

degenerating the American people, and that tobacco culture is fast ruining the American soil. And we are of opinion that there is not an agricultural journal in the country or in the world, that can do good enough in all other ways to offset the evil of the one of advocating tobacco-raising. We only wish, therefore, that all such journals were dead and buried."—*Maine Farmer*.

The Law and Manners of the Road.

ALL of us have ideas more or less correct in regard to the law which regulates our use of the highways; and, at any rate, good sense and good nature are usually very safe guides. A few words on the subject, however, may not be amiss.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half the road. This is practically true, and comes about in this wise: You and I meet upon the road—our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have a right to go our several ways without obstruction, so, popularly we say, I own half and you half. The law steps in to facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hand. The road should be "worked" wide enough for two teams abreast, then each man has a clear title to a passage on his right hand side of the way, and no one has a right to obstruct another while on his own proper track. This is true whatever the load or the team; for if one man can drive such a team that another can pass him but with difficulty or not at all, then their rights are no longer equal. This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all in the deep snow while your neighbour goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right so to load his team as not to be able to give up half the track to whoever demands it.

A footman may choose the part which pleases him on any portion of his right hand half the way, and the team must yield it to him. This is clearly so in winter, and no man is obliged to step into the snow for one or two horses; this is the law, and the Court awards it.

Now for the manners of the road; which, in some instances, vary from the law thereof.

The first requirement of road manners is good nature and an accommodating spirit. Do to others as you would have them do to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be pretty sure to be equally well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbour has a heavy load, consult his convenience as far as possible; you may sometime be loaded. It has become a practical rule of courtesy to turn out for wood or logs, and for other heavy teams in winter; for they say, "we often cannot turn out, and never safely, so if you want wood accommodate us;" which we are very willing to do. But remember it is a favour, not your right, and you have a reciprocal duty to perform, one which I am sorry to observe is not always borne in mind. When you have unloaded and are returning empty, just recollect that you had the whole road in the morning, and it is no more than fair that you should be particularly obliging to those whom you meet now, and give them their full share of the path.

One word in relation to teams going the same way; in which case many seem to think there is neither law nor manners. When a team comes up behind you, which desires to proceed faster than you do, that team has a right to reasonable space and opportunity to pass in—and your obstructing him in his lawful desire is both bad manners and bad law. If your load is heavy, do the best you can. In most cases the very least that can be asked is that you should stop. This is particularly so in the winter, when it is a heavy tax on any team to force it into a trot in deep snow—made necessary by your continuing at a walk. My remark above in relation to the emptied wood sled applies here, and, if one wishes to pass you, remember that while loaded you had the whole road.—*Via, in N. E. Farmer*.

A young dandy, who sported an enormous moustachio, asked a lady what she thought of his looks. "Why," said she, "you look as if you had swallowed a squirrel, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

A PETRIFIED BEE-TREE.—The Grass Valley National of California, says:—"There was found a few days since, in the diggings of John Chew & Co., on Buckeye Hill, in this county, between Greenhorn Creek and Chalk Bluff Mountain, a tree, with a bee-

hive, honey and bees, all petrified. The remaining portion of the tree in which the beehive was found is 2½ feet in diameter and 40 feet long. Chew & Co., while piping their claims, found the petrified beehive 75 feet beneath the surface. The beehive is no matter of fancy, but of pure demonstration. Before us is a sample of the comb full of honey, all petrified. The normal thickness of the comb, the duplicate of cells with their invariable hexagonal shape, are all before us as distinctly as if a fresh piece of honey-comb, all dripping, and just cut from the box, had been brought and placed before our eyes on a sheet of paper.

GIGANTIC SILK-WORM MOTH.—The silk-worm culturists of France announce the birth or hatching of the larvæ of *Bombyx Atlas*, an enormously large silkworm. This gigantic moth has never before been seen alive in Europe; and if it can be introduced into France it will prove of the greatest commercial value. Its cocoon is extremely large, and weighs nine grammes; whilst those of the ordinary worm do not exceed two grammes in weight. The grub lives on the leaves of a species of berry shrub.

HOW NATURE COVERS UP BATTLE-FIELDS.—"Did I ever tell you," says a correspondent of an Eastern paper, "among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these battle-fields, how, on the ground upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought, I saw pretty, pure, delicate flowers, growing out of the empty ammunition boxes; and a wild rose thrusting up its graceful head through the top of a broken drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge in that battle; and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of a bursted shell, in which strange pot it was planted? Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the beautiful and graceful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers even the battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty spring up in the track of the devouring campaigns; and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind."

PRESSING TOBACCO FOR DOMESTIC USE.—Mr. James Laurie, of White county, Ind., writes to the American Institute Farmers' Club, as follows:—"Another man wanted to know how to manufacture tobacco. I will tell him how to press it for his own use tighter than tobacco was ever pressed by any other plan. Go to the wood pile or woods and get a hickory log two feet long and one foot over; bore two one-inch holes in the end down to three inches of the other, and then make a good hard wood ramrod and mallet, and proceed to load it with wads of tobacco, pounding it down well; then make one-inch pins of hardwood and drive into each hole as far as possible. This will press his tobacco so that it will look like wax. You must split the press to get it out, but one such press will hold ten or fifteen pounds, so that they will not have to be often made for home use."

A CHEAP AND NOVEL WEATHER-GLASS.—There is, in "Hone's Every-day Book," page 491, a letter, giving an account of a weather-glass, used for several years by a gentleman on whose veracity the author could depend. This strange barometer consisted of a common eight-ounce phial, filled to within one-fourth of its space with water, and having therein a leech-worm; the water was changed once a week in fine or summer weather, and once a fortnight in cold or winter weather; the mouth of the phial was stopped with a piece of fine canvas, and hung near a window in the room where the gentleman dressed. In fine weather, the leech-worm remained motionless at the bottom of the phial, rolled together in a spiral form; and as long as he saw him in that position in the morning, he was certain the day would be fine; if the day was to be wet or showery, he was sure to find him creep up to the top of his habitation, and he remained there till the weather cleared up. If wind or storms were near, it ran and galloped through the liquid, nor ever rested until the tempest began to blow violently. If thunder and rain were near, it generally kept out of the water for two or three days previous thereto, and discovered great uneasiness by throes and convulsions. In frost, as in fine weather, it kept its place at the bottom; before snow, it crept up to the very mouth of the phial. From these observations on the leech-worm, the owner was always able to foresee what sort of weather was likely to be expected; and as the cost or trouble of such a weather glass is so trifling, your readers can readily make a trial, and then they can judge from their own experience of the truth of the statement.

Poetry.

Ode to an Ox.

Ox, mighty Ox, huge specimen of size!
Great mass of ponderousness! Oh, thousand stoaks!
Enough to let the whole world gormandize—
Soup bones enough to fill all kettles. Shakes-
Peare, nor John Milton, nor that other one
Who wrote the famous Idylls of the King—
I mean—who should I mean but Tennyson?
Could Justice do to such a monstrous thing
As you are. Words there are not to describe
Your adipsal bigness. Numeration falls
To "foot up" every pound you weigh. Your tribe,
If many like you it can boast, on scales
Must be the most stupendous feature of
The animal kingdom. Surely you're the first
(In point of great obesity) creature of
All living things. What cow was it that nursed
So great a calf? Come, answer if you can,
Inform me by your bellowing language, Sir,
And be the first big ox to talk with man.
Or, if you wish some good interpreter,
Snort your desire. Why do you hesitate?
Your pause is heavy. Sure as I am born,
You shake your head at me. I know "your gait."
You ask me if I'll come and take a horn.
No, Sir, I must decline, oh, friendly ox!
Not at the present time would I partake
Of your great kindness. When the butcher knocks
You down, and you're "cove in" and "no mistake,"
I may accept your offer. But till then,
Bovinal Jupiter, I say good-bye.
If e'er, Colossal Beef, we meet again
'Twill be when you are roasted—probably.
—*New York Tribune*.

"At the Last."

The following beautiful poem was written upon the passage "Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour until the evening."

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds more musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.
Morning is lovely, but a hollier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but night to rest.
She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.
All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose,
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power
That Morning knows not, in the evening hour.
"Until the evening" we must weep and toll,
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.
Oh when our sun is setting may we glide,
Like Summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

Enigma.

A few weeks since the following enigma was sent to the *Queen* newspaper by a person who stated that neither he nor his friends had been clever enough to discover the solution, though they had the puzzle two or three years in their possession:—

Himself he stood beside himself,
And looked into the sea,
And in himself he saw himself,
And wondered mightily.
And when himself within himself
He saw himself go round,
Into himself he threw himself,
And in himself was drowned.
Now if it had not been himself,
But any beast beside
Himself, he might have cut himself,
Nor in himself have died.

The last issue of our contemporary has the following answer from a contributor: "The solution of the clever riddle is, 'A Noddy and an Eddy.'"