

**TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS.**—A gentleman from Saugus, whose name we have forgotten, informs us that he has found the use of molasses very effectual in destroying caterpillars; that when they are in the nest he has smeared it over with molasses, and that none have ever escaped from it; that they cannot travel over a limb where the molasses has touched, and that it does not in any way injure the tree; and that upon the whole he likes it better than lighted torches, gunpowder, soap-suds, whale oil soap, or even the thumb and finger? A cheap and easy remedy. Let the molasses "work."—*N. E. Farmer.*

**TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.**—Take full grown gooseberries before they are ripe, pick them, and put them into wide-mouthed bottles, cork them gently with new soft corks, and put them in an oven, from which the bread has been drawn, let them stand till they have shrunk nearly a quarter; then take them out and beat the corks in tight, cut them off level with the bottle, and rosin them down close. Keep them in a dry place.—*Id.*

**FEED FOR COWS AND PIGS.**—The cheapest food for pigs through the season that we know of, is tender young clover, refuse or sour milk, and in autumn, the dropping fruit of an apple orchard.—Practical farmers differ as to the propriety of cutting clover and soil. One of the most skillful farmers in Western New York thinks it decidedly best to shut up his pigs, and cut and feed the clover to them, allehing, from his own experience, that running about a pasture wastes more value of flesh than the cost of soiling. Others have given a different opinion, but these may not have fed their pigs regularly, nor provided them with the necessary comforts of a close pen. Certain breeds may also be better adapted to confinement than others. We should like the results of accurate experiment on this subject. A crop of peas may be found advantageous as food for hogs.—*Exchange.*

**CABBAGE WORMS.**—John Barrar, one of the most practical farmers in the State, says these destructive insects may be destroyed in the following easy and simple way.

"Break off a large leaf from the bottom of the cabbage, and place it on the top, upper side down. Do this in the evening and in the morning you will find nearly or quite all the worms on each cabbage have taken up their quarter on this leaf. Take off the leaf and kill them, or feed them to the chickens, and place the leaf back, if there be any more to catch."

**TO PARENTS—NEWSPAPER.**—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, (says Mr. Weeks) is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, she should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading! How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

**A MODEL CERTIFICATE OF MORAL CHARACTER.**—The following is, we are assured, the examination of a law student applying for admission to practice as an attorney and counsellor in the county of New York, which lately took place:

Examiner: "When was the code of procedure adopted?"

Student: "In 1848."

Examiner: "What object was it designed to effect?"

Student: "It was intended to simplify and abridge the practice, pleadings, and proceedings in the courts of this State."

Examiner: "Has it effected that object?"

Student: "No, sir—r-r! I don't think it has."

Examiner: "Have you a certificate of good moral character?"

Student: "Yes, sir; I have a printer's bill, which is receipted, in my pocket!"

Examiner: "You'll pass!"

"There is more parade than potatoes," as the Irishman said of the dinner table at a fashionable hotel.

**WHO GOES BELOW?**—A son of Erin having hired his services to cut some ice, was asked if he could use the cross-cut saw. He replied "he could, sure-

ly." He was sent accordingly, in company with some of his co-labourers, to cut some ice, and on reaching the centre of the pond the saw was produced with both handles still in their place. The verdant son, looking at the saw, very coolly put his hand in his pocket, and drawing from it a cent turned to his companion, and, raising the cent, said, "Now, Jamie, fair play; head or tail, who goes below?"

**AQUATIC SCENERY—A MAN IN A FIX.**—During the hardest of the storm the day before yesterday, (says a New Orleans paper) we took a lounge down to the steamboat landing; while standing on the brink of a deep gully that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gully, where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combatting his fate manfully, and in calculating his chances of escape, gave utterance to the following.

"Haynt this a orful sivation to be placed in nohow? If I was a steamboat, a rail, or a wood pile, I'd be better worth fifty cents on the dollar than I'll ever be again. Unless I'm a gone case now there haynt no truth in frenology. I've weighed all the chances now like a general, and find only two that bears in my favor, the first is a skunk hole to crawl into, and the second a special interposition of Providence; and the best chance of the two is so slim, if I only had the change, I'd give a premium for the skunk hole; them's my sentiments. If I could be a mink, a rat, or a water snake for about two minutes, perhaps I wouldn't mount the first stump t'other side of the Bio, and flap my wings and crow over everlastin' life, skientifically preserved. But what's the use holdin' on this root? there haynt no skunk hole in these ere diggings, the water is getting taller about a foot, and if my nose was as long as kingdom come, it wouldn't stick out much longer."

"Oh, Jerry! Jerry! you're out; poor woman, won't she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin' Jerry has got the hole of Bulferlo Bia for his coffin? What a pity 'tis some philanthropist, or member of the humane society, never had foresight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water! If they'd done it in time, they might have the honor and gratification of saving the life of a feller being; but it's all day with you Jerry, and a big harbour to east anchor in. It's too bad to go on in this orful manner, when they knows I ol-lers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant whiskey. I feel the root givin' way, and since I don't know a prayer, here's a bit of Watt's Dooxologer, to prove I died a christian:

"On the bank where drooped the willer,  
Long time ago."

Before Jerry got to the conclusion he was washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that had just started for the steamboat, his eye caught the prospect of deliverance, and he changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of "Heave to! passenger overboard and sinking, with a belt full of specie! the man what saves me makes his fortune!" Jerry was fished ashore by a d-rake; and to show his gratitude, invited Quashy "to go up to the groggery and liquor."

A good anecdote is told of Ali Pasha, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, now in Paris. A few evenings ago, a lady, to whom this gentleman was introduced at a *soiree*, hazarded the naive question, "Is the Sultan married?" "A great deal, madam," was the Turk's reply.

At the recent examination of one of the schools in Cambridge, a very small boy was asked to define the meaning of "progress." He hesitated but a moment, and then, in a clear voice, answered, "Go ahead."

India rubber ladders don't answer as well as was supposed. There is a drawback connected with them,—you climb all day without getting up any.

**TOO ANXIOUS, BY HALF.**—An amusing affair happened lately between a coal dealer and a purchaser in Boston. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, so he—the purchaser—inspected the weighing of the coal himself, and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to shave. However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware at the time that the purchaser was particular about his full weight of coal. The purchaser, noticing the laughter of the driver, asked him when had received his coal, what it was all about? so the driver told him.

"Why," said he, "when your coal was weighed, you were standing on the scales, and were weighed with it."

"Is it possible? Why, I weigh nearly two hundred pounds!"

"Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold."

"Yes," was the reply; "and I have bought myself, too."—*Boston Journal.*

**SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG LADIES.**—Have a good piano, or none. Be sure to have a dreadful cold when requested to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what there is for dinner. Nuts are bad if you are going to sing. Never see a black coat as long as there is a red one, and always give the preference to the elder brother. Get married at St. George's if you can—at all events, get married.—*Punch.*

**THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.**—Young Man! after the duties of the day are over how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to eminence.—You have all read of the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New England and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year, of a ship carpenter in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculations.—James Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy while a shepherd boy in the fields by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say, that if the hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are gilding our country with bright yet mellow light. [Rev. Dr. Murray.]

Success prompts to exertion, and habits facilitate success. Habit also gives promptness, and the soul of despatch is decision. One may write a book or paint a picture, while another, is deliberating about a plant or a title-page. The more we do the more we can do. If we go forward with spirit and confidence, we shall succeed. The best are idle half the time, and he who does nothing, renders himself incapable of doing anything, while capacity is invigorating by occasions of necessity. Our expenditure of intellectual wealth makes us rich, and we acquire ideas by imparting them.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

**SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.**—The following is a copy of the General's address to his soldiers on leaving the Crimea:—

"Soldiers of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd, Old Highland Brigade, with whom I passed the early and perilous part of this war, I have now to take leave of you—in a few hours I shall be on board ship never to see you as a body—a long farewell! I am now old, and shall not be called to serve any more, and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and of the enduring, hardy, and generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, whose name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, as you gradually fulfil your term of service, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious echelon up the heights of Alma, and of the old brigadier who led you and loved you so well.—Your children and your children's children will repeat the tale to other generations, when only a few lines of history remain to record the discipline

and enthusiasm which have borne you so bravely to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade, and in some future war that nation will call for another one equal to this, which it can never surpass. Tho' I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with glorious recollections of dangers confronted, and hardships endured. A pipe will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head, and wore the bonnet you gained for me, and the honorable distinctions upon my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct. Brave soldiers, and kind comrades—Farewell!—*C. CAMPBELL, Major-General.*

**THE LONDON, NEWFOUNDLAND AND NEW YORK TELEGRAPH COMPANY.**—The steamship Propontis, with the submarine electric telegraph cable to cross the gulf of St. Lawrence, and connect Newfoundland with Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, sailed from London on the 2nd inst. Beside this, another similar cable will be extended from Prince Edward's Island to New Brunswick, and it is expected they will both be laid by the last of the present month. The English government have sent the war steamer Argus to be present when the wire is put down, and ren- any needed assistance. A number of persons sailed from Boston, in the Niagara, on Wednesday, to witness the execution of this interesting portion of the work, and will be met by other parties leaving England with the same object. The manufacturers of the wire, in London, assume all risk in connection with this portion of the enterprise, it being agreed that they shall receive a certain amount in payment when the wire is laid down and guaranteed. The company have for some time past had 600 men constantly employed on the line across Newfoundland, where a parallel road is built, and houses are erected at every ten miles, for the occupation of the operators and laborers. All this work is only preliminary to the formidable enterprise of linking the old world to the new, by electric telegraph. Experiments are constantly making with a view to ascertain the best description of cable adapted to this purpose, and it is confidently expected that the work will be completed during the next year.

Capt. Berryman, who is shortly to sail on a surveying expedition in one of the U. S. Government steamers, and by whom the survey of the proposed route of the trans-Atlantic cable was made, ascertained that the ground was highly favourable for the execution of the project. One fact not a little remarkable is, that no rock was anywhere found in deep water, the entire bottom examined being covered by a deep layer of minute tropical shells, such as might afford effectual protection to the wire.

The company anticipate the receipt of a considerable revenue immediately on the completion of the line to St. Johns, (connected with the Nova Scotia line at port Hood, Cape Breton,) a distance from New York the way the line runs, of 1,700 miles. It is not improbable that European news will soon be furnished by steamers stopping at St. Johns.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

The invention of postage stamps is generally ascribed to the English, and certainly they were first brought into use in England in 1839. But a Stockholm paper, the *Fryshten*, says that, so far back as 1823, a Swedish officer, Lieut. Trekenber of the artillery, petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the Government to issue stamped paper specially destined to serve for envelopes for prepaid letters. The fact, it adds, is duly recorded in the minutes of the chamber, under date of the 23rd of March, 1823. The proposition was warmly supported by Count de Schwerin, on the ground that it would be both convenient to the public and the post-office, but it was rejected by a large majority.—*Galignani.*

**THE DAY OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.**—Tuesday, the fourth day of November next, is the day for the election of President and Vice President of the United States.

The Hon. William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, has been nominated as the candidate of the National Republican party for Vice President of the United States.

**NOVEL SETTLEMENT OF A LAW CASE.**—Judge Whitting, of the Supreme Court of New York, being about to hold a special term at chambers, was somewhat frightened at the array of law books by one of the counsel engaged in a case. "What," said he "is the amount involved in this suit?" "Two dollars, may it please your honor." "Well, I'll pay it myself. Call the next case, Mr. Clerk!"—*Boston Courier.*

In Philadelphia on Thursday last a magnificent dinner was given to Mr. Matthews, the ex-British Consul, by the Philadelphia Club.