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For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

THE MAY QUEEN.

Among the customs of our ancestors, honored "more in the breach than in the observance", is that of "Crowning the May Queen." It was my pleasure some time since, to witness a miniature representation of this ancient festival. The ceremony of the Coronation was beautifully incorporated into the exercises of a Sunday School celebration, while on an excursion into the country. The candidate for royal honors was one of the lovellest creatures out of an angel band. She was stationed on an eminence where every eye could see her, and the entire company were spread out before her in the form of an oblong square. On either side of her were the Garlander and Sceptre Bearer, while her maids of honor stand about her as if to guard the sacred person of their Queen. As the notes of sweet music were dying away in the woods, the Garlander stepped forth, and hung around the neck of the lovely fairy a richly prepared Garland, with these words:

GARLANDER'S ADDRESS.

Now around thee, Queen so lovely,
See us place this Garland fair,
While the sky smiles sweet above thee,
And the flowers perfume the air.
Let its simple beauty more thee
To accept the gift we bring;
Let it tell how much we love thee,
While the woods and vallies ring.
Here we hail thee—here approve thee—
Take the Garland, lovely Queen.

After this exhibition of loyalty, the Sceptre Bearer presented herself before the Queen, and placed in her hands the emblem of regal authority, thus:

SCEPTRE BEARER'S ADDRESS.

Here where all is bright and green,
Sway thy sceptre, lovely Queen;
Happy hearts that meet to-day,
Hail thee as the Queen of May.
Let thy reign be one of love,
Let thy throne be Flora's grove;
Joys that deck this sunny hour,
Find a smile in every flower.
O'er thy empire bright and green,
Sway thy Sceptre, lovely Queen.

When the little beauty had been thus invested with the insignia of royal power, she smiled sweetly on her happy subjects, and responded, as follows:

QUEEN'S ADDRESS.

This diadem fair with pleasure I wear,
Rejoicing in subjects so dear;
The sceptre I sway as Queen of the May,
Will never engender a fear.
My love will o'erwhelm the whole of my realm,
And smiles will attend on my laws;
And all on the green will flock to their Queen,
With flowers supporting her cause.
And when as the sun has left us and gone,
I give up my crown of a day,
Let all of us own the King on the Throne,
Who reigns in a land far away.

The whole ceremony ended with an ode of recognition, when the entire company pressed forward to pay their personal respects to their newly crowned sovereign.

There is a beautiful simplicity in a scene like this, that recommends it to those who minister to youthful pleasure. Who does not feel his soul moving within him, when Dempster sings the lay of the plaintive maiden:

"I'm to be Queen of the May, mother—
I'm to be Queen of the May!"

If our principles are not too radically republican, we may yet see a Queen crowned in Buffalo Valley.

"NOVUS."

Who is the Greatest?

Charles West and William Jarvis had just begun to study history, and they were much pleased with the stories of kings, whose riches and power were the wonder of the world, and whose armies conquered all opposing nations.

They are delighted with the account of the splendid cities, with their huge walls, their vast temples filled with gold and silver vessels, and their stately palaces.

"O, what great men there were in those days!" said Charles. "There were Cyrus and Xerxes, and Alexander the Great, and I can not tell how many more. We do not have such kings now, do we?"

"No, Charles," answered William. "Do you remember the funny story about the Persian king, Xerxes, who wrote a letter to Mount Athos, commanding it to remove out of the way of his army, and who ordered the sea to be beaten because it destroyed his boats.

"He was a mighty king, but I do not think that the mountain obeyed him, or that the sea became more quiet for his orders. He might command armies, but to rule the sea was another thing."

"Then, William, there were the queens, too; the kings of this time were nothing to them. There was Cleopatra, who sailed in a vessel with silken sails, and who was rowed by beautiful girls with silver oars."

"My children," said their teacher, who had overheard the conversation, "I see you are talking about great kings and queens, and wish to see them."

"Yes, Miss Orne, and I wonder who was the greatest person in the world?" said William.

"Charles thinks Cleopatra was a great queen, because she lived in such splendor. Let me tell you something more about her.

"She was one of the most wicked and cruel persons that ever lived; and it is said that she poisoned her little brother, Ptolemy, when he had been appointed king; but it is not in keeping, that she did. She was wicked enough to curse her children in their father's memory.

Sir Edward Bulwer's much talked of play, "Not So Bad as We Seem," is Not So Good as We Expected.—*South. Pres.*

a foolish bet that he would drink a large bowl of wine, he brought on a fever, from the effects of which he died. He was a tyrant of the most cruel kind.

"At one time he became enraged at one of his faithful old soldiers, for having told him that his father, Philip, had done greater things than he, and, seizing a spear, he killed him on the spot. And yet, this same old soldier had once saved the life of the cruel king in battle.

"But there is one woman who will be remembered with love and respect when kings and queens, with all their splendor, are forgotten. They may build monuments of marble, and brass, and iron; but they will decay, while her's will last forever, and its touching inscription time can never efface.

"'She had done what she could,' says the Saviour; and if you will read the twelfth chapter of Mark, I think you will agree with me, that this woman is more worthy of our remembrance than Cleopatra, with her silken sails and silver oars.

"And no doubt you will remember one who said to the waves, 'Peace be still; and even the wind and the waves obeyed him."

"Oh yes, Miss Orne, I see what you mean," said Charles; "and it was foolish for me to be so charmed with splendor that is mingled with so much wickedness. To be good is to be great; and we should have thought of that, William, when we were studying our history."

Miss Orne smiled, and continued; "I will tell you of John Howard, who traveled over nearly the whole of Europe, visiting prisons, and trying to relieve the wretched inmates, many of whom were entirely innocent, or standing by the bed of the sick, to give them the healing cup, and speak words of kindness to the poor sufferers. But I am sorry to add, that this truly great man died of the plague, a terrible disease, while he was attending upon the sick.

"At this time, there is a lady by the name of Miss Dix traveling through our country, visiting jails, prison, and asylums for the insane; and it is said, that when she talks and prays with the poor lunatics they are perfectly calm and quiet, and seem almost rational.

"Such is the power of love and kindness over those even from whom reason has fled. Now, can you tell who is the greatest person?"

"I think I can tell you," said William. "The person who does all the good he can is the greatest, no matter how humble he is: for Christ said the poor widow had put more into the treasury than all the rich, because she had given all she had."

"You are right, and learn from this to be great by being good, the only true greatness, and the only lasting happiness."

The Contribution Box.

Old Parson Pine, of Newburyport, was a very eccentric personage, and seldom did a Sabbath pass but what he set the whole congregation into a broad grin by his queer remarks. The boys of the day, like those of the present generation, were sometimes a little mischievous, and occasionally when the contribution box was passed around, buttons were nearly as plenty as dimes. The good old parson had noticed this and determined to put a stop to it. Accordingly on Sunday, he announced that a collection would be taken up for the poor, and, said he, "If any man, woman, boy or girl, finds it necessary to drop a button into the plate, let it be one with a good eye, for when the eyes are bent down the button ain't worth a wisp of straw.

Is a Dog Property.

A case recently came before Judge Sill of Buffalo, involving this question. One of defendants was a justice of the peace, the other made complaint against plaintiff for stealing his dog. The Justice issued a warrant, &c., and suit was brought to test the question, whether a dog can be a subject of larceny.

Judge Sill said, "I am inclined to change the rule which has long prevailed on this subject, for I can not see any good reason for such a doctrine. Dogs have become valuable and almost necessary domestic animals. They are raised and kept for purpose of sale and barter, and certainly have an intrinsic value. The Supreme Court of this district have held that a dog can be the subject of a civil action and I will set the ball in motion by deciding for the defendants, and hold a dog can be the subject of larceny.

FIRE IN THE COAL.—In Wales a fire has been raging in a coal mine for twenty-six years, and has consumed, it is computed, $500,000 worth of coal. Within five years after its commencement it was greatly restrained by the construction of an enormous wall which cost $80,000. At [illegible] passing this wall threatens destruction, and of an auspicious day. The energies employed to refining and elevating influence are thus rapidly combining and, already we count ourselves happy.

Incident to be Remembered.

"There's something good in human nature, after all."
BEUNER.

A few years ago, while passing over the Pennsylvania State improvements, the writer was a witness of one of those scenes of genuine kindheartedness which makes the heart thrill with an unutterable blessing, and fills the mind with involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still" in our common nature.

At a point this side of the mountains, where occurred the transhipment of passengers from the west, was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way "through" to the east. The captain of the boat, a tall rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after, a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise—"Sir, we wish to go on east—but our further progress to-day will depend on you. In the car we have just left is a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If *he* goes, we remain—what say you?" Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?" To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering beheld in one corner, a poor, emanciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker-worm, *consumption*. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him, *kindly*. "Oh! sir!" said the shivering invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation, "are you the captain—and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence and are so unkind. You see sir, I am dying—but oh! if I am spared to reach my mother I shall die happy. She lived in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"*You shall go!* replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped about the boat, with their baggage piled up on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage. A moment more and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming from the cars, with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Pushing directly through the throng with his dying burden, he ordered a mattrass to be spread, in the choicest spot of the boat, where he laid the invalid with the care of a parent. This done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and, in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went; and from their midst arose an aged, white-haired man, who, with tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man, that he had taught them, all a lesson—that they felt humbled before him and that they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present. On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a generous contribution from the captain, and the poor invalid was started with a "God speed!" on his way home *to die in the arms of his mother!*"

The true-hearted captain of that boat was Gen. SAMUEL D. KARNS, and the above incident is worth remembering.—*Correspondence of the Blair County Whig*

Mr. Riddle, the American Agent at the World's Fair, says he honestly believes that the Americans have within the Chrystal Palace the best piano fortes, the best carriages, wagons, and coaches, the best ploughs and winnowing machines, the best cotton, and the best dentist's tools, dentist work, and labor-saving machinery, and that, if justice be accorded, we shall receive upon them all the highest premiums. In the department of tools and labor-saving contrivances, which abound in every workshop in the United States, the representation at the Fair is lacking.

FLOODS.—The recent rain floods in the region of the upper Mississppi river have raised the waters to a point six feet higher than was ever before known. Hundreds of thousands of acres of land have been submerged, destroying the results of years [illegible] industry. Thousands of persons hold his hand and utterly [illegible] agency, always regarding the decree [illegible]

A Perilous Position.

Joseph Seifried, who has contracted to paint the spire of the Presbyterian Church on Main street, ascended on Thursday afternoon, to within some six feet of the top, by ingeniously attaching a block-and-tackle to a hook, and fastening the lower end to a large basket. He took passage for the upper regions in that frail barque, and reached an elevation of 152 feet from the ground. Having been drawn up as high as the apparatus would admit, and wishing to fasten a wire to the topmost spire, he climbed up the rope and stood upon the tackle block, "holding with one hand to some projecting pieces of tin," while he arranged the wire with the other. While in this perilous position, he felt himself growing faint, and his grasp relaxing. He immediately slipped down into his basket, where he lay, nearly exhausted, some 10 minutes, with his head projecting over one side of the receptacle, and his feet over the opposite. It was almost enough to sicken a landsman to view the feat. Had Mr. S. fallen from the peak of the steeple he never would have known what hurt him!—[Chilicothe Gazette.

Mormon Outrages at Beaver Island.

The miscreants, who have gathered themselves together upon Beaver Island, under the title of Mormons, are making rapid and sure progress in the degress of crime, which lead from adultery, theft, arson, and robbery, to deliberate murder.

It will be recollected by our readers, that we published during the past winter, several communications from the Island, among which was one giving the particulars of the burning of the dwelling houses of two men by the name of Bennett. These Bennetts are not Mormons, nor have they ever been; they happened to be residents of the Island, and to be owners of property there, and were men of good character and deportment. Strang, who has been in Detroit jail, and is under various indictments, has long sought the ruin of these men, as well as that of other "Gentiles," as he styles them; and his threats "to drive them from the Island, dead or alive," have been so often repeated as to excite no apprehension, until the burning of their houses, during the past winter by him; since which event the inhabitants of the Island, not Mormons, have kept a close and constant watch upon their houses and property.

The conditions upon which Strang offered immunity to these persons, was, that they should become Mormons, and yield themselves up to be governed by Mormon laws. Not seeing fit to comply with this revolting alternative, these "Gentiles" have been constantly and particularly pursued in various ways; at times by mock litigation, and at other times by inroads upon their rights and property, without color of law, until the last week, when they assembled at the dwelling houses of Thomas Bennett, armed with rifles, pistols, knives, &c., and bearing, as they said, a Mormon precept, authorizing them to seize his person, and take his property. Upon their approach, Bennett closed his doors against them, telling them not to enter; upon which they fired some forty shots into the house, the effect of which was to drive T. Bennett forth to seek safety in flight; but when he had gained a few rods, he fell dead, pierced by five rifle balls, and forty buck shot.

They next pursued the other Bennett, who fled instinctively; but after going a few rods, remembered the condition of his poor wife, (who was alone in the house,) and returned to receive their shot just as he crossed the threshold. His hand was cut in two by the shot, and the wound may not be mortal. The fiends then took the dead body of Thomas Bennett, and dragging it by the hair of the head to the boat, threw it in, and compelled Samuel Bennett, the wounded man, to follow and sit down by it; they then drove the distracted woman after them into the boat, and took them a distance of five miles to the Harbor, where they held a *post mortem* examination on the body of Thomas Bennett, with a jury composed of Mormons, with the exception of three persons, who were "Gentiles;" at which it was proposed by the Mormon jurors, to bring in a verdict that Bennett came to his death while resisting the law; while the persons who were not Mormons decided that Bennett was deliberately murdered.

A fearful excitement prevailed towards the miscreant Mormons among the Indians on the island, who hate and fear them, as well as among the white population who are not Mormons, and they were restrained from executing summary vengeance upon the murderers only through the urgent advice of Messrs. M'Kinley, Bowers, Moore, and Einsmore, who had persuaded them to await the execution of the laws of Michigan upon the wretches.

P. M. McKinley, from whom we gather the foregoing revolting particulars, is a business man of character and integrity, and Deputy United States Marshal, far above the reach of aspersion from Strang and his minions. He has been himself persecuted by that man, and has never complained, but rather sought by kindness to overcome their hostilty. He was a resident of the Island long before the Mormons went there, and has invested a large amount of money there, in building, fishing apparatus, &c.

We hope to see efficient measures taken by the ministers of the laws of Michigan, to vindicate its authority, by the arrest of the actual murderers of Thomas Bennett, and by the indictment of the miscreant Strang as an accessory before the fact.—*Detroit Advertiser, June 12.*

LOVE'S TRIBUTE.

DEDICATED TO HER FRIENDS OF THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.
BY MARIE ROSEAU.

I am thinking of the dear ones, who loved me when a child,
Of the words of watchful tenderness that checked each impulse wild,
Of the look of love unspoken, that thrilled my heart with joy,
When earth's hopes were brightly glowing, still unmixed by base alloy.

These golden hours of childhood that passed so swiftly o'er,
The heart felt, pure affection that may be mine no more,
I think I scarcely prized enough in these glad days of youth,
For time enhances greatly the worth of *love and truth*.

As I think of eyes that ever love's tenderness revealed,
And lips that only blessed me, in death now closely sealed,
And know these loving looks and tones can ne'er be mine again,
A sense of utter *loneliness* comes stealing o'er my brain.

There were others too who loved me in long departed years.
Who felt a kindly sympathy in all my joys and fears,
Who tho' they yet are living, no more on earth I see,
And I often fondly wonder if they still remember me.

Yet e'en if I'm forgotten, the *past* from me still claims,
A blessing on their hearts, a blessing on their names,
And for the love that once was mine, life's fondest, truest charm.
God shield them wherese'er they are from every woe or harm;

There are those perchance who love me yet ling'ring near me now, [from my brow,
Who would gladly chase each shadow from my heart and
Who, tho' all beside forsake me, I know will ever be,
In all the untried future, true, faithful friends to me.

Yet I sometimes fear they're thinking that their love is all in vain, [pain;
For by light words or wayward acts I know I give them
But if they knew the yearning of my heart towards them this very hour, [power,
I feel they could not doubt my love, its faithfulness and

Oh! my heart is very grateful, and warm tears bedim my eyes, [prize,
And their pure and tried affection I well know how to
Tho' my tips may fail to utter the gratitude I feel,
And a look of stoic calmness every tender thought conceal

If it were not for the love they give, and kindly sympathy,
The earth would be a dreary spot, a barren waste to me;
'Tis this imparts new impulses to lead me on thro' life,
That helps me bear its burdens, and uphold me in its strife.

I am wond'ring, too, in years to come what friends my life may bless, [press:
What eye will look in love on me, what hand my own will
Unto what heart in sorrow's hour for comfort I will turn—
For this is all of future love I'd ever care to learn.

I am grateful for what love was mine and all that now is given,
And in earnestness of spirit I lift my eyes to heaven,
And pray, whate'er of darkness or sorrow may be mine,
That the ray of true affection still undimmed on me may shine.

Lightning.

So long as lightning is occasioned merely by the action of two clouds, not the slightest danger is to be apprehended. Thunder being only a report, is perfectly harmless at all times. But when the electricity comes within the attraction of the earth, either by a cloud crossing over a lofty mountain, or sinking near the earths surface, it passes down from the cloud to the earth, sometimes rolling along like a large ball, clearing out of its way everything that offers resistance to it; thus it will often tear up trees, set houses on fire, and even destroy animal life, should it impede its progress. This ball is a liquid in a state of fusion, and not (as has been supposed by some persons unacquainted with the science) a metallic substance called *thunder bolt*. There are metallic substances sometimes precipitated from the air; these are termed *aerolites*, and have nothing to do with the electricity of storms. As soon as the clouds disperse, which is usually a vivid flash of lightning, and a very loud clap of thunder, the rain descends, the electric power is destroyed, and the storm ceases. Although storms arise from what may be called the accidents of nature, and are of great importance as an effort of nature, by which the atmosphere is cleared of all those impurities it imbibes from their dangerous tendencies, and the terrors to which they give rise, they are productive of much advantage.—*Sharp's London Magazine.*

WELL SAID.—The Providence (R. I.) Journal remarks:

"There are many thousands of people amidst the magnificence and splendor of the British capital to whom the labor of a sugar plantation would be ease, and the fare of the negroes in the slave states a luxury that they never dreamed of. The numbers and condition of the poor in England should leave Englishmen no sympathies to waste upon distresses beyond the range of their own vision."

"If I had 30,000 children," said a venerable doctor; "I would rear them all in Virginia, that they might learn the value of themselves, for I never knew a Virginian that did not have a very high opinion of himself."

The Boston Post accounts for the recent cold weather by supposing that Sir John Franklin, going through the northwest passage, forgot to shut the door after him.

Novel Reading.

It can not but be injurious that the human mind should never be called into effort. The habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel reading. Those who confine their reading to such books, dwarf their own faculties, and finally reduce their understandings to a deplorable imbecility. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession, each indeed, for the moments of its stay prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but, altogether, they leave the mistress of the house (the soul I mean) flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to their own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.—[S. T. Coleridge.

GREAT TUNKER MEETING.—The general conference of the Tunkers (or Dunkards) is now in session near New Hope, Augusta county, Va. The Staunton Spectator says:

"It is composed of preachers from every part of the United States, where the sect prevails. We were at the meeting on Sunday, and are satisfied from personal observation, that it was the largest assemblage of people ever drawn together in this part of the country. Various estimates of the number present were made by some persons familiar with large crowds, ranging from five to ten thousand. Besides the people, there were from ten to fifteen acres of horses, in the woods. There seemed to be one or more horses tied to every tree, as far as the eye could penetrate the dark forest, contiguous to the church.

"This General Conference is the highest Judicatory known to the Tunker church, and is held once a year. We believe this is the first time it has been held in Virginia for many years.

"The Tunkers, as a class, constitute a portion of our very best citizens. They are industrious, thrifty, honest, frugal and kind-hearted in the extreme."

Artful Dodging.

The Pastoral Convention of Orthodox Congregational Ministers of New Hampshire, at their recent meeting, having been requested to take action on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, voted to lay the question on the table, "*for thought and deliberation for one year*—then to be made the order of the day immediately after the public exercises in the afternoon." This reminds us says the Tribune, of the boy who, being commanded to drive the pigs out of the corn-field, replied, "Mother, please reduce your request to writing, and when harvest is over I will take it under consideration."

Havre de Grace Bank.

Ezra Collier, Cashier of the above named Bank, whose trial on a charge of embezzling the funds of the institution took place a day or two since at Elkton, Md., has been acquitted. It was alleged in defence, that all the operations of the bank were fictitious—that soon after the funds were paid in by the stockholders, they were returned to the parties in New York, where all the money belonging to the concern was kept, and that, therefore, there was nothing which the cashier could embezzle.—*Harrisburg American.*

In a late letter from the World's Fair, the following anecdote is related:

"Dear, sir, lisped a great lady in a wa tered silk, "have the goodness to inform me if there are any noblemen in the United States." "Yes, marm," answered a full fed Jonathan, who was showing off the beauties of a cream freezer, "and I'm on of them."

The Anticipation of Secession.—We learn from the Greenville (S. C.) Patriot, of the 22d ult., that the bills of South Carolina banks are already beginning to return from Georgia and Alabama, under the suspicion that their credit will be affected by the civil commotions of the State. The same paper says: a merchant of this place has already ordered his shipments to Savannah, instead of Charleston. Another, who has spent, perhaps a hundred thousand dollars in Greenville, drawn from his estate in Georgia, is about to leave the "sinking ship," and cast his habitation where he may be quiet and live in peace. Thus it is *the anticipations* of secession are proving disastrous the State.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other s, to do what no other can do.

A rational, moral being can not, without infinite wrong, be converted into a mere instrument of others' gratification.

Many a hard blow is lost for the want of a few more.

The Farmer.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Harvesting Grain.

MR. FREAS:—It would seem to be almost superfluous at this late day, to urge upon our farmers the importance of cutting grain before it becomes fully ripe; yet notwithstanding the numerous articles which have been written and published upon this subject, and the very decided convictions expressed by the most judicious millers and grain dealers in favor of early harvesting—especially where the grain is intended for bread making or flouring—there are many who still adhere to the old practice, and will by no means allow their crops to be harvested till the grain is fully ripe. Prejudice is a tyrannical master, and no class of the community appear to be more fully under its control than our own agricultural class. In New York, and, indeed, in all the great wheat growing States, the practice of cutting this grain before it is dead ripe, prevails universally. The exact time when it should be harvested, is now, with the grain producing part of the community, no longer a matter of doubt or speculation; all being fully convinced that the right period is indicated by that change which the grain experiences when passing from its milky state to that of complete hardness, and when the kernels, without being "sticky," are yet not sufficiently hard to resist the pressure of the thumb and finger. The farina of the grain being perfected, all that is necessary to render it fit for flouring, is the hardening of the mass; and this, it is abundantly established, may be as well perfected after the straw has been cut, as before. Beside, grain that is allowed to stand till it is fully or dead ripe, makes darker flour, and is not so heavy; it scatters in harvesting, and does not command, in our markets, so ready a sale, or so high a price. The straw of grain, when it is cut before the period of perfect maturity, is also much more valuable; it possesses a degree of succulence and saccharine sweetness which renders it a good feed for stock, a use to which the straw that has stood in the fields till it has become dead or perfectly matured, can never be applied.

I have cut oats when the straw was just turning from its green to its golden hue, and have found the grain as plump and full, and far brighter in color, than that which had stood in the field till ripe. The straw of oats, when harvested early, and properly cured, is nearly as valuable for cattle feeding as the best clover hay; and when, chaffed and mixed with chopped roots or meal, it makes a feed eagerly partaken of by stock of every description.

A MOTGOMERY COUNTY FARMER.

Gwynedd, June 7, 1851.

Destruction of Birds and Increase of Noxious Insects.

MR. EDITOR:—It is a well known fact that thirty years ago, our apples were, as a general thing, more sound and perfect than now—our peach trees suffered less from destructive insects—the ravages of the curculio were scarcely worth mentioning, while many of the injuries now inflicted upon our fruit and forest trees were almost unknown to the farmer. It is an equally well established fact that thirty years ago, thousands of insectivorous birds were to be found on our farms, where scarcely a single one is now to seen. Every tree and bush was alive with their presence and the whole country made vocal with their delightful warblings. Now, compare these two facts, and what is the legitimate inference to be drawn from them. Why, that the increase of noxious insects has been in an exact ratio with the decrease of the birds. Is not this subject worthy the attention of the farmers, and should they not combine their efforts for the purpose of preventing the destruction of these useful and harmless little birds, by lazy gunners?

In a former number of the Farm Journal, I observed an article in which the use of chickens was highly commended as preventive of the increase of the curculio. Believing the suggestion an excellent one, I have arranged my yard so as to enable me to keep a number of chickens in the vicinity of my plum trees. If chickens are the enemies of the curculio, and can be made useful in preventing their increase, why should the farmers permit the little birds to be destroyed, when it is well known that they are the most effectual means of preserving his fruits and trees from the hosts of noxious insects which now infest them, and the yearly increase of which is truly formidable and alarming.

If I remember rightly, by an Act of General Assembly, the destruction of insectivorous birds in Lancaster County, at any time between the first of April and the first of October, is made a penal offence. [And ough to be in Union county, ED. CHRON.] Why is not this law enforced against lazy men and boys