

## Science.

## Influence of Occupations on Life.

One of the most interesting departments of the Registration Reports published annually by the State, is that which relates to the influence of occupations on the duration of human life. In the last report, which is now before us, there are tables exhibiting the average ages and vocations of persons over twenty years of age, who have died during the year 1851, and also exhibiting the same for a period of seven years and eight months, viz., from May 1, 1843, to Dec. 31, 1851. Taking this last as our guide, we find that the average duration of life in Massachusetts is as follows:

Agriculturists,	64.02
Laborers,	45.10
Mechanics,	46.01
Merchants,	46.12
Paupers,	67.52
Professional Men,	43.46
Public Men,	50.00
Seamen,	43.07
Average,	51.94

The longest lives are distillers, whose average age is over 74 years. But six men of this profession, however, have deceased within the time embraced in these tables. Pilots stand next, their average life-time being nearly 72 years. Weighers and Guaguers live 70 years, omitting fractions; Gentlemen 68; Caulkers and Gravers, Judges and Justices, 65; Bank Officers, Sheriffs and Constables, 62; Millers, 60; Coopers, 58; Tobacconists, 57; Lawyers, Sailmakers, Shipwrights, Stevedores and Sextons, 55; Tallow Chandlers and Hatters, 54; Wood Turners, 53; Millwrights, 51; Carriagemakers and Riggers, 50; Carpenters, Tanners, Brokers and Soldiers, 49; Innkeepers and Grocers, 48; Butchers, Druggists, Masons, Papermakers, Wheelwrights, Cooks and Victuallers, 47; Expressmen, Traders and Cabinetmakers, 46; Leather Dressers and Weavers, 45; Watchmen, Booksellers, Tailors, Harnessmakers, Founders, Bakers and Ticket Masters, 44; Brickmakers, Furnacemen, Manufacturers, Shoemakers and Wool Sorters, 43; Silversmiths, Painters, Bookbinders, Cardmakers, Coppersmiths and Jewellers, 42; Artists, Stablers and Teamsters, 41; Musicians and Well-diggers, 40; Cigar-makers, Dyers, Upholsters and Glass Blowers, 39; Engravers, Whip-makers and Drivers, 38; Drivers, Teachers, Civil Engineers, Pedlars and Printers, 37; Machinists, Tinsmiths and Comedians, 36; Editors, Chimney Sweeps and Confectioners, 35; Shoecutters, Railroad Agents and Conductors, 34; Clerks, Dentists, Engineers and Firemen, 33; Operatives and Reedmakers, 32; Pianofortemakers, 31; Powdermakers, 30; Stove dealers and Baggage Masters, 29; Fencing Masters, News Carriers and Cutlers, 28; Brakemen, 27; Students, 23.

Among females, who are engaged in regular occupations, the longest lived are nurses, whose average age is 55; next come Housekeepers, 52; Shoebinders, 45; Seamstresses and Domestic, 43; Tailoresses, 41; Straw-braiders, 36; Milliners, 35; Dressmakers, 32; Teachers, 28; Operatives, 26. The average age of the above classes of females is 46 7/8 years, which is five years and sixteen-hundredths less than the average of males.

The tables from which we have gathered the foregoing facts extend over a sufficient period of time to enable us to deduce some important and truthful conclusions. In the general divisions of occupations, it will be seen that the agriculturists stand first on the list, in length of life, the average age of this class being no less than 64 years. This is fully twelve years above the general average, and nearly nineteen above the average age of those returned as laborers; and eighteen percent. over that of mechanics. But when it is considered that none are embraced in the table who died prior to their twenty-first year, the difference is really much more important. Starting, then, at the commencement of the twenty-first year of life, the farmer has the prospect of 44 years before him, while the shoemaker has the prospect of only 23. Next to agriculture, there are probably more of our citizens engaged in shoemaking than in any other occupation. In 1850, there were 55,082 farmers in the State, and 31,944 shoemakers. The carpenters number only one-half as high as the shoemakers. The latter form so important a part of our industrial community, that the question may well be raised whether means cannot be devised to diminish the unhealthy tendencies of their labor. The mortal-

ity among shoemakers, we suspect is to be ascribed as much to the small, over-heated and unventilated rooms in which the trade is usually pursued, as to the sedentary nature of the employment itself. Larger workshops, well ventilated, and with a temperature regulated by the thermometer, would do wonders for our friends of the lapstone. A little garden-patch in addition, just large enough to scratch round in an hour or two each day, would doubtless add much to the value of the prescription.

## The Farm.

From the New England Farmer.

## Calendar for April.

"Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers, New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours, Thou art returned."

April, says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*, is spring—the only spring month we possess—the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in May, and partly for its own sake, so far as anything can be valuable without reference to anything else. It is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the forerunner of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious autumn." It is fraught with beauties that no other month can bring before us, and

"It bears a glass which shows us many more."

Ah, April! April! this might have been thy character *once*, or in other climes, but we should scarcely recognize the portrait here. True, it has its flush of new green on the meadow, its crocuses, hyacinths, daffodils, and other gems of beauty; it gives us the first voice of the gentle birds, and a thousand awakenings of new life about us, but, ah, has it not its fierce winds, chilling frosts, snows and pelting storms from the eastern sky? Treacherous April! Did it not send its heralds last year, the robin and the blue-bird, and sweet gales from the south, and ere their voice and fragrance had died away, the fierce North resumed her sway and poured her stores of icy winds and chilling snows into her lap. Where were the birds and the southern airs on the 7th of April, one revolution of the earth ago, when the roads were blocked with drifts, and the stone wall were out of sight?

But then we are thankful for April, fickle as it is, and could not well do without it, as it affords opportunity to make so many preparations for the busy seed-time.

PLANS.—All the general plans of the farmer must be laid out now, if it has been neglected until this time. Do not enter the field by-and-by and wonder what crop you shall apply to this part or that, and hesitate whether you shall break up an acre or two on the hill or take another piece on the meadow. No, no, this is perplexing when the day is waning, and men and team are waiting.

So of the garden; take the plan in your hands when you carry out your seeds. Here is the spot for the beds, their length and width all laid down; the new pear trees are to occupy that vacant and sheltered spot in the south corner, the raspberries and strawberries, the tomatoes, cucumbers and melons, the beans, peas and cabbages the early potatoes, corn, radishes and lettuce, all have their particular place assigned, and the mind is not distracted with the feeling that all must be done promptly, and yet it has not decided how to direct the operations.

Make as much garden as you can,—it is the most profitable part of the farm. There is often more profit on a quarter of acre in garden than from 2 or 3 acres of the farm. Get in early peas and potatoes. On the sunny side of a wall, sprung up to briars and young bushes, clear up and put in seed for early potatoes; it is just such a spot as they like; the new earth so light and warm. You may have them by the 4th of July in perfection.

PRUNING.—The Messrs. ALLEN, in the *American Agriculturist* for 1842, page 65, say they think pruning should be done "after that period when the excessive flow of thin and watery sap has subsided, and the leaves have fully matured, which happens in this latitude, from 20th of June to the 15th of July." It is worth while to try this mode and see how it works. At any rate cut off no limbs in April.

PRUNE TREES.—By cutting about one-half

of the last year's growth of the limbs you will prevent them from stretching off into long and slender forms, and breaking down whenever they bear.—It has the effect, also, of thinning the fruit, because it takes away a considerable portion of the blossom buds.

MOWING FIELDS.—See that the drains are all free, and gather up branches from the apple trees or brush left on meadows which have been overflowed, so that they may not be in the way in haying time.

TRANSPLANTING.—Nothing is easier if you know how—and really, it is a very simple matter to do it, and do it well.

If the tree is two years from the bud, a hole six feet in diameter is not too large; 18 inches deep will answer, throwing back the top earth into the bottom of the hole. Take the trees up with the utmost care, and break as few of the little spongelets as possible. How could a child suck an orange with jaws broken, and lacerated lips! In the centre of the six-foot hole raise a little conical hill and place the tree gently upon it; the roots will then fall into a somewhat natural position. Now with the fingers place them all straight, and sift in the fine, rich mould, that the delicate fibres may nestle among it.

There! you have treated that tree with proper consideration, and it will bow to you ere long, filled with luscious fruit.

PLOWING.—Plow not while the soil is wet and mixes with mortar. It will bake in lumps and remain so through the summer unless by dint of hard knocks they are broken up. Even though the season be late, it is doubtful whether any thing is gained by plowing before the ground is sufficiently dry to have it drop partially to pieces on its being turned over.

But plow deep—take hold a little lower than you did last year; an inch of yellow subsoil will soon become more than an inch of black upper soil. Remember the proverb about having "corn to sell and keep."

GRAFTING, fencing, the nursery, clearing up the garden, the door-yard, the wood-pile, and numerous other things will require attention now. Let us lay hold of the work before us with cheerful and hopeful hearts, and pursue it with a well tempered zeal; the seeds shall spring upward from the sod, and He who giveth the increase shall gladden our hearts with abundant Harvest.

## Rural Pleasures.

There is, perhaps, no situation in life which affords greater facilities for enjoyment, than that of the husbandman. Exempt from the many cares which throng the pathway of the professional man, the farmer finds ample opportunity to cultivate his mind and expand his intellect, and even while engaged in labor, may still be a learner from the great book of Nature. As the plowshare turns the sods his eye wanders over the rich landscape, and in the meandering streams, the wood-crowned hills and smiling vales, he traces the finger of God. The glory of the spring-time is not by him unheeded. He sees with delight the delicate verdure, mantling in beauty the awakening earth—he views with pleasure the fair petals of innumerable blossoms as they unfold to the genial sunbeams, and he feels upon his cheek, the soft breeze which is laden with their balmy perfume. For him, the minstrels of heaven have a song of joy, and all nature seems hymning an anthem of praise. Gladly the farmer greets the spring-time, and with a light heart prepares his fields, and sows the tiny seed which will yet yield a glorious autumn offering. No feverish excitement disturbs his placid life—no wild dreams of fame and glory—no ambitious schemes, whose bright hopes gleam for a space, then fade in darkness away. His course is before him—simple and plain—peace and contentment are the inmates of his breast. Day after day beholds him at his healthful toil, and fortune smiles upon him. His table boasts few foreign luxuries, but fair plenty is ever there, and the viands produced by his own care are partaken of with a relish which the epicure might envy. Home is to the husbandman a delightful spot. Care flees from his fireside and the evening hours are spent in calm converse or innocent glee. When night's sombre curtains, enfold the earth, he finds a sweet repose, for toil has lent "a blissful zest to slumber." How many young men who now forsake their rural homes, and seek the crowded city, would escape the snares of the tempter and shun the cup of sorrow, if they remained upon the peaceful farms of their fathers.—*New England Farmer.*

## Sweet Corn.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer, among other pertinent questions, asks, "How does sweet corn affect the soil on which it is raised? has it been tried as food for stock? and if so, with what success?" We have had some little experience, for the last five or six years, in raising sweet corn for the table, and for fodder, and that experience has taught us that sweet corn exhausts the soil just about in proportion as the stalk is larger and more nutritious than the northern yellow corn. The kind of sweet corn we have raised grows about eight feet high, the ears eight or ten inches long, large white and plump kernel, and ten rows to the ear, the pith of dark red color, and it is called the Evergreen Sweet Corn. The seed was procured from Ohio some eight years since. For fodder we sow it in drills, three feet apart, and drop the kernels from six to ten inches apart. The yield of fodder the last year was at the rate of seven tons to the acre. Our horses and cows leave the best of hay to luxuriate upon sweet corn stalks well cured, and run through the straw cutter. The stalks of the sweet corn are large and require much care in curing to prevent mould. They should stand erect in the barn, or wherever sheltered, and enjoy the benefit of the air. Cutting the stalks as near to the ground as possible, we leaned the tops of two rows together, leaving here and there a stalk uncut, and placing from ten to twenty stalks together near the top, to prevent falling. In this manner the stalks dried rapidly, and gathering them before the heavy and late rains, we have not lost a pound of fodder. Sweet corn should be planted or sown in drills, or broad cast, (if any prefer,) at the same time that common corn is planted. The richer and deeper the soil, the more sure and abundant the crop. We have about a bushel of sweet corn for seed, and can accommodate a few early applicants with good seed if it be wanted at the rate of fifty cents per quart.—*Vermont Watchman.*

## To Distinguish Good Eggs for Setting.

All those having setting hens would do well to take notice of the following remarks, and they will have a chicken for every egg they set. Take eggs not more than three or four days old, and have a candle or lamp, hold the egg in one hand with the broad end upwards close to the candle, place the edge of the other hand on the top of the egg, and you will immediately perceive the incubation end. Some people can tell a pullet from a rooster. The mark for a rooster is crosswise, and a pullet lengthwise. Another way is to place your tongue on the large end of the egg and you will find a strong heat if fresh and good, and the less heat if old and doubtful. Eggs put by for hatching should never be put in a very damp cellar, as the dampness destroys this heat.

## To Boil Fresh Pork.

Take a fat bladebone of country pork, commonly called the oyster, take out the bone and put veal stuffing in its place, wrap it in a clean cloth, and put it in a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt; let it boil slowly for about an hour and a half, or an hour and three quarters, according to the size; it should however, be well done. Serve it up with parsley and butter poured over it plentifully. This is a most rich, and at the same time a most delicate dish, equal to boiled fowl and picked pork, which, indeed, it greatly resembles.

From the Maine Farmer.

## Remedy for Stretches in Sheep.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in your paper of February 10th., some allusions to a disease among sheep, called the stretches. As that disease is supposed to be incurable, and thinking I know a remedy, I thought it my duty to make it public. In 1852 one of my flock was taken with the stretches, I administered a number of kinds of medicines without effecting a cure, and knowing of an infallible cure for the belly ache in cattle, I administered it. The following is the remedy, viz: one half pint of new milk, one half pint soap, and one half pint molasses. The present winter, the same sheep was attacked in the same manner, and I administered the above with like success.

J. GOODWIN.

North Palermo, Feb. 19th. 1853.

Green chesnuts are unwholesome food.—Ohio papers report two deaths from eating them.