

30,000 single tickets were sold in all, realizing \$50,000. On Thursday there were at times at 20,000 people on the ground, and during the day doubtless in men, women, and children, over 500 people visited the show grounds. The number attending this show, trebled that of any other occasion in Canada. These shows of agricultural and mechanical industry, are glorious things for a country. The exhibition of articles was very good and superior in some things, especially in horned cattle, horses, and swine. Some noble specimens of Durham balls and cows were shown,—several mammoth oxen, and some of the highland breed of sheep were shown. Our room does not permit me to give even a synopsis of the products and specimens. But competent judges say they would compare favorably with any seen at the American fairs. Fine specimens of the large and tufted fowls, geese and turkeys were exhibited. A Mr. Renard of Derham, an American farmer, who emigrated from Canada some 17 years ago, exhibited a cheese that weighed 700 lbs. Some very fine peaches grown at Derham were exhibited. Mr. Leslie exhibited some apples, and a good sample of piums were shown. The Americans as usual turned out some fine machinery. Mr. Piper of this city, got a premium and a medal for a very ingenious shower bath and easy chair. Some beautiful carriages from Hamilton were there, made at the establishment of Holmes, Evans, & Co. Messrs. Jacques & Hay of this city exhibited a princely carved bedstead and other furniture, never before surpassed in Canada. The exhibition hall was beautifully fixed up, and contained choice dahlias, the exhibition of needle work, counterpanes was good. The next exhibition here is to be held in Hamilton, and Mr. Mathews Beckwith, is chosen president of the association. Messrs. Street, Patrick, and the Hon. Malcolm Cameron were present, also the Hon. Adam Ferguson, and others. The New York agricultural fair was held in the middle of September, and a great one is to be held in Ohio about the middle of this fall. The American fairs have all been largely attended this fall.

FARMERS' WIVES.

It is said at the present day of the toils of a farmer, and I cannot forbear making known a few of my thoughts upon the subject. When a young man wishes to choose to himself a fitting wife, he naturally desires one whose faculties have been trained to an equal degree with his own, and he also prefers one who has been reared on a farm, and has some knowledge of rural pursuits. Many young men have enjoyed the privilege of a country residence, and their fate with that of a farmer, thinking they shall fill a more exalted station than they expect, if they became a part of a fashionable city or village. From this time the life of a farmer's wife is one of confinement, and unremitting toil. Early dawn, until late at night, it is, nothing but milk, wash, churn, make cheese, or wait upon husband or laborers. She has no time for recreation, or the improvement of her mental faculties. As the means of the farmer increase, he is more likely to have more friends, and mingles with the world, but his wife toils on from morning until night, without a break in upon the monotony of her existence. Her days are never ended, her cares never cease, and when old age has come upon her, and she sinks in a weary grave, leaving her children to the care of some youthful successor, who perhaps avenges her by tyrannizing over the husband and abusing her children.

As a farmer's wife, but am well acquainted with the toils and privations, and have written this from my own observation, and hope to see the day when farmers' wives shall be considered proper for their wives to join with them in the improvement of the soil and society. I have often found that they have capacity above the means of all work, designed only to cook and mend stockings.

AN EXTRACT—We find in the *Fredonia Centinel* a very interesting letter, describing the success which has attended the experiments made to catch trout and

whitefish in Lake Erie. The writer says. So little known have been the contents of these waters, that until very recently it has been an object of profit to make frequent drafts on Old Connecticut for her salmon trout. But now it is ascertained that we have the very fish in great abundance at our feet. Recent experiments in taking these fish have been very successful. Mr. Andrews on his return to Dunkirk from California a few months since, aided by an old Mackinaw fisherman set to work in earnest, preparing himself with all the necessary apparatus for fishing on a large scale. Several unsuccessful attempts were made at different depths of water and in different ways, but at length the true way was found, and that by running out some thirteen miles from shore and dropping nets to the depth of nearly or quite 100 feet, and thus letting them remain for some hours, when they were hauled up and the fish secured. The trout unlike many other kinds of fish, have no gills, but swim with their mouths open, bridling themselves with the twine of the net, the meshes being too small to allow them to pass through, and they cannot back out because of the structure of their teeth curving inwardly, and thus they become their own executioners. Last evening Mr. Andrews took, at one haul over fifteen hundred pounds of trout and whitefish. In this lot were thirty-three trout, weighing about thirty pounds each—a beautiful sight—which sell readily at 6 cts. a pound.

VALUABLE SHEEP—It is said that at the late exhibition of the Vermont State Agricultural Society, there were sheep of the French merino breed present which \$1000 would not buy, and the stock from which sells readily for from \$200 to \$250 for ewes, and \$400 for bucks.

A party of New York capitalists, among whom is Mr. George Law, have associated themselves for the purpose of carrying out a magnificent undertaking, in the founding of a new city opposite New York, on the west bank of the Hudson, on a tract of land lying between and comprising Jersey City and Hoboken.

Mrs. H. C. Branson, of Palmer, threw up from her stomach, a few days since, a living red animal, three inches long, which passes by the name of "er-t." It is believed that she has carried this animal in her stomach for three years, as she has suffered much from spasms and a peculiar appetite.

A sale of four inches of land on Main street, Buffalo was made last week at \$100 per inch.

WATER MELON BUTTER.—Split the water melon open, with a spoon scrape out the pulps into a colander, and strain the water into vessels; boil it down to syrup, then put in apples or peaches, like making apple butter or any kind of preserves. Or the syrup may be boiled without fruit down to molasses, which will be found to be as fine as the best sugar-house molasses. The season for making this table sauce is at hand; those who wish to partake of it should prepare for the event.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—The following from long experience, we know to be the best receipt extant for making tomato ketchup:—

Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft. Squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add—

- Half a gallon of vinegar,
 - One pint and a half of salt,
 - Two ounces of cloves,
 - Quarter of a pound of allspice,
 - Three ounces of cayenne pepper,
 - Three table-spoonful of black pepper,
 - Five heads of garlic, skinned and separated.
- Mix together and boil, about three hours, or until reduced to about one-half, and bottle without straining.

The Grasshoppers on Long Island were drowned by hundreds of thousands in the profuse rains of Wednesday. The *Post* tells a story about a flock of turkeys which, not long since, was turned into a field of grass, and cleared it of grasshoppers, in a very short time. They walked from one end of the field to the other in a row of twenty or more abreast, snapping up the grasshoppers as they went. When they had cleared a strip of considerable breadth in this manner, they walked back again on that portion of the field next to the space already cleared, repeating the same process. Grasshoppers, it is said, are as easily driven as geese. At Saarlington, a place east of Jericho, a farmer cleared a field of them by driving them into a sort of pen, where he secured three pecks of them, which were given to his turkeys.

THE TSETSE OR ZINB.—The following singular facts are derived from a very interesting letter written by the Rev. David Livingstone, an English missionary in South Africa, and son-in-law of the distinguished missionary Robert Moffat, to his brother in Massachusetts, which letter was recently read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society.—"The tsetse is the name given to an insect found in the interior of Africa. In size it is between the common house-fly and the honey-bee, and is of a drab color, having some yellow bars across the hinder part of the body. They seem to be confined to certain districts, generally along the banks of rivers, where reedy swamps mingled with trees prevail. They are very numerous, and from their devastations among domestic cattle, have been termed the scourge of Africa. It is supposed that the "tsetse," mentioned by Bruce, is the same as the tsetse. The most curious fact about this insect is, that while its sting is harmless to man and wild animals, it is certain destruction to horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, or any other domesticated brute, except goats and young calves. Several instances are known where all the cattle, horses and dogs of a traveller have been swept off by it. A horse was taken among them by a doubter; about fifty settled on him, and immediately he began to lose flesh; in eleven days he was dead. When an ox is bitten, at once the countenance stares, the eyes run, he loses strength, swells under the jaw, staggers, grows blind, and becomes emaciated, which continues, sometimes, for months, when death ensues. Upon removing the skin, a great many air bubbles are found on the surface of the body, under the cuticular membrane. The fat is of an oily, glary consistence, and of a greenish yellow color. The heart is soft and pale, lungs and liver diseased, and the gall bladder unusually distended with bile. The muscles are flabby, the blood contains very little coloring matter, and not a particle is found in the body. There is no such thing as becoming accustomed to them, and the natives, in localities where they abound, are unable to raise a single domestic animal. In these same districts, elephants, buffaloes, zebras, goats, &c. live unaffected by the tsetse. A dog fed on the meat of game, lives; one reared on milk falls a victim to them. It is said that game meat is possessed of a peculiar acid found sparingly in tame animals; perhaps this may be the cause. But then why do calves, who subsist on milk, escape? Sometimes a mature herd of cattle is cut off, excepting the calves, and these follow likewise if kept in the region for a year or two."

SELF CULTURE.—Is it asked, how can the laboring man find time for self culture? I answer that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. I seize on spare moments, and turn fragments into golded account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that those who have the most time at their disposal profit by it the least. A single hour in the day, readily given to the study of some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge.

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind, and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off all to-morrow, saying "then" I will do it. "No" this will never answer.—"Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

THE END OF PRIDE.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and exclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy, to be a useless encumbrance, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue, or feebility, for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.