

let his father and Peter take turns with him. However he was quite proud at being able to say "we sowed the turnips." When it was time to thin the turnips, the children helped. Charley soon learned to use the turnip hoe, and to strike out gaps where the plants were thick. But he and the rest of the little folks were more useful in doing the hand thinning. It was very little trouble for them to stoop down and pull out the extra plants so as to leave only one in a place, and that the biggest in the bunch. It was wonderful how fast the turnips grew. Every time rain fell, you could almost see them grow. Happily the insects did not trouble them much, and in a very short time, the field seemed to be one solid mass of green. When once the leaves began to shade the ground, the doom of the weeds was sealed. They could not grow under the dense foliage, and were fairly smothered down. Mr. Perley explained to the young folks that this was one great benefit of a good crop of turnips. It cleans the ground and leaves it free from weeds and very mellow. Besides as the turnip is a broad-leaved plant and derives much of its nourishment from the atmosphere, it does not exhaust the soil, but leaves a good store of plant food nicely prepared for a succeeding crop of grain.

### Something about Pianos.

On this subject the *Boston Journal* makes the following pertinent remarks:

"It would be an interesting investigation to trace the growth and influence of this instrument from its first rude beginning to the present time. Its course has been parallel with that of modern culture, and the philosopher might almost find in its successive modification, from the first rude harp to its latest and most highly perfected descendant, a Chickering or a Steinway Grand, an epitome of the world's history for hundreds of years. Without a Piano, what would become of our modern civilization? Consider how extensively it serves as a medium for expressing the whole range of our emotions and sentiments. The disastrous consequences that would result from suddenly cutting off this organ of expression are almost incalculable. It would be like abolishing one-half of our language. Certainly our Pianoforte makers deserve to rank high among public benefactors. It is, however, not our purpose to indulge in philosophical or desultory fancies about Pianos, but to note a few facts in connection with them of practical utility. Accordingly we proceed to state some of the results of our experience, and particularly as to the purchase of a Piano. An instrument made of the very best material and workmanship, by a first-class maker, has proved, in our experience, the cheapest, although costing originally, perhaps, a few dollars more than the more showy ones of other makers. In buying, therefore, a Piano for musical purposes, get the best; but if wanted only as a parlour ornament, where fine quality of tone and true sympathetic expression are no objects, the cheapest will answer as well. There are, however, a number of Pianoforte makers who all profess to make the best instrument, and it is very difficult for a buyer (except advised by a thorough and high-standing musician or mechanic, whose opinion cannot be influenced by mercenary considerations), to choose between them. The rule that ought to be adopted is to patronize the most prominent makers, buy from those who have the highest reputation, and whose popularity has been of the longest standing. A popularity that has stood 20, 30, or 50 years, is certainly a much surer indication of uniform excellence than one that dates back only a few years. A sham reputation may sometimes be built up by puffs and glaring advertisements, paid testimonials, large commission paid, and other tricks of charlatany, of which the general public is not aware, and for a while may seem very imposing, but it cannot stand the test of time. When persons buy instruments of makers such as Chickering, Steinway, or Dunham, and use them for ten or twenty years, they could have no doubt or hesitation in purchasing a new Piano from the same maker. It is of great importance to know what is expected in a good Pianoforte. It is not a thundering noise, or a confused jumble of sound, or an unwieldy mass of tone. A Pianoforte is for the interpretation of the highest sentiments of the heart; and to express the gay sportiveness, and the solemn meditation of the soul. For all this there is needed

a perfection as near to the human voice as possible. The qualities sought for should be a purity and flexibility of tone, to express intelligibly the most delicate shades of sentiment, or the most powerful utterance of passions, without which the Piano is but a tinkling cymbal. The quality of material used in the mechanism is of such high importance that no matter how good the tone may apparently be, if the instrument cannot retain its pitch and harmony for more than a few weeks in succession, it is worthless. Once having purchased a Piano, no one wishes to be subjected to the inconvenience of exchanging it, or to be forced to vexatious expenditure for repairs. Purchasers should therefore well calculate ere they make their choice. From the high reputation enjoyed by makers like Chickering, Steinway, or Dunham, whose Pianos are recommended by musicians of such universal celebrity, as DeMeyer, Thalberg, Strakosch, Jael, Patterson, Bassini, Sontag, Hoffmann, S. B. Mills, Timm, Wheli, W. Mason, Theodore Thomas, and many others, our readers may rest assured that in getting an instrument from the above-named makers, they will get the best, and will do the best for their own interest."

The above remarks embody sound wisdom, and imply much more than, at first sight, is apparent. In the musical instrument trade, as well as in so-called medical specifics, "glaring advertisements, paid testimonials, large commissions, and other tricks of charlatany," are in wide and active operation. In these respects, the musical public have paid handsomely for their "whistle." Miss Semiquaver, induced by the *disinterested* suggestion of Mons. Crotchet—her music-master—commissions him to purchase her a Piano. She experiences a transport of gratitude that a distinguished performer like Mons. Crotchet should manifest such a deep interest in her as is implied by the sacrifice of time necessary to search after, and procure her a "splendid instrument at the lowest possible figure." Mons. Crotchet at once proceeds to the establishment of a maker, or his agent, and forthwith proceeds to disclose his disinterestedness by bargaining to receive, *sub rosa*, ten or fifteen per cent. commission. The maker, of course, cannot afford to make such an enormous reduction on the market value of his instrument; and consequently the *real* value is increased by thirty, forty, or fifty dollars above what Miss Semiquaver would have paid for the same instrument if she had herself directly effected the purchase. If the house visited by Mons. Crotchet be of a respectable character, and one whose integrity is above such disreputable practices, our professor "proceeds to some other house," that cares little for the honour or honesty of the bargain so long as the instrument is sold, and the proceeds pocketed. Miss Semiquaver is thus provided with an inferior instrument, at a monstrously exorbitant price. We do not say that this is invariably the case. We, however, believe it to be the rule; although there are some honourable exceptions. Young ladies and their parents should know, once for all, that when they buy an instrument of a good maker—such as those mentioned above—and receive from the vender a guarantee for a given number of years, the employment of an *interested* agent in the matter is not only superfluous but unwise. It is right that our rural population should be posted in this matter. Music is now becoming a general accomplishment of young people of both sexes. Its refining and elevating tendencies cannot be exaggerated, and we venture to hope that parties about purchasing Pianos will give the foregoing remarks their attentive and earnest consideration.

### A Few Hints to Young Ladies.

The following hints, spoken in the very plainest terms, are respectfully submitted by one of the sex:—Don't make a confidant of the first interesting young lady you meet. A woman can't keep a secret any more than a sieve can hold water; and ten to one she'll tell the story to the sister of a nice young man of her acquaintance. Then you can imagine the consequence. Don't sit down to your crochet work or embroidery unless you have first mended that hole in your stocking. No use crowding it under the heel of your shoe. Rags, like murder, will out; and they speak with terribly loud voices, and at inconvenient seasons sometimes. Don't undertake to write skim-

milk poetry whenever you feel a little disposed toward enthusiasm. Go and do a kind action, speak an encouraging word to somebody, if the "poetic impulse" must have vent. Depend upon it, you'll be better satisfied afterwards. Don't pretend to be angry because gentlemen have the audacity to look at you when you promenade the streets in your best bonnet. What do you go there for, if not to be seen? The more you affect indignation, the more the offending wretches won't believe it. Don't pay thirty or forty dollars for the aforesaid bonnet, and then complain that "pa" is in such narrow circumstances that you cannot afford to give twenty-five cents in charity.—Don't eat blue and yellow candies the whole time, like a mouse nibbling at the pine-apple cheese, and then lament because you haven't any appetite for dinner. Don't keep a gentleman waiting half an hour when he calls, while you put on lace and ribbons and arrange curls; he isn't a fool, whatever you may think on the subject, and will probably form his own ideas upon your original appearance. Don't run and hide, like a frightened rabbit when a gentleman puts his head into the room where you are sweeping, and dusting. If there is anything to be ashamed of in the business, why do you do it? Don't proclaim to the world that you can't exist without six Paris bonnets in the year, and that life would be a burden without jewelry and diamonds, and then wonder why the young men "shy off." And above all, when some one *does* propose, don't say no when you mean yes! He may take you at your word! If you follow all these precepts, you may one day succeed in getting married, and that, you know, is the summit of all earthly ambition.—JANE, in *Miner's Rural*.

### The Baby Waking.

Did you ever watch a baby waking from its morning nap? It is one of the prettiest sights in the world. There is the crib, with its small preparations and sgow-white drapery that covers something, outlined round and plump. There is nothing to reveal what it is; not the slightest movement of the pillowed whiteness that is visible—no sound to indicate keenest actual life, until the hour hand of the clock that stands sentinel like yourself, has twice made its circuit. Then, there is a slight pulsing in the white drapery, a small pink tremulous hand, fair as a rosebud is thrust out, and from the nest thus broken into, appears a round diminutive face, with wide open eyes that have not much speculation in them yet; soon however they cease to stare and become questioning, serious, as if wondering what kind of a world it is they open upon, and the head lifts itself just a little, and two snow white feet stand up spasmodically with a simultaneous movement each toe of which has an attendant dimple. But the head is too heavy—it falls back on the pillow with its own sweet weight, the hair all damp and golden—the cheeks peachy—the mouth just pouted, as the angels kissed it in dreams. A first lingering go-o-o comes from its rosy depths, sweeter than any bird's song, for it has a spirit tone and yet retains a thrill of its native skies. The chubby hands are lifted imploringly, persuasively, the baby is awake and ceases to be an angel.—MRS. M. L. RAYNE, in *Prairie Farmer*.

By laying a piece of charcoal on a burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple and certainly deserves a trial.

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