gratting them on slow growing stock induces fruitfulness, and represses wood growth to an injurious extent. Such trees should have every blossom picked off that appears in spring, all growth carefully retained during summer, and pruned down in winter. Such treatment will be followed by increased vigor, which may be maintained by taking moderate crops, and continued good cultivation.

So much depends upon individual peculiarities in trees, that it is difficult to form a definite rule that would serve as a safeguard to the uninitiated. Close observation, extended experience, and, at least, a *slight* knowledge of physiology, are indispensable requisites to a successful cultivation of fruits.—*Horticulturalist.*

COMPOSTS.—Lime is a substance which it is an error to use with composts in which we have barnyard manure. It is equally an error to mix lime with any compound rich in ammonia. The tendency of lime in all composts is to promote decomposition and to waste nitrogen, which escapes by union with hydrogen under the form of ammonia, which is the very treasure of the dungheap, and of most other manuring substances.—*Morton's Practical Agriculture.*

HOW TO GET RID OF PESTS.—A writer in the Country Gentleman recommends strichnine as the most effectual means of riddance from such pests of the farm as rats, mice, crows, foxes, &c. For the mice, he soaks corn in a solution of strichnine, and puts it into the stone heaps, under the stumps, &c. For foxes, he poisoned fresh meat with it, and killed crows with the soaked corn.