

FOWLS.—Fowls that are confined to a small space should have a supply of grass. They may be let out on a grass plot to feed, or sods of grass may be given them. If let out to feed in the latter part of the afternoon, they will generally return to their house without trouble.

When fowls are confined to a narrow space they require such pains to supply them with all the various kinds of food which they collect when running at large; and without care to supply their wants, they will not be profitable. When roaming as they please they devour many insects, eat gravel and various kinds of herbage, seeds of various kinds, and many other things which we cannot discriminate, though we look on while they select their food.—*N. E. Farmer*

NOISELESS WHEELS — A New Invention.—In this instance the invention consists in the application of a solid band of vulcanized india rubber over the iron tire of the wheel. The India rubber is held in its place by the tire having a raised rim on both sides, and by its own elasticity. The band of an ordinary carriage wheel is about an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, and unless on close inspection no difference from the common iron shod wheel is perceptible. We have driven some distance in a carriage with the wheels so shod, and were struck not only with their noiselessness, but with the perfect smoothness of the motion—the wheels being in fact springs, and by their elasticity giving a lighter draught than with the iron tire. We have seen one set of wheels which have been driven 4,000 miles; they have here and there a trifling cut, but show no appearance of being worn out, and seem quite capable of another three or four thousand. An iron tire is generally worn out in 3,000 miles, so the India rubber tire has so far proved itself the more lasting. It is certainly a great addition to the luxury of a carriage to have it run without jar or noise; and it would be a universal comfort to have the streets of cities without the present incessant rattle of carriages and omnibusses, &c.—*Scientific American*.

USE OF CANDLE SNUFFS FOR CLEANING GLASS.—Candle snuffs are generally thrown away as useless they are, however, of great utility for cleaning mirrors and windows, especially the former. For this purpose take a small quantity of burnt snuffs, and rub them with a soft cloth upon the surface of the mirror; in a short time a splendid polish will appear superior to that obtained by other means. We know those who clean the whole of the windows in a large house with snuffs; and we are told that, not only are the windows cleaned much better, but also much quicker than by the ordinary methods.

Death of Richard Lalor Shiel.

Richard Lalor Shiel, at an age which seemed to promise many additional years, died suddenly at Florence, on the 26th May.

We mourn for the man we knew in our youth as the ardent and skillful advocate of Catholic Liberty. His piercing directness and glowing energy in those days gave him power in Ireland and fame out of it. After O'Connell and Dr. Doyle, he was the most efficient emancipator of the Irish Church, from the penal devices of Cecil and Clarendon, Walpole and Pulteney. In the great effort which began in 1823 and ended in 1829, he won a full third of the confidence and love of all good Irishmen.

But unhappily for his own fame, the brilliant rhetorician, who had kept his law terms in a London garret, and made his bread by fluid theatrical writings, was returned to the British Legislature as the second man of his nation. The subtle social seductions of the imperial aristocracy, breathed upon his patriotism, and it languished away. Some times in the Spring or the Winter, it would put forth a leaf or two, mournful mementoes of decayed vitality, but every year it grew shrivelled and Whiggish, and sear. Alas! for the Orator, he died in the silver-mounted harness of an embassy—an embassy accepted at the hands of a faction who while they gave him place, were already restoring the penal laws, he had so honorably labored to destroy.

Mournful was this sudden death that fell upon him, unexpected as an Atlantic squall under the bright Italian sky. In Florence, the magnificent city, one of the sublime: Irish imaginations has been, in Shiel, extinguished—by the *Anno* of Artists and Poets, where Dante's steps are on the streets, and Tasso's song upon the river, the poet and rhetorician, had a home for a time and has a grave forever. Peace and the justice of History be with him! As God shall judge us, in our day of death, so let us endeavor to judge of him and all the dead; holding with a calm hand, the balance with two scales, putting in the evil sadly and the good willingly, and letting the judicial index decide whether his name is a name to be honored, or forgotten, or stigmatized hereafter.

Peace and the justice of History be with him.
—*Boston American Celt*.

A SON'S VIEW OF A MOTHER'S SOLICITUDE.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood—that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and dependency—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtakes him, he will be the dearer to her, by misfortune. and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him!

Many of our readers will doubtless remember a beautiful ballad written many years ago, by Mrs. Seba Smith, on the death of a woman who perished in the snow-drifts on the Green Mountains of Vermont.—True, however, to the instincts of women's nature, she tore the covering from her person and wrapped her infant in it. The mother was found locked in the arms of death, but the babe survived. The infant thus preserved from the snows of the mountain, is now Speaker of the Ohio Senate.—*American Paper*.