The Caledonian.

VOLUME 29--NO. 6. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1865. WHOLE NUMBER 1462

THE CALEDONIAN.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

C. M. STONE & Co. Publishers

Office, next door north of Court House.

TERMS—One copy per annum.....$2.50
If paid strictly in advance.....$2.00

POSTAGE.—The postage on THE CALEDONIAN to subscribers in this county is free; to any part of the United States outside of this county, five cents per quarter, or twenty cents per year, payable in advance at the office where the paper is received. Transient copies can be sent in packages of three or less for two cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square (12 lines this size type) three insertions, or less, $1.25. Each additional insertion, 20 cents a square. Yearly contracts made at the rate of $8 a square for any part of a column. Business Cards $1 a line per year. Liberations, Estrays, Notices to Delinquents, $1.25 each in advance. Obituaries six cents a line.

SPECIAL TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*Each subscriber will find on his own paper in connection with his address, the date to which he has paid. When a new payment is made this date will be altered to correspond—and if the change is not made correctly on the first or second paper from the time of payment, we wish to be notified immediately.*

☞ As our papers are now all directed by machinery, we cannot deliver them at this office, or at any other place except at the post office address of the subscriber.

☞ *It is useless for subscribers to order the address of their paper changed unless they give the post office to which it has been sent as well as the one to which they wish it sent.*

JOB PRINTING of all kinds done at living prices.—Papers and Cards kept constantly on hand.

The Washington Monument.

IS IT A HUMBUG?

On the Mall, west of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, stands a half or quarter-finished obelisk called "Washington Monument," and thus it has stood for years past. Large contributions have been called for, to aid in building it, from time to time, from Maine to California. In the Patent Office is a model of the proposed completed monument, and at each corner of it is a glass box calling for contributions. While there at the review, we noticed many patriotic soldiers putting in their hard-earned currency freely, and we learned this had been done very largely during the recent encampment of our armies around the capital. These boxes are emptied every now and then, and we would like to know what is done with the money. We do not remember any report of receipts or expenditures by the "Association" for several years past, and hear it intimated that some of the managers are not the most loyal, or have not been. It may be all right; but in behalf of the contributors to the enterprise, among whom we *have* been numbered, we call for full information. Who has charge of the money, and is every dollar legitimately and properly expended, and how?—*American Agriculturist.*

Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.

Little Charlie.

O Sunshine, making golden spots
Upon the carpet at my feet—
The shadows of the coming flowers!
The phantoms of forget-me-nots
And roses red and sweet!—
How can you seem so full of joy,
And we so sad at heart and sore?—
Angel of death! again thy wings
Are folded at our door!

We can but yearn through length of days
For something lost, we facied ours:
We'll miss thee, darling, when the Spring
Has toucht the world to flowers!
For thou wast like the dainty month
Which strews the violets at his feet:
Thy life was slips of golden sun
And silver tear drops braided sweet!
For thou wast light and thou wast shade,
And thine were sweet capricious ways!—
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe red summer days
Was half as wild as thou!
O little Presence! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee—
A pencil mark upon the wall [lessly;
That "naughty hands" made thoughtAnd broken toys around the house—
Where he has left them they have lain
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again,
Will never come again!

Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold—and yet we know
It is *not* Charlie there!
It is not Charlie cold and white,
It is the robe, that, in his flight
He gently cast aside!
Our darling hath not died!
O rare pale lips! O clouded eyes!
O violet eyes grown dim!
Ah well! this little lock of hair
Is all of him!
Is all of him that we can keep
For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him and Death may teach us more
Than all our life hath taught!

God, walking over starry spheres,
Did clasp his tiny hand,
And lead him through a fall of tears,
Into the Mystic Land!
Angel of Death! we question not:
Who asks of Heaven, why does it rain?
Angel! we bless the, for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of Pain!
No "wherefore," "To what good end?"
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought; we bow our heads:
He giveth His beloved sleep!

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

From the Atlantic Monthly for August.

The Willow.

O willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome redbreast folds his wing
To pour for you his richest strain;
To you the earliest bluebirds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sparrow trills his wedding song
And trusts his tender brood to you;
Fair flowering vines, the summer long,
With clasps and kiss your beauty woo.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair,
The breeze makes love to you at night,—
Yet still you droop, and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers' lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.

But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.

Mourn not forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

A Living Death.

Describing the Dry Tortugas, to which it is understood the government has sent Mudd, Spangler, Arnold and O'Laughlin, a contemporary says, in view of the magnitude of their crime, that a more suitable place of punishment for these conspirators could not have been selected. The solemn roll of the waves of the Gulf; the silent and even ghostly air, or rather want of air, on these lifeless coral reefs; the absence of every living thing save the albatross and the shark; "the blue above and the blue below," in one unvarying monotony, save the infrequent visit of the hurricane, which only adds terror to desolation—all these may faintly picture the far seaward home of those to whom the law and the testimony have denied the boon of death.

One More Way.—"Wun other thing ma be done in a richus way to slur the Republicans. Procure a nigger to be marrid unto a white gal, and then charge the opponentze of Dimocrisy of favorin Miss Ceginashun and Amalgumashun. But dont make sich a thunderin mistake in this ear thing as our friends did in Clinton Counti, in the great stait of New York.—It was got up ni by the stait prisin, in Dennimory, but it was found at last the little cuss had marrid in to a Dimocratic family! The consternshun was orful, and putty much used up 1 Dimicratic nusepapur—an old established wun—besides killin off sum twente-5 Dimicratic polly-tishuns deader'n Guleus Seser. I was surprised at this for po, knowin there is some sharp fellers at Plattsburgh, havin met 1 of them at the Chicawgo Nashunal Convenshun, and to which I were introduced by Mister Vallendegam.—*Mr. Nasby.*

Mormon Life.

Mr. Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*, who accompanies Speaker Colfax on his overland trip to California, gives through his paper some interesting facts in regard to the Mormons. Although the public are familiar with their practice, and to some extent with their theories, many portions of the account will be found instructive. The letter we quote begins as follows:

"How the Mormon women like and bear polygamy? is the question most people ask as to the institution. The universal testimony of all but their husbands is that it is a grievous sorrow and burden; only cheerfully submitted to and embraced under a religious fanaticism and self-abnegation rare to behold and possible only to woman. They are taught to believe, and many of them really do believe, that through and by it they secure a higher and more glorious reward in the future world. 'Lord Jesus has laid a heavy trial on me,' said one poor, sweet woman, 'but I mean to bear it for His sake, and for the glory he will grant me in His kingdom.' This is the common wail, the common solace. Such are the teachings of the church; and I have no doubt but husbands and wives alike often honestly accept this view of the odious practice, and seek and submit to polygamy as really God's holy service, calculated to make saints of themselves and all associated with them in the future world. Still a good deal of human nature is visible, both among the men in embracing polygamy and in their wives in submitting to it. Mr. Young's testimony on this point is significant. Other signs are not wanting in the looks and character of the men most often annointed in the holy bonds of matrimony, and in the well-known disagreement of the wives in many families. In some cases they live harmoniously and lovingly together; oftener, it would seem, they have separate parts of the same house or even separate houses."

After noticing the effect of the system in sowing distrust and jealousy among families, Mr. Bowles shows that the Mormon Eden is by no means proof against temptation, as will be seen by the following incident:

"Of the U. S. soldiers at Camp Douglas, two companies who went home to California last fall took about twenty-five wives with them, recruited from the Mormon flocks. There are now some fifty or more women in the camp who have fled thither from town for protection, or been seduced away from unhappy homes and fractional husbands; and all, or nearly all, find new husbands among the soldiers. Only to-day a man with three daughters, living in the city, applied to Gol. George for leave to move up to the camp for a residence, in order, he said, to save his children from polygamy, into which the bishops and elders of the church were urging them. The camp authorities tell many like stories; also of sadder applications, if possible, for relief from actual poverty and from persecution in town."

A large proportion of the recruits to Mormonism, are from the poor English laboring classes, who are brought in by missionaries. Many nationalities are represented among them, and as a mass they have the appearance of mental weakness. Of their religious exercises he says:

"The gatherings and the services, both speaking and singing, reminded me of the Methodist camp meetings fifteen or twenty years ago. The singing, as on the latter occasions, was the best part of the exercises—simple, sweet and fervent. 'Daughters of Zion,' as sung by the large choir last Sunday, was prayer, sermon, song and all. The preaching last Sabbath was by Mr. Samuel W. Richards, who was of Massachusetts origin, but has been a Mormon leader and missionary for many years. Beyond setting forth the superiority of the Mormon church system, through its presidents, councils, bishops, elders and seventies, for the work made incumbent upon Christians, and claiming that its preachers were inspired like those of old, his discourse was a rambling, unimpressive exhortation. * * The Bible, both New and Old Testament, is used with the same authority as by all Protestants; the Mormon scriptures are simply new and added books, confirming and supplementing the teachings of the original scriptures. The rite of the sacrament is administered every Sunday, water being used instead of wine, and the distribution proceeding among the whole congregation, men, women and children, and numbering from three to five thousand, while the singing and preaching are in progress.—The prayers are few and simple, undistinguishable, except in these characteristics, from those heard in all Protestant churches, and the congregation all join in the Amen.

In compliance with the request of Mr. Colfax, Brigham Young preached a sermon upon Mormon doctrines, which is characterized as

"A curious medly of scriptural exposition, exhortation, bold and bare statement, coarse denunciation and vulgar allusions, cheap rant and poor cant. So far as his statement of Mormon belief went, it amounted to this: "That God was a human, material body, with like flesh and blood and passions to ourselves, only perfect in all things; that he begot his son Jesus in the same manner that children are begotten now; that Jesus and the Father looked alike, distinguishable only by the Father being older; that our resurrection would be material, and we should live in heaven with the same bodies and the same passions as on earth; that Mormonism was the most perfect and true religion; that those Christians who were not Mormons would not necessarily go to hell and be burned by living fire and be tortured by ugly devils, but that they would not occupy so high places in heaven as the Latter Day Saints; that polygamy was the habit of all the children of God in the earlier ages, and was first abolished by the Goths and Vandals who conquered and constructed Rome; that Martin Luther approved of it in a single case at least; that a clergyman of the Church of England once married a man to a second wife while his first was living; and that in England now, if a man wanted to change his wife, he had only to offer her at auction and knock her off for a pot of beer or a shilling, and marry another.—(This last statement called forth a voice of dissent from an English working face in the audience.) A good deal of boasting of the success of the Mormons, their temperance, frugality and honesty, and a sharp denunciation of the 'few stinking lawyers who lived down in Whisky street, and for five dollars would attempt to make a lie into a truth,' were the only other noticeable features of this discourse of the president of the church of the Latter Day Saints. It was a very material interruption of the statements and truths of scripture, very illogically and roughly rendered; and calculated only to influence a cheap and vulgar audience. Brigham Young may be a shrewd business man, an able organizer of labor, a bold, brave person in dealing with the practicalities of life—he must, indeed, be all of these, for we see the evidence all around this city and country; but he is in no sense an impressive or effective preacher, judged by any standards I have been accustomed to."

The children of the poor have no education, while those who are able to pay for it receive evening instruction from the bishops. It may be a question of some solicitude as to the probable future of this people, and the swarms of children they are inflicting on the world. It is quite probable, that if the sect is not nourished by untimely persecution, it will soon fade away with the death of some of its chief men, and before the tide of emigration and the influx of ideas from the east.

Mass Conventions.

From the very nature of the case, a mass convention is largely composed of freemen in the immediate vicinity, numbers of whom would not be at the expense of time and money necessary to go to a distant point. A Windsor convention is proportionally much more numerously attended by Windsor men than by the voters of Woodstock or Burlington, and *vice versa*. Now, does a mass convention at Windsor, thus constituted, adequately and fairly represent the freemen of all the towns in the state? Assuredly not.—This point is too plain for argument.—Windsor would thus be enabled to outvote a dozen other towns. We are all familiar with the machinery of such conventions. They are usually at the complete mercy of the wire pullers. These experienced campaigners arrange everything, as far as possible, to please themselves and their favorites. Jones, the drummer, says to Brown, the fifer, "You play for me and I will drum for you." Everything is prepared beforehand, like the cake for a surprise party. They are accustomed to the management of mass conventions, and if either the drummer or the fifer, happens to live in the place where the assemblage takes place, their task is generally most easy.

The remedy for such misrepresentation and such non-representation is the delegate convention. Then the voice of the remote towns is not overwhelmed by the shouts of the near. The hundred voters, twenty miles distant, who send two delegates, are not out-voted by the hundred voters not two miles distant, half of whom perhaps are present. Such a mode is eminently equal and fair; the other way is not. Who objects to mass conventions? The wire puller, of course. Freemen of the country and of the state, are not your weighty interests at stake? Let us reform the town caucus, the county and the state convention.—*Windsor Journal.*

A Capital Bath.

An open widow, with the direct rays of the sun coming in, will be good for the little one. On a hot summer day, to lay it down near the window, quite nude, and let it lie for some minutes where the rays of the sun may fall upon its skin, will give it new life. There is a vital relation between sunshine and a vigorous human being. Seclusion from sunshine is one of the greatest misfortunes of civilized life. The same cause which makes potato-vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars operates to produce the pale sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength. When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each provided with lounges, washing apparatus, etc., The patient, on entering his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge and turning over from time to time, each and every part of the body was exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases which seemed only waiting for the shroud were galvanized into life and health by this process.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

Incidents of Antietam.

We take the following incidents of the battle of Antietam from "The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape," by A. D. Richardson:

My *confrere* and myself were within a few yards of Hooker. It was a very hot place. We could not distinguish the "ping" of the individual bullets, but their combined and mingled hum was like the din of a great Lowell factory. Solid shot and shell came shrieking through the air, but over our heads, as we were on the extreme front.

Hooker—common-place before—the moment he heard the guns, loomed up into gigantic stature. His eye gleamed with the grand anger of battle. He seemed to know exactly what to do, to feel that he was master of the situation, and to impress every one else with the fact. Turning to one of his staff, and pointing to a spot near us, he said:

"Go and tell Captain —— to bring his battery and plant it there at once!"

The lieutenant rode away. After giving one or two further orders with great clearness, rapidity and precision, Hooker's eye turned again to that mass of rebel infantry in the woods, and he said to another officer, with great emphasis:

"Go and tell Captain —— to bring his battery here instantly!"

Sending more messages to the various divisions and batteries, only a single member of the staff remained. Once more scanning the woods with his eager eye, Hooker directed the aid:

"Go and tell Captain —— to bring that battery here without one second's delay. Why, my God, how he can pour it into their infantry!"

By this time several of the body guard had fallen from their saddles. Our horses plunged wildly. A shell plowed the ground under my rearing steed, and another exploded near Mr. Smalley, throwing great clouds of dust over both of us. Hooker leaped his white horse over a low fence into an adjacent orchard, whither we gladly followed. Though we did not move more than thirty yards, it took us comparatively out of range.

The desired battery, stimulated by three successive messages, came up with smoking horses, at a full run, was unlimbered in the twinkling of an eye, and began to pour shots into the enemy, who were also suffering severely from our infantry discharges. It was not many seconds before they began to waver. Through the rifting smoke we could see their line sway to and fro; then it broke like a thaw in a great river. Hooker rose up in his saddle, and, in a voice of suppressed thunder, exclaimed:

"There they go,—Forward!"

Our whole line moved on. It was now nearly dark. Having shared the experience of "Fighting Joe Hooker" quite long enough, I turned toward the rear. Fresh troops were pressing forward, and stragglers were ranged in long lines behind rocks and trees.

Riding slowly along a grassy slope, as I supposed quite out of range, my meditations were disturbed by a cannon ball, whose rush of air fanned my face, and made my horse shrink and rear almost upright. The next moment came another behind me, and by the great blaze of a fire of rails, which the soldiers had built, I saw it *ricochet* down the slope like a foot ball, and passing right through a column of our troops in blue, who were marching steadily forward. The gap which it made was immediately closed up.

Men with litters were grouping through the darkness, bearing the wounded back to the ambulances.

At nine o'clock I wandered to a farmhouse, occupied by some of our pickets. We dared not light candles, as it was within range of the enemy. The family had left. I tied my horse to an apple tree, and lay down upon the parlor floor, with my saddle for a pillow. At intervals during the night we heard the popping of musketry, and at the first glimpse of dawn the picket officer shook me by the arm.

"My friend," said he, "you had better go away as soon as you can, this place is getting rather hot for civilians."

I rode around through the field, for shot and shell were already screaming up the narrow lane.

Thus commenced the long, hotly-contested battle of Antietam. Our line was three miles in length, with Hooker on the right, Burnside on the left, and a great gap in the middle, occupied only by artillery; while Fitz John Porter with his fine corps was held in reserve. From dawn until nearly dark, the two great armies wrestled like athletes, straining every muscle, losing here, gaining there, and at many points fighting the same ground over and over again. It was a fierce, sturdy, indecisive conflict.

Five thousand spectators viewed the struggle from a hill comparatively out of range. Not more than three persons were struck there during the day. McClellan and his staff occupied another ridge half a mile in the rear.

"By heaven! it was a goodly sight to see
For one who had no friend or brother there."

No one who looked upon that wonderful panorama can describe or forget it.—Every hill and valley, every corn field, grove and cluster of trees was fiercely fought for.

The artillery was unceasing; we could often count more than sixty guns to the minute. It was like thunder; and the musketry sounded like the patter of rain drops in an April shower. On the great field were riderless horses and scattered men, clouds of dust from solid shot and exploding shells, long dark lines of infantry swaying to and fro, with columns of smoke rising from their muskets, red flashes and white puffs from the batteries—with the sun shining brightly on all this scene of tumult, and beyond it, upon the dark, rich woods and the clear blue mountains south of the Potomac.

Anecdotes of Dogs.

A farmer went on a visit to a son-in-law, whom I well knew, accompanied by his dog. A child in the family was then very ill: the sufferer immediately excited the strongest interest in the dog, who watched it with great attention, whether in the arms of its mother, or the nurse, or lying in its couch. So strong, indeed, did the dog's regard for the infant become, that it allowed its master to return home without him: and did not leave the child till it died. As soon as it expired, the dog started off from the house: reached that of his master, sixteen miles off, in two hours; and sought him in his room with great earnestness. Finding his master was not at home, the dog went to his usual place of resort, and at length discovered him in the fair, "when," said the farmer, "he did everything but tell me in words that the child was dead."

A large mongrel came up to a gentleman I well knew, as he was conversing with a friend in the street of a large town in the north of England, and looked into his face with a most prying and sagacious aspect. "What," he asked, "does that dog want? he evidently wants something." "Give him a half-penny," was the reply, "and you will see." The dog on receiving the money immediately went to a baker's shop, and with the coin purchased a cake. The surprise felt at this sight was increased by the tale which his friend then related. The dog was accustomed to deal regularly with the baker: but some time since I happened to be in the shop when he came in to make a purchase, and all the stock was gone except one half cake. This the baker gave the dog for his money, he looked at it, then at him, and grumbled his dissatisfaction: but I patted the dog, urging him to take the cake, which at length he did very reluctantly, and walked away. I then charged the baker not to cheat the poor dog, but to give him the half cake due him as soon as he had one. Some time after, happening to be in his shop and the dog passing by, I asked if he had ever given the dog the half cake he owed him. "No, sir," said the baker, "I have not, he has never once been in my shop since." I now called the dog in, and begged the baker to give him the cake, he did so, and thus the matter was satisfactorily settled, and from that day to this the dog has continued his custom at the same shop.

Devon, a small terrier, seems to discover when any of the family in which he lives have determined to go to some meeting. How he does so, nobody can tell: but he is sure to be found by them at the meeting door. Tea meetings have become common of late years in connection with religious and benevolent objects. These have for Devon a special attraction. The last he attended, when I heard the story, was at a distance of three miles from home, yet, at the door he was found on the arrival of his friends, punctual as usual. Not, strange to tell, that he gets "a bit of a drop" on any of these occasions, it is enough for Devon to lie down quietly on the floor from the beginning to the end of whatever takes place, and then to go home. When the end comes he does not linger a moment, but starts off at once: and, perhaps, one motive is that he knows, poor little thing, that he is sure to be carried home if found on the road, and wishes to prevent any one having this trouble. Some time ago, a special meeting was to be held at a place about two miles from home, and he was not seen by any of his young friends, but in the course of the proceedings, a person got up and took an umbrella belonging to one of them, when Devon started up, barked loudly at the culprit, and thus, for the first time that evening, gave proof of his presence. As soon as the umbrella was returned, but not before, the wary dog returned quietly to his place.

On another occasion of the same kind, a friend of Devon's put his hat under a form, when the dog, as if apprehensive of its being in danger, rose from his place, and went to lie down beside the hat: thus taking it under his own charge. After a time, a man entered the room, and taking his seat by the same form, moved the hat because it was in the way of his feet, when Devon seized him by the trousers, and would not let them go until the offender had restored the hat to its former place. This, however, was done quietly, had he barked, he would have had to go out; so he only looked, and quietly growled his high displeasure.—*Routledge's Magazine.*

Agricultural.

Cheese Factories.

A writer in the Woodstock *Standard* gives the following account of the cheese factory at Enosburg:

The building is one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty feet wide and about eighteen feet length of posts. On the ground floor are four large vats, holding four thousand pounds of milk each, lined with tin and resting on frame work about a foot high. The vats are provided with a chamber in which cold water is placed for the purpose of reducing the temperature of the milk. The vats being filled, the temperature is reduced to 79 degrees for the reception of the rennet, and then raised again by the use of steam to 84 degrees, after which the process is nearly the same as that usually adopted in private dairies. The whey is drawn off by a syphon, the curd is placed in hoops about nineteen inches in diameter, making the cheese to weigh from one hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds each, and they are then placed in the press, which is constructed of two long beams, a convenient distance from the floor, one over the other about three feet, and connected by strong iron screws. When sufficiently pressed, the cheeses are conveyed up stairs, where they are properly cared for until sent to market. Otter is used to give them a nice cream color.

An accurate account of the weight of each man's milk is kept, and he receives a proportionate share in the sales, averaging I believe one pound of cheese to eight and one half or nine pounds of milk. Six hands—four girls and two men—are sufficient help to work the milk of a thousand cows, and can make a ton of cheese per day from that number.

Factory cheese last year brought twenty-seven cents in market, which, after deducting one cent and a half, the cost of making, still left the price higher than private made cheese.

A large number of hogs are kept on the whey. In one yard at East Berkshire, I saw nearly one hundred and fifty.

Your readers are aware that cheese factories were first established a few years ago in New York, where they have met with such eminent success as to commend them to dairy men everywhere. I think I may safely say that the time is not far distant when the system will be adopted in every section of the country where large dairies are kept.

Bees.

Old bee-keepers need not read this article: they know how to conduct all the operations of the apiary. We have a few readers who are new in the business, who will be glad of every item of information. We hope your hives need watching no longer this season for swarms, because the homely old distich remains as true now as when first spoken two centuries ago:

"A swarm in May is worth a load of hay;
A swarm in June is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm that comes in July is not worth a fly."

There are a few exceptions to these rules. If we had to give a load of hay for a swarm of bees in May, 1865, we should ask that it might be drawn by a very old horse upon a very small cart, and we have seen swarms come out in July which were worth more than all the buzzing torments that ever infested Fly Market.

But it is not necessary to watch your hives now for swarms, it is for bee-moths: they are the great pests of all amateur bee keepers. For several months of summer and autumn, unless your swarms are constantly watched, they are liable to be destroyed by the filthy fat maggots produced from the little insignificant whity-brown miller which you may see every evening flying about the hives. Among the many remedies recommended we will name a few.

One man has little tin doors to the openings of the hive which the bees can and the millers cannot enter, because it has not strength enough to move the swinging tin. Another one sets plates of sweetened water with little tapers burning in the centre, around the hives at evening, and thus attracts the millers to their destruction by burning or drowning. The lower edge of the hive should be made sharp, so as not to afford much room for the millers to deposit their eggs. It is also a good plan to raise the hives about one-fourth of an inch from the bottom board by placing little stones or nails under the corners. A moth trap is made by cutting creases upon one side of a shingle or strip of pine board which is placed with the creases down under a hive thus raised, so that the millers have free access to run in and deposit their eggs in these creases, and the worms are readily destroyed by raising the hive a little at evening and taking out the wooden strips and killing the worms, which will be found in little cocoons filling the creases of the traps. If such traps are not used the worms will be found in every crack or crevice about the hive, and must be destroyed every week, or the loss of the swarm is pretty sure.

If you desire to handle your bees when they are cross, which is the case at some seasons more than at others, and generally rather to strangers than those familiar to them, you may generally coax them to be quiet by feeding them with some sweet substance, for instance, molasses or honey diluted with water. Sprinkle this upon the bees or the boards, and you will find their eagerness to eat will overcome their belligerent disposition.

Another important matter to look after at this season of the year is to see that your bees are provided with surplus boxes as fast as they are disposed to fill them.—If you have any pieces of clean empty comb, do not commit the egregious folly of melting them up for the sake of the little wax they may contain, but save and fasten them into your honey boxes. This you may do by dipping one edge in melted beeswax, and these combs not only guide the bees but actually attract them to work sooner than they otherwise would, for seeing the empty comb, their industrious habits prompt them to fill them with honey.—*Tribune.*

If you happen to be an honest and diligent young man; if you possess the respect of your associates: and have taken a fancy in your head to get rid of your industry and your honesty; to lose the respect of your friends and the good opinion of your mates, I will tell you how you may manage the matter in a very short time, and with very little trouble—learn to drink rum.