# Our Book Table.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CORRESPONDENCE, &C., OF LYMAN BEECHER, D.D. Edited by *Charles Beecher*. With Illustrations. In two volumes. Vol. I. Pp. 563. 1864. New-York: *Harper & Brothers*. Pittsburgh: *Henry Miner*.

At one time Dr. Lyman Beecher attracted great attention and wielded an immense power, not only in New-England, but also in other parts of the country. And although some years before his death, he retired from the active duties of the ministry and professorate, his memory is still fondly cherished by old admirers, and the public mind is familiar with his peculiarities as a man and a minister of the Gospel. His ancestors were hardy and industrious descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers; and in early life he himself was accustomed to engage heartily in active and sturdy manual labor.

After graduating at Yale College, he spent a short time in the study of theology, mostly under the direction of Dr. Dwight, and was then licensed to preach the Gospel. He was successively pastor of the Presbyterian church at Hempstead, Long Island, of the Congregational church at Litchfield, Conn., of a Congregational church in Boston, and of a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati—where he was also for many years a Professor in Lane Theological Seminary. From the very beginning of his ministry he was earnest and laborious in the work to which he had devoted himself; and revivals of great extend and wonderful power followed his preaching in his different charges, and also in many other places. His six famous sermons on Temperance were felt all over the land.

Neither his style of writing nor manner of speaking was distinguished for elegance, but each of them had a point and vigor which made themselves felt. On the platform, in the pulpit, and in the inquiry meeting, he made deep and lasting impressions. A more thorough course of theological study, a better acquaintance with Biblical exegesis, and less dependence on his own intuitions and judgment, would have preserved him from some of the errors which marred his system of theology. But take him all and all, notwithstanding the objectionable features of his system, it must be acknowledged by all candid minds, that he was a wonderful man. None of his sons possess the evangelical fervor or stalwart strength which distinguished him.

The "Autobiography and Correspondence," of which this volume is the first instalment, present him as he appeared in daily life in his family, his church, and the world, and will be read with interest by all thoughtful persons, and especially by those familiar with the movements in which Dr. Beecher took such an active part. The great mistake of his life was his turning aside to metaphysical reasonings from the presentation of the Gospel in a popular and Scriptural form. As a metaphysician, he failed; but as a popular and powerful preacher of the Gospel, when metaphysics were left out, he had in his best days but few equals.

It may encourage some illy-paid and straitened pastors to know that Dr. Beecher, during more than half his public ministry, lacked that proper pecuniary support to which he was entitled; and the churches of Hempstead and Litchfield, in succession, bitterly regretted for many years the loss of a pastor who could easily have been retained, had it not been for a parsimony which in the end rebounded to their own injury.

A POPULAR HAND-BOOK OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By *Cumming M' Whorter*. Pp. 295. 1864. New-York: *Harper & Brothers*. Pittsburgh: *Henry Miner*.

This is a book on a system long demanded by the Sabbath School teacher and the intelligent reader of the New Testament, whose means of education may not permit access to the more costly and elaborate treatises with which modern scholarship has enriched the age. The author has consulted Tregelles, Westcott, Wordsworth, Trench, and the Greek Testament of Alford; and has extracted from them those results of learning and research with respect to the New Testamen, which will do much to make the ordinary [illegible] the views held by the

CAXTONIANA: A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS. By *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.* Pp. 441. 1864. New-York: *Harper & Brothers*. Pittsburgh: *Henry Miner*.

This is a collection of essays which have been appearing for some time in Blackwood. They are distinguished by all that versatility of latent, deep insight into human nature, and varied and curious learning for which Bulwer has been long remarkable. The subjects treated of are those which suggested themselves to the author while embodying his experience of the world in that romance which has made famous the name of Pisistratus Caxton. In them is much food for pleasant and profitable thought.

THE SILVER CASKET; or, THE WORLD AND ITS WILES. By *A. L. O. E.* Pp. 276. 1864. New-York: *Robert Carter & Brothers*. Pittsburgh: *Davis, Clarke & Co.*

A book warning against great evils, and teaching many good things in a delightful style and spirit.

# Fireside Reading.

## "Ponder the Path of Your Feet!"

Yes—ponder it! See where it ends before it is too late.

A bright, handsome, pleasant boy of a dozen Summers started for school. Half way there, and a squirrel sat on the top of the fence before him. Startled by his footsteps, it bounded off over cross-fences toward a wood.

"Halloo, you young mischief! I'll find your nest now!" shouted the boy, making chase after him.

Near him, though unseen by him, a beautiful spirit was watching. It whispered to him, though the boy knew not whence the whisper came—"Come back! come back! there's sin—there's danger!" but the boy had a perverse will, and would not heed.

"Hush! who cares?" he proudly and defiantly said; and went on gleefully, encouraging himself by shouting, "I'll have your secrets now, you young sly-away! You'll hurry to your nest now fast enough!"

The spirit still whispered, "Come back! come back to the path of duty!" but the boy went on in the path of pleasure. He sported in the woods all day, among squirrels, and birds, and brooks, and flowers, and tried to smile, and be happy, but the spirit hovering above him looked sad and pitiful. Poor boy! He knew not the path of his feet—he was taking the way to death. The spirit above him saw his ruinous course, and its fatal end. But she would not leave him; she followed him everywhere, urging him to retrace his way. Still he would not go back. He was too proud to acknowledge that he was wrong, and on he went.

One does not travel the way of sin alone. The erring boy sought companions more wicked than himself, and they went boldly on, laughing, cheering, carousing, when together—wailing and cursing each other when apart.

"Come back! come back!" the spirit faintly called from afar, "I will yet show you the path of duty—the right way;" but a fiendish spirit hurried them forward to destruction, and banded together, no one with strength to leave the rest, on they went, till they sunk down worn and weary, exhausted and despairing. The guardian spirit still whispered, but they faintly answered, "too late! no hope!" Wretched prison-houses, where crime and madness wailed and raged, now stood thick along their way, claiming some of them for inmates—hateful fiends of poverty, and shame, and fear, beset them, torturing them to agony, and yet they could not escape.

Before them—before them—hold! mortal eyes cannot endure the sight. The pitying spirit of love spreads her wing over her face—she would not look upon their fearful fate—the agony of their undying death.

Alas, that that bright and joyous boy had not early pondered the path of his feet—that he had not listened to the spirit checking his footsteps in their first straying.—*Congregationalist.*

## Writing Compositions.

A schoolmaster told one of his smaller boys that he wanted him to write a composition.

"O I can't, sir. I don't know how," said the boy, in the greatest trouble.

"But you can think, can't you?" said the master.

"O yes, sir."

"And you can write words, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just think about something, and write down what you think, and bring it to me."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that will be a composition. Now I will excuse you for a little while, and you may take your slate and go out, and the first thing you find that *interests* you, you think about it—what it is there for, what it is good for, what will become of it, &c., and write it down and bring it to me."

The little boy went out, and after looking about some time, he at last came across a large turnip behind the barn, growing among some weeds. He stood and looked at it a few moments, and though he never dreamed he was to become a distinguished poet, his thoughts began to come to him in a simple rhyme, and he wrote them down thus:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn:
And it grew, and it grew,
But it never did any harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney pulled it up
And put it in the cellar.

And it lay, and it lay,
Till it there began to rot,
And his daughter Susy washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

And it boiled, and it boiled,
As long as it was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it up,
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife;
They both set down to sup;
And they eat, and they eat,
Till they eat the turnip up.

The little boy brought in his composition, and when the master came to read it, and saw the evidence of talent in the boy, it is said he could not refrain from tears.

Now then, boys and girls, don't get frightened at the thought of a composition; but find something that interests you, and write down what you think about it, and that will be a composition. You need not try to write in rhyme, unless you have talent for it; for poor verses are a great dealer poorer than poor prose.—*The Well Spring.*

In no case do we see a more remarkable illustration of the truth which so many cavil at, of the "iniquity of the fathers being visited on the children," than in the case of intemperate parents. A remarkable instance of this might be seen about thirty years ago in an old New-England town. An old man of nearly one hundred years, died in the place, who had always been in the habit of taking his daily glass, and had sweetened a portion for his little children as they grew up around him. Half of the old man's large family of sons and *forty* of his descendants had he seen go down to a drunkard's grave. One son, who had professed religion, found the old taste too strong, was excommunicated, and lived for years a miserable drunkard. Near him lived another old neighbor, who was always a strong temperance man. Of his one hundred descendants all were temperate persons. O what different legacies to hand down to one's children's children! Yet the first was only a moderate drinker. Alas! that is no security. The children are quite sure to go a step further.

An old friend who has for years retired from business, has mourned over the wreck of three sons whose prospects for life seemed very flattering. Established in business with abundant capital, in a place where the old family name was known and honored, he hoped to see them take the position in society he and his brothers had held before them. But first the eldest and then the second son went down to drunkards' graves, and the youngest bids fair to follow them. The secret of it all might have been found in the choice wine cellar which formed such an important part of the family mansion. Though but temperately intemperate himself, they acquired the taste earlier, and without the restraints which poverty had thrown around their father's boyhood and early manhood, their course was rapidly downward.

Ah, teach your children, from their earliest years, to shun, as they would a viper, the most distant approaches to that fountain of fire. Guard them well from the many pleasant, flowery paths which lead so surely to it. Let your example and teachings point all in an opposite direction, and you shall doubtless find that a covenant-keeping God will show his mercies of restraining grace to your descendants down to the third and fourth generations.—*Christian Era.*

## Real Courage.

Boys and girls, as well as men and women, are apt to sometimes mistake prudence for cowardice, and yet no two qualities can be more different.

"Pooh!" said a rough boy once to his more gentle cousin, "I do believe, John, you are afraid to go near that horse just because he is n't tied."

"There is no need of my going near him, Stephen," was the reply, "and there is danger of his kicking any one who teases him uselessly."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Stephen, "you're a bravey, now, ain't you? The idea of being afraid of a horse!" and, with a taunting look at John, the foolish boy walked up to the grazing animal and poked him with a stick. The horse gave an uneasy start, but continued pulling at the grass.

"See here!" exclaimed Stephen, growing bolder, "if you'll promise not to faint, John, I'll present you with a lock of his tail in a minute."

John did n't faint, but Stephen did; for as he stealthily approached the horse in the rear, the animal bounded away, after performing a flourish with his hoofs that laid his tormenter senseless in the dust.

John tried hard to restore Stephen to consciousness. He loosened his clothing, rubbed his hands and feet, and bringing water in his cap from a pool near by, dashed it on the boy's white face, but all in vain; there were no signs of life. The nearest house was their own home, a quarter of a mile distant. John felt that not a moment must be lost. He approached the now quiet horse, and leaping upon his back, rode swiftly, without saddle or bridle, to his uncle's house for help.

When, after a long illness, Stephen recovered he was a wiser boy, and told his cousin that he really believed the horse had managed to knock a little common sense into him. "And what a dunce I must have been, John," he added, "to fancy you were afraid of that horse!"

## Resist Ridicule.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to secure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make your stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously, and grandly, as a man who wears a soul of his own in his bosom, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you know that you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—*Sidney Smith.*

## The Precious Little Plant.

Two little girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to the neighboring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell for money enough to buy the family dinner. Bridget murmured and fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last Bridget got out of all patience, and said vexedly: "How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not one bit stronger. I don't understand it!"

"Oh!" said Walburga, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it. Why don't you do so too?"

"Indeed!" said Bridget, "it must be a very precious little plant! I wish I could lighten my load with it! Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows," replied Walburga, "wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root, and there's no knowing the relief it gives! Its name is *Patience!*"

## The Boy's Dream.

One Summer evening a little boy was sitting on the threshhold of a neat little cottage in a country village, and, as the shades of night descended upon him, he fell asleep, and dreamed. In his dream he was an old man, with grey hairs on his head; and, upon thinking over his past life, he said to himself, "I have lived Father. I have never thought anything about religion. O that I had my time to live over again! I would learn to live for some good purpose. I would strive to make myself useful in the world, and to know the great Father of which the Bible speaks." The sun had sunk to rest, and darkness covered the face of the earth, when this little boy awoke and found himself once more a child, on the threshhold of his father's cottage. He did not forget his dream, but earnestly sought Him who said, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Nor did he seek in vain.

# Miscellaneous.

## The Big Trees of California.

There has been considerable loose statistics in the press concerning the size and age of the mammoth trees in Tuolumne County, California. A letter from an eminent scientific gentleman, who has lately visited *them*, gives us some reliable information, which we condense. They are situated on high, cool territory—5,000 feet above the sea level—and the spot is a favorite Summer resort alike for this fact and to see the trees, and is much crowded in July and August. The big tree cut down, and a fair specimen of the monsters, is 23 feet in diameter where cut off, 6 feet from the ground, and perfectly sound. Over this base a pavillion has been erected, and it makes a large and elegant saloon for dancing, social parties, and even literal stump-speaking. A section of the upper part of the trunk makes the bed of a bowling-alley. Our correspondent devoted the most of one day to counting the rings in the wood of the trunk in order to ascertain exactly the age of the tree, and he found 1,255 of them at 30 feet above the ground as the tree stood. The outside layer of 100 years of growth, occupied but three inches, and the inner centuries from three to ten and even thirteen inches each. The rings denote the years of life or growth; and, though it has been always claimed that these trees were 3,000 years old, there has been no exact data for the assertion; and this examination proves that this individual one—and probably as old as any—was not more than 1,255 years.

## Martyrs of Scotland.

"In the year 1684, when field preaching was punished in Scotland with fines, tortures, imprisonments, banishments, and death, the years which the Scots called the 'killing time,' there was executed at the cross at Glasgow nine excellent, serious Christians, among whom was James Johnston, who, when on the scaffold, sang the 37th Psalm with heroic courage, influenced by the presence and power of Christ."

This is the opening of an account given of James Johnston, an ancestor of the late Rev. George Bourne, so well-known as the early and indomitable champion of the Anti-Slavery cause in the United States, and author of "The Picture of Slavery," etc. The memory of those martyrs was perpetuated in a monumental inscription on the walls of the Cathedral of Glasgow. While in Glasgow, in the year 1862, I visited the Cathedral, and after passing through the crypts of that famous and unique edifice, I requested the verger to show me the inscription in memory of the "Martyrs of the Covenant." This we found on the wall outside of the Cathedral. It is worthy of being published not only for its quaintness, but in memory of those glorious men whose influence has reached to our day, and whose spirit is now animating thousands in our land to brave oppression and tyranny for conscience' sake. Here is the inscription on the wall of the Cathedral church, Glasgow, to the Martyrs for the Covenant:

"Here lies the corpses of Robert Bunton, John Hart, Robert Scott, Matthew Patom, John Richmond, James Johnston, Archibald Stewart, James Winning, and John Main, who suffered at the cross of Glasgow, for their testimony to the Covenants and work of Reformation because they durst not own the authority of the then tyrants, destroying the same, betwixt 1666 and 1688.

"Years sixty-six and eighty-four
Did send their souls home to glore
Whose bodies here interred lie
Then sacrificed to tyranny—
To Covenants and Reformation
Cause they adhered in their station
These nine with others in this yard
Whose heads and bodies were not spared
Their testimony foes to bury
Caused beat the drums there in great fury,
They 'll know at resurrection day
To murder saints was no sweet play."

## Calling Names.

Where are the old familiar names—
John and Jane, and Mary and James?
We never hear of a Susan now,
And its not Bill, but Frederick, who follows the plow.

You'll not travel far by second-class rail,
But you are sure to encounter some Florence pale,
With much aspiration toward fashion in dress,
But with never a trace of loveliness!

Our laundress' infants have no great charms,
Yet they have an Eugenie in arms;
While Victor Albert swings on a gate,
And munches his bacon in village state.

It would be hard to say there is any blame,
There is no monopoly in a name;
But it strikes one sometimes as rather absurd,
That contrast between the child and the word.

And what will it be when years have flown,
And these finely-named damsels are women grown?
When Evelyn Ada must polish the grates,
While Edith Amelia is washing the plates!

Think of it, then, ye sensible mothers,
Before you arrange fine names for the others;
For though not to-day, nor perhaps next Sunday,
It will happen as sure as my name's Mrs. Grundy.

—*From Punch, Dec. 8th.*

## Indolence and Industry.

A little indolence, a brief vacuity of thought, may enervate the mind for the labor of a whole day. If you feel its poppy influences spreading over you, start up and shake yourself. Be intent about something, however trivial it may seem, and the insidious languor will soon pass away. John Leech, in one of his sketches, has well illustrated the distinction between croaking idleness and self-contented activity. Two young men have gone out to spend their annual holiday in fishing. The rain begins to pour down in torrents. One of them throws aside his rod, but the other continues to fish with stern determination. "Do come home," says the croaker.. "Well," says the happy fellow, "I never see such a precious disagreeable old chap; you come out for a day's pleasure, and you are always for going home." Of course, the rain was far from pleasant, but he knew that a day of enforced idleness was still worse, and clung to his rod as a protection against *ennui* and discontent. He knew the value of the words of the wise man—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" he had come out to fish, should burst upon his head.

We should all act on the same principle, and many of the clouds of life will be dissipated; the lion in the path will be found to be only a jackass; the mind once set in motion will find happiness in the play of its own faculties, and be proof against the corroding cares of life. No matter what the employment may be so long as it is innocent; read, think, write, fish, shoot, paint, farm; go down in a diving bell or up in a balloon; do anything you choose; but above all things, never be idle, or you will soon become a croaker. We were traveling the other day with a gentleman who had made a large fortune in one of the colonies and returned to England to enjoy it. It is the manner of our countrymen, Froissart tells us, to take their pleasure sadly; it certainly was so in this case. He was traveling for pleasure, but pleasure seemed to elude his grasp; like the old man in Rogers' poem, "he looked for something, he knew not what," and seemed grievously disappointed at not finding it. With all his wealth he was a man to be pitied; he felt so himself; the change from active employment to listless idleness had embittered his mind. "I have nothing to do," he said, "but to spend my money, and I had far more pleasure in making it." Of course he had, because the making of it elicited all his powers and gave a healthy tone to his mind, which became morbid when it had no longer anything to occupy it. The spending of money conferred no pleasure, because he felt no interest in the objects on which it was spent.—*English Paper.*

# Farm, Garden, &c.

## An Editorial Talk with Some Farmers.

Toward farmers we have most kindly feelings. We were reared on a farm. We like to visit farms. And we like to talk with farmers of their labors, crops, flocks, and profits.

But there are a few topics of special importance to themselves and families, of which we desire to speak, in the most friendly manner, this week. We beg you to listen to us and to heed our suggestions, promising that if you do so, you and yours will thank us many times before this day twelvemonth.

The first thing to which we invite your attention is the state of the yard and surroundings of your houses. It is time that the old worm fences forming the enclosure for the house be removed, and board or paling fences take their place; and these should be painted or neatly whitewashed. Nor should the yard be a mortar-bed, owing to the want of proper drainage, or the incursions of vagrant cattle and pigs. Let it be clean, neat, and tidy. A house standing in the broiling sun unprotected by trees, with no vines clambering up its sides, and having no smiling flowers around, is by no means an attractive object. Plant trees and vines, and cultivate flowers; thus your homes will be beauteous and pleasing, and their very appearance will kindle happy feelings in the bosoms of yourselves and children, and of every passer by.

The next thing to be mentioned in this talk, is the delicious strawberries, raspberries, pears, and peaches, of which all sensible people are so fond. You like them. I have seen you feast upon them with all the zest of the most accomplished amateur in this department. Then you confessed that these things were not to be found in your own grounds, but thought by another year you would plant them and thus be able to enjoy these delightful luxuries with your own families. But year after year has passed away, and as yet I see no strawberry beds, or rows of raspberries, or flourishing pear and peach trees ornamenting your grounds. And thus I fear it will continue to be. Be assured that you have lost much by delay. Your pockets are none the better for it; and your hearts and minds are much the worse for it; while you have deprived yourselves of many pleasant hours with city cousins, who somehow generally manage to know the best time for visiting country friends whose gardens abound in luscious fruits.

The only other matter we will obtrude upon your attention at this interview is the internal state of your houses and your manner of life with your families. Your homes often seem joyless. Your labors are burdens. And your sons and daughters regard the farmer's life as one of the greatest irksomeness. They are abroad of evenings; and they seek the first opportunity for removal to the village or city, or for some employment other than the honorable and useful one in which you have spent your days. This annoys and distresses you. You are vexed with these wayward children; and you attribute to them more perverseness than belongs to the ordinary average of mortals.

But let us see if remedies cannot be found for this state of things. Throw away that miserable "dip" which gives just enough light to make the general gloominess visible. Put in its place the cheerful petroleum lamp; and as it is now Winter, let the fire blaze cheerfully. Be glad yourselves, and thus impart gladness to your households. Cultivate a kind and liberal temper. Do not scowl upon the merry laugh. Let the innocent jest and repartee go round. Sing yourselves and encourage your wives and children to sing; and if any member of the family can handle the piano or melodeon, bring it also into requisition. Have a supply of fresh and good books, adapted to the capacities of the different members of the family, always on hand. Take some one of the leading secular newspapers; never be without a good agricultural journal. And as you are men of sense, you no doubt already take the *Banner* for your religious newspaper, and esteem it at its full value. Nor would we be surprised to learn that these plain and friendly talks which we intend to have with you from time to time, had induced you to persuade your neighbors to send their names to be added to the lists of the *Banner*.

Friends, this is the season for you to lay out your plans for the coming Spring and Summer. Determine at once what improvements are to be made in your yards and the surroundings of your houses. Select the spot for planting your strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, apples, and peaches. Send your orders for these and a few grape vines, to some approved nurseryman. And begin at once to throw joy and gladness over wives, children, and hirelings; to make home cheerful and attractive; to supply the means of intellectual and religious culture to all who dwell in your houses.

## Hot-beds.

A hot-bed should be located in a spot that is well sheltered on the North and West, and open to the South and East. If shelter is not already provided by a fence, wall, shrubbery, or something of the kind, a cheap temporary fence may be erected of rough boards, straw mats, or in some other way that the reader's ingenuity may suggest. This shelter or protection is needed chiefly to prevent an undue radiation of heat from the glass, and the entrance of a strong, cold current of air when the sashes are lifted for ventilation. This radiation is not only hurtful to the plants by causing sudden and extreme changes of temperature, but, if allowed to proceed too far, will cause the heat of the bed to "run out." Let the shelter, therefore, be as thorough as possible. Six feet would be none too high for the fence; but three feet would be much better than none.

The docation should not only be well sheltered, but it should be dry. If the material of the bed becomes unduly wet, fermentation will cease, and with it the heat. Manure will no more ferment when it is too wet than when it is too dry. For materials we can use manure, or leaves, or manure and leaves combined. Manure alone gives the strongest heat, leaves the most durable. Where a moderate or long-continued heat is desirable, leaves alone should be used. For general purposes, it is an excellent plan to add from a third to a half of leaves to the manure. Oak leaves alone have been recommended for this purpose; but you need not trouble yourself on this point, but go into the woods and gather any leaves you can find. We have found them all good.

Plums—The Curculio: What to do with Them.—S. Creighton, of Lithopolis, brought plums into the Columbus market the past Summer by the wagon load. Says he has tried various methods for preventing the depredations of the Curculio, and has at last settled upon "*the spread sheet and jarring process*" as the most effectual. One year he applied with a syringe, a preparation of lime, soap, &c., with very good success, saving the plums; but the Curculio, driven from its first choice, resorted to his peaches and apples, nearly destroying the crop. By the jarring he is enabled to destroy the curculio, and thus not only save his plums, but his peaches and other fruit.

A Profitable Grape Vine.—A. Thompson, of Madison Township, has an Isabella grape vine trained over two sides of his dwelling house, from which, in three consecutive seasons, he gathered 1,200 pounds of ripe and merchantable fruit, one season alone yielding 500 pounds. Who owning a square rod of ground would be without a grape vine?

Snow-ball Cake.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little nutmeg; add flour enough to make a stiff batter; bake in patty tins.

Insects.—If not watched, these will get the mastery. Syringing will destroy many. Whale oil soap and fumigation must be used for the more obstinate. The Insect Powder sold at the drug stores, which is the powdered floower of a species of Pyrethrum, is said to be efficient, in powder or infusion.

Home-made Candy.—To one cup of sugar (New-Orleans is best), add one cup cider vinegar. If the vinegar be very sour, put in one-third water. Boil fifteen to twenty minutes, then work till white. This is very nice, and when thus made at home you know that it contains no poisonous substance.

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