

THE SEAT ON THE HILL TOP,  
BENEATH THE OLD TREE.

What man hath not found on this changeable earth,  
Some shelter'd retreat to emotion give birth;  
Where memory, pointing to things that once were,  
Imprints on our faces a smile and a tear?  
To pridge give her follies, to pomp her display,  
Give to beauty her charms, give wealth what you may;  
Give to each of them all, but spare, spare for me,  
The seat on the hill top, beneath the old tree.

How can I but love thee, thou sacred spot!  
And think of the loved ones, who were, but are not;  
When I view thy old trunk, draped o'er with the vine,  
The Woodbine and Pipevine, thy branches entwined,  
And could but those dear ones who planted them  
there,

Sit again by my side, these blessings to share,  
There's naught in this wide world I'd barter for thee,  
My seat on the hill top, beneath the old tree.

Since thou wert a sapling, thou noble old tree,  
Thy youthful comparisons have long ceased to be;  
And oft have I wished thou wouldst whisper and tell  
What shrubs and sweet flowers did then with thee  
dwell.

Did Hepatica's buds invite thee to spring?  
And little blue Hare-bell, the old year's knell ring?  
Or child of the forest, all brimful of glee,  
Flee away to hill top, beneath the old tree?

Did brave Indian warrior find rest in thy shade?  
Or thy branches e'er shelter forlorn Indian maid?  
And some betrayed mother, with babe at her breast,  
For surely 'twas here that the weary might rest,  
For the woes of mankind do we watch and weep;  
And then, in our weariness, slumber and sleep;  
The spot on this green earth best suited must be  
The seat on the hill top, beneath the old tree.

CHARLES ARNOLD.

A correspondent wants to know why an ear of corn seldom if ever has an odd number of rows, and where do the red and speckled grains come from when nothing but white is planted. Perhaps some of the intelligent readers of the *Rural Record* can tell, through our columns.

**THE PUGET SOUND FIR.**—One of the wonders of the American forests is the fir tree of Puget Sound. The trees average 200 feet high, and some specimens have been cut that measured 320 feet in length and twelve feet in diameter at the base, with a straight and well proportioned log length of ninety feet to the first limb.

**THE CONKLING PEACH.**—From a yearling tree of this variety, obtained of Ellwanger and Barry, in the spring of 1880, we picked a number of ripe peaches of uncommon excellence. It is a beautiful yellow peach, smaller than the Early Crawford, of a fine, juicy, rich, exquisite flavor, and very desirable in a

family collection. It may prove a desirable market variety for aught we know, as the first product of a three-year-old tree is no test of productiveness.

**TO PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS.**—Many Newspapers and Magazines have been established in the United States and Canada within the last two years, the names of which do not appear in any Newspaper Directory or Catalogue. The publishers and editors of such are invited to send copies and a full description of their respective publications to the *Editor of Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World*, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A., that they may be properly catalogued and described in the forthcoming edition of that work for 1883. Editors who kindly give this notice an insertion in their columns will confer a favor upon the Press of America.

**LARGE CELERY.**—Probably the largest root of celery ever taken to Boston market, measuring 38 inches in length, 24 inches round, and weighing 7 pounds, was raised on the market farm of G. D. Moore, of Arlington, who is one of the largest growers of early produce for Boston market. He has this season about six acres of celery, nearly all of this mammoth variety. He began to market it Sept. 14th, receiving \$8 a box of 2½ dozen. This variety is said to be the best flavored and most tender of any known, and brings the highest price.

**WOOD ASHES FOR PEARS.**—The pear seems to be especially fond of wood ashes, and we ascribe much of our success in past years with pears to a liberal and annual use of it in our pear orchards. All that we could make or buy was thus used, by scattering around the trees, the cultivator working it into the soil. Only the fresh, unleached ashes were used, and not only did our trees produce heavy crops and fine fruit, and present in their foliage that dark green coloring of leaf which indicates vigor and healthfulness, but the hoed and cultivated crops which were raised between the trees each year did not fail to appreciate the food they gathered in from that not appropriated by the fruit trees.—*Farm and Garden.*