

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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Notes on the Wing--No. III.

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Since my last, I have been mingling more or less among the companions of earlier and later years--reviving, in some measure, old friendships, and forming new. I now write from my paternal home, in a quiet dell through which "flows" and sometimes rushes the main branch of the Tanbarkoek creek. Far from the north-wind, and as soon as may be heard the railway whistle, reminding us of the much busier world outside. Immediately north, the view is bounded by primitive woodlands, shutting in the heat of the sun in summer, and sheltering from the cold blasts of the winter. To the north-east, we see the giant hemlocks filling one by one, and stripped of their bark, worth \$2.50 on the ground, and the trees cut into logs, the logs and bark alone paying for the clearing. To the east, "hills pop" or "hills" until modern Arrarat be reached, and a little farther south arise Elk Mountains, the highest points in Susquehanna county. Southward, is well-cultivated and rapidly improving farming land. On the west, another hill rises rapidly, and down its side in wet weather are water-falls over rocks and among trees giving forth a sound that reaches now my ear and soothes and animates by its varied melody. Strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, may be found in their season on the banks. A narrow but rich meadow bed between the ranges of hills, is very productive, but just now, these warm rains make them much more prolific of mosquitoes than comforts with pleasure or comfort. In size, in earliness of advent, in vigor of action, they promise an abundantly productive campaign.

It has been marked by a "milling of the clouds" unprecedented in my recollection. Not three days has elapsed from the 1st inst. to the present date, during which I have not both suffered and enjoyed an equinoctial visitation. "Enjoy" relatively, for the low winds and exhausted hill-sides generally needed all they got; "suffered" personally, for some few localities had a super-abundance, and the falling rain is a *damper* on one's movements when he is out of his prison and anxious to "do something" out of doors every day. Grass, winter grains, and fruit are doing finely, and there is time for corn.

This county does not raise wheat sufficient for home consumption, but dairying is a comparatively easy and profitable business. The soil is well adapted to grass, and the market is good, and transportation safe and easy. Every farmer keeps as many cattle as his "help" will warrant him in feeding, milking, and making butter to advantage. For churning, water power is sometimes used, but must generally a pet lamb or lazy dog is impressed into the service, and compelled to earn a living by the treadmill. Well kept, the weight of these animals will soon "bring" ten to twenty pounds of butter; and in addition, the sheep is good for from three to five pounds of wool, and the dog for any amount of bark. One of the latter tribe, being somewhat dainty in the feet, demurred from any further service on the wheel, but it being covered, slats and all, with a stout carpet, he mounts his race course without any complaint, and is performing his morning hour's labor with great zeal while I am writing. A big boy or girl or useless man, is capable of the same accomplishment.

Met a man on the cars the other day whom I saw but once, and then for an hour or two only, 15 years ago; as may be supposed, we had each altered "considerably, if not more." After an eye-skinning of an hour or two, by some sort of spiritual influence we recalled each other's names simultaneously; and the slightest possible acquaintance of fifteen years ago was better remembered than a thousand later and longer associations. Something singular about the strength of identity exercised with one person and ignored with another, even when there is no design or desire to discriminate in either case. Especially pleasing is it, however, to recognize, in the face of the man or the woman, that of the child you knew some years ago, unaltered except in size and strength of expression--evincing the same warm and honest heart, but endowed with greater powers for performing its wishes.

Cattle and horses along the line of railways are not all reconciled to the steam-car yet, nor does it seem that they can ever be naturalized to it. In one field I saw a benevolent looking old mare, exercising maternal care over two very likely looking colts: the latter were in a high state of excitement, running away as fast as their weak little legs would carry them, eyes averted, and every expression of terror, while their natural guardian trotted slowly after them, "whinnying" forth every assurance in her power that the thunder-and-lightning machine with its very long tail sweeping along the

high embankment was an entirely harmless institution; but in vain were her words of wisdom and her own fearlessness in this case; on went the little spider-like horses, tumbling over stones and stumps, until they brought up at the farthest corner of the "lot," where they stood trembling at my latest advices. In another field was a herd of cattle, some of which, very demurely, were earnestly engaged in feeding within a rod of the track, and not deeming to cast a look upon any of us, individually or collectively; while others kept one eye upon the train, half suspiciously, while the other guided the tongue to choice tufts of grass; others held up their heads, others ditto and snuffed, others ditto, ditto, and traveled, others ditto, ditto, ditto, and ran like mad, head and tail perpendicular; and another, of very masculine appearance, observing the consternation in his hitherto peaceful domain, turned his head towards "our party," with a countenance somewhat distorted by anger, tongue rather protruded, pawing the ground, and shaking his head as much as to say, "I don't know about pitching into the whole party of you, but unhitch your animals one by one, and come down here and I'll try who's the best." Had not time to take up his challenge, however, and so we left him jubilant of victory, to repeat his defiance to the next train. (Perhaps we'll eat a stake from some of this very drove at breakfast in New York, day after tomorrow.)

So the "Know Nothings" of the South, District of Columbia, and Silver Grays of New York, have constructed a "National" Platform on Slavery, which sum up briefly thus: *Slavery may have all it has, yet all it has, and more will be interfered with. I have yet to find the first man, K. N. or otherwise, who will go any planum with that plank in it. All about here, as far as I have learned, the K. N.'s will *know none* that they did last year--the ledges will quietly drop the N. and adopt the S.*

And then you and the 149 other Lewisburgers have escaped the tender mercies of New Berlin, (along with Messrs. Eyer and Gundy,) and are not going to the Penitentiary immediately! It is to be hoped that you will all duly consider this period of probation, and so conduct yourselves, by voting and otherwise, as not again to incur the displeasure of their High Mightinesses the Lords and Commons of New Berlin. But as to paying my money to make up for the reckless swearing of those 20 or 30 New Berliners, I decidedly object, and hope the people of Union and Snyder counties, whether in favor of or opposed to Division originally, will unite in such action as will throw these costs upon the guilty party, in accordance not only with justice but with the evident design of the law.

INCOGNITO.

ALLABOUT, June 28, 1855.

The other day, visited Montrose--"ROSEMOLEY"--the county seat of Susquehanna, and a complete specimen of a New England village. Reached it by a plank road touching the railway from Great Bend ("Loderstville") to Scranton. And of all means of riding on hand-plank roads suit my notion best. In the first place, the grade is regulated by law, and can never be precipitous as other roads are, and on the other hand, it is not so level as to be dead and monotonous, but allows you to see the country to the best advantage. And then the *motion* upon it is so gentle, yet exhilarating; not the dull, nervous, constant rattle of the railway, nor the rough jolting of common roads of the best make, but a gentle, undulatory, noiseless, and reasonably rapid progress, that realizes every want in riding for comfort. There are two miles employed in getting up from Martin's Creek to the upland, and from thence to town are five miles of farms, all of which are "held" some dollars higher per acre than they were before the road was made. It was mostly built by citizens of Montrose, not for dividends (of which none are yet declared) but for accommodation and incidental profit, by which they are well paid.

Look on your Map, and trace the route from Towanda, Athens, Owego, Binghamton, Great Bend, New Milford, then south 7 miles and across to Montrose; well, a mother and daughter came this long roundabout to get from Towanda to Montrose, rather than to go directly across, and made the journey quicker and easier. So much for real accommodations, vs. map distances.

Fifty-five years ago, a boy of 15 came with his step-father from Long Island to look out some land in this then wilderness portion of Luzerne county. In 1801, they removed and settled here; the youth's axe was an efficient agent in clearing the land where Montrose now stands, and he lived to see it--and was foremost in making it--a county seat of 1500 inhabitants, with six churches, literary institutions, and every advantage of a happy and prosperous community. Full of years and of honors, Major ISAAC POST breathed his last, in March of this year, having passed the boundary line of three score years and ten. What a fund of general and of local history is bound up in such a life! One

incident I now remember, as a very novel way of celebrating the 4th of July. Some surveys, ignorant of their proximity to any settlement, were once stabled by hearing a succession of *cashes* in the forest, and on hastening towards the spot where Montrose now stands, found the patriotic inhabitants celebrating "the 4th;" they had prepared a large number of giant trees, by partially cutting, so that a few blows of the axe would cause the downfall of one upon another, that upon another, and these upon others, and by that means a "very respectable" noise (considering the number of inhabitants) was manufactured, at the least possible expense, and to the manifest fartherance of their patriotism and their "clearing."

The people of Montrose have succeeded in obtaining from the County a contract for erecting a second Court House, upon the public ground where the former stood. It is the most elegant, airy, commodious structure I have seen in Northern or Central Pennsylvania, containing, besides the Court Room, all the County Offices, with arched vaults (supposed fire-proof) and numerous other rooms for Juries, fuel, &c. The contract price is \$18,500. The land costs nothing, plenty of excellent stone is dug from a free-stone quarry a few rods distant, and the Jail is a separate building. The probable cost of land, buildings, &c., of corresponding style, in Lewisburg, would be \$30,000. The railways in the eastern section of the county, largely increased the population and capital of that portion, and also had given rise to some talk about removing the county seat; but the plankroad and other public improvements of the citizens of Montrose, and their success in obtaining, by open and fair means, the new Court House, will probably fix that site for at least another generation. The villagers are foremost in every enterprise for the public good, and the tax of \$2,000 creates comparatively few murmurs.

A Floral Fair was held in Elmira on the 26th inst., which elicited a very general interest. At these exhibitions, during the noon of the annual vegetable courses of time, there are not only the various kinds of flowers brought out and compared, but also early vegetables and grains of every description, and also by way of variety some of the best preserved sprouts, potatoes, &c., of last year. This, with the Fall Exhibition of later fruits and grains, and the Winter summing up of Crops, Animals, and Farming in aggregate, make three seasons of public amusements and recreation, all tending to moral as well as to physical advancement, and without the admixture of any necessary counterbalancing evils.

Yesterday, during a ride of eighty miles by railway, we witnessed *two* or *several* different "conjunctions" made, all in good time nearly to the minute. Thus, hundred of persons--perhaps a thousand in all--were served, exactly at the expected time, with traveling facilities, at an expense comparatively small, and with very little trouble. But had one of these conjunctions failed of being made, what complaints would have arisen--what indignation manifested on the spot, and retailed over and over again for years to come! Conversing with an ex-railway conductor, recently, I was better informed as to the variety and scrupulousness of the arrangements made for the transaction of business and the prevention of accidents; and considering the number of component parts of an engine, cars, and railway, and the various offices assigned to so many different men, it is rather a matter of wonder that there are so few accidents. For all men are certainly more or less erring, careless, or vicious; and there are defects in machinery and implements which no eye can detect, and they wear out and their strength and adaptation fall as well as those of men.

And then, how many "visits" you can make in a short ride on the cars! During the aforesaid eighty miles, we met and chatted with a new-married man we had not seen since his union--another, at whose house we had called a few days before and found him absent--some relatives, we desired to called upon, but with whom by this meeting we interchanged sufficient news and good wishes--Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox, now of Owego, (we heard him lecture in Utica twenty years ago, and never saw him since)--an editor with whom we formerly exchanged some pretty severe cannonades, now all forgotten except to laugh at--a young friend with whom a casual acquaintance was sufficiently continued, business fashion--and finally three old friends who were going to the same "point" we were. All these meetings were purely accidental--(perhaps I had better write Providential,) but all were about as good as a formal visit, (not to say visitation.)

On the 4th July, next, the law for the cessation of the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, takes effect in the State of New York. It is impossible for a stranger to satisfy himself, after hearing the contradictory opinions advanced, whether the law will be enforced, or prove beneficial. In many places it will probably be executed, and accomplish the good desired; in

other places its violation will be winked at or openly practiced. In some quarters its execution will not be attempted on the 4th, but the arduous work will commence on the 5th. Liquors in the *original packages* it is said are not touched by this law, and the "original packages," small and great, are very numerous, and will rapidly multiply in number. It will be as difficult, moreover, to detect the counterfeiters manufactured at home, as to guard against the drugged Jersey cider palmed off at high prices as foreign Wines! How often the "original package" may be re-filled, is another query. And then next fall the whole question will be thrown open for blind political gambling. So you see the Temperance Reformation is far from being accomplished in the Empire State--but the great truth that intoxicating liquor as a beverage is an evil and had best be given up, is everywhere advancing. INCOGNITO.

A Tavern Scene from Life.

Lizzie Leslie--"Little Lizzie" she was called, a girl of ten years--had a drunken father. She once heard her mother say, to a sympathetic neighbor, "O, if they wouldn't sell him liquor, there would be no trouble. He's one of the best men who he doesn't drink. He never brings liquor into the house; and he tries hard enough to keep sober, but he cannot pass Jenks' tavern." Lizzie pondered these words awhile, and it occurred to her that the remedy for the trouble which was breaking her mother's heart was simple enough--it was only to get Jenks to promise that he would sell her father no more liquor. So the child missionary threw her apron over her head, and unobserved and alone, made her way to the tavern. A few moments before, a stranger had stopped at the door, and going in, had called for a glass of water, drunk it with relish and spoke so emphatically in praise of the simple beverage, that the landlord chose to take offence at what he termed a temperance lecture; his annoyance being increased by the fact that it was listened to with interest by several of his customers, among them the father of "little Lizzie." In the very flush of Jenks' indignation--but it's Mr. Arthur's turn to speak, and we will let him describe the scene that followed, in his own language:

At this moment a child stepped into the room. Her little face was flushed, and great beads of perspiration were slowly moving down her crimson cheek. Her step was elastic, her manner earnest, and her large, dark eye bright with an eager purpose. She glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but walked up to the landlord, and lifting to him her sweet young face, she said in tones that thrilled every heart but his:

"Please, Mr. Jenks, don't sell papa any more liquor!"
"Oh home with you, this instant!" exclaimed Jenks, the crimson of his face deepening to a dark purple. As he spoke he advanced towards the child, with his hand lifted up in a threatening attitude.
"Please don't, Mr. Jenks," persisted the child, not moving from where she stood; nor taking her eyes from the landlord's countenance. "Mother says, if you wouldn't sell him liquor, there'd be no trouble. He's kind and good to us all when he doesn't drink."
"Oh, I say!" shouted Jenks, now maddened beyond self-control; and his hand was about descending upon the little one, when the stranger caught her in his arms, exclaiming, as he did so, with deep emotion:

"God bless thee, child! No, no, precocious one!" he added, don't fear him. Your petition must prevail. He cannot say nay to one of the little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of their Father in Heaven. "God bless the child!" added the stranger in a choking voice. "O, that the father, for whom she has come on this touching errand, were present now! If there were anything of manhood yet left in his nature, this would awaken it from its palsied sleep."
"Papa, O, papa!" now cried the child, stretching forth her hands. In the next moment she was clinging to the breast of her father, who, with his arms clasped tightly around her, stood weeping his tears with those now raining from the little one's eyes.

What an impressive stillness pervaded the room! Jenks stood subdued and bewildered, his state of mental confusion scarcely enabling him to comprehend the full import of the scene; the stranger looked on wonderingly, yet deeply affected. Quietly, and with moist eyes, the two or three drinking customers, who had been lounging at the bar, went stealthily out, and the landlord, the stranger, and the father and his child were left the only inmates of the room.
"Come, Lizzie, dear! This is no place for us," said Leslie, breaking the deep silence. "We'll go home."
And the unhappy inebriate took his child by the hand and led her towards the door. But the little one held back.
"Wait, papa, wait!" she said. "He hasn't promised yet. O, I wish he would promise!"
"Promise her, in Heaven's name," said the stranger.

"Promise?" said Leslie, in a stern, yet solemn voice, as he turned and fixed his eyes upon the landlord.

"If I do promise, I'll keep it!" returned Jenks, in a threatening tone, as he returned the gaze of Leslie.
"Then, for God's sake, promise!" exclaimed Leslie in a half-depairing voice.
"Promise and I'm safe!"
"Be it so! May I be cursed, if I ever sell you a drop of drink at this bar, while I am landlord of the 'Stag and Hounds'!" Jenks spoke this with angry emphaticness.

"God be thanked!" murmured the poor drunkard as he led his child away. "God be thanked! There is hope for me yet."
Hardly had the mother of Lizzie missed her child, ere she entered, leading her father by the hand.

"O, mother!" she exclaimed with a joy-lit countenance, and in a voice of exultation. "Mr. Jenks has promised."
"Promised what?" Hope sprang up in her heart on wild and fluttering wings, her face flushed, and then grew deadly pale. She sat panting for a reply.
"That he would never sell me another glass of liquor," said her husband.

A pair of thin, white hands were clasped quickly together, and as her face was turned upwards, tearless eyes looked their thankfulness to Heaven.

"There is hope yet, Ellen," said Leslie.

"Hope, hope! and O, Edward, you have said the word!"
"Hope, through our child. Innocence has prevailed over vice and cruelty. She came to the strong, evil, passionate man, and in her weakness and innocence prevailed over him. God made her fearless and eloquent!"

Our quotation must here end. But the sequel will be readily anticipated. Leslie was saved--but not without a fearful struggle with his old appetite, goaded by which, he importuned Jenks for liquor, but the memory of his fearful impression upon himself--"May I be cursed if I ever sell you a drop!"--restrained the greedy man, and his victim remained sober. Gradually he gathered around him the comforts of home--gradually his better manhood lived again, and he was "served as by fate!"--but the angel of his deliverance was "little Lizzie," who in the strength of her child-love prevailed. --J. S. Arthur

THE FARM: The Garden--The Orchard.

Hints to the Purchasers of Trees, Seeds, &c.

No pursuit or profession in life, however useful or honorable it may be, or however purifying and ennobling its tendencies, is wholly exempt from the evils of dishonesty. Not even the most sacred of all human vocations can escape this misfortune. Will any one wonder, then, that there should be dishonest nurserymen and seedsmen, and dishonest dealers in trees, plants, and flowers? Surely not. A great deal has been said about the dishonesty of nurserymen, seedsmen, and florists; but if a rigid comparison were made between them and any other class of dealers, we care not which we have the slightest hesitation in saying that the result would show that no other branches of trade are, on the whole, conducted with greater honesty and fairness. It may be said that we are an interested party in this case, and therefore not competent to judge; but we take it upon us to say that we are. We believe we are well acquainted with those who are engaged in horticultural commerce in the United States, and have enjoyed as many and as favorable opportunities of studying their characters, as most other men; and, on the strength of this knowledge, we are willing to place them, for honesty of purpose, for energetic and industrious habits, and the general usefulness of their lives, against any other class. We have no desire to make invidious distinctions or comparisons, or to pit one class or profession against another, but we would remind those who are ever prating about the tricks of nurserymen and seedsmen, that there may be as many shortcomings chargeable against their own calling. Who does not hear, every day of his life, about false weights and short measures? Look at the imposition practiced by the manufacturers of all sorts of cloths, by the substitution of one material for another, so that a person who is not thoroughly skilled in all their devices, is sure to be cheated. We have ourselves been sold cotton for woolen goods, by men who are so careful of their reputation that they would either knock down or institute a suit for slander against any one who would question their honesty. Look at the thousand deceptions in articles of food and drink--in tea, coffee, sugar, wines and liquors of all sorts--and in tobacco. Indeed, one can scarcely think of an article, whether of use or luxury, that can safely be bought from a stranger by an inexperienced person. The very *saints* of the world are engaged in this traffic in commodities unblushingly. Yet these same hypocrites will cry out about the dishonesty of the poor nurseryman or seedsmen who happens by mistake or carelessness to sell one variety for another.

Let us not be understood as justifying

the frauds or errors of nurserymen or seedsmen; far be it from us to do any such thing. We shall rather expose and condemn them. But it should be remembered that it is an easy matter for them to make mistakes, and exceedingly difficult to avoid them. They are handling a great number of varieties of the same article, and their sales being huddled into a few weeks, renders impossible that leisure and circum-pection which can be given to ordinary trade. A boy entrusted to attach a label, may get it on the wrong tree or package, and the error may escape notice until too late. In packing, which must be entrusted to workmen, there are many chances for mistakes even where the most rigid surveillance is kept up. Indeed, throughout the whole routine of their business--in propagating, digging, handling and packing--there are an almost infinite number of small operations which require exactness, and all of which expose to error. Be charitable, then, and do not call every error a trick or a cheat. Every year our professional nurserymen and seedsmen are becoming more systematic and more careful, as well as more discriminating and skillful, and thus the chances for error are rapidly decreasing, except among new beginners, who have everything to learn.

There is growing up, however, in this country, a system of dealing for which respectable nurserymen are not responsible, and to which it is our present purpose to call attention. The extraordinary growth of horticultural commerce within the few past years, has attracted the attention of that large class of speculative individuals who are ever on the look-out for a profitable field of operations--men who may fairly be trusted; but it is equally true that very many of them lack honesty, and will not hesitate to misrepresent and deceive wherever they consider deception necessary to success. We have in our hands the most ample evidence of this. Letter upon letter has been for some time past addressed to us upon this subject from all parts of the country, begging us to expose the *tricks*, and propose some remedy. But what can we do? The world is full of credulous people, ever ready to be made victims to the crafty stories of unscrupulous rogues--people who read but little, and whom our warnings will never reach, and who, even if they did, would give them no heed--people whom even death-bought experience would fail to teach wisdom. They are the penny-wise and pound-foolish, who will run a thousand risks of being cheated for a single chance of making a good bargain. The authorities of New York city caused flaming placards to be posted around the streets, in the most conspicuous manner, to caution country people against being deceived into most unprofitable purchases, where they are certain to be lured by a set of stork pigeons; but while these placards are carried up and down all day long, every morning paper brings to light some fresh case of fraud, and thousands are daily perpetrated that are never made public. All that can be urged against the folly and madness of swallowing patent medicines avails nothing; for we see the country full of traveling medicine chests, and vast fortunes realized from the business. All manner of frauds are perpetrated, day after day and year after year, upon a credulous public, and yet the last reap as rich a harvest as the first. We have therefore but little hope that anything can be done to stay deceptive trading in trees, plants, or seeds.

Our correspondent "M," of Maumee, Ohio, related in our last number some of the tricks of foreign adventurers in the West, and we have seen the very same things done in this enlightened horticultural city of ours a few years ago. Large quantities of the most trash were sold at exorbitant prices to persons who were never known to patronize nurserymen and florists at their own doors to the amount of a dollar. A short time ago a gentleman from one of the Eastern States called on us, and inquired for a person who he said had sold large quantities of Apple trees in his neighborhood, representing himself to be the proprietor of one of the oldest and most extensive nurseries in Western New York, and representing also that his trees were propagated by some superior method which was known to him only, and which gave them a decided superiority over trees grown in the ordinary way. On inquiry, we found this man did not own a single foot of land, had never been a nurseryman, nor had he any interest whatever in any nursery establishment, but bought such trees as he could make the largest profit from. He was a crafty rogue, however--pretended more than ordinary piety, and victimized the religious people of New England handsomely. A few weeks ago a nurseryman of Rochester received intelligence that he was represented in some parts of Ohio by a white man who claimed to be his agent and son, while he not only did not know such a person, but had never seen him or heard of him before, and he was compelled to incur the trouble and expense of advertising him as an impostor. Is not this a high-handed piece of deception to be attempted in such a business, and among an intelligent people? The

man who will do such a thing is not a particle better than he who counterfeits a bank bill or a silver dollar, or who will forge a signature to a bank check. We have it from perfectly reliable sources, that a company of traders dealing in Ohio, purchased at a small nursery in Western New York a quantity of seedling ungrafted fruit trees, (Peaches and Cherries,) knowing them to be such--for the nurseryman we believe to be a perfectly honest man--and they took them up, tied them in parcels, and attached labels to them bearing the names of all the best fruits in the catalogue. We were informed that these spurious articles were to be carried to Tennessee. Here is a piece of villainy for you! Such men richly deserve the whole routine of their business--in propagating, digging, handling and packing--there are an almost infinite number of small operations which require exactness, and all of which expose to error. Be charitable, then, and do not call every error a trick or a cheat. Every year our professional nurserymen and seedsmen are becoming more systematic and more careful, as well as more discriminating and skillful, and thus the chances for error are rapidly decreasing, except among new beginners, who have everything to learn.

In every part of the country people have been outrageously deceived by itinerant grafters. They traverse the country, and take orders for grafting at so much a piece for all that live. When the season of grafting comes a few workmen come along with a wagon-load of scions, containing every variety that could possibly be called for, all procured from the most responsible source; and as a proof of this, a catalogue of some well-known nurserymen is exhibited, and it may be, a forged bill or invoice, while the scions were most likely cut from some of the orchards they had been grafting in. Thousands of orchards have been ruined in this way. We have seen one in our possession which the previous owner had grafted by one of these rogues, and instead of having some three or four select sorts, as he ordered, he had a collection of vile rubbish, nearly worthless fruit, and in some cases three or four different sorts on a tree.

We might go on and cite cases of this sort which have come to our knowledge enough to fill a dozen pages of this journal, but it would be a waste of time and paper. In this part of the country people are more cautious and careful than formerly, and few men now are willing to trust unknown or possible persons with the important duty of grafting their fruit trees. Not only so, but in some parts of the West and South, where we are not informed the speculation is in full blast. We hope this sort of warning will find its way there, and prevent at least a few from allowing themselves to be victimized. It is not just to say, in this connection, that there are honest men engaged in this business of grafting--men in all respects worthy of confidence--and the service they render to fruit culture is very great. What we have said will be no detriment to them, if they have confidence to sustain them and inspire confidence.

Quite as bad as any of the frauds we have mentioned, is that of peddling different and worthless varieties of trees and flowers, as something new and valuable, at the most exorbitant prices. Crafty fellows peddle these articles with exaggerated and false descriptions and bombastic descriptions, and thus deceive thousands of people. The common Alpine Strawberry has been peddled for years with the word *Minutina* (very expressive) printed. The *Charles Oak Grape*--a great big Grape, utterly worthless, except as *Melissococcyx* says, that it is not a true grape, and if it had a true seed--for two or three years has had a fine run in almost every part of the country, at three to five dollars per plant. The "*Eschscholzia*," and several others peddled and sold as better.

Strange to say, very many of those who purchase such articles, could not be persuaded to purchase those of real merit. Nothing else will serve them but to be lured, to use a vulgar but expressive term.

Newspapers lend themselves, unthinkingly, as a general thing, to these frauds and to a great deal of harm. The family newspaper is held up to an amateur; and when these sportscasters get their glowing descriptions published, their work of deception is half accomplished.

The only thing that can remedy this evil, is the dissemination of intelligence; and we call upon the friends of horticulture and of honest and honorable dealing, in all parts of the country, to lend their aid in exposing and arresting this system of fraud. It is a disgrace to the trade and to the morals of the country. A most unpleasant duty it is for us to give such a subject this prominence; but we can not shrink from it. Ours is not the only country where such dishonesty is practiced; the same game is played on a smaller or larger scale all over Europe, as the pages of the journals prove.

If there be anything about which people should exercise extraordinary care and caution in purchasing, it is that of trees, seeds, and plants. What a loss of time and money, and what a disappointment and mortification, to be deceived in these matters! Is it not difficult to avoid impostors, if we but determine on so doing. There are honest tradesmen enough every-

SEE 4TH PAGE.