SALOON OF APOLLO.

'It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.'

FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

[Selected by our correspondent EUGENIA.]

I must turn from this idol; I am kneeling
With vows and homage only made for heaven;
I must turn from this idol. I have been
Like to a child who plays with poisoned arrows,
And then is wounded by them. I have yielded,
Foolishly, fondly yielded to the love
Which is a curse and sickness to me now.
I am as one who sleeps beneath the power
Of some wild dream, hopes, fears, and burning throbs
Of strange delight, dizzy anxieties,
And looks and words dwelt upon overmuch,
Fill up my feverish circle of existence,
My spirit wanders wildly all in vain!
I would bring order to my troubled thoughts;
Like autumn leaves scattered by driving gales,
They wander round. Once my heart's sleep was calm
As a young bird's beneath its parent wing;
That quiet is no more! for love hath breathed
Upon my heart, and with him came a train
Of visionary things:—impatient hope,
Sickening of its own vanity; and more
Than all, concealment preys upon me; life
But animate with emotion, which must yet
Be hidden fire. Oh, I must, I must
Turn from this idol! Our love is forbidden—
You are above me, and in loving you——
Oh God! I dare not think on all I have been told
Of all man's cruelty to woman—how
He will soothe, flatter, vow, till he has won,
And then repay her confidence with ruin,
Leaving her trusting heart a desolate place,
Herself an outcast with an unwept grave,
Perhaps unhallowed too—her last lone refuge.
I've more than loved;—oh, I have worshipped you;
I have thought, spoken, dreamt of you alone,
And deep has been my misery! my cheek
Has burnt even to pain when you were named;
I have sat hours thinking o'er your last words,
Have sought my couch for solitude, not sleep,
And wept, I only know how bitterly.
I have no joy in pleasure; all I took
A pride in, once, has lost its interest now;
The days I see you not, to me are blanks,
And yet I shrink from meeting you! I have
Insulted heaven with my prayers (prayers not to love you)
And then have trembled lest they should be heard.
I must forget all this; the veins that throb
In agony will surely learn from time
A calm and quiet pulse; yet I will own,
Though woman's weakness is in the confession,
I never could have nerved my soul to this,
But that I know you wavering and weak,
Passionate, but unsteady; born to win
Hearts, but not keep them. Tell me not you love
Intensely, wholly, well, as I have done.
But oh, farewell, farewell! I give thy portrait
To the red flames,—it is a sacrifice
On which I swear forgetfulness! L. E. L.

SONNET.—THE FIRST-BORN.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first weak wail
On my rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound,
Seem'd mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launch'd, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billow of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail:
Or if thy voyage must be rough,—may'st thou
Soon 'scape the storm, and be—as blest as I am now!

VOLTAIRE'S WISH.

....."A wife indulgent grant,
With beauty; sweet and complaisant,
To all my faults; with bending ease,
Making, e'en me, my actions please;
Correcting, yet invisible;
Governing, without tyranny;
Gaining my love by just such stealth
As lovely days improve the health."

ORIGINAL TALE.

"In vain has naked truth advances made,
But still may gain access in masquerade;
In fiction's fascinating garb disguised,
Her wholesome precepts will be duly prized."

FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

Treacherous Friendship.

A TALE.

What is Friendship but a name,
A charm which lulls to sleep;
A shade which follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.
Goldsmith.

It was in one of those delightful evenings, which follow a fine shower in the month of July, when Sylvander Harwood wandered in a beautiful and romantic road. The late rain had given to nature a new face, and every leaf, bending under the weight of the watery deluge, seemed clothed in a richer green. The flowers, which hung on either side of the road, emitted their richest fragrance; the birds sung melodiously; and the dove, seated on the branches of the aged pine, cooed in mournful unison with the hollow whisperings of the sinking breeze. Pleased with the delightful prospects above and around him, he continued to wander on, until the sun sunk behind the horizon, leaving the western edge,

"Illumined with fluid gold."

Night came on apace; the stars appearing one after another; and the planet Venus riding foremost in the procession, gave to the surrounding scenery a peculiar charm. At length,

"The moon
Unveil'd her peerless light, and o'er the dark
Her silver mantle threw."

The lightness of the night, induced him to turn from the main road, and trace the windings of a beautiful, but small river, whose course was occasionally interrupted by waterfalls. The pleasing variety which its borders presented, led him unconscious whither he was travelling, or how far he had gone, until he found the pathway almost rendered impervious, by the thickets which grew on either side.

Here he paused, not knowing whether it would be safe to proceed, but remembering that the night was not far advanced; he determined to ascertain to what part of the country it would lead. He had entered but a little way into this pathless track, before he began to repent the temerity which induced him to explore it. The brambles, which at first were not so closely inwoven, had here overgrown the path.

Any attempt to advance would be fruitless, and, to retrace the same path, he could not think of. He continued some time in this state of perplexity; afraid to go forward, and almost terrified at the thoughts of returning.

He was relieved from this state of uncertainty by a distant gleam of light, which shot through the foliage. With considerable difficulty he made his way through the shrubbery, and found himself again on the borders of the river he had before left. He was pleased with this discovery and hoped by this means to be enabled to unite pleasure, with curiosity, and gain his home without suffering too much fatigue.

As he advanced towards the shore of the rivulet; he discovered that the light, which he had before seen proceeded from a cottage, which stood near the water.—Its beautiful, but not extensive garden, occupied the declivity of the hill, at the foot of which the house stood. The moon shone full upon it, and doubled the lustre of every charm: so peculiarly beautiful was it, that it appeared to him to be the very seat of happiness; where the clouds of discontent and sorrow are dispelled before pleasure's "serener welkin." The inhabitant, of this place thought he, has every wish of his heart gratified; here he holds unlimited sway, and no one disputes his claim; here retired from the world and its noisy wranglings,

"Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."

Oh! how enviable! how truly enviable, is his blissful lot! If happiness is to be found on earth,

"A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the tenant of this rural mansion himself appeared. He greeted Sylvander with an air of surprise, but at the same time, it was marked by the good will, which always characterizes rustic urbanity. He invited him into his house; whither he repaired glad to find so good an opportunity of resting himself, and also in hopes of hearing something of this extraordinary man.

When Sylvander entered his apartments, he kindly set some refreshments before him; of which he partook with gratitude. After they had finished their repast, his kind host inquired, how he came to be so near his house, and most particularly at night.

Sylvander then related to him the various occurrences of his excursion, and his being led to his house by the glare of his light.

"Well," said he "I have now lived in this solitary habitation five years; during which time I have seldom seen any person in the day; and I can confidently assure you, you are the only person I have seen at night since that period."

"What strange mystery," asked Sylvander, "is there attached to this place, that it should be thus abandoned?"

"Those persons," replied he, "who have a knowledge of this part of the country, have always avoided this place as the abode of unembodied spirits. As it is my wish to have as little intercourse with mankind as possible; I take advantage of their superstitious fears, by relating to every casual passenger, those stories, which I have heard told of the house. By this means, I cause many to go other roads, who would otherwise be frequent passengers this way. Grant kind Heaven!" cried he with energy, "that I may live, unmolested, unknown and forgotten by the world!"

These last words were spoken with peculiar emphasis, at which Sylvander wondered the more, as he appeared to be only in the spring-time of life. Sylvander felt particularly interested in his fate; but fearing he might think him an officious intruder, he arose to depart, and was about to present his thanks for the hopitality he had given him, when he hastily interrupted him, "Stay," said he, "I would not wish you to leave me now without knowing more of my story." He eagerly accepted his invitation. When they were seated he began:—"You see," said he, "before you, a man of many woes. No crime of my own has brought them on me! No dictatorial mandate drove me hither! I came a voluntary exile;—and came without a crime! The rude hand of TREACHEROUS FRIENDSHIP, drew aside the curtain, which concealed the vices of my buried brother! The too willing credulity of an old man's weakness, combined with the tinsel show of honor, has estranged me from happiness:—but to my story. My brother Charles and myself commenced our collegiate education together, although he was a year older than myself. His revengeful, implacable disposition made him the terror of all his associates. My father thought by entering us at college together, my presence would, in some degree, restrain him from giving such unlimited license to his imperious passions; as by my being with him, I could occasionally inform my father, whenever his conduct became outrageous. But neither the superior of the college, nor my father could keep him in awe; he set all authority, and precedence at defiance.

"At length a young man by the name of Orlando, informed the superior, that Charles' conduct was of such a nature, as not to be borne. My brother was called in, and being questioned with regard to his rude behaviour to Orlando; he would give no satisfactory answer, and finally concluded by abusing the whole collegiate compact. This led to an immediate suspension from college. It is impossible to describe the demoniac glare of his countenance at that moment; or the sullen mutterings of revenge, as he passed Orlando.—How fatally he executed that threat, the sequel will presently show!

"At the time of his suspension, he was only sixteen: and now seven years had gone by marked by no particular misfortune, only such as always attend a litigious disposition.

"He now determined to travel, having nothing to detain him at home, (our parents being dead,) he set out immediately.

"After travelling for some time thro' various parts of the country; he had made up his mind to turn his face homewards, when by a mysterious stroke of providential interference, he was taken ill. The house in which he was confined was situated on a public road. How obstruse are the ways of the Almighty! how far above the finite comprehension of man! Orlando! the ill-fated Orlando stopped at this very inn!

"Charles knew nothing of Orlando's being there, until the servant came to conduct him to his chamber, which was adjoining his own. When the servant was retiring; Orlando gave him some orders relative to his preparations for his journey in the morning. The too ready apprehension of Charles recognized the voice of him, whom he had always considered as his hated enemy. Rage and revenge, twin monsters from the infernal regions, which had held empire in his bosom for seven years, now burnt with redoubled vigor. Though his illness had debilitated him so much that he could not stand alone; and every symptom foreboded a speedy dissolution: yet he formed the diabolical resolution of not dying unrevenged! At the hour of midnight when Orlando was wrapt in innocent and unsuspecting slumber; Charles having procured his knife, crept on his hands and knees to Orlando's bed-side! Fancy shrinks, and the blood thrills and curdles at the thought of the horrible catastrophe! Suffice it, he cut off the young man in the blossom of youth,

"Unhouselled, unappointed, and unanealed."

"After the commission of this shocking act, he he again crawled to his own room; his heart replete with the most horrid satisfaction. In the morning, when the family found their guest murdered, the whole house was filled with disorder and confusion. Speedy and strict inquiry was made for the assassin, but Charles put a stop to it, by calling the landlord to him: "Come hither," said he, "I am the murderer of that man—his name is Orlando: seven years ago he did me an injury, and now I am revenged; go bid your law-hawks come and prey on their *willing victim*."

"The host was horror-struck at this confession, but to conceal the fact was impossible. The officers came, and upon consideration they thought there was so much of depravity of heart, and predetermined malice in the act, that they unanimously agreed to have him removed to prison, where, in a few days, he died!"

Here he paused: dropped a tear, and proceeded:—"Such was the end of Charles; and when I contemplate what he was, and what he might have been, I am filled with sensations at once awful and tender; his attachments were as generous as his hates were revengeful; and if he could have only found the medium, his passing and short morning might have dawned into an everlasting day. But "with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool, if he judges amiss in the supreme point."

"Soon after this unhappy crisis, I disposed of the paternal estate, as by my brother's death the whole of it devolved on me. I then removed to a rich and populous town, where I commenced merchandise. Fortune smiled on my undertakings, and, in a little while I amassed wealth sufficient to satisfy the most insatiable cupidity. I then determined to withdraw from active life, and seek repose in conjugal felicity.

"General S—— had often distinguished me by marks of particular kindness; and as I had to be often at his house, his young and beautiful daughter made a serious impression on my heart. I disclosed to the General my attachment to his daughter, and asked his permission to address her. He unhesitatingly observed, that I was just such a person to whom, he would be willing to give his young and innocent Clarinda. "Your own spotless character," said he, "and, as far as I have heard, the unblemished reputation of your family, urge me to say at once that it has my decided approbation. Clarinda is in the next room; I will retire, in the meantime, you will have an opportunity to speak to her." After he had withdrawn I spoke to Clarinda, on the subject nearest to my heart. She approved of my passion with so much ingenuousness, that she felt doubly dear to me, and I began to fancy myself the happiest man alive."—Here his countenance showed signs of grief—but soon after, he gathered voice and spoke again.

"About this time I met with Leander, who had been the friend of my bosom in my early days. I had not seen him since the death of my brother; and as we had been long separated and had come together far from the scenes of our childhood; this meeting was productive of mutual happiness. He related to me the various incidents which had occurred to him, since our separation, to the hour we met. I touched slightly on what had happened to me, but dwelt at large, on the circumstances, which terminated my brother's unhappy existence.

"He expressed much regret that it was so, but said "he always thought Charles' ungovernable temper, would bring him to some miserable end."

"From this time, Leander and myself were almost constantly together, and as I was to be married in a short time, I considered it a duty I owed my friend to introduce him to Clarinda.—'Tis to this fatal introduction, I am indebted for the seclusion in which you find me. Clarinda received my FAITHLESS FRIEND with the amiability of character, for which she had been so justly admired. I observed his eyes sparkle as he viewed her, but I did not attribute it to any uncommon cause, as I thought it impossible for any person to look on her with indifference. After we had parted with the family, he spoke of her with rapture. These bursts of transport only pleased me, for by them, I judged, I was not the only one, who thought her good. From this period Leander was as constant a visitor at the General's as myself. This demon, in an angel's form, sounded the principles of the General, and finding that family pride, was his ruling passion, he, in a moment of provoked love, disclosed to him, every particular of my poor, unfortunate brother.

"The next day I called as usual at the General's house; he met me at the door; "Sir," said he, "I have been informed of a certain degradation in your family, which makes it impossible for me to think of alloying our pure blood, with baser matter. I hastily left him, and in my distracted state, thought only of bringing Leander to an account for his villiany. For which purpose I sought for him, in every place where I thought there was a possibility of finding him; but my researches were fruitless. He took particular care to elude my vigilance; and now I thank Heaven, that it was so; for surely had I encountered him then, some rash act would have been the consequence. After my mortification and passion had subsided, I concluded it would be best to leave him as he was: however, I determined to see Clarinda, and if she thought differently from her misguided parent; we would still be united, as my estate was sufficient to keep us in affluence, independent of her father.

"For this purpose, I wandered near her father's house for several evenings without obtaining the wished for interview. On the fourth evening, when I was still wandering in melancholy thonghtfulness, ruminating on the sad change, which a few days had produced in my earthly prospects; I met one of the General's servants, I eagerly inquired for Clarinda. He informed me, that she and Leander were married and —— I heard no more: a strange dizziness came over me. How long I remained in this state I know not, but when I recovered, I found the servant had gone. I went home, passed a sleepless night, and in the morning disposed of property to a considerable amount. The remainder I placed in the hands of a nobleman, telling him and my acquaintances, that I intended to travel. In my perigrinations I had passed this place before, and from its desolate and solitary appearance, pitched upon it, as a proper seclusion, in which I might bury the remembrance of LEANDER'S TREACHERY and CLARINDA'S FAITHLESSNESS.

"You have now a faithful narrative o. that which, has drawn one, so young as I am from the world.—Profit by my example, and when you are about to attach yourself to a female, be careful, *how* and *whom* you love. Remember, that you knew one,

'Who loved not wisely, but too well.'"

The night had waned much—the moon was high—Sylvander hastened homewards, and in a little while found himself in the arms of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

ORLANDO.

Cambridge, 1824.

On Life.

Life is short: the poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villian for. What matters it if your neighbour lies interred in a splendid tomb? sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the tracts of time; a vast desert of unnumbered ages lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your forefathers journied, until wearied with years and sorrow, they sunk from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go on a little farther, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may encounter between the cradle and the grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion: every moment big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.—Should you be plunged into disagreeable circumstances, from those very circumstances may another be at that moment rising to the summit of his good fortune; so may your neighbor's inconvenience prove beneficial to you.

None can know the eternal purpose of existence; but there is a grand equilibrium preserved by one mighty chain of dependencies. Look then at the universe—limit not the view of your soul to one hemisphere, and ask your reason, if, in such awful revolutions of the worlds and their inhabitants, pain or pleasure must not constitutionally affect you. Be ever fearless; yield reluctantly to the passions; increase the regions of the mind, and know, that as you have no will to resist the power of death; death can be no evil further than it affects the imagination. To sleep, to go through various changes, or to wake everlastingly is equally independent of your will. Therefore cheerfully trust the future; only dread the act that may wound your established rectitude of thought.

A little mind is always hurried by twenty things at once, but a man of sense does but one thing at a time, and resolves to excel in it; for whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

ANECDOTES.

GARRICK AND STERNE.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaved unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

Antisthenes, of Athens, once petitioned the government, to publish an order for turning all horses into asses. Every one being surprised at such petition, he alledged, that "such changes happened every day among men;" thus giving them to understand that places were disposed of without regard to men's qualifications; so that one man was made a judge without a head, and another a general without a heart.

A man who had a large family, and but very moderate means to support them, was lamenting how difficult it was to make both ends meet, to an acquaintance of large fortune and no family—"We "should not repine, replied his friend, "God never sends mouths but he sends "food.—That I do not deny," replied the other, only permit me to observe, that to me he has sent the mouths, and to you the food."

HOCUS POCUS—A sailor who had just returned from a long voyage, went with a friend to witness some curious performances by a conjurer, who had scarcely begun to surprize his spectators when a barrel of gunpowder in the shop beneath unexpectedly exploding, blew up the room above, and scattered the conjurer and his audience in different parts adjoining the spot. 'Zounds!' exclaimed the astonished sailor, who suddenly found himself seated on the ground in a neighbor's garden. 'I wonder what trick he means to play next.'

In the rebellion of 1745, a large subscription, which was entered into for the support of government, was filled with unexampled expedition. The Duke of Grafton congratulating his royal master, George the Second, on such an unequivocal proof of the affections of his subjects, his majesty replied, in his broken English, "*My* good lord, my peoples be my wife—though they quarrel with me themselves, they will not suffer others to do it."

Dorchester County Court,

October Term, 1823.

ELIZABETH BIRCKHEAD,
vs.
JOSEPH DAFFIN AND OTHERS, *Heirs of Charles Daffin, defendants.*

THE bill in this case states, that CHARLES DAFFIN, in his life time contracted to sell and convey certain lands, situated in Dorchester county, in fee, to a certain Doctor Daniel Sulivane, the father of the complainant—that the purchase money of the said lands, or the consideration for the same hath been fully satisfied and rendered—that the said lands in virtue of a division of the real estate of the said Doctor Daniel Sulivane, under the acts of descents, were assigned to the complainant, and that Joseph Daffin, Henry Daffin and Charles Daffin, severally, the defendants and heirs of the said Charles Daffin, have removed and do not reside in the State of Maryland. The object of the bill therefore, is to obtain a specific performance of the contract, and by a decree to compel a conveyance of the said lands from the heirs of the said Charles Daffin, to the complainant, and her heirs and assigns; it is therefore adjudged and ordered, that the complainant, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted four successive weeks in the Chronicle, published at Cambridge, in Dorchester county, before the first day of October, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, give notice to the said Joseph Daffin, Henry Daffin and Charles Daffin, the absent defendants, and several of the heirs of the said Charles Daffin, of this application, and of the substance and object of the bill, that they may be warned to appear in this court in person, or by a solicitor, before the 4th Monday in Oct. eighteen hundred and twenty-four, to shew cause, if any they have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

TEST— E. RICHARDSON, Clk.
april 17 4t

Notice to Creditors.

IN obedience to the law and the order of the honorable Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration *de bonus non* on the personal estate of *Sarah Todd*, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the twenty-seventh day of October next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of April. anno domini 1824.

JOSHUA BREERWOOD, adm'r. *abn.*
april 17 3t

Dorchester County Court,

April Term, 1824.

ORDERED by the Court, that the Auditor's report on the late WILLIAM MORGAN'S real estate, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn, or objections filed by the 2d day of July next.

ROGER HOOPER, *Trustee.*
april 17 3tf

CA

Vol. I.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
M. K. STONE & CO.
N. E. corner of High and Poplar streets,

At TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS perannu payable half yearly in advance.

No subscription taken for a shorter peri than six months, and a failure to notify a d continuance shall be considered as a new e gagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square, inserted three tim for *one dollar*, and *twenty-five cents* for eve subsequent insertion.

☞All communications addressed to the Pr prietors must come *post paid*, otherwise th will not be attended to.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the New England Farmer.

BEES.

When we consider the various uses which honey and wax are applied as we in medicines as the arts, we shall be le to conclude that these insects would b highly worthy of the attention of th rural economist, even should the requ site care be accompanied with consider ble labor and expense. But the cost keeping bees is very trifling, after th bee-house and hives are made, and th care will prove merely an amusement any one who has a mind fitted for phil sophical inquiry and experiments.

It is sometimes worth the while feed bees during the winter, and ear in the spring. The quantity of prov sions, the bees may have in store is be known by the weight of the hive, an its contents. The weight of the swar and of the hive or box containing the should always be known and marke and then, after reasonable deductio for the weight of the comb, the remai der of the whole weight must be hon and bee-bread. The swarm shou weigh from 4 to 6 pounds. To asce tain their weight, that of the empty hi should be first known, and marked it; and then the addition to that will the weight of the bees when put into

If, however, the weight of the hive box and of the swarm have not been a certained in proper season, and there no way to inspect the inside of the hiv the bee-keeper may perhaps from son conjecture by the apparent weight of th hive, when poised in his hands, wheth the bees are deficient in provisions.

The best method of supplying be with food, is by small canes or trough conveyed into their hives. "There a two seasons in which the feeding of be become necessary, and these are in wi ter and spring; at these seasons t hives should be carefully watched a when found light, an immediate supp be given them. It is the opinion of o author, that it is best not to feed pr fusely, by giving a great quantity a time, but gently say about two pounds month, and that the feeding should be the morning early before the bees lea the hive, and always in pleasant weat er, and that the entrance of the hi should be closed immediately after fee ing to prevent robbery from other hiv Or, it may be considered most prude and safe to administer food at eveni after sunset, when the entrance of t hive need not be closed; but the vess containing the honey must be remov before the next morning, to prevent ro bery as before. Care should be tak not to delay feeding your bees till t old store is all exhausted, for they w then become feeble and if you preser your bees, you will loose much of th labors the next season. Sugar is som times administered as food for bees, well as clear honey; Mr. Huish cons ers the first as improper food and oft exposing the bees to the dissentary; a adds, "Whenever the honey is giver should be mixed with some good white wine; in the proportion of pounds of honey to one of wine; should then be placed on a slow fire, a stirred until the honey is all dissolv then poured out into a jar or other v sel for use." Dissolve one pound of gar in a quart of good old ale; boil a skim it until it is clear, when cooled will have the consistence of honey, a may be given your bees. A little added to the food is both safe and u ful, especially when they are threate with dysentary. Molasses and wa boiled, with little salt, may be a g substitute, together with a little treacl

Farmers' Assistant

Dr. Anderson observes in substa that during the frequent mild days winter, and the warm mornings spring, which are suddenly succee by a nipping frost, or sleety rain, b are awakened from their torpid st and consume their food. They are li wise often allured by unreasona warmth to leave their hives, and chilled before their return so as no be able to fly. To prevent these e he advises to place the hives in an house to be kept till the spring is so advanced that the bees may safely t abroad. We do not know whe this hint has ever been acted on, bu may be well to try the experiment.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

A writer in the Vermont Republi on the good effects of pruning fruit tr

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_61-0024.jpg