

Agricultural.

REARING CALVES.—Take the calf from its dam when a few days or a week old, according to condition of the cow's bag, and learn it to drink new milk, warm from the cow, feeding it thus twice a day till four or six weeks old. Then begin quite gradually to lessen the quantity of new milk, adding in place of that taken away, an equal measure of skimmed milk—the milk, previous to skimming, having stood about twelve hours, and before it is given to the calf, having been warmed to the temperature of the new milk. So graduate the reduction of the new and the addition of the skimmed milk, that the latter should constitute the entire mess for the calf when it arrives at the age of eight or nine weeks. When the calf is five or six weeks old, give it a few dry oats, say a moderate handful daily, and increase a little at a time, till and after ten weeks of age the calf shall receive about a pint per day; also, at the age of five weeks, begin to feed a little nice fine hay. When the calf is ten weeks old, the milk it receives may be that which has stood longer than twelve hours before being skimmed; also at and after this age, the quantity of milk may be gradually lessened, and water substituted for the milk taken away, so that when the calf is twelve or fourteen weeks old, the milk shall be wholly withdrawn, and the calf shall receive oats, hay and water, or shall be turned off to good advantage.

Thus managed, the calf will never know when it was weaned from milk—will have no reason of reaping and falling away in flesh, or remaining stationary in growth—will have no troublesome habit after the time for weaning, of sucking cows that may chance to be in the pasture, or yard with it, and will be quite as large, plump and symmetrical when a yearling, as though it had been raised by the more expensive mode of sucking a cow. During the Winter preceding the period when the calf becomes a yearling, it should be fed on the best of fine hay, with one quart of dry oats, or six to eight quarts of smashed roots, daily. It is not a good practice to feed meal to young calves, either before or after weaning, the meal being too heating, injuring digestion, and bringing on purging, and worse still, if fed freely, causing the calf to grow out of shape, pickled and scrawney. It is difficult to rear a nice well-shaped calf on gruel, because of the meal of which the gruel is in part made, and because the quality for forming a well-developed bone and a well shaped body, which milk eminently possesses, is too much lacking in the gruel.—*F. Holbrook.*

PRUNING WHEN THE LEAVES ARE ON.—The only pruning we hold to be sound, safe and commendable, at this season, is the finger and thumb,—in other words, pinching. It is quite inconsistent, with good management to rear a crop of good shoots at two or three inches growth before they attain to woodiness. This economizes the force of the tree, and turns into a channel where it will promote instead of frustrating the ends we are aiming at.—For instance, if we plant a young tree, and have it trimmed with a view to ascertain form, and contrary to our expectations, a shoot breaks out at an unexpected point, and assumes a vigorous habit, and robs all other parts, it would be evidently unwise to tolerate this intruder until it arrives at full growth and then cut it away. Too many trees are thus managed by the neglect of Summer pruning or pinching.

We admit, however, that there are cases in the Summer pruning, when entire lopping or cutting off limbs of considerable size may be judicious and safe. For instance, in the case of neglected orchard trees, in a luxuriant state, with dense heads, in which the fruit is deprived of air and light. In such cases the branches may be thinned out and out; the surface heals even more rapidly and smoothly than at any other time. But it is unsafe to produce any very sensible diminution of foliage, as it arrests the growth of the tree.

All pruning in the growing season tends to arrest growth. Nurserymen know that a slight pruning of stocks before budding will so arrest growth as to make the bark adhere firmly; when before the pruning, it lifted freely. It is only on this principle that most all pruning, to promote fruitfulness, must be done at a point of greater activity of growth. Late Spring pruning is often resorted to as a means of subduing a superabundant vigor, and it has the same effect as root pruning to a certain extent.—*Horticulturalist.*

INSECTS.—A simple means of destroying the insects that infest plants, is given in one of our exchanges. Sprinkle the water in which potatoes have been boiled, over the plants, and it will destroy all the insects.

THE SAGACITY OF A SPIDER.—The intelligence displayed by this creature has always been the admiration of entomologists, but we are not aware that any notice has been taken by them of the following remarkable fact. The web of the spider, particularly of a summer morning, will be seen to glitter as if covered with dew. This glittering appearance is produced by a lime with which it is carefully spread by the insect to entrap and secure gnats and flies. If you touch the web with your fingers, it adheres and is broken when you withdraw it.—Touch, however, the braces by which the web is supported, and your finger glides off as if from a thread of glass. The sagacity of the spider in leaving the braces unlimed is astonishing.—This part of his structure, not being intended as a trap, would be broken if it were limed, as it would necessarily be torn asunder if it were touched by any flying object; but, in the condition in which it is it allows the fly to glide off and leave the web unharmed. What prompts the spider to such nice discrimination, unless it be an immediate influx of intelligence?

EXAMINING A TEACHER.—Mr. Trustee Snicles was sitting in his doorway, one day, when Saunders presented himself before him, a perfect stranger, in search of a school to keep for the winter.

"Have you ever kept a school?"
"No, sir," replied Saunders.
"What are your qualifications?" asked Snicles.
"I have been through the rule of three, and interests, and can read and spell any word in the spelling-book; and I reckon I can flog any boy who won't mind."
"Have you any recommendations?"
"No, sir. I thought you'd examine me, and if I was qualified I could hire out."
"What do you ask a month?"
"What do you pay, old chap!"
"Well, according to the qualifications of the teacher."
"I'd like to be examined, then. If you'll bring on your books you may begin."
"Oh, I can tell all about a teacher, by seeing him walk."
"That's easily done," said the candidate, with an air.
"Well, then," said Snicles, you set out and walk up the road," pointing in the direction whence Saunders came, and when I am satisfied, I'll call you to stop."

The teacher started off at a brisk pace and Snicles shut the door and went into the house. When Saunders reached the top of the hill, half a mile away, it began to occur to him that his examination was passed.

RATHER ICY.—A raw youth from Maine, strolling into an eating saloon in Boston, the other day and being asked as he gazed wistfully at the tempting dishes served out to the hungry feeders, what he would have, threw down his hat and answered:

"Pork and beans is about as good as anything; I'll take a heaping plateful—I will by golly!"
Having devoured the mess with happy-like celerity, he rose, and saying "much obliged," was about wading into the street.

"There, friend," cried the landlord, "you have forgotten to pay."

"Pay?" said the youth, while his eyes protruded with fish like convexity, "didn't you invite me to eat? didn't you ask me what I'd have? Gosh all artichokes! If that don't beat [all the notions I've seen in Bosting yet—ask a man to dinner, and then want pay for it."

"Well, go along," said the landlord, too-busy to dispute about a ninepence, "you're a cool one."
"Why, yes, I am just so, Squire," was the reply, "you see I've just got on my summer clothes."

COOL IMPUDENCE.—"Will you oblige me with a light, sir?"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," says Stranger, knocking off the ashes with his little finger, and presenting the red end of the cigar with a graceful bow.

Smith commences fumbling in his coat pocket; takes out his handkerchief; shakes it; feels in his vest with desperate energy; looks back—

"Well, I do declare! I have n't got one, true as the world. Have you another you could spare?"
"Certainly," says Stranger, with a smile, "and I beg you will accept it."

There is a puffing till the fresh cigar ignites, when Smith and stranger separate with a bow and wave of the hand.

Says Smith to his friend, who was ready to split with laughter, "There! didn't I tell you I would get it? That's the way to get along in the world. Nothing like cool, polite impudence!"

We thought so, too.
Things change so rapidly that much of our knowledge and skill soon becomes inapplicable, and is rapidly forgotten.—*Wigglesworth.*

MAN AND IMMORTALITY.—Man is a seed, and birth is planting. He is in life for cultivation, not exhibition; he is here chiefly to be acted on, not to be characteristically an agent. For though man is also an actor, he is yet more a recipient. Though he produces effects, he receives a thousand-fold more than he produces. And he is to be estimated by his capacity of receiving, not of doing. He has his least value in what he can do; it all lies in what he is capable of having done to him. The eye, the ear, the tongue, the nerve of touch, are all simple receivers. The understanding, the affections, the moral sentiments, all, are primarily and characteristically recipients of influence, and only secondarily agents. Now, how different is the value of ore dead in its silent waiting-places, from the wrought blade, the all but living engine, and the carved and curious utensil!

Of how little value is a ship standing helpless on the stocks—but half-built, and yet building—to one who has no knowledge of the ocean, or of what that helpless hulk will become the moment she slides into her element, and rises and falls upon the flood with joyous greeting!

The value of an acorn is not what it is, but what it shall be when nature has brooded it, and brought it up, and a hundred years have sung through its branches and left their strength there!

He, then, that judges man by what he can do, judges him in the seed. We must see him through some lenses—we must prefigure his immortality.—While, then, his industrial value in life must depend on what he can do, we have here the beginning of a moral value which bears no relation to his power, but to his future destiny.—*H. W. Beecher.*

HYDROPATHY.—A good story is told of a lady in our city, who was entertaining a party of friends in a new house, into which they had just moved, and of which she was quite proud. She had taken them through the various apartments, from kitchen to garret, and expatiated in glowing terms upon the peculiar advantages of each.

At last they reached the bath-room. "Here," she said "you see we have a bathing tub, here are two faucets, one for hot and the other for cold-water."

"Here is the shower-bath; you have only to step in, so, and the water comes down, when pull the string, in this manner," said she, suiting the action to the word, and sure enough, it did come down in a perfect torrent, drenching her to the skin.—It is impossible to imagine a more complete picture of bewilderment than she presented, all the consequence of her absent-mindedness.

In spite of the sympathy her friends expressed it was a very hard matter for them to preserve sober faces. The lady was obliged to undergo an entire change of clothing, and lament the ruin of a new silk dress, to say nothing of suffering from a cold for a fortnight afterwards. We believe she hasn't repeated the experiment.

INGENUOUS ROGUE.—The most impudent and expert achievement in the art of thieving that we have lately heard of, was related to us a few days since, as follows:

At a laborer's boarding-house, where it is customary in warm weather for them to leave their coats in the entry while at meals, a thief took it into his head to make an incursion one day while all hands were busy at dinner. Accordingly he reconnoitered the passage-way, saw a good variety of coats and jackets, some new, some half worn, &c., all of which he gathered into his arms, and was carelessly making his exit. Just as he was about to cross the threshold, the man of the house, who was late to dinner, arrived at the door.

"What are you doing with these coats?" cried the landlord.

"I'm taking them to my shop, sir."

"And what for?"

"The gentlemen want to get 'em scoured, sir."

"Oh, then, if that's all," said the landlord, "I believe my coat wants scouring, and you may take it along, too."

So saying, he doffed his garment, handed it over to the thief, and proceeded to his dinner.

The surprise of the boarders when they went to don their habiliments, and the confusion of the landlord in giving his statement, may well be imagined.

MORAL COURAGE.—Hon. G. A. Simmons, upon being interrogated by a Southern Senator as to what he would do in case some Southern gentleman should challenge him to fight a duel, made him the following quaint reply: "I would, said he, 'sit down and write him thus: 'Dear Sir, I received your challenge this moment. I am too great a coward to fight, and you must have known it, or else you would not have sent me that challenge.'"

mortification, "There, Madame, it is but just that you should enjoy all your triumphs! Accept the homage addressed to you under my name."

The lady began to read one of the letters.—Whilst perusing it, a smile of satisfaction lighted up her countenance, and she exclaimed joyfully: "Dear Antonina, dry up your tears. There is an epistle which affords me an opportunity of making atonement for all the uneasiness I have innocently caused you. Now you may take your revenge!"

"My revenge," said the *prima donna*, eagerly seizing the billet, from which she read aloud the following lines:

"DIVINE ANTONINA—Your lovely image haunts my thoughts. The tones of your enchanting voice incessantly vibrate through my heart! If you will vouchsafe to accept my hand, and to share my rank and fortune, step into the carriage which will this evening be waiting at the door of your residence, and repair to the Court of Berlin with your admiring humble servant,

BARON VON REICHSBERG.

"How often misfortune proves the forerunner of good luck," said the lady. "Just now, Signora, you were blaming me for having blighted your fair prospects. But the proposals contained in this note, which I gladly transfer to you, makes ample atonement for any injury you may imagine I caused you in your professional capacity. Hesitate not to accept the hand of the Baron, whom I know to be a man of high character. He is at present engaged in some diplomatic capacity in the service of his sovereign the King of Prussia. He possesses an ample fortune, and I feel convinced that he is in all respects calculated to ensure your happiness. He, it cannot be doubted, will have good reason to congratulate himself on becoming the husband of the real, instead of the pretended Antonina. Hold yourself in readiness, therefore, to join the Baron at the time appointed; and should he chance to remark any difference between you and the *Mascherata*, remember that it is perfectly easy to account for it by the effect of *stage illusion*."

With these words the unknown lady hastily bade adieu to Antonina, who, fully consoled for her recent mortification, joyfully began to prepare for her journey to Berlin.

The second performance of the *Mascherata*, which had been announced for the following evening, was unavoidably postponed. The doors of La Scala were closed; the *impresario* having received the mortifying intelligence that his *prima donna* had eloped with a German baron.

In the following winter, two distinguished beauties engrossed general admiration in the fashionable saloons of Paris. One was the Baroness Antonina Von Reichsberg, and the other was the accomplished Marquise de C—. One evening when these ladies met unexpectedly at a splendid party in the Faubourg Saint Germain, they both stared with astonishment; and presently the Marquise, whilst whispering a few words of congratulation in the ear of the Baroness, glanced significantly at the portly German diplomatist by whom she was escorted. After the ladies had enchanted the company by their exquisite singing of the grand duo from Norma, the Baroness drew her friend aside, and briefly described her journey from Milan to Berlin in the course of which she succeeded in convincing Baron Von Reichsberg how completely *stage illusion* may mislead both the eyes and ears.

Before they parted, the ladies reciprocally promised inviolable secrecy respecting the events which had occurred at Milan. The Marquise probably kept her vow, but it appears the Baroness Von Reichsberg was not equally discreet; for her disclosures have been quoted as a guarantee for the truth of the facts above narrated.

Miscellaneous.

ELOQUENCE.—Eloquence, says Lamartine, is not only the art of addressing men in public; it is the gift of strong feeling, accurate thought, extensive knowledge, splendor of imagination, force of expression, and the power of communicating, in written or spoken language, to other men, the idea, the feeling, the conviction of truth, the admiration for the beautiful, the devotion to duty, the heroic love of country, and the faith in immortality, which make men honorable—the feeling heart, the clear head, the sound judgment, the popular knowledge, the artistic imagination, the ardent patriotism, the manly courage, the attachment to liberty, the pious philosophy, and lastly, the religion consonant with the most exalted idea of the divinity, which render the individual good, the people great, and the human race sacred. It supposes in us the possession and exercise of all the intellectual and moral faculties that are involved in speech—the power of the human word.