

Agricultural.

EVERY MAN A FARMER.

If prices are to rule as high the coming season as they have ruled for a year and more past, it stands every man in hand to raise all that he can from the soil and manure at his command. And what soil is there in the city, it may be asked, where there is hardly room in the back yard for a clothes line? But if there is room enough for that, there can be found vacant spots for a few beans or peas, which occupy but little standing room—for tomato plants that can be trained on trellises or stakes or fences—for cucumbers and squashes that would ornament the sides and roof of a shed or outbuilding—for beets and lettuce, and perhaps the grossest of all feeders, the cabbage, might do picket duty in some exposed corners, where cucumbers and tomatoes would be gobbled up by boys. The old saying "where there is a will there is a way," will hold good here, as elsewhere. So let every man bestir himself—take a survey of his premises that lie out of doors and see what can be done to make them productive of food for his own use. If he sets about it in good earnest he will be surprised—if he has never tried it before—to find at the end of the season how much he has saved from his market expenses and how much nicer and fresher articles he has raised than those he sometimes is obliged to buy. He will find too a double reward—not only a saving of expense but a saving of health. The exercise out in the air is worth more than all the homœopathic or allopathic medicines that can be poured into a man. If he can get out mornings and evenings with a spade or a hoe, and scratch and tickle that little spot of mother earth that he calls his own, she will laugh away his blues and make him glow with a sense of strength and manhood that heretofore were strange to his flesh and bones. Ah! but where are we to get the manure to fertilize that little spot of earth, as the man said when it was told him that he could live for a sixpence a day—"but where I am to get the sixpence?" Here again, if one did but look at all the house resources, he would find that he was better off than he expected. The sink drain—the wash-tub—the hen-coop—the ash-heap—the debris of the house generally would furnish a good capital to start at farming on a small scale. Only try it—and go it at once—make a strike—not for oil or higher wages—but for garden sauce generally, and then in the fall, when your baskets are full to overflowing, just bring to the printer a thank-offering for his good counsel, and we shall feel abundantly rewarded.—[Salem Register.]

RAISING POTATOES BY HORSE POWER.—At the late New England Agricultural Fair three machines from potato-growing Maine were exhibited, which were worthy of the attention of the extensive potato-growers in the West. They are thus described:

The first is True's Potato Planter. You may put a bushel or two of whole seed in a box and start your horse, and as he moves forward the seed is cut, and planted in a furrow opened by the machine, and covered and rolled firmly in the earth. Then comes Chandler's horse hoe, the two long iron wings of which straddle the row and pile up the loose earth—as much as you may wish—to form a ridge. When the crop is ready to harvest, Hickok's Potato Digger does the work as fast as a horse can walk. A plow share runs under the potatoes, and lifts the soil and seed all together upon a number of iron fingers, which are shaken by a chain and wheel on the beam, so that all the tubers are left upon the surface. With these three machines, potatoes can be effectually grown by horse power.

PLANTING PEAS DEEP.—The editor of the Utica Herald says: "Deep planting is not generally resorted to, under the impression that the seed will rot in the ground. This is a mistake. Peas covered six or eight inches deep will produce twice as much as those covered but an inch, they will continue flowering longer, and the vines are more vigorous and do not die down, as is often the case when shallow plantings are made. We have tested this matter, and therefore know from experience that if it is desired to get a large crop the seed must be buried deep in the soil. A suitable piece of ground which had been enriched the previous year was deeply ploughed in the fall and again in the spring, and put in fine tilth. One-half of the piece was marked out in drills

and the seed covered two inches deep. On the other half the plough was sunk beam deep and the seed scattered at the bottom of the furrow and covered by making the second furrow. In this way one-half the piece was gone over and afterwards merely levelled, leaving the seed at least eight inches below the surface. The peas that were ploughed in were a little longer in making their appearance, but they shot ahead of the others, the vines were more thrifty and vigorous and produced treble the quantity of those in the two inch drills by their side. The seed used was of the same lot, the Champion of England variety, and the soil, time of planting and culture (except the manner of putting in) were precisely the same for both pieces. This experiment convinced us that peas flourish best in deep planting, and we have repeatedly had our attention called to the fact in observing different crops and learning the manner of culture.

PROTECTION BY ELDER LEAVES.—The leaves of the elder if strewn among corn or other grain, when it is put into the bin, will effectually preserve it from the ravages of the weevil. The juice will also kill bedbugs and maggots. "Insects never touch elder bushes. The leaves of elder when scattered over cabbages, cucumbers, squashes and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shield them. The plum and other fruits may be saved by placing on the branches, and among them, bunches of the leaves."

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—Mr. H. H. Hunnewell has given the sum of \$2,000 to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society as a fund for the encouragement of the art of landscape gardening. Mr. Hunnewell, in his letter to the society, hopes the money will be an acceptable addition to the means of the society, "in meeting a want not now supplied, and will tend to the dissemination of a more correct and refined taste for elegant rural improvements than now exists, in laying out and planting our country places, which, he fears, are often the result of chance rather than any well-directed plan."

WHAT DID HE LEAVE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That's a large funeral. I counted thirty-two carriages."

"Yes, sir. It's the funeral of Mr. Ellis. He died very rich."

"How much did he leave?"

"A large amount of money sir; I don't know how much. Some say about half a million dollars!"

"His death is considered a great loss to the community, I presume."

"Loss sir?"

The man to whom I was speaking looked up in my face with the air of one whose mind was not exactly clear as to my meaning.

"Still with his ample means," said I, "even though only caring for himself, he must have been the prompter of large industrial enterprises, through which many were greatly benefited."

The man shook his head doubtfully.

"I never heard of his doing anything with it particularly," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"Money must be used in order to make it productive. Was he in no business?"

"No, sir."

"What then did he do with himself?"

"Oh, he was always about after bits of property that had to be sold. He was sharp for bargains in real estate?"

"Ah, I see how it was. Then he did find use for his money?"

"In that way he did. But when a piece of property came into his hands, there was an end to its improvement. He let other people improve all around him, and thus increased the value of what he owned; so that he grew richer every day, without putting his hand to anything or benefiting anybody."

"That was your million man! And so all that he has left are those property accumulations?"

"All."

"Then his death is not regarded as a public calamity?"

"No, indeed, sir! It is considered a public benefit."

"How so?"

"He has a couple of sons and a couple of sons-in-law, who will scatter much faster than he saved. The moment they come into possession of his estate it will be divided, and lots of ground, which ought to have been improved years ago, will be sold and covered with handsome buildings, thus giving trade and industry a new impulse. Why, sir, he has been a dead weight on our town for years; growing richer and richer through

other people's enterprise—and yet not adding a building himself in any way serving the common good."

"I thought," said I, "from the long array of carriages that death had taken, in this instance, a valuable and now lamented citizen."

"Mere ostentation, sir. But nobody is deceived. There are plenty of idle people who are pleased to ride in funeral carriages. Old Ellis will be put away with a grand flourish; but that will be the last of him. The black will do all the mourning, sir!"

"But, surely," said I, "his children are not without natural affection! You do not mean to say that there's only a semblance of sorrow?"

"It is my opinion sir, that they are glad in their hearts. Why not? He stood hard, unyielding as iron, between them and the wealth they desired to possess. He was cold, sour-tempered and repulsive; crushing out, by his manner and conduct, all natural affection. They had too much policy to quarrel with him of late; though the time was when hot words were said to have passed between them."

"There are no gleams of light in your picture!" said I.

"I copy from nature, and only give what I see," he answered. "There are deep valleys where the sunlight never comes, as well as golden-tinted landscapes."

"I see another funeral," said I, looking towards a distant part of the cemetery. "There are but two carriages; yet I see a long line of mourners on foot. Do you know who they are burying?"

"Yes."

"Not a rich man?"

"No."

"There is no need of asking what he has left. It is the burial of a poor man."

"Yes, a poor man in this world's goods; but so far as his means went, he was princely in his munificence. His death, sir, is a public loss."

The man's face brightened as he spoke.

"You knew him."

"Yes, sir, I knew him well. He was a ropemaker, working ten hours every day and earning just nine dollars a week. But these nine dollars seemed an inexhaustible fund for good. He had no wife and children of his own to love and care for. They went, years ago, to the blessed land, where he is now following them. So, after supplying his own humble need, the ropemaker had five dollars every week left over for investment. He did not put this in the Savings Bank, nor buy tumble down houses for the poor to live in at the rate of fifty per cent. on their cost; nor take up barren lots to hold for an advance in price, consequent on neighboring improvements. No! his investments were made in a different spirit, as you shall see."

"First, he paid regularly, every week, to a poor woman who had two children to support, and who could not leave them to go out to work in families, the sum of three dollars, as teacher of little boys and girls, whose parents were unable to send them to school. Two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon, these poor children received instructions. He was their benefactor and hers also; for it was one of his sayings that we must make the right hand help the left. His means of doing good were small, so he made them go as far as possible."

"He was a noble fellow," said I, in admiration of this poor ropemaker.

"Tom Peters—yes, there was fine stuff in his fine composition, if his hands were dark and bony, and if his clothes did smell of pitch and rosin."

"He has left tender and fragrant memories."

"He has, sir. That long line of funeral attendants are true mourners. There is no sham there."

"And what else did he do with his money?" I asked growing interested in the ropemaker. "He had two dollars a week still left for dispensation."

"Yes. Let me see. For one thing he paid a boy half a dollar per week, to read to a poor blind woman; and in order that this reading might not be given to a single pair of ears alone, he took care to have it known, that as many as chose might come and listen. The consequence was, that more than a dozen persons met, every evening, in the blind woman's room to hear what was read. This suggested to Tom the way in which another half might be usefully invested. The men in the rope-walk were mostly in the habit of spending their evenings at taverns. Tom found another lad, who was a tolerable good reader, and paid half a dollar weekly to read aloud two hours each evening, for such of his fellow workmen as he could induce to assemble for the purpose. He began with three; soon increased to ten;

and when I last heard of the matter, over twenty men met to hear the boy read."

"Admirable!" said I, with enthusiasm.

"I never heard of a wiser investment. And he had only one dollar left!"

"Yes."

"How was that disposed of?"

"In ways innumerable. I cannot recount them. The good Tom Peters managed to do with that dollar almost fabulous; not of course, as to magnitude, but as a variety. It seemed to duplicate itself like the widow's oil and meal, whenever drawn upon. You was always hearing of some good acts in which a dispensation of money was involved. Of a poor woman helped in making up her rent; of a dainty sent to a sick neighbor; of a pair of shoes to a bare-foot boy in the winter; or of a book to a child. Why sir, Tom Peters has left behind him enough good deeds to endow a whole calendar of saints!"

"So I should think after what you have said of him."

"And yet, sir, remember he only earned nine dollars a week!"

"I remember that very distinctly," I answered. "Yessir, his death, indeed, is a public calamity. It is no figure of speech to say that his grave will be watered by tears."

"None, sir, none. He will be sorrowed for by hundreds, and his memory will be greener and fragrant as the years pass by. He reared his own monument before he left us—of good deeds!"

I parted from the stranger; and as I walked from the cemetery, I said to another man, who stood by my side, while I looked at a fine piece of emblematic statuary:

"They have been burying a rich man?"

"Yes," he coldly responded.

"What did he leave?"

"Nothing but money."

"They have been burying a poor man also?"

"Tom Peters." A light broke over the man's face.

"But he had not even money to leave."

"But something far better," answered the man in a tone of rebuke.

"What?"

"Good deeds, which like good seed, will reproduce them a thousand fold—Tom Peters earned just nine dollars a week; Edward Ellis, Esq.,—there was a smiling contempt in his tones—was worth, it is said a million dollars; yet the humble ropemaker did, while living, a hundred times the most good with his money, and leaves an estate that shall go on increasing in value through countless years. But the estate of old Ellis will not pass to the third generation. Tom Peters had the true riches, sir, that are imperishable. People will ask, when a man like Ellis dies, "What property has he left behind him?"

But when one like our good ropemaker passes away, the angels ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?" That is the difference, sir; the immeasurable difference between the two men—one in giving made himself rich; the other, in withholding, became miserably poor; so poor, that his memory is green in no man's heart.

I turned from the cemetery with new impressions stirring in my mind, and the question, "What kind of a legacy will you leave?"

"Let it be good deeds rather than money!" said I, back again into the living world to take up the laboring oar for a brief season, and bend to my work with a serene spirit, and, I trust a noble life purpose.

CITIES OF NEW YORK.—The late Legislature granted charters for two new cities—Lockport and Newburg—making sixteen in the State. By the census of 1860 the population of the cities of this State appeared to be as follows: New York 813,669, Brooklyn 266,661, Buffalo 81,129, Albany 62,366, Rochester 48,204, Troy 39,235, Syracuse 28,119, Utica 22,529, Poughkeepsie 17,726, Oswego 16,816, Newburg 15,196, Lockport 13,523, Auburn 10,886, Schenectady 9,579, Elmira 8,682, Hudson 7,187. Total population of the cities of the State in 1860—1,461,608. A new State census will be taken immediately, and it is probable that the total of these cities will be swollen to nearly two millions.

—Thy purse had better be empty, than filled with another's money.

—There are said to be 250,000 persons in the Austrian dominions entitled to the rank of nobles; but this is nothing compared to Sicily. In that fortunate island there are 127 princes, 48 dukes, 140 marquises, 20,000 monks and 18,000 nuns. No one ever attempted to count the number of barons, counts and chevaliers.