

## Miscellaneous.

**ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.**—From Dr. Vohet's "Memoirs of the Court of Prussia," we take the following characteristic anecdotes of Frederick the Great:—"One of the valets, one evening, had to read prayers to him. Arriving at the words, 'The Lord bless thee,' the silly man, in his habitual subservieney, thought he must read, 'The Lord bless your Majesty;' on which the king at once cut him short, 'You rascal, read as it is in book; before God Almighty, I am but a rascal like yourself.' The servants were never safe in his presence. He had always two pistols, loaded with salt, lying by his side, which, if they blundered, he would fire at them. In this manner, one man had his feet dreadfully injured, and another lost an eye, notwithstanding all which he was quite offended that he should be generally considered a tyrant. Terror might be said to go before him.—A functionary who was once unexpectedly summoned to his presence, fell down dead from fright. His cane he applied so unreservedly to everybody, that one day he maltreated with it a major in front of his regiment, on which the officer at once drew his pistols, fired one before the feet of the king's horse and with the other shot himself through the head. It was a very awkward thing to meet the king in the street. Whenever he was struck by the appearance of any one, he rode up to him so closely that the head of his horse touched the man's chest. Then followed the usual question, 'Who are you?'—Those fared worst who tried to fly from him. It happened one day that a Jew, seeing the king at a distance, took to his heels, but being soon overtaken by him the poor fellow confessed that he had been afraid. The king immediately began to cudgel him, with the words, 'Love me, love me, you shall, and not fear.'

**BELLS OF SIR BOYLE ROCHE.**—Sir Boyle Roche was the drollest of the Irish House of Commons—the Sibthorp, but more amusing than his English counterpart. Indignant at receiving small bottles from his wine-merchant, he took occasion to suggest to Parliament that, by law, 'every quart-bottle should hold a quart.' One of his invitations to an Irish nobleman was amusingly equivocal. 'I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, that you'll stay there all night.' Nor was his rebuke to his shoemaker, when he had the gout, wanting in natural humour. 'Oh, you're a precious blockhead, to do directly the reverse of what I desired you. I told you to make one of the shoes larger than the other, and, instead of that, you have made one of them smaller than the other—the very opposite!'

Here is a beautiful sentiment from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing could be more eloquent;

'Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust; obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him; he may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells, and his face may be unknown to his neighbors; even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye.'

**TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH.**—Cleanse them with a soft brush and water. This simple direction, faithfully followed, will ordinarily keep the teeth good till old age. I would urge this, because, if neglected, the following are the results:—Your breath will become offensive from defective teeth; your comfort will be destroyed by frequent tooth-ache; your health will suffer for want of good teeth to chew your food; and last, though not least, you will early lose your teeth, which will materially affect your voice both in speaking and singing. These may seem small affairs now, but the habit of neglect will bring bitter repentance, when it is too late to remedy the neglect.

One morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and wanted some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. 'I am very angry with his lordship,' said a lady loud enough for him to hear the observation. 'I am very sorry for it, madam,' returned Lord Byron, 'but before I ate the tongue, I was assured that you did not want it.'

A wretched creature has been arrested for declaring that the kiss of a printer's devil would be very likely to prove a night-mare; that is, an faky-bus. Did you ever!

Men are like bagles—the more brass they contain the farther you can hear them. Women are like tulips—the more modest and retired they appear, the better you love them.

**HOING, VERSUS WATERING.**—At this season of the year, when vegetables begin to look parched and the ground becomes dry, gardeners think they must commence the use of the watering pot.

This practice, to a certain extent, and under some circumstances, may, perhaps, be proper, but as a general rule, to which there are commonly some exceptions, I apprehend it is incorrect. The same time spent in hoeing, frequently stirring the earth about vegetables, is far preferable. When watering has once commenced it must be continued, must be followed up, else you have done mischief instead of good; as, after watering a few times, and then omitting it, the ground will bake harder than as though nothing had been done to it. Not so with hoeing. The more you stir the ground about vegetables, the better they are off; and whenever you stop hoeing no damage is done, an in watering. Ground is always improved by stirring; and stop when you will, there is no subtraction from this benefit, no danger accrues. Vegetables will improve more rapidly, be more healthy, and better at maturity, by frequent hoeing than by frequent watering. And this result is very easily shown by experiment. Just notice, after a dewy night, the difference between ground lately and often stirred, and that which has lain unmoved for a long time. Or take two cabbage plants, under similar circumstances, water one and stir the other just as often, stirring the earth about it carefully and thoroughly, and watch their improvement, see which thrives best.

There is also a secret about this stirring the earth, which chemists and horticulturists would do well to study with the utmost scrutiny and care.

Soil, cultivated in the spring and then neglected soon settles together, the surface becomes hard, the particles cohere, attract little or no moisture, and from such a surface even the rain slides off, apparently doing little good. But let this surface be thoroughly pulverized, though it be done merely with an iron rake, and only a few inches in depth and new life is put into it, the surface becomes friable and soft, the moisture of the particles again becomes active, attracting and being attracted, each seeming to be crying to his neighbour, 'hand over, hand over—more drink, more drink.' And why this elaboration should grow less and less, till in a comparatively short time, it should seem almost to cease, is a question of difficult solution; though the different composition of soils has doubtless something to do with the matter.

But let the stirring be repeated, all is life again; particles attract moisture from the atmosphere, hand it to each other, down it goes to the roots of vegetables, the little suction fibres drink it in, and though we cannot see these busy operations, yet we perceive their healthy effects, in the pushing up of vegetables above the surface.

Now, if these things are so, and any one can satisfy himself by trying the experiments, then I think Mr. Water Pot, you might as well retire and make your bow to Mr. Hoe.—*Gardiner Journal.*

**SHORT RULES FOR BUTTER MAKERS.**—We do not instruct good dairymaids in the art and mystery of butter making, but if they see any hint in the rules which follow, that they think serviceable, let them make a note of it:

The newer and sweeter the cream, the sweeter and higher flavored will be the butter.

The air must be fresh and pure in the place where butter is set.

The cream should not remain on the milk over thirty six hours.

Keep the cream in the pails, or stone pots, into which put a spoonful of salt at the beginning, then stir the cream lightly each morning and evening, this will prevent the cream from moulding or souring.

Churn as often as once a week, and as much oftener as circumstances will permit.

Upon churning add the cream upon all the milk in the dairy.

Use nearly an ounce of salt to a pound of butter.

Work the butter over twice, to free it from the buttermilk and brine, before lumping and packing.

Be certain that it is entirely free from every particle of buttermilk, or coagulated milk, and it will keep sweet forever.

In Scotland, a syphon is sometimes used to separate the milk from the cream, instead of skimming the pans.

A writer quaintly remark: Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted.—And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.

A monster meeting had been held at Stirling, to take measures for erecting a national monument to the Scottish hero, Wallace. From 15,000 to 20,000 persons were present. Lord Elgin, our late Governor General, presided.

**IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.**—We are informed by Mr Chamberlain, of the City Mill, that the farmers of Vermont are in the habit of heading the movements of the weevil by a very simple process. The next season after it makes its appearance they go through their wheat fields, about the time the wheat is heading, immediately after a shower or while the dew is on it, and scatter newly slacked lime broad cast, so that it will adhere to the heads and stems of the grain. They use about a bushel to the acre.

Good lime should be secured, and slackened by sprinkling a little water over it, so as to retain its strength. A paddle may be used in scattering it. The remedy has, it is said, been so effectually tried as to leave no doubt of the result.

Strips in large wheat fields left untouched by the lime, for experiment, have been entirely destroyed by the weevil, while the grain on each side was all saved.

Since this intelligence was received, Mr. Jesse Allen of the Centre Mill has received corroborating information from a Muskingum country farmer, who had seen the same result there.—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon.*

**CARE OF IMPLEMENTS IN SUMMER.**—Every farmer is or should be aware of the fact that all substances expand by heat and contract when parting with it and that different substances expand and contract in different ratios, and still with this fact before them they will leave plows, harrows, cultivators, waggons, etc., composed of wood and iron, exposed to a summer's sun, forgetting that the expansion of the iron at noon, and its contraction at night must be forcing the parts from each other with an uncontrollable force, and destroying the implement as rapidly as if in constant use.—*Working Farmer.*

**TO DESTROY VERMIN IN HOUSES.**—Take up your carpets—down your curtains. In a pailful of water (cold,) mix well one pound of chloride of lime—(having first diluted it into a thin paste in a bowl of water, for facility of mixture.) With a mop, wet and saturate well the floor, skirting any other woodwork that will not suffer injury. Then shut the doors and windows close. If there should be a suspicion of other tenants in the bedstead, take that down too. In three or four hours all will have disappeared or perished; but to insure perfect immunity from the plague, it might be well to repeat the lustration a second time—i. e., a day or two after.

**THE CROPS IN WESTMORELAND.**—A correspondent writing us under date 14th inst. from this County, says, 'The prospect of a good crop is very cheering here. If vegetation continues to flourish as it has done, there will be the best harvest this county has had for years. I hear farmers are offering to sell new hay when cut and carried for 20s. per ton.'—*Cour.*

**FULTON AND NAPOLEON.**—A singular circumstance says Alison, occurred at this time, (1801) which demonstrates how little the clearest intellect can anticipate the ultimate result of the discoveries which are often destined to effect the greatest change in human affairs. At the time when all eyes in Europe were fixed on the channel, and all orators in the French tribune were wishing for 'a fair wind and thirty-six hours,' an unknown individual, (Fulton,) presented himself to the First Consul and said—'The sea separates you from your enemy, gives him a great advantage. Aided alternately by the wind and the tempest, he braves you in his inaccessible isle. This obstacle, his whole strength I will engage to overcome. I can, in spite of all his fleets, at any time, in a few hours transport your armies into his territory, without fearing the tempests or having need of the winds. Consider the means I offer you.'

A most singular proposition was this, truly. Napoleon so far entertained it as to commit the plans and details of Mr. Fulton to a commission of the most learned men which France could produce and this was all that the First Consul's vast engagements would allow him to do. This most learned commission reported to Napoleon, that the scheme 'was visionary and impracticable.' Such was the reception which steam navigation, that has done so much, first received, at the hands of Philosophy.

Now, Charlie my boy, there's a bottle of wine that's forty years old.'

'Forty years! By Jove, I'm astonished!'

'What, because it is so old?'

'No, Jack; oh no! But to find it so small of its age.'

'Vat you makes dat?' hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously. 'O, not much—just counting a little—dat's all.' 'Oho! dat's all, eh! I taught you vat fighting.'

**THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.**—The bottom of the ocean is as unequal as the surface of the earth.—Beneath the waters of the sea there are mountains, hills and valleys. Some of these have bold and precipitous sides, while others swell gradually from base to summit. The average depth of the sea between England and France, in the Channel, is only 80 fathoms, and is uniform, as has been proved by laying down the telegraph cable. The bottom of the Mediterranean sea, on the other hand, is very deep, being no less than 220 fathoms, and in one place 350. In laying down a submarine telegraph cable last summer, between Piedmont and Corsica, Mr. Brett, the gentleman who constructed the line came to a place where the cable flew off with frightful velocity, and it was found that the depth suddenly varied from 100 to 350 fathoms. No map better explains the varying depth of the ocean, its hills and valleys, than the one on the page 256, volume 9, Scientific American, which exhibits the deep sea soundings taken by American naval vessels. A very good idea of what the bottom of the sea is like may be obtained from the face of the dry land, as there is abundant proof of many parts of it being once the floor of the ocean. All Long Island was at one period covered with the sea, and the whole interior of New York State, and a number of our Western States, afford numerous evidence of having once been covered with water.

**A ROMANTIC YOUNGSTER IN AN INDIAN FIGHT.**—Mr. W. James, a son of G. P. R. James, the celebrated English novelist, had a fight with a party of Indians near Oshkosh, Wis., while on a hunting excursion week before last. The affray occurred in the night. The Indians, three in number, were drunk, and disturbed his hunting; he went to their wigwam and quietly requested them to stop their noise, upon which they attacked him, unexpectedly, taking away his gun, throttling him, and attempting to stab him with a knife. He defended himself with his hunting knife, and succeeded in disabling the whole of them—three in number.—The gun which they attempted to fire at him, (his own,) fortunately missed fire, being at half-cock, and he escaped uninjured, with the exception of a slight choking. Two of the Indians are dangerously, and one slightly wounded.

A Paris letter says:—The Government, I am assured, has received information that the exiled generals in Belgium, (Changarnier, Bedau, and Lamoriciere,) are using all their influence with their respective parties to get them to make an attempt to upset the Government, either by cunning or violence. General Changarnier is represented to be the most active in his efforts, and it is said that he openly boasts that he will play the part of Monk, by restoring the old royal family, and that he will parade through Paris with the Emperor 'tied to his horse's tail!' The government professes to feel no alarm at anything the generals can do, but is impossible that it can regard their movements with indifference, especially as the secret red republican societies in the provinces are more active than ever.

**ACCIDENT.**—A rigger named John Miller, fell from the cross trees of Messrs. M'Moran & Dunns new ship 'Sailors Bride' on Monday, and strange to say escaped serious injury. He sustained sundry contusions which, however, will not prevent his resuming work in about a fortnight's time.—*Cour.*

In the Malay language, the same word signifies women and flowers. So far so good. But Hanks, the old bachelor, says, 'it is a delicate way of intimating that is remarkable for its (s) talk.'—Deserves a broomstick?

That audacity, which is one of the essentials of genius, has always laughed at what the conventional would describe as decorum. Genius is discovery! How should it submit the training of its eyes to those by whom no discoveries have yet been made?

**ARRIVAL OF THE GUARDS.**—The Coldstream Guards arrived at Aldershot on Saturday. Strange souvenirs did they bring with them from the scene of their adventures. Some had Russian dogs, some had Turkish goats, one had a pet singing bird, another a black hen, and a third—a veteran warrior, with a beard worthy of Esau—cradling in his bosom a little white kitten. A ragged old dog, which answers to the name of 'Joss,' (an object of fond solicitude to every man in the battalion, and very naturally so, for this *chien de regiment* snuff powder at the Alma and Balaclava, and felt it, to his sorrow, at Inkerman, where he was shot through the leg. The faithful creature followed the regiment through the whole campaign. The Grenadier Guards from the Crimea, the 3d battalion, disembarked from the St. Jean d'Acre, 101, screw-ship, on Tuesday morning. The Grenadiers come home 1100 strong, officers and men, and out of the entire battalion the number of those who have gone through the entire campaign is about 500. Of the officers, but a few remain of those who went out with the battalion.