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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to

THE GARLAND

——"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

PARTING WORDS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

And he said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." [*Genesis*, xxii, 26.

Let me go, the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way;
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go; I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
Where my risen lord appears;
Friends and kindred weep not so—
If ye love me, let me go.

We have travel'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part;
While I sing, "*Farewell!*" to you,
Answer, one and all, "*Adieu!*"

'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But translated into light,
Like the lark on mountain wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky,
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither—Come and see.

A SONG.

"LONG TIME AGO."

BY GENERAL MORRIS.

Near the lake, where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;
Dwelt a maid, belov'd and cherish'd,
By high and low;
But, with autumn's leaf, she perish'd,
Long time ago!

Rock, and tree, and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bird, and bee, and blossom, taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low—
Tenderly her dove eyes glisten'd,
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever,
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow!
She's the star I miss'd in heaven,
Long time ago!

COMPARISONS.

Man is the rugged, lofty pine,
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore;
Woman's the tender graceful vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine;
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock, whose towering crest
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side;
Woman's the soft and mossy vest,
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,
And wreath its brow in verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume;
Save where the sunbeam, light and warm,
Of Woman's soul, and Woman's form,
Gleams brightly o'er the gathering gloom.

Yes, lovely sex, to you 'tis given,
To rule our hearts with angel sway;
Blend with each woe a blissful even,
Change earth into an embryo heaven,
And sweetly smile our cares away.

DEFINITION OF BLISS.

Hermit, hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way?

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Whig.

THE TWO COUSINS.

COUSIN CHARLES.

My cousin Charles had been so long from the part of the country in which my family resided, that I had almost forgotten him; and yet on the morning of his calling to see me, soon after his return, his voice awakened a thousand tender recollections of "by-gone days." When we were children together, a very happy intimacy existed between us, and very often we shared each other's pleasures with something more than a brother's or sister's affection. Now he and I had come to years of maturity—still I was single, and he, I hardly know how to say to it, was as handsome as ever, though rather sedate, and there were a few care-marks on his forehead.

Charles had not sat with me long, before he said many kind words, calculated to awaken as many feelings in my willing heart. He talked of old times—old acquantances—told old stories—went over the old grounds of our country place—the school-house—the nutting ground—the little bridge over the brook, and oh! a thousand things too numerous to mention here; so that when he rose to go away, I found myself asking him two or three times, why he went so soon. I believe he saw my state of feelings, and half rejoiced in it—though he looked very serious as he bade me "good bye."

He called again, he was more lively than before, and talked and laughed—with my father and mother—till the evening was almost gone, and then proposed a short walk with me. I knew not why, but I trembled when I put my arm in his. He seemed to notice it, and spoke more kindly than ever.

Our walk was a very long one, and yet the time passed so rapidly, that when we returned to the door, I believe I sighed, and said something about the evenings being short. What he said in reply, I do not exactly remember, for I was really quite agitated, as I found him upon the point of bidding me adieu.

Somehow I remember my hand was still in his, as we entered the sitting-room, from which the light had been removed—and in which the objects were somewhat indistinct.

"Mary," said he, "perhaps I shall not see you again in a long time, and I wish to ask you a very serious question, perhaps you will not like to answer me immediately."

He spoke in a soft, gentle tone, and I remember now very distinctly how I trembled from head to foot.

"Mary, dear Mary, I wish you to tell me—*how many blue beans make five?*"

I never answered a word.

COUSIN MARY.

After the laugh at Mary's story had somewhat subsided, I saw that all eyes were turned to me, as if expecting some further explanation. I found it a good opportunity to tell a story, and so proceeded.

That evening to which allusion has already been made, was one of the most delicious, of the very many such, I have had the pleasure of passing through. Several times during my long walk with Mary, I was tempted to declare my passion. It is a fact, that though I had not seen her for years, her image had been with me very often.—The impressions of childhood are strong and lasting. Our morning rambles through the fields—our little misunderstandings, like April showers, driven away by the sunshine of better feeling—the stolen kiss of reconciliation—the gift flowers and fruit, the best always saved for me—all these, though longer passed, were revived during that delightful walk, and I felt my heart cling closer and closer to Mary's.

And there was one thing I discovered, during the evening. Mary loved me; she did not know that I knew it. How should she? I had never asked her, and yet it needed not an eye one jot sharper than my own, to discover it. The man need never be mistaken on this point. Those who go begging and begging, after this one and that, know before they begin to beg the fair ones that they do not love them. But the moment one loves you, you can tell it. Many a time, as I spoke to her, her arm as it lay on mine trembled, and as I would try to catch a moonlight view of her face, it was hid immediately under her pretty straw bonnet. Sometimes when I asked a question, she hardly knew whether to say yes or no.—She was a high-minded, noble hearted girl; yet these traits were given her for other experiences. In the affair now under consideration, she proved only tender hearted. Mary loved me.

When we were about entering the house on our return, I saw that the old people had retired to their own room. The hall lamp only was lighted, and as we entered the sitting room, the words were on my lips to ask her to be mine, and I proceeded, but as the first words fell from my lips, my heart failed me, and instead of "popping the question" I had intended, some evil spirit compelled me to the utterance of I scarcely know what. [Laughter. Go on, go on.]

Next evening, I found Mary and her father and mother together, she scarcely spoke to me; they were more than ever pleasant and talkative. For full half an hour Mary said little or nothing—I saw that she was hurt—I knew that she had a right to be—I had trifled with her feelings, acted foolishly and basely. How could I make amends?

It was getting late, when the old people rose to retire, and I was heartily glad when they turned their backs on us. Mary and I were once more alone. Neither of us spoke for ever so many long minutes. She spoke first. Her voice sounded rather soft and melancholy. She called me Charles, but with the prefix Cousin; that word always sounded pleasant. Now it sounded harshly to my ear, and rather goaded my heart. I could submit no longer, and rose to depart. Mary's hand was once more in mine, as I was about to say good night. All at once my courage revived, "Mary, how many days, and you will be my own dear wife?"

"In as many days, as it takes *blue beans to make five*," was the prompt reply.

A greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of wedlock, was asked by one of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson; to which he replied, "Oh, no! but he's owing father for a peck of beans, and we'll make a turn of it."

WHERE IS MY GRAVE?

Where is my grave? Mid the silent dead
Of the church yard throng shall I lay my head?
Shall I sleep in peace, amid those who erst,
In happier years, my childhood nurst—
With them beneath the same green sod,
My soul with their's, to meet its God?

Where is my grave? In the vasty deep,
'Mid the treasure's of ocean's caves shall I sleep?
With those that slept there ages before,
Far from their lov'd and their native shore,
The sand my bed, and the rocks my pillow,
And cradled to rest by the tossing billow?

Where is my grave? Are its dark folds spread
On the field of the bloody, the dying, and dead,
Where fiercely the rush of the war steed pass'd,
Where freedom hath fought and hath breath'd her last,
And the foe and the friend one common bed share—
Shall my place of repose be there, be there?

Where is my grave? 'Neath some foreign sky
Shall I lay down my wearied limbs and die?
Far over mountain, and far over wave,
Shall the wild flowers bloom on my lonely grave,
In the land of the stranger, where none are near
To breathe the soft sigh, and to shed the sad tear?

Where is my grave? In the burning sand
Of Afric's bright and sultry land
Shall I sleep, when my toil and my labor are o'er,
A weary shepherd on that far off shore,
With no record to tell, save the cross by my side,
Of what faith I had preach'd, in what hope I had died?

Where is my grave? It matters not where!
But my home beyond—it is there, it is there!
Where cherubim spread their golden wings,
And where seraph to seraph triumphant sings,
In the sun-bright regions of the blest,
There, there be my home, my eternal rest!

THE VISIT.

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

"You are romancing, James; what visit a family without an introduction or an invitation, or exchanging cards?"

"In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards," said James, "but they will not be the less pleased to see you."

"I never used to go to see our people," said Amanda, thoughtfully; "but," continued she, after a short deliberation, "I'll go with you, James, any where."

They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A woman opened, and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken off, the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two children seated on the hearth, making a noise which the attendant female vainly attempted to quell. A girl about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bedroom and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was yellow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

After receiving some nourishment at the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

"I am glad to see you doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through the skin, and I suffer,"—she shivered and stopped an instant. "I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind, what would have become of it now? I must leave these, as young as they are, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the *studiest*."

She did not weep, she was past the human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from this scene than she could have acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanity and little repinings, a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

"Is this your sister?" said the woman.

"No," said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, "it is my wife."

"Is it your wife?" said she, showing some vivacity. "How sweet she looks. Can she sing. Oh, can she sing "I would not live always?"

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tones around the narrow apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully, that she even looked pretty. A hectic relieved her vivid countenance. She said audibly, "I hear the angels singing now around me," and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, we will take care of you."

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a dead sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James's arm as she returned home with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared with one, who if he brought to her no addition of the earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight.

The best we have seen.—☞"*Be collected*," as the printer said to a huge batch of old accounts yet unpaid, lying scattered over the bottom of his desk.

THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

I remember vividly the circumstances of her departure. Consumption had already done its powerful work. Unlike many who are smitten with this disease she preferred to die in the bosom of her family. Why should the stag, pierced to the heart in its own thicket's, seek refuge in the deeper glades, to bleed to death? It is a wrong idea, this, of searching in a land of strangers for health which is "clean gone forever." How many are thus yearly cut down in the midst of their wanderings! In some desolate chamber they lie in the agonies of death. No soft hand presses their brow; no familiar voice whispers in the ear; no cherished friend performs their funeral obsequies. Death is indeed bitter under such circumstances, being without its usual alleviations. It is a sweet consolation to die at home:

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires"

There is something dreadful, yet beautiful, in consumption. It comes stealing on so softly and so silently. It comes, too, in the garb of mockery and deception, and clothes its victims in beautiful garments for the grave. The hectic flush, the brow, the brilliant eye; who could believe that these were death's precursors, the signet of the conqueror! It invests the patient with a preternatural patience and sweetness under suffering, keeping alive, at the same time, in her breast, the illusion of hope. Even in her moments of keenest suffering, she looks forward to days of returning happiness, and while the worms is forever preying at the core, and her slender form becomes each day more feeble and attenuate, she hails before her a gilded prospect, and the mind and spirits are buoyant with the thought. But when the final struggle has at last commenced, how sublime is the spectacle! To behold the immortal mind so calm, so tranquil, and so triumphant; waxing lighter and brighter, while the tenement which contains it is but a poor fleshless skeleton; to behold the eye beaming with unciminished lustre towards the objects of its affection, until the soul at last bursting the charnel vault which has too long confined it, takes one triumphant bound.—Then is the body still and silent. The feather is ruffled by the breath, and the glass retains its polish; for dust has returned to dust again, and the spirit unto the God who gave it.

It was a tempestuous night. The rain poured down in torrents. The lightning gleamed luridly. At midnight, I entered the apartment.—A solitary taper gleamed dismally on the hearth. The forms of those in the room appeared like gloomy shadows, flitting to and fro. A stifled sob, and the ticking of a watch on the table, were the only sounds; and they struck like a barbed arrow to my heart. I observed her hand beckoning. Her head was raised with pillows. A smile shot from her glazing eyes. She essayed to speak. I bent down my head with eagerness, to catch the last whispurings of her [illegible] there was a pause. She made a signal to those about her to suppress their emotions as they valued her last legacy. The sobs ceased, the groans were scarcely audible, and the tear stood still upon the cheek of the mourner. "Ah! that is kind," she began in a voice as sweet as music. Nature must have her course.—The fountains of grief were too full. They burst the barriers which prudence would have fain erected, and poured forth in a torrent, sweeping all before them. A cry, long, loud, and piercing filled the apartment. She cast back a look of sorrowful reproach.

She arose in the couch. A paroxysm of coughing seized her. She writhed for a moment in convulsive agonies, and then fell back upon the pillow. A gleam of lightning, bright, dazzaling, appalling, shot through the casement. She was dead! "Let us pray!" exclaimed the reverend pastor; and with one accord the assembly knelt, while, at the noon of night, he offered up a fervent prayer. It was short, but clothed in the poetic language of the scriptures. It spoke of the silver cord being loosed, and the golden bowl being broken. It was finished. We arose from our knees, cast one look at the emaciated form of the departed and left the apartment.—*Knickerbocker.*

The Sailor Shipwrecked on Land.—If an honest heart beats in one bosom more warmly than in another, it is in that of the American tar.—Whether it be the many dangers that beset him on a perilous voyage, or a sense of loneliness while rocked upon the mountain wave, that leads him to cherish and lock up with sacred care his affections and the better feelings of his nature, and keeps them untouched by the scenes of vice and temptation, of which he must often be a witness, certain it is, that the American sailor is more sensitive to wrong, and more keenly touched by misfortune than any other individual in the world.—It may be that his adventurous life, teaching him, as it must, to cling to his shipmates as to his little world—his all—strengthens his nobler and kinder feelings, and warms them into a livelier action than the more monotonous and peaceful life of the landsman.

A sailor, who had been long absent on a voyage, came into port the other day, and immediately left Boston on a visit to his friends in Vermont, whom he had left in health a number of years before. Upon his arrival at the spot, the light-hearted tar found that they had all died in his long absence. Even the bright-eyed girl whom he had left in all her virgin bloom, and to whom he was betrothed—she, who, year after year, had anxiously watched for his return slept beneath the cold sod of the valley! He retraced his steps, and when we met him on his return, he was seated by the road side weeping like a child. A feeling of loneliness had come over the noble hearted fellow that touched a chord in his bosom, which all the loneliness of the ocean could not reach.—His home desolate—the cherished of his heart, and the loved of his youth, his affianced bride—the sturdy oak, and the lily that bloomed in its shade, gone, all gone forever! The sailor was *shipwrecked on land*, and the bold heart which had withstood the beating of the surge and the mountain waves—which had braved the perils of the deep in the midnight storm without the trembling of a nerve or the blink of an eye—had now lost sight of his polar star, and bitterly wept at the desolation which had come upon him.—Such a man has treasures within his bosom above all price—treasures, which are the fruit of a noble nature alone, and can be found embedded in none other than an honest man.—*Claremount Eagle.*

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE LAND FAR AWAY.

BY FLORA.

There are bright homes 'mid bowers of deathless glory,
There are blue skies o'erbending them in love;
Sweet winds that never sigh'd round ruins hoary,
Or sang the Autumn requiem of the grove.
There are fair flowers by crystal waters springing,
That never bore the semblance of decay,
On the soft air their perfumed incense flinging,
In a land far away!

There on the mountain tops, the day declining,
Hath never caused a twilight shade to rest!
Each height, an altar to Jehovah, shining
With sunlike brightness o'er the vallies blest.
And there are dwellers in those scenes of gladness,
O'er whose pure being death can have no sway,
Whose voices utter not a note of sadness,
In a land far away!

Cherub and seraphim of glory, bending
With holy raptures at a throne of light;
Angels and saints their songs of triumph blending;
These are the dwellers in that region bright.
And some have walked with us the path of sorrow,
And felt the storms of many a wintry day;
But, oh! they wakened on a blissful morrow,
In a land far away!

And shall we weep for those to joy departed?
Or shall *we* mourn that *they* shall grieve no more?
Sick as we are, and sad and weary hearted,
Shall we recall them from that blessed shore?
See where they dwell, the forms we lov'd and cherished;
From age, dim-eyed, with hair of silver gray,
To the fair babe that like a blossom perished—
In a land far away?

Thou best and dearest—ever-gentle mother,
Who sooth'd me in thy circling arms to rest,
Stilling the cries which would have vexed another,
By folding me with love upon thy breast—
Green o'er thy grave for years the long grass sighing,
Hath seemed to mourn above the mouldering clay,
But well I know thy spirit dwells undying,
In a land far away!

And He, whose brightness sun and stars are veiling,
Whose form once seen would blind our mortal eyes
—With him who bore unmoved the scoffers' railing,
And died to give us entrance to the skies—
Father, and Son, and ever-blessed Spirit,
There with the presence make eternal day!
Oh! glorious are the homes the good inherit
In a land far away!

Re-union in Heaven.—How short is the earthly history of a family! A few brief and fleeting years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and the children and parents will be no longer heard in their present unwinding. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will soon be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written, *will be mouldering in the dust.* And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our affections on objects so fleeting? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling? Why should not our feelings towards them be as feeble and as unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the gospel of his Son. Though, to the eye of unenlightened nature, the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith may perceive that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed, under far happier circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it may be completed in heaven.

More than a Match for a Robber.—In a Persian apologue, the lesson and benefit of sincerity are beautifully taught. A mother, in giving her son forty pieces of money as his portion, made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, "Go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."—The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked what he had got, and he said, "Forty dinars are sewed in my garment." He laughed, thinking he jested. Another asked the same question, and got the same answer. At last the chief called, and asked him, and he said, "I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes." He ordered the clothes to be ript open, and found the money.—"And how came you to tell this?" "Because," the child replied, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised never to tell a lie."—"Child," said the robber, "thou art so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so; his followers were all struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and avowed repentance on the hand.

Translations from the Spanish.

What is wedded happiness made of? Mutual forbearance, tenderness and respect.

Is it dear? It cannot be dear at any price.

Will it break? When it is broken by death, it is rejoined in heaven.

What is beauty? A key to the heart of the beholder, an apology for many follies, and the inducement for many more.

Can I buy it? Not the thing itself, but you may buy the person who has it.

Pride is observed to defeat its own end, by bringing the man who seeks esteem and reverence into contempt.

The Poetry of Life.—The poetry of our lives is, like our religion, kept apart from our every day thoughts: neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if, instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.

FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Genessee Farmer.

WINTERING SHEEP.

Mr. Tucker.—I have been a long time impressed with the idea, that sheep can be wintered cheaper, and equally as well, on threshed oats and the straw, as they can on hay. This may seem strange, and startle not a few, but nevertheless, it may be true.

I usually winter, on an average, about 400 sheep; and from an experience of many years in sheep husbandry, I am satisfied that a flock of 100 cannot be wintered on less than 1½ tons of good hay, if fed that exclusively. If they were young, it would not perhaps require so much, as if of full size. I allow in ordinary winters, 15 tons to the hundred. On the other hand, I would admit that there are those who could be found, who could keep them on 11 or 12 tons, and others on even a less quantity, I presume, also, that they would not deny, that they occasionally lost a few, and that many were poor, sometimes they complain of *light fleeces.*

I have carefully drawn up the following estimate of the expense of wintering 100 sheep, which, however, circumstances may vary a little either way.

I think that 8 acres is necessary to yield hay sufficient to keep them, for if it produce more than one and three-fourth tons to the acre, I do not consider it *exactly* the *right* kind of hay for sheep. Fine hay they always prefer, and if you wish to keep them in good condition the year round, (consequently improve the quality and quantity of your fleeces) and your sheep in a healthy and thriving condition, they should never be *forced* to eat what they do not relish.

Say 14 tons, at $6 00, is	$84 00
Cost of cutting the same, at 75 cts. per acre,	6 00
Securing, including stirring, raking, drawing, &c. at least $1 per acre,	8 00
	$98 00

The cost of ploughing 8 acres, for oats, say,	$10 00
Seed for the same, 15 bu. 37½ cts. per bu.	6 00
Sowing and dragging,	2 50
Cutting and shocking, 84 cts. per acre,	7 00
Estimating it to yield 40 bushels per acre, is 320 bushels, at 37½ cts. per bushel,	120 00
Cost of threshing with machine, say	12 00
	$160 50

They would require 1 bushel per day, for 5 months, which is 150 bushels, which then would leave a surplus of 170 bushels, at 37½ cts. is $63 25. We see the expense of wintering them on oats and straw amounts to $96 75. The difference is certainly very trifling in comparison.—The straw produced from 8 acres I should deem insufficient for food through the winter, but how many are they, who can keep that number of sheep that could easily make up the deficiency in wheat straw, which could not be converted into manure in a cheaper and better way than feeding sheep.

The difference, you will perceive, is so trifling in the actual expense, that it would hardly be worth the trial, till farmers at least are ready to put a proper estimate on the value of manure, the quantity of which would be greatly increased, finding them wholly on straw, over hay.

Mount Pleasant.

September 14, 1839.

PRUNING DEAD BRANCHES.

Mr. Tucker:—In the June No. of the Farmer, I noticed your excellent article, on the propriety, as well as importance, of removing all *superfluous* and dead branches' on trees. From facts in my experience on the subject, I am fully convinced of the truth of your remarks, and I am confident, that they cannot be suffered to remain on fruit trees, without operating perniciously on the vitality of the trees.'

In the fall of 1837, I had a present of five fine pear trees, which were transported in October, they seemed to do well, till August of last year, when probably, owing to the excessive warm and dry weather they exhibited every appearance of decay, notwithstanding, much pains were taken to preserve, by watering—on the approach of cold weather, they seemed to revive, and on the opening of spring (this spring) I found them all alive, but after they had leaved out some weeks, three of the five showed some symptoms of decline, which continued to increase, until I removed all the dead branches, some of which were 3 or 4 feet in length, when the leaves began again to expand, and new scions put forth, and at this time, they are in a thriving condition.

I had also a number of peach trees, of long standing and which were fine bearers, from which I was also careful to remove the dead branches, which I considered only an incumbrance. The advantages of so doing, is too evident, from the fact, that the trees for the last 4 or 5 years have been barren; this season, and scarcely without an exception, they are full of fine healthy looking fruit.

I have, my dear sir, made inquiries, far and near, and learn, that there is but little fruit of this kind in the country, and I am inclined to believe, it was the excision of the dead branches, that *caused* my trees again to bear so plentifully. I cannot account for the fact in any other way. Am I right or wrong, in my supposition?

Had I leisure, I would like to say something of the advantages to farmers, more particularly of subscribing and reading agricultural publications; perhaps I may do it another time, when I will tell you how much *profit* I derived from *reading*, and taking the advice contained in your brief article on excinding 'dead branches from fruit trees.'

Genessee Farmer.

Cure for the Whooping Cough.—A teaspoon full of castor oil to a teaspoon full of molasses; a teaspoon full of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the croup, however violent the attack.—*Nat. Int.*

Love.—Love cannot exist in the heart of woman, unless modesty is its companion, nor in that of man unless honor is its associate.