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RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

From the Watchman and Observer.

Greenhouse Plants and Ingrafting.

Seedlings from fruit-bearing plants, when planted in jars or small vessels, seldom bloom or bear—there are some rare exceptions to this general rule. To insure re-production, ingraft from a bearing plant or a seeding of the same germ, and in a few years it will produce blooms and fruit in jars or boxes. Cuttings from bearing trees when they take, will succeed nearly as well as grafts. Cuttings from barren seedlings of the orange tribe, fourteen years old, growing in boxes, have taken and bloomed in four years, while the parent tree remains barren and will probably remain so, until it is planted in the ground in a green-house, or in the open air in a congenial climate.

Take any common pear or apple tree when nearly in bearing, or the first year after it bears—saw off all the limbs to within 10 or 12 inches of the main trunk, then ingraft each limb or four or five of them, with choice pear or apple cions. If the grafts are well protected from the weather by a cement composed of three parts beeswax and one part tallow—binding the grafts with a rag on the cement—they will readily take—taking care to cut off the shoots that may put out from the original tree, and in three or four years it will bloom and bear. As a matter of curiosity several varieties may be ingrafted on one stock—for orchards, however, it is better to ingraft all of one sort on each stock.

Choice apples may be ingrafted on the indigenous crabtree, in the woods, by sawing off the trunk of young trees near the ground, ingraft and cover the grafts with the composition above described, binding a rag on the cement and covering it with earth—drive stakes to protect the grafts—transplant them the second year when you want them to grow, placing them deep enough to cover the graft where it is inserted into the original stock—it will then put out succors which can be transplanted and bear equal fruit with the graft. The apricot has been successfully ingrafted on the wild Cherokee plum.

The foregoing remarks are from actual experiments. D. P.

DOMESTIC BLISS vs. DINNERS.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

From Mrs. Mary A— to Mrs. Eliza B—.

OH, MY OWN ELIZA!—For the first time in a married life of many years—sometimes, perhaps, a little tedious but never decidedly unhappy—I write to you with tears in my eyes; so please excuse my blots. You know what a sweet tempered, easily satisfied creature A—— used to be, the best of husbands; never looked at a bill twice; and content with cold mutton when convenient, and nothing better for dinner. If he was a little soft, I felt that it was a mercy that he was not particular, especially in the way of dinners. But, my love, all this is at an end! I am in a fair way to be driven to become a desperate woman, or a cook in my own house!

You have heard, I dare say, of one Soyer—cook, I understand, at one of those odious clubs, where he spends his time in inventing new dishes, and has a kitchen, I am told, like a drawing room, with a chemical apparatus, and unlimited credit at the butcher's. My misery lies at that man's door. You will naturally ask how A—— came home the other day. Poor little Maria had the hooping cough, and I had been to the Zoological Gardens, and there wasn't much of a dinner—but quite as good as many I have seen A—— thankful for. It was a cold joint with pickles I noticed A—— didn't eat as heartily as usual. In the middle of his dinner he laid down his knife and fork, and inquired in a solemn way if I didn't think there was a sameness about cold meat? I couldn't believe my ears, and I am sure I don't know what I said; when he went on and asked, in a confused, but still confident way, if I have ever heard of such a dish as *Pot-au-Feu* or *Croquettes*. I thought he was growing crotchet work; but it appears he alluded to a dish—a French dish.

I said I was astonished at his conduct, when he began and gave me a recipe about cutting cold beef into dice, and putting it into a stew pan with finely chopped onions, and bread crumbs, and fried parsley, and gracious knows what! You may conceive what I looked like, when he went on about a good dinner being no more expensive than a bad one, if you knew how to manage it, and about the best economy being good cookery, and how attractive homes might be made by good dinners—and then at last the murder came out, in the shape of a little blue covered book, called the 'Modern Housewife,' which he begged me to study. And I assure you, my dear, that book contains enough to poison the peace of all families that can't keep a professed cook, and gives recipes for all sorts of nice things, and bills of fare for all sizes of parties, and all in a series of letters between Mrs. L—— and Mrs. B——, who I don't believe ever existed.

Oh, my love, if you wish to be happy in future, don't let B—— get hold of this book. I hope Soyer is a miserable man, who wrote it, as he ought to be.

I remain your unhappy friend,

MARY A——.

From Mrs. Eliza B— to Mrs. Mary A—.

MY DEAREST MARY:—Don't make yourself uneasy on my account. A fortnight before I got your letter, I purchased Soyer's Book, without B——'s knowledge; studied it, and worked from it. B—— has been an altered man ever since. For I remember how he used to dine from home—being detained by business, as he said. But since I've tried some little dinners, he hasn't missed a meal. It was only yesterday that in return for a shoulder of mutton *a la Provencale*, (which didn't cost more than sixpence to do, beyond what the plain roast would have done,) he took me into Madame Crinoline's and presented me with a love of a bonnet. I want a shawl to match it, and am going to make an attack to-morrow with a "*Truban de Corquettes a l'Epigram*." Don't be frightened at the name. It isn't near so difficult to make as to read, and from the recipe, I think will prove irresistible. What a pity it is that A—— found out the book first.

I'd recommend you to make the best of a bad bargain, however, and submit to the book. I agree with you that plain dinners are done for, and that cold meat two days running will soon be considered good ground for a separation—*a mensa*, at least.

Yours, very faithfully,

ELIZA B——.

From the London Quarterly Review.

PAIN OF DYING.

The act of dying is technically termed "the agony;" but the pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporeal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation; vegetation luxuriates at their base and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die;" "the very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death bed a few years ago." The same words have frequently been uttered under similar circumstances.

A second and common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Wherever there is sensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

The faculties survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they badly testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." In many of these instances, as in the case of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain.

There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigencies of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up, with well-ordered minds, a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand, and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick-room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connections or are experiencing our own.

To be shot is the easiest mode of terminating life; yet rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel, and the mind to reflect. In drowning, the struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain; in the majority of instances a pleasing languor succeeds, without any sense of suffocation.

That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture, many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives.

The most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party, who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow-storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. The same was repeated a thousand times in the retreat from Moscow.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside; nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of fagots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the master-piece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonizing and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting, which owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.

LOVE AND LAW.

Lloyd Tomlinson was a Virginia gentleman of the old school, and held high notions on the kindred subjects of social rank and family distinctions. His ancestors were connected with English families of some renown, and had figured in history, as Cavaliers, during the troublesome times of Charles I. Portraits of the most noted of these were hung upon the walls in Mr. Tomlinson's fine old mansion; and it was with pride that he often referred to them, and related the story of each. But such stories were generally wound up by an expression of regret for the sad deteriorations that were going on in this country.

"A man like that," he would sometimes say, pointing to the picture of a stern old Cavalier, "is rarely if ever met with, and in a little while, there will be no living representative of such—at least not in America, where all social distinctions are rapidly disappearing. In fact, we have scarcely any thing left, even now, but the shadow of a true aristocracy, and that is only to be found in Virginia. At the north, mere wealth makes a man a gentleman; and this new invention of these degenerate times is fast being adopted even here, in the "Old Dominion." But it won't do—unless a man is born and bred a gentleman, he never can become one."

It was no use to argue with the rigid old Virginian, about the aristocracy of virtue, or the aristocracy of mind; he scouted at the idea, and reiterated, with added emphasis, that only he that was born of gentle blood could be a gentleman.

The family of Mr. Tomlinson, which had consisted of his wife, two sons and two daughters, was, at the time our story opens, composed of only two members, himself and his youngest child, Edith, now in her nineteenth year. Death had taken all but one.

Edith, though born and bread a lady, her father observed with pain, did not set a high value upon the distinction, and at last actually refused to receive the addresses of a young man who came of pure old English blood, and was a thorough gentleman in the eyes of Mr. Tomlinson, because she liked neither his principles, habits, nor general character; while she looked with favor upon the advances of a young attorney named Denton, whose father, a small farmer in Essex county, had nothing higher than honesty and manly independence of which to boast.

The young gentleman of pure blood was named Allison. He was the last representative of an old family, and had come into possession, on attaining his majority, of a large landed estate immediately adjoining that owned by Mr. Tomlinson. The refusal of Edith to receive his addresses aroused in him an unhappy spirit, which he cherished until it inspired him with thoughts of retaliation. The means were in his hands. There existed an old, but not legally adjusted question about the title to a thousand acres of land, lying between the estate of Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Allison, which had, more than fifty years before, been settled by the principal parties thereto on the basis of a division, without the delay, vexation, expense and bitterness of a prolonged lawsuit. By this division the father of Mr. Tomlinson retained possession of five hundred acres, and the grandfather of Mr. Allison of the other five hundred. The former had greatly improved the portion into the full possession of which he had come, as it was by far the most beautiful and fertile part of his estate. His old residence was torn down, and a splendid mansion erected on a commanding eminence within the limits of this old disputed land, at a cost of nearly eight thousand dollars; and the whole of the five hundred acres gradually brought into a high state of cultivation. To meet the heavy outlay for all this, other and less desirable portions of the estate were sold, until, finally, only about three hundred acres of the original Tomlinson property remained.

Mr. Lloyd Tomlinson, as he advanced in years, and felt the paralyzing effects of the sever afflictions he had suffered, lost much of the energy he had possessed in his younger days. There was a gradual diminution in the number of his hogsheads of tobacco, and bushels of corn and wheat, that went to Richmond from his plantation annually; and there was also a steady decrease in the slave population with which he was immediately surrounded. From a hundred and fifty, his slaves had decreased, until he only owned thirty, and with them did little more than make his yearly expenses. Field after field had been abandoned, and left to a fertile undergrowth of pines or scrubby oaks, until there were few signs of cultivation except within the limits of two or three hundred acres of the rich lands contiguous to his dwelling.

Henry Denton, the young attorney to whom allusion has been made, had become deeply enamored with Edith Tomlinson, who was often met by him in her unaristocratic intercourse with several excellent and highly intelligent families in the neighborhood. To see her, was for him to love her. But the pride of her father was too well known by him to leave much room for hope that the issue of his passion would be successful, even if so fortunate as to win the heart of the maiden. He was inspired with courage, however, by the evident favor with which she regarded him, and even tempted to address her in language that woman's heart could mistake not for the language of love. Edith listened with a heart full of hope and fear. She had great respect for the character of Denton, which she saw was based upon virtuous principles; and this respect easily changed into love that was true and fervent. But she knew too well her father's deeply rooted prejudices in favor of rank and family, to hope that the current of her love would run smooth. This proved to be no idle fear. When Henry Denton ventured to approach Mr. Tomlinson on the subject of his love for Edith, the old gentleman received him with great discourtesy.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked, drawing himself proudly up.

"I hardly think you need ask that question," the young man replied. "I am not an entire stranger to you, nor unknown in your neighborhood."

"But who are you, sir? That is what I ask to know. Who is your father?"

"An honest man, sir." The young man spoke with firmness and dignity.

"Humph! There are plenty of them about. I could marry my daughter to an honest man any day I liked. Old Cato, my coachman, is an honest man. But that is no reason why I should let his son marry Edith. No, my young friend, you cannot connect yourself with my family; be content with the daughter of some honest man like your father."

But the lover was not to be driven off by even such a rude repulse. He tried to argue the case, but Mr. Tomlinson cut the matter short by starting from his seat in great discomposure of mind, and pointing with a trembling hand to a grim picture on the wall, while he thus addressed the young man—

"That, sir, is the portrait of Sir Edgar Tomlinson, who, by interposing his body between the spear of a Roundhead and his royal master, saved his life at the imminent risk of his own, for which gallant deed he was knighted and afterwards presented, by royal hands, with a noble bride. When you have done as great a deed, young man, you will be worthy to claim the hand of my daughter, not before."

Saying this, the excited father turned away and strode from the room, leaving Denton in dismay at the quick and hopeless termination of his conference.

On the next day, the young attorney, who was known to possess fine talents, acuteness, and extensive legal knowledge, was waited upon by Mr. Allison.

"I wish your services, Mr. Denton," he said, "in a suit of great importance that I am about commencing. Here is your retaining fee,"—and he laid upon the table of the lawyer a check for two hundred dollars. "If you gain my cause your entire fee will be five thousand dollars."

Allison then went on to state, that Mr. Tomlinson's claim to the five hundred acres next adjoining his (Allison's) plantation, and upon which his mansion stood, was a very doubtful one. That, it in fact belonged to the Allison estate, and he was going to have the question of rightful ownership fully tested. He furnished the young attorney with documents, data, and everything required for commencing the suit.

Denton asked a week for an examination of the whole matter. At the end of this time, Allison again waited on him.

"Well, sir! what do you think of my case?" he said.

"I think it a doubtful one," was the reply. "Still, it is possible you might gain it, as there are one or two strong points in your favor."

"I have not the least doubt of it. At any rate, I am going to give the matter a fair trial. Five hundred acres of such land is worth an effort to gain."

"But you must not forget, that, as you will open the question of ownership on the whole tract of one thousand acres, you run the risk of losing the half of which you are now in possession."

"I'm willing to run the risk of losing five hundred acres of uncultivated land, in the effort to acquire possession of as large a quantity, in a high state of improvement," returned the uncompromising gentleman, 'born and bred.' "So you will forthwith, make a beginning in the matter."

The young attorney was grave and silent for some time. Then opening a drawer, he took out the check which had been given him as a retaining fee, and handing it to Allison said—

"I believe, sir, I must decline this case."

"Why so?" quickly asked the young man, a deep flush passing over his brow.

"I do it from principle," was replied. "I find, on examining the whole matter, that your grandfather, and the father of Mr. Tomlinson, while in possession of their respective estates, in view of the difficulty there was in settling the precise title of the tract of land, agreed to an equal division of it, which was done in honor and good faith, and I do not think their heirs, on either side, have any right to disturb the arrangement then made."

"I did not ask you to judge the case, but to present it for judgment," said Allison, greatly offended. "You may, perhaps, be sorry for this."

Another member of the bar less scrupulous about the principles involved in a case, readily undertook the matter; and as the fee, if he proved successful, was to be a large one, prepared to go into it.

When Mr. Tomlinson received notice of the fact that this long settled dispute was again to be revived, he was thrown into a fever of alarm and indignation. The best counsel that could be employed was obtained, and his right to the whole thousand acres vigorously maintained. After a year of delay, occasioned by demurrers, allegations, and all sorts of legal hinderances, made and provided for the vexation of clients, the question came fairly before the court, where it was most ably argued on both sides, for some days. When the decision at length came, it was adverse to Tomlinson.

An appeal was entered upon, and preparations made for a more vigorous contest in a higher court. Here the matter remained for over a year, when the decision of the first tribunal was confirmed.

Two years of litigation had made sad work with old Mr. Tomlinson. The signs of decay appeared in every thing around him. His fields remained uncultivated, the fences were broken down, and cattle strayed where once were acres of grain, or other rich products. Slaves and stocks had been sold to meet the heavy expenses to which this suit had subjected him, and every thing seemed fast tending towards ruin. Once or twice during the period, Denton again approached him on the subject of Edith, but the proud old aristocrat threw him off even more impatiently than at first.

Edith, too, had changed during this time of trouble. She was rarely seen abroad, and received but few visitors at home. No one saw her smile, unless when her father was present; and then her manner was cheerful, though subdued. It was clear that she was struggling against her own feelings, in the effort to sustain his. Her father had extorted from her a promise never to marry without his consent; this settled the matter for the time, between her and Denton, although both remained faithful to each other. They had not met for over a year.

Meantime the cause was carried up still higher, where it remained for two years longer, and then another adverse decision was made. Mr. Tomlinson was in despair. What with court charges, counsel fees, and loss from the diminished productions of his farm, he had sunk in the last four years over fifteen thousand dollars, a portion of which had been raised by mortgage on that part of his estate to which he had an undisputed title, almost equal to the full value of the land.

To the Supreme Court the matter came at last. But the old man had but little hope. In three courts, after a long and patient hearing, the decision had been adverse, he would be totally ruined. As it was, so greatly had his means become reduced, it was with great difficulty he could raise sufficient money to pay off the heavy expenses of the last court. The fees of his two attornies were yet unsettled, and he feared, greatly, that he should not be able to induce more than one of them to attend at the Supreme Court. On the other side, money was expended freely, and the most energetic counsel that money could command, enlisted. The fact was, the principal reason why Mr. Tomlinson had lost, in each of the three trials that had taken place, lay in the superior tact, activity, and ability of the adverse counsel.

The anxiously looked for period at length came, and Mr. Tomlinson made preparations for leaving home, to meet the final issue, after nearly five years of the most cruel litigation.

"Dear father!" said Edith, as they were about to separate. She spoke with forced calmness, while a faint smile of encouragement played about her lips. Her voice was low and tender. "Dear father, do not let this matter press too heavily upon you. I have a hope that all will come out right. I do not know why, but I feel as if this dreadful blow will not be permitted to fall. Be calm, be brave, dear father. Even the worst can be borne."

The maiden's voice began to quiver, even while uttering these hopeful words. Mr. Tomlinson whose own heart was full, bent down and kissed her hurriedly. When she looked up he was gone. How fast the tears flowed, as she stood alone on the spot where they had just parted.

A few hours after the father had left, a gentleman called and asked to see Edith. On entering the room where he had been shown by the servant, she found a young man whose countenance she had never seen before. He made known his business after a few embarrassing preliminaries, which proved to be an offer of peace from Allison, if she would accept the offer of his hand, which she had refused five years previously. After hearing the young