

## Agriculture.

**REQUISITES OF A GOOD FARM.**—A committee to award premiums on farms state that in viewing the farms entered for premiums, they endeavoured to keep in view as standard requisites of good farming, the following points—

1 A good soil, well tilled, and kept free of various weeds, both on the fields and in the roads.

2 Lots well fenced, and suitable in number to the size of the farm.

3 Substantial and convenient barns and stables, of sufficient dimensions to contain the produce of the farm, and to comfortably house the cattle kept upon it.

4 A judiciously arranged dwelling, in neat condition, with a filtering cistern.

5 Convenient buildings to facilitate the economical management of the farm; among which may be enumerated a wood house, a waggon and tool house, a work shop, a granary and corn house, a well secured against decay by being well raised from the ground and neatly painted or white washed.

6 Convenient yards attached to the barns and stables, so arranged as to prevent waste of the liquid manure, well sheltered from the blasts of winter, and provided with water for the cattle.

7 Door yards laid with grass, and rose and flower beds, and shaded by ornamental trees, indicating to the passer, the dwelling of taste, health and comfort.

8 A kitchen garden highly cultivated, and containing every species of vegetable that can be raised in our climate, with strawberry and asparagus.

9 A fruit garden or orchard where choice apples and plums are carefully cultivated, and where can be found neat rows of raspberry, gooseberry, and currant bushes.

**PRUNING ORCHARDS.**—It is a very good rule and the nearer it is followed the better, that no shoot should be allowed to remain longer than one year, on a tree that will require removal at any future time. By observing the form which a tree should take, and rubbing or cutting off improper or unnecessary shoots in time, any severe pruning at a subsequent period may be entirely avoided. Hence, the remark has much truth in it, that pruning-saws and axes should never enter an orchard—which is strictly correct in all cases, provided the needless shoots have been lopped in time, when the work may be done with the pocket knife only. A very common error is to allow the growth of too many branches; the result of which is, they become over-crowded, a part die, the leaves and new growth are small and imperfect, and as a necessary consequence, the fruit is half grown and stunted. The head should therefore be kept open, the branches few, and so evenly distributed through space, that none shall be crowded, and all subjected to the action of the air and sunshine, and all continue thrifty and vigorous. A moderate share of care and attention to these particulars, might be made to give a very different report of our orchards from that now presented by the great mass of apples sold in market. Larger prices, larger crops and better satisfied purchasers, would be the result; and most strikingly so, provided good cultivation were given in connection with judicious pruning.

Now is the time that your orchards should be examined and treated in the way we have pointed out—*Country Gentlemen.*

**TREATMENT OF GAPES.**—I see that a correspondent calls the gapes "an incurable disease." As I have yearly a large number of chickens, I think it right to say, that I have found spirits of turpentine, if not a specific, at least an almost certain remedy for the complaint. I have administered it in two ways, and both successfully. First with chickens of large growth, by dipping a feather in the spirit and passing it down and turning it round in the throat of the patient, by which means the little worm causing the complaint is sometimes extracted, but nearly always destroyed; and secondly, with young birds: dropping a few very small crumbs of bread saturated with the spirit into their pens, which if hungry they will pick up quickly. I know a gentleman, a very large breeder of fowls, who always gives his chickens, at six weeks old, wheat steeped in turpentine. This is given to them once in the morning when fasting and as a prevention against, instead of waiting for the arrival of gapes.—*Poultry Chronicle.*

Quebec is about to be supplied with pure water from the lake at Lorette, which is about ten miles distant, and sufficiently elevated to enable the water to be conveyed to the top of the highest houses in the city. The water has hitherto been carted from the river.

The Shoshone Indians of California have lately killed sixty Utahs.

## Miscellany.

**IN CHINA**, when a child dies not exceeding three or four years of age, its parents do not lament or grieve for it, which they would consider heresy. As soon as the child commences to suffer the agonies of death, its parents make preparations for feasting it. The day of its death, they kill the fattest calf and all the turkeys and fowls there are in the house; they also buy a barrel of Mostow wine, hire singers and dancers, and spread the report that Don So-an-so will celebrate the Little Angel. When the child is dead, it is dressed and decked with flowers of all kinds, its face is smeared with crimson, and it is then seated on the table to preside and authorize the feast. The Little Angel I saw was adorned just as I have described it. Moreover, that the child may appear alive, they place two small sticks between the eyelids—the eyes remaining thus forcibly open. At the arrival of the singers, revelers and dancers, the feast commences, and very soon it is converted into the most furious, licentious and unbounded carousal.

The parents encourage and stimulate the revels; and the more the father drinks and encourages the company, so much more glory will the Little Angel enjoy in heaven. The parents do not give this feast with the sole object of celebrating and increasing the glory of their Little Angel. The carousal helps them to sell their beef, cazuela, chanchitto arrollado, cider and the Mostow; and after twenty-four hours find that they have made a clear profit of \$20 or \$30. The father's speculation does not end here. After he has speculated with his child's body, he lets it out to the highest bidder for twenty-four hours, who following the father's course, recovers his expenses; and ten or twelve into the bargain. In this manner the Little Angel goes round as vile merchandise, giving its heirs the mean fruit of a corpse's profanation. The Little Angel I saw was in its third hire, and beginning to decay in spite of the incense and eau de cologne that soothed the smell of corruption.

**BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.**—Like Marvel, in his 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' thus writes:—A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the footfall of destiny with no tie linking him to infinity, and to the wondrous eternity that is begun within; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without a hearth, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may in some sort tie his frail hopes and his honors to this weak shifting ground-tackle to his business or the world; but a woman without that anchor called Faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a sort of moral responsibility out of relations to mankind; but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to truthfulness, in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in Heaven? And that sweet trustfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene of life—lightning them with pleasant radiance, when the world's storms break like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul, tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?

**JEREMY TARLOR** is a great believer in calico. Lis en to him:—If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angle and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice is sweet music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellor—her bosom, the softest pillow, of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessing on his head.

**A Model Letter.**—The following Letter is a perfect model in its way. We certainly hope it is an unique specimen:

"Dear Brother—I've got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good, and prices were never better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both our children (the Lord be praised) are converted. Father got to be rather an incubrance, and last week I took him to the poor-house.

Your affectionate brother."

## Our Chip-Basket.

A beautiful Jewess attended a party in Philadelphia, where she was annoyed by a vulgar, impudent fellow, "And you never eat pork, Miss M.," asked he, tanningly. "Never, Sir." Nor eat laid lumps?" he continued. "No, Sir; our religion teaches us to avoid everything swinish, physically and morally; therefore you will excuse me for declining to have any more words with you.

**DUCK OF A DRESS.**—A fair correspondent is at a loss to understand why white trousers have "gone all out of fashion." In her opinion, with a blue surtout or some other suitable upper garment, there cannot, for the summer months, be a "neater, or more tidy dress, than a pair of well-dressed white inexpressibles"—which, she says, "have always met the approbation of the fair sex."

At the ladies' celebration at Barre, in England, nine hundred ladies were present. One of them let off the following toast—"Old Bachelors; may they lie on a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stool, eat a'one on a wooden trencher, and be their own kitchen maids!"

Certain philosophers have finally concluded that kissing is a certain cure for a scolding wife. The remedy is to be resorted to whenever an attack is threatened, the application continued till all danger is past!

An advocate having lately gained a suit for a poor young lady, she remarked, "I have nothing to pay you with but my heart." "Hand it over to the clerk, if you please, I wish no fee for myself," replied he.

**LOTS OF 'EM.**—"We don't know" whether we have any "Know-Nothings" here or not, but if you want to discover the "Have-Nothings," just get a duplicate and try to collect the Poor-Tax!

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler!"

A wag who had been listening to the vocal music of several young ladies, declared that he enjoyed a fast of tongues and sounds.

An Editor in Illinois gives notice that "there will be no paper this week," as his wife is using the scissors to half sole his cassimeres with.

A butcher boy in this city, says he has often heard of the fore-quarters of the globe, but never heard say anything about the hind-quarters.

"I embrace the opportunity," as the fellow said when he kissed the girl in the dark; "but we are all liable to deception," as he exclaimed when he discovered her to be black.

"What monsters these cotton factors must be," said Mrs. Partington; "I am told some of 'em has more than a hundred pounds. My poor Paul often wanted to go and see them, but I am thankful I never went.

Passion is a keen observer, but a wretched reasoner. It is like a telescope, whose field is clearer the more contracted it is.

Old bachelors—leafless trunks in a garden of roses. Each dwelling is to them a suggestion—each bird's nest a standing admonition.

"Why is a certain tree called the weeping willow?" asked a schoolmaster, addressing one of his pupils. "Because you take sticks from it to whip the boys with."

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The man that "Oh'd! for a lodge in some vast wilderness," has paid up.

The man who bolted the door is suffering from indigestion.

Malice is the spur of wit; good nature the bridle.

**SHOE CLEANING.**—He brushed away at his boots till his corns were red hot.

When are soldiers like good flannels? When they won't 'shrink.'

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw.

He that is ashamed to be seen in a mean condition, would be proud in a splendid one.

"A Retainer at the Bar," as the poor boy said when caught by a dog, just as he was about to mount the orchard fence.

The term 'grass widows' arises from the fact that their husbands are roving 'blades.'

## Items of News.

The Steamer "Boston," employed as a tow-boat on the St. John River, was totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday last.

A correspondent writing from England to an American paper says, "Lord Elgin's new treaty of reciprocity with Mr. Marcy is received here with rejoicing. It is regarded as a diplomatic triumph for the noble Earl. 'The Bruce' will be hereafter famous in the annals of diplomacy as well as those of war."

The thermometer stood at 109° in Milwaukee on the 30th ult. No rain had fallen there for seven weeks.

The City Authorities of Boston have decreed that all the names of non-residents, who come to Boston and get drunk and are arrested, shall be published.

Four barbers were taken before the Police Court of Detroit, and fined for keeping open on the Sabbath.

The following are the new members of the Canadian Cabinet;—Liberals—Hon. John Ross, Speaker of the Legislative Council; Mr. Spence, Postmaster General—Conservatives—Sir Allan McNab, President of the Council; John A. McDonald, Attorney General; Henry Smith, Solicitor General; Mr. Caley, Inspector General. No change has been made in the Lower Canadian section.

Mr. Andrew Mitchell, formerly of Halifax, has been appointed Deputy Colonial Secretary for Prince Edward Island.

The *Yarmouth Herald* says:—"The dead body of a man apparently about 30 years of age, was found on Friday last on the shore at Chebogue Point, where it had evidently drifted from sea. It was sewed up in a quilt and had a penny adhering to one eye and a half-penny to the other. Supposed to have been dead some weeks. Drawers and stockings were of homespun, a white bag was tied to the feet with the bottom torn open, which probably contained ballast. Under the direction of the Coroner, the body was decently interred at Chebogue.

J. Watson Webb, who is now in England, writes to the New York Courier that in three months, or before Christmas, wheat will have fallen from 65 to less than 45 shillings per quarter.

Latest accounts from Mexico, state that a battle of three days duration is reported to have been fought at Victoria, between the government troops and the insurgents. The latter finally retired with a small loss, while the former are reported to have lost 400 men. San Luis Potosi had raised the standard of rebellion.

The famous Gen. Paixhans, from whom the Paixhans guns take their name, died at Mitz in Germany, on the 19th of August.

The port of Zana, Cuba, was to have been closed on the 1st of September. Great excitement prevailed there on account of the slave trade.

A French officer arrived at San Francisco in the *Mermaid* from Hong Kong, and immediately took passage for New York. It is surmised that he is charged with despatches in relation to Russian agents are reported to be in treaty with Cabul, and the King of Oude has offered the British 12,000 infantry and 100 pieces of cannon.

The three thousand dollars reported to have been stolen at the Custom House, in New York, had been dropped on the floor, and have since been found by an honest tailor named George Nagus, and returned to the owner.

Apples are abundant in Western Ohio, and sell at 30 cents a bushel.

The New Orleans Picayune thinks Louis Napoleon so worn out with anxieties of his position, that he would give anything for a little Nap!

The Panama and Nicaragua Companies now having the field entirely to themselves, have agreed to raise the price of passage to California \$100, and freights in proportion. After October 1st, a boat is to leave New York every week.

The diamond, for the finding of which a Brazilian slave received his freedom a few months since, has been deposited in a London banking house.—It weighs 254 carats, and its estimated value is £280,000—or, in round numbers, \$1,400,000!

The darkness of the times, and the high price of paper, have induced the proprietors of the New York Tribune to reduce its size. Notwithstanding this reduction, it is worth ten times its price. The cost of printing newspapers is much greater than it was formerly.