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the Post-Office.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Advice.

BY NARR ROSKAE.

O, turn thou not from love away,
However humbly offered,
Nor put aside the friendly hand,
By whomsoever proffered.

There's not on earth thus slighted love
A keener pang to bear;
The wounded spirit only feels
The anguish of despair.

And life has many weary hours,
When thy full heart will yearn,
For love and kindly sympathy,
Such as thou most dost spare.

And bitter is the lot of him,
Who treats earth's deary road,
With none to greet him by the way,
Or help him bear his load.

Who knows that God once gave to him
A precious trust to hold,
The hoarded love of one true heart—
A talent of pure gold:

Which in a wasteful, willful mood,
With desecrated night,
Beneath the clouds of cold neglect,
He buried from his sight—

Who knows that once he had the power
To gain a faithful friend,
Whose love, through every hour of life,
Sweet sympathy would lend:

Yet, in an evil, thoughtless hour,
In foolishness, or pride,
As if unworthy of his care,
This power was thrown aside.

Oh! better far it were for thee
To fill an early tomb,
Than live long years of loneliness
In sorrow and in gloom.

Then cherish thou all human love,
By whomsoever given,
And bear a grateful heart for this,
The choicest boon of Heaven.

PAID, March 4, 1851.

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE.

Notes of a Seven Months' Journey to CALIFORNIA.

VIA PORT SMITH, SANTA FE, CHIA RIVER, AND THE TULE LAKES.

From the Private Journal kept by
WM. H. CHAMBERLAIN, of LEWISBURG, PA.

CONTINUED.

The buildings, with one or two exceptions, are one story adobes; many of them being plastered and white-washed, give the place a tolerably genteel appearance. Before the gold mines were discovered, this was the largest town in California. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants are Spaniards, but a number of Americans are about settling in the place. Several American merchants, that have been established here for some years, have realized handsome fortunes. Money is very abundant, and I saw a great deal of gold dust exchanged for merchandise. We purchased Chili flour at \$12 per 100 lbs., equal, or if any difference superior to American; coffee, 25 cts. per lb.; sugar, 37 1/2; tobacco, \$2, and saleratus \$8 per lb.; tin cups, \$1.50 apiece; frying pans \$5, &c. Saw sewing silk sold for its weight in gold. Liquor sold for 2 bits a drink; salt \$1 per lb.; common knives and forks \$10 per doz., &c. Doubloons circulate more freely than sixpences in Pennsylvania. There are several pure Castilian families in the place, who are of a fairer caste than Americans. The soil is very productive in the vicinity. Wheat produces from 40 to 75 bushels to the acre; it is sown in January, and ripens before the drought can injure it. The hills are covered with wild oats, and the valleys with clover, mustard, &c. About the first of December, or after the first rain falls, vegetation starts, and the country assumes a universal coat of verdure, which lasts until July of next year. All kinds of fruit and vegetables flourish; apples, pears, peaches, oranges, figs, apricots, grapes, melons, &c., &c., are abundant in season. The climate is delightful, and during that season the country is said to present the most beautiful appearance in the world, except Italy, and it has even been compared to that land of enchantments, but probably by persons that never gazed upon her gardens and vine-clad hills. We had apple dumplings for dinner, although I did make them myself.

Friday, Aug. 31.—Started this morning; passed over a rolling country for some distance, our course due north. Enjoyed the cool sea breeze, which increased almost to a gale; we are within a few miles of the ocean. Crossed a mountain, and again turned our faces northward, up a large valley, in which countless numbers

of cattle were grazing, apparently without an owner—not a house or man in sight. Saw some timber—live oak, sycamore, walnut, &c. Encamped in a vineyard, and turned our mules into a wheat field, near an Indian ranch, with the permission of the owner. If we were not "in clover," wheat for our animals, and grapes for ourselves were equally as good. We paid the Indians for the fruit we used, of course. Had a fine grape pie for supper. Distance, 20 miles—2181.

Saturday, Sep. 1.—While at Los Angeles I weighed 157 lbs., being a gain of 7 lbs. since leaving home. Maj. Green weighed 160 lbs., a loss of 58 lbs. in the same time. So much for high living. We were advised by some Americans at Los Angeles, to take but 12 or 15 days' provisions, cross the mountains into the valley of the San Joaquin, and proceed directly to the nearest mines, as a much shorter route, and the Mariposa being reported the best diggings in the country. This morning we found that we were upon the Coast road, which was not our route. A Spaniard gave us directions, which we followed. The trail led over a level plain, covered with a dense growth of clover; and we soon reached the Mission of San Fernando. This place is almost deserted. A few Indians inhabit the dilapidated buildings, which were built by the Catholic church for their use and comfort. These California Missions were once in a flourishing condition. Thousands of wild Indians were gathered around them, instructed in the "holy faith," and taught to cultivate the earth. Each mission had its vineyards and fruit garden, a large tract of land under cultivation, and countless numbers of cattle, horses, sheep, &c. Good order, peace and plenty, once reigned over these beautiful spots. The "Padre" had the entire control of the concern, and was revered as "prime ruler" by his devoted subjects. But all this has changed. The Priests have left, nunneries are deserted, the Indians are scattered, and many of them have fled to their wild haunts in the mountains, and the buildings are fast going to ruin. By what I can learn, these changes have been brought about by revolutions in the country, altering the government of the missions, restricting the power of the Padres &c., and finally the country falling into the hands of the Americans, and the discovery of the gold mines, have made a complete wreck of these once popular institutions. Although I am far from being a believer in the religion of the Roman Catholics, or rather their doctrines, I can not look upon these missions, and hear the story of their rise and progress, and downfall, without feelings of regret, that they have not been sustained. The principal building in the mission of San Fernando, containing the church, convent, Padre's rooms, &c., is a noble edifice, although the architecture is very rude. It is two stories high, built of adobes, plastered and whitewashed. The roof is covered with fluted tile. The windows are crossed with iron bars. Its arches, pillars, belfry, statues, fountains, paintings, &c., give it an imposing appearance, and it must be acknowledged a well constructed edifice, for this country, where building material is so scarce. There are several Spaniards in charge of the building, yards, cornfield, &c. We purchased some pears and melons. There were a number of Indians keeping watch over the corn field, each one perched upon a small scaffold, above the tops of the corn. Shortly after leaving the Mission we entered the mountains, following a small trail up a ravine, to the head, where an apparently impassable mountain seemed to obstruct our further progress. There was no alternative, we must either scale it, or take the back track. It was not more than 500 yards high, but very steep, and the trail scarcely visible. After one of the hardest struggles I have witnessed on the route, our mules reached the summit with their loads. The descent was almost as difficult. Shortly afterwards, we encamped in a ravine, beneath the shade of some large sycamore trees—good grass, but little water. Saw a "Grizzly" upon the mountains, but he was not within rifle shot, and we could not get to him. Distance, 20 miles—2201.

Sunday, Sep. 2.—Very cold last night. We now feel the need of the blankets we were obliged to throw away, we have but one apiece left. Shortly after starting we entered a small valley. A great many cattle in it, and we were led astray by their numerous trails. This detained us an hour or two, but finding the cassa (Spanish name of house or home) we were righted on our course. Here we entered the mountains again, and crossed a very high range, so steep that we had almost "to lay down upon our backs to see the top of it." The trail was beset by rocks, stones, and bushes, and our travel this afternoon has been a continual ascent and descent. Old "Sol" poured down his rays upon us without mercy. Altogether it reminds me of the days of toil and fatigue

we experienced upon the Rio Gila. We did not reach water until dark, which we found in the bed of a deep, dark chasm in the mountains. Here we encamped, and turned our mules loose to browse amongst the rocks. Saw another "Grizzly" today, and several deer. Distance, 20 miles—2221.

Monday, Sep. 3.—Continued amongst the mountains in a N. E. course, and had a hard day's travel of it. The trail is so indistinct in places that we could scarcely follow it. The fact is, few but Indians have ever passed over this road, and it is utterly impossible for wagons to travel it. Saw a small valley on our right hand, at the distance of a mile, the entire surface of which was as white as snow. We supposed it to be a deposit of salt, likely the dry bed of a salt lake. Met with a number of bear and deer today, but they were all at a distance from us, and we could not lose time to run after them. Encamped in a beautiful oak grove, on the edge of a small valley, well grassed. A spring of good water near camp. One of our company shot a large catamount, a few rods from camp. Distance 20 miles—2241.

Tuesday, Sep. 4.—Hill Dixon and myself, started in advance of the company this morning, for the purpose of killing game. We saw nothing but three deer very high up in the mountain. The valley in which we encamped, gradually narrowed into a ravine, down which ran a stream of clear cold water. After descending this ravine for several miles, we emerged upon the broad valley of the Rio San Joaquin, at the extreme south end. Here a solitary Indian family lives, they cultivate a few vegetables. It would be difficult to describe the desolate, barren appearance of the plain before us. We could discern the mountains that bounded the valley on the west. Not a tree, shrub, spear of grass, or drop of water was visible. If ever vegetation existed here, it has entirely disappeared. The day was excessively hot, the atmosphere hazy, and in the distance, the air and horizon appeared to blend into one. We were almost afraid to "launch out" upon this wide waste. It seemed to us more forbidding than the desert of the Colorado. We had been instructed to keep down the valley on the west side of the Tule Lakes, which advice we followed, (but have since had abundant cause to regret.) The trail leads down the east side, and is the route usually traveled. We started in a N. W. direction, traveling over a level plain for about 10 miles, when we reached the head of the first lake, after stopping once on the way to rest. Saw a few antelopes, but could not get within shooting distance of them. Here we found several sickly Indian families encamped, living upon fish and muscles. The border of the lake is thickly beset with Tule (bull-rushes), making it difficult to get to water. It is literally covered with wild fowl. There is a small Indian trail down the west side of the lakes, but there are so many made by wild animals, that we find it impossible to keep the right one. These Indians are anxious to have us go across the slue, and travel on the east side. We could not understand the reason, and did not heed their warnings and advice. We traveled until dark, finding no wood or grass, and not being able to get to water. We stopped for the night, and turned our mules loose to browse upon the Tule, for there was neither grass nor bushes. But they were immediately attacked by myriads of mosquitoes, which did not make their appearance until sundown. To prevent their running away, we were obliged to stand and hold them. We procured a little water to drink by cutting our way through tules and mosquitoes. No wood to cook, and have eaten nothing since early morning. We are again out of meat. We lay down, but to sleep was out of the question. The mosquitoes attacking us in perfect swarms, apparently intent upon having our very "life's blood." As much as ourselves and animals needed sleep and rest, we thought it best to pack up and travel, which we did at 8 o'clock P. M. Being very dark we did not pretend to follow the trail. The mules were hard to drive, being very hungry, and still annoyed by mosquitoes. At one o'clock A. M. it became pretty cool, the mosquitoes left us, and we lay down to rest. Distance, 38 miles—2279.

Wednesday, Sep. 5.—We had two or three hours' comfortable sleep. But the poor mules having nothing to eat, were noisy and restless. At daylight we packed up and traveled two miles, when we found a little salt grass, and an opening to the water. Here we unpacked. We gathered up some dry weeds, and managed to cook some bread and coffee. This is the first we have eaten for 30 hours. Left this point at 10 o'clock P. M., following a well beaten trail, which led us in a N. W. direction, leaving the lake to the N. E., and a mountain between us and the lake. After traveling about 15 miles, we became satisfied that we were upon a wild horse

trail—and bearing too much towards the mountains to the west. The range between us and water still continued, and increased in size. Persons that have not witnessed it, can scarcely form an idea of the sterile appearance of the country we passed over to-day. We have not seen a tree or living shrub since entering the valley. We were at a loss for some time what course to pursue. Our animals were beginning to fail, we had no water in our canteens, and knew that we could not again reach the Lake before night. At last we concluded that our only course was to strike N. E. across the mountains, and reach water as soon as possible. Having no trail, we found traveling very difficult. The earth is dried out to a perfect dust, and every few steps the mules sink to the knees, in places where gophers, coatis (Coyotes) and other animals have burrowed beneath the surface. When we reached the dividing ridge, we were lucky in making the head of a ravine, down which we traveled in a winding course. We knew we were going towards the water, from the numerous small wild animal trails that led in the same direction. Night coming upon us, we lay down in the ravine, without water, wood, or grass. Distance, 25 miles—2304.

Thursday, Sep. 6.—Reached the Lake at 8 o'clock this morning, unpacked, watered and grazed our animals, and ate a piece. The atmosphere so hazy that we can see but a mile or two. We have concluded the mountain which we went so far out of our course to avoid, is the dividing point between the first and second lake. Col. Fremont, and other travelers, who never saw them, represent the Tule as one continued lake, about 70 miles in length. Instead of this, it consists of three, in the form of a crescent, thus:



Col. F. also said that this part of the valley, lying west of the Lake and San Joaquin river, is an almost perfect desert, which thus far has proved true. We again started at 1 o'clock P. M., our course N. along the lake. The earth is very soft, resembling dry ashes or quicklime, into which the mules sink almost to their knees at every step. Encamped at dark, and turned our mules into the tules, which their hunger forced them to eat with avidity, but they were soon attacked by millions of mosquitoes, and it was with difficulty we prevented their stampeding. Never did poor mortals suffer more than we from the attacks of these insects—fight the mosquitoes, and hold our animals by the head, was all we could do, having nothing we could tie them to. Not one of us slept a wink during the night. Distance, 20 miles—2324.

Friday, Sep. 7.—Finding it impossible for either man or beast to rest, we packed up and started long before daylight. Drove several hours, when we came to the end of the Lake, and were obliged to strike N. E. to a slue for water. Here we nooned, and returned to the trail, upon which we continued in a N. W. direction until night, and again turned N. E., several miles for water, over a flat cut up by slues. Not finding any, we encamped without water. We had been instructed to cross Lake Fork, a river putting in at the south end of the Lakes. After deliberating upon the subject, we concluded that we were past all the Lakes, and that it would be necessary to return to the foot of the Lake to cross the fork. Distance, 20 miles—2344.

Saturday, Sep. 8.—Annoyed during the night, by a band of wild horses running around camp, trying to entice our mules off. We have already seen a great number of them. They are certainly the wildest animal I ever saw. Returned on our trail, about 12 miles, which proved a very unwise move, being unable to cross a slue. Here we nooned. Again moved on upon our old trail, and encamped where we nooned yesterday, losing a day and a half, and hard marching at that. Distance, 20 miles—2364.

Sunday, Sep. 9.—Still thinking that we had passed all the lakes, and that the rise in them had filled this slue with water, we determined to continue along until we should head it, and then strike a due north course to the San Joaquin River. We soon rounded the slue, and thinking all our difficulties and perplexities at an end, we bore north, over a perfectly barren plain for about 10 miles. Saw several large herds of antelope. We were deceived by that singular phenomena, mirage. We thought we plainly saw the course of the much desired river, even the trees on its banks. Our surprise and disappointment can not be imagined, when, ascending a gentle rise, another Tule Lake lay before us, directly across our course, extending

east and west as far as the vision could reach. Here was an end to our brightening prospects; for we had already imagined ourselves encamped on the banks of the river, with plenty of wood, good water, fresh fish, and but 2 or 3 days' journey from our destination. Our situation is enough to alarm us. Many of our animals are apparently upon their last legs. We have not two full days' rations of provision left. Some days ago we began to fear that we should not reach the mines in the expected time, and confined ourselves to half rations, which we again reduced to quarter rations, and upon this fare we subsisted for several days; nothing but bread and coffee at that. This amount of food will not sustain us, and do our necessary work. The jaded condition of our mules, obliges us to walk a great portion of the time. For the same reason, we packed but 12 days' provisions from Los Angeles, which were told would be an abundance—and no meat, expecting to kill game. But this is a poor dependence. We can not hunt without stopping; this would be a loss of time, and but few of us have guns left. Starvation or mule-flesh, stared us in the face, but we will not doubt prefer the latter. To kill and eat one of our faithful animals, that has brought us thus far, seems rather revolting, but we look upon it as a thing certain, and have already selected the first victim. This Lake like the former one is bordered with tules, and is literally covered with wild fowl of every variety, amongst others the pelican, swan, goose, brant, ducks, herons, curlews, plovers, snipe, &c. They are so abundant, that it is an immense deposit of Guano, along the shore, in low water. The water we have to use, is the essence of this deposit, and is really disgusting, although we had become accustomed to bad water.

I had the good fortune to shoot a pelican, which we skinned and devoured upon the spot. We sat about devouring upon the pieces, made a fire of dry tules, and each person taking a portion, roasted it to suit himself. We wallowed it about in the smoke and dirt, the rushes not making heat enough to cook it. Alas! after all our trouble, "the bird" was too strong for our weak stomachs; however, it fully sufficed for dinner, without eating it. Those that happened to swallow a bite, were sickened. I never wish to dine on "Pelican" again. The name of the infernal bag-throated creature is enough for me. We decided to travel west along the Lake. Wild fowl cover the water in many places for fifty acres in extent, and their incessant screaming would terrify an army, almost. Towards evening we encamped, without wood or grass as usual; and after partaking of a cup of guano tea, we lay down to meditate upon our troubles and misfortunes. But nothing (except mosquitoes) can long keep sleep away from the eyes of the way-worn traveler. Distance, 20 miles—2384.

[To be continued.]

A Cherokee preacher has named his infant son, "Jenny Lind," and it is said to be a "perfect bird" at making a noise, already.

Sullivan County.

We were highly pleased, on a late visit to this county, to witness the substantial evidences of prosperity that everywhere met our eye. To those unacquainted with the advantages which the citizens of Sullivan county possess, our reference to their general prosperity, may be deemed insignificant, but such is not the case. Situated between the two branches of the Susquehanna, with a good market on either hand, for the staples of the country, which are live stock, butter, and cheese, it has become an easy matter for a poor man in this region to acquire by his own industry in a few years, a good farm with the necessary means to work it. The land is generally good and highly productive—heavily timbered, and can be bought at a very low rate, say from 50 cents to \$2.50 per acre. It will probably continue to be sold at this low price, yet for a year or so, when as the settlements thicken the inducements to purchasers, and the scarcity of land in market will soon add tenfold to its value. Nothing can prevent this. Like instances have occurred on all sides of us, and will occur again under similar circumstances. Therefore we say to all those who wish to acquire a home in Pennsylvania, at a cheap rate, go buy you a farm in Sullivan county, before all the good land is taken up, and you will be satisfied in so doing you have acted wisely.—[Lycoming Gazette.]

A Washington letter states that the whole number of United States exhibitors at the World's Fair, is 487, and the entire space required for the United States will be about 25,000 feet. Of these exhibitors 189 are from New York, 70 from Massachusetts, 64 from Pennsylvania, 39 Ohio, 16 Maryland, 14 Vermont, 24 Virginia, 9 Connecticut, &c.

The Colonization Bill, which passed Congress in the last hours of the session, will give to the Colonization Society about \$37,800, for taking care of 760 slaves captured on board the Pons by a government vessel, which started with 900 slaves from Calandra to Brazil.

The Farmer.

A company of gentlemen of North Lebanon, Lebanon county, in this State, are about establishing a poultry yard for the production of eggs. One thousand dollars have been subscribed, and a three acre lot purchased, on which to erect the necessary buildings. Several members of the company are now engaged in purchasing hens, the number of which to begin with is 2000.

GRAFTING.

Grafting is nothing more than inserting upon one tree a shoot or branch from another tree so as to make the sap of the stock or grafted tree flow up into the graft, and thus unite the two and form one limb or tree.

The advantages of Grafting. The advantages of grafting, as it respects fruit, are as follows, to wit:

1. You can put an entire new top of choice fruit on a tree partially or fully grown, and whose fruit is indifferent or worthless.
2. You can put several kinds of the same species of fruit on the same tree, and thus have a succession of fine fruit, from early to late on a small lot or garden.
3. You can hasten the bearing of such varieties of fruit as would require a long time to come into a bearing state, by grafting scions or branches of them on full grown or fruit bearing trees. Thus a seedling pear which would not produce fruit on its own root in less than from ten to fourteen years will, if grafted on a bearing pear tree, produce fruit the third or fourth year after grafting.
4. You can render foreign and delicate sorts of fruit more hardy by grafting them on robust native stocks of the same species, as the foreign grape, for example, on our native vines.
5. You can thus rapidly increase choice kinds of fruit, not easily obtained otherwise.
6. You can make dwarfs of certain kinds of large trees, by grafting them on trees of slower growth, as the pear on the quince or white thorn.

Time of Grafting. To give your readers clear and correct ideas upon this point, I will quote from our best authors.

The author of "The Fruit Gardener" says, "Grafting is generally performed sometime between the beginning of February and the end of March, or in April. But the proper period depends on the nature of the season, whether it be a late or early one, and must be determined by the fullness and bursting appearance of the buds on the stocks, and should be regulated by the mildness of the weather, which, with occasional showers, is favorable for this operation." p. 109, and 118.

Fessenden, in his "New American Gardener," says, "The time of grafting should be when the sap of the stock has begun to move, in the spring, and just before the buds are unfolded." p. 147. Judge Ruel, in his "Farmers' Instructor," says, "April is the general season for grafting in this latitude (State of New York,) though it is sometimes performed in March, and sometimes omitted till May. The grafts should however be cut before the buds begin to swell. The scions are most likely to live if inserted when the sap is circulating freely, for then the wounds soonest heal." Vol. 2, p. 118. Downing says, "The proper time for grafting fruit trees is in the spring, as the sap is in motion, which commences earliest with the cherry and plum, and ends with the pear and apple. The precise time of course varies with the season and the climate, but is generally comprised from February to the middle of April. The most favorable weather for grafting is a mild atmosphere with occasional showers." Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees of America, p. 13. So much for Spring grafting.

But grafting may also be successfully performed in the Summer and Fall. Thus Mr. Abner Landrum says, "About the first of July, when the growth of some trees had become stationary, I cut a twig of the pear tree and inserted it on a nursery stock which readily grew. I next tried almost every variety of orchard fruits, which succeeded perfectly well." He made this experiment supposing that as spring grafting might probably fail by reason of the drying winds peculiar to that season, so the rapid motion of the sap in some stocks combined with the general moisture of the air during mid-summer might ensure the growth of summer grafting—and the result shows that he reasoned well. And he adds: "To make the success of summer grafting certain, take the twigs to be inserted from a tree in which the sap is, as near as possible, stationary, and select a stock in which the sap has the greatest possible motion. July is the proper time for summer grafting, and indeed the most suitable month of the twelve for that operation. However the operation may be performed with tolerable success during the remainder of the Summer and Fall months." Col. I. F. Wingate, of Maine, says, that on the 5th of September, 1824, he grafted on a scrub apple tree, apple scions of the same year's growth, containing from three to five buds each, which lost their old leaves, and formed shoots the same year twice as large as his grafts "inserted in the ordinary mode" did. He describes his mode of grafting, which is the second mode described under side grafting in this article, and then adds: "Thus it may be said to have all the advantages of budding, with the additional one of producing the new fruit certainly one and probably two or three years sooner; and farther, it may be successfully performed at any season of the year while the sap is in motion and the scions taken from the growth of the same or of the preceding year. It will be found, too, that the stock is less injured, and heals more readily and effectually, than when split as in the ordinary mode of cleft grafting. All the branches of a tree may be removed clean to the trunk, and new ones produced, and shape or form given to the tree, by the insertion of scions at end places as you please. And I am certain that they adhere more firmly and are less liable to injury from rain and violent winds, than those inserted in a different manner; and if properly inserted, probably not one in fifty will fail." [Fessenden, p. 147, 8, &c.]

There are many modes, but the following will answer every purpose: Whip or Splice Grafting.—This mode which is practised chiefly on small stocks or trees, consists in cutting off a full inch or more of one side of the scion or graft, and also of the stock or limb you intend to graft, in a sloping direction and tying them closely together, just as you would splice a whip or fishing rod, so as to make the inner bark of the graft and of the stock join or meet each other nicely, at least on one side if not both. This mode succeeds best when the graft and stock are the same size or thickness, as the bark will then meet on both sides, all around, or nearly so, and of course the flow of the sap will the more readily take effect and unite the parts thus joined. This mode may also be improved by what gardeners call tongueing or tipping, that is, by making a tongue-shaped cut in the stock downward, and a corresponding cut or slit in the scion or graft upwards, and the joining them so as to make the inner bark of the scion and stock meet exactly, at least on one side if not both.

Saddle Grafting.—So called, I presume, because the graft is cut to fit on the stock just as a saddle is made to fit a horse's back. This mode, which is also practised upon small stocks, consists in cutting the wood off of both sides of the stock, so as to give the top of the stock a