

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW WAY TO RAISE CALVES.—From the Correspondence of the Country Gentleman we extract the following:—The farmer keeping thirty cows should be able to raise some half-dozen calves annually, from the best milkers in his herd to supply the place of those failing from old age and casualties of various kinds, and to improve his dairy stock, at a cost somewhere near the value of the animal when matured. The idea of raising stock to supply our wants by feeding calves for three or four months on new milk, either from the pail or at the teat, is, to say the least, simply absurd. One gallon of milk makes a pound of cheese, worth, to the producer, ten cents, or the same value if made into butter. A calf requires two gallons per day, equal to twenty cents. Three weeks feed, at this rate, amounts to as much as the calf may be expected to bring at four months age. There is, then, a loss of twenty cents per day for the remaining two or three months that they are fed, amounting to a loss of at least eight dollars each, the first season. In a butter dairy the skim or sour milk may be fed, perhaps. Unless there is some cheaper method to be practised, we can never render our city beef eaters any relief. My method is as follows, and calves may and have been raised by it, that were very far above the average, even of good lots, at four months. Take the calf from the cow at three days old and teach it to drink; it will learn far earlier than than at any time after, feed new milk twice a day one week longer. At two weeks, begin feeding once a day, porridge, made of from three to four quarts of sweet whey and one pint of meal, of a mixture in nearly equal parts of oats, buckwheat, corn and rye. Cook as if for one of the human family. The cost of one quart of this meal (daily mess for each) may be three cents, which is all the value they consume, the whey being of too little value to make any account of. Give this feed four months, and continue the whey a month longer, always with a good bite of grass, tender and sweet, and no fears need be entertained for the result. The first winter give warm shelter, good hay, and one pint of oats each daily, and my word for it, you will never be ashamed to have a neighbour call and look at your young stock.

THE LATE WAR AND ITS EFFECT ON SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.—One part of Mr. Henley's speech in the recent Education debate in the British House of Parliament, may claim a separate notice. He said, "The attendance of children at school had been gradually increasing from year to year, till in 1853 it reached eighty per cent. of those who might be expected to attend. Then came the war with high prices and short labour; when the tide turned, the attendance began to drop; and by the last return it had fallen off from eighty to seventy per cent."

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE.—In the seventeenth century, James II. of England, then the Duke of York, gave certain lands to Lord Baltimore and William Penn, and a difficulty soon sprung up as to who was the proper owner of these lands on the Delaware. Again and again, was the affair carried into Courts, till in the year 1750, when George III. came to the crown, the Lord Chancellor made a decision; but new difficulties sprang up in drawing the boundary lines. The Commissioners finally employed Messrs. Mason and Dixon, who had just returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where they had been to observe the transit of Venus. They succeeded in establishing the line between Delaware and Maryland, which has ever since been called "Mason and Dixon's Line."

TO MOTHERS.—Take your little one, while yet a babe, place him on the chair in your room to which you kneel, and, holding it with a mother's fondness, pour out your heart before God, for the precious immortal creature given to your trust. You have no idea, if you have not tried the plan, how very soon a baby will understand, that it is now a solemn time; therefore he must be still. Ah, yes! very soon, the little tottering feet will guide you to that very chair, and put up his little hands in the attitude of prayer, while you ask for blessings on his young head; and then, in after days, when your prayer is exchanged for praise up in that cloudless land, that chair and that prayer will be remembered, and you 'boy will bless God, that he had a praying mother, while he asks for help to enable him to walk in her footsteps and serve his absent mother's Redeemer.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—so little even remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the Almighty, by the husband and wife—"Love, honor, and obey."—"How many wives love, honor, and obey their lords?" How many even think of doing so? and yet there is an oath recorded against them, every simple violation of which is a distinct perjury. No woman should marry without first knowing her husband's character so well, that she may obey him with discretion and safety. She yields herself at the altar to his disposition, from which even an attempt to fly is a crime. A wife who contradicts her husband is forewarned. No matter what manner of man he be, she must "obey," if she keep her oath. She has made no reserve or condition at the marriage ceremony. She has not said "I will honor and obey, if he shall deserve it." Her contract is unconditional. It would be better for young ladies before they yield the fatal "yes," to take this view of the subject. They have a duty to perform to their husband, whether he be kind or unreasonable, and they must remember the poet's words,

"War is no strife
To the dark home and the detested wife."

"Pop goes the weasel!" has become the chorus of a thousand snatches of song, but not one of a thousand who sing it ever heard of its origin. But its parentage is as easily traced as that of an English baronet. A famous Methodist preacher, by the name of Craven, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows: "Here are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now, you have seen wheat, which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found that it only came to forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and—pop goes the weevil. Now you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the finger of the Gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whisky-bottle." From "pop goes the weevil" to "pop goes the weasel" the transition is easy.

We expect the thanks of the universal Smith family for the following very obvious explanation of the fact, that their name is so common in the community, and so invariably associated with the highest order of respectability. It is true, that the police reports in the newspapers have now and then intimated, that John Smith was up for some moral delinquency, but this can be accounted for by supposing that the reporter mistook the name, or that the rascal mistook that very honorable name for his own. But to the genealogy of the Smiths: In the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, one of the newspapers is edited by a gentleman who has the misfortune to wear a very rough and ugly name, for which he is not to be blamed indeed, as his father had it and gave it to him before he was able to remonstrate against the hereditary patronymic. In one of his editorial effusions, he chanced to give utterance to his gratitude that his name was not "Smith." The next day, in a rival newspaper, one of this numerous family appeared on this wise: "The hard-named editor who blesses himself he is not a Smith, is probably not aware, that originally all white men were called by that name, as all had something to do, and a Smith is a doer: but whenever one of them fell into disgrace, by the commission of crime, his name was changed that he might not be reckoned thereafter among the respectable Smiths. And the greater the crime, the worse the name assigned to the criminal. Hence the hard title by which this editor is compelled to be called; and hence the number and the credit of the Smith family."

That is certainly a very simple solution of a genealogical problem.

An English barber in the season of the epidemic, remarked to one of his customers that there was "cholera in the hair."

"Then I hope you are careful about the brushes you use."

"Oh," said the barber, "I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the hair of the atmosphere."

Our neighbour, William Williston, had a remarkable facility for not telling the truth. Indeed, he became so much addicted to saying the thing that was just the other way from true, that he lived and died with the reputation of being the most notorious liar in our town. But his mourning family caused a decent tombstone to be set up to his memory, with this epitaph thereon:

Weep not for me, my friends so dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here."

This remarkable assertion seemed so like to those that William W. was apt to make while he was living, that one of his neighbors inscribed with his pencil the following lines beneath the above, and a friend copies them for us:

Released from sorrow and from sighing,
Here rests the body of poor Will,
Who, while he lived, was always lying,
And in his grave is lying still."

MEDICAL STAFF CORPS FOR THE COLONIES.—Detachments of the Medical Staff Corps are under orders for embarkation for the colonies to be employed in the military hospitals at Kingston, Montreal and Toronto (Canada), St. Johns, Nova Scotia, Kingston, and Port Royal (Jamaica), and in other West India Islands. The principal portion of the orderlies required for this service are at present employed in the hospitals at Scutari, Kululee, Renkioi and Abydos, where their services cannot be dispensed with, until the sick, wounded and convalescent have been embarked for England, which will not take place until about July.

A German clergyman, in our sister State of Pennsylvania, was frequently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony in the English language, with which he was not very familiar. He made a translation from the German form in his liturgy, and read it off with a good round tone of voice, as if he were quite at home; but he always noticed, that when he recited a certain part of it, the final declaration, the surrounding company invariably tittered and sometimes laughed outright. Being unable to discover any thing wrong in his words or manner, he requested a brother clergyman, well versed in the English tongue, to revise his formula. As he proceeded to read it, he smiled at some of the singular forms of expression, but at the close exploded, where the good German, in all simplicity, instead of saying, "And they twain shall be one flesh," had invariably surrounded his bridal parties by declaring, "And they twain shall be one ass!"

Why is the new French baby like the tail of a herring?
Because it is the last of the bony parts.

GRANULATED CORK MATTRESSES AND CUSHIONS.—Mr. W. Johnston of New York has recently invented a method of finely dividing cork and cleansing it from dust. The buoyant qualities of cork are well known, but it is not equally well known that these qualities in cork are immensely increased, at least for a time, by its being reduced to fine grains. One pound of cork in grains will support a weight of fourteen pounds in water; and, so prepared, it is admirably adapted for beds, cushions or the like, particularly for steam and ferry-boats, packets, etc. Cork in grains is softer than horse-hair, and is more durable, and less expensive. It is a non-conductor of heat, and therefore warmer in Winter and colder in Summer than the common bed; and when applied to clothing, as it can be, by quilting, it is said to be favorable for the prevention and cure of rheumatism. In all applications, both for ladies and gentlemen, it is a Life-Preserver, because it will always be in order, if in use. Beds thus prepared, and lashed to a boat, render it a Life-boat; and several planks or spars so prepared become a safe raft. Insects will not live in cork beds; and they are not favorable to infection, as they can be cleaned without injury. For these reasons they have been recommended by physicians, and are now used in some of our public institutions.

PEAS SHOULD BE PLANTED DEEP.—In the culture of peas, one old routine is almost invariably practised, viz: plant them about two inches under ground, in drills, and as they grow, draw earth up to them, so that when they come into bearing, and just when they require the most nourishment, moisture, &c., they get the least, for all showers of rain, by means of the drills, run rapidly off the ground, and the sun has more effect in drying rapidly after rains; to these add the fact that if shallow planted, and so drawing up earth afterwards, nearly all the roots are near the surface; hence, early maturity and early decay. Experiments in planting four years, at different depths, have shown that the pea will grow freely in good mellow, loamy soil, at a depth of one foot; but at the same time, we would recommend planting in the generality of soil, at say six to eight inches deep; by so doing, your peas will come as early as when planted only two inches deep—will grow stronger, produce more, and continue longer.—Ohio Farmer.

A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, geography, arithmetic, &c. The next got reading, spelling, and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow who was at that moment slyly driving a tenpenny nail into a door panel. "Me?—oh, I gets readin', spellin', and spankin'."

Gas has recently been introduced into Holyhead. On the day but one following the lighting, a countryman, with a sack upon his arm, leading a horse, was seen to stop at the office of the gas works, and the following colloquy took place: Countryman: Is it here they sell gas?—Gasman: Yes, what of that?—Countryman: Master has heard, that it is cheaper by one-half than candles, and he has sent me with money to fetch a sackful of it!

At a dinner party, a certain knight whose character was considered to be not altogether unexceptionable, said he would give them a toast; and looking hard in the face of Mrs. M. who was more celebrated for wit than beauty, gave, "Honour men and handsome women." "With all my heart, Sir John," said Mrs. M., "for it neither applies to you nor me."

Nothing is so graceful on a man of birth and fortune as affability: without it he is not a gentleman, though his riches were inexhaustible.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it.

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