

lay an embargo on your operations, and the chilling blasts of old Boreas shall storm your castle, let your castle, let your fireside be a paradise, and let the long evenings be consumed in social glee, the reading of choice agricultural or secular newspapers or, in pursuit of useful knowledge.

HORSES AND CARROTS.

For two months past I have fed my two horses upon carrots and hay. My horses are in constant service on the road; and under this treatment they usually come out at the end of the "pile" looking better than when they commenced. My dose is two quarts, morning, noon, and at night—for each horse; they have as much good, sweet English hay as they will eat, and cut, whether fed to them dry or otherwise. This latter I have always practised ever since I have had the management of horses; and I am satisfied that it is the cheapest and best way in which it can be given to the horse. There is no waste, and horses eat it better, and have more time to rest, which is quite an important consideration, where the horse is liable to be taken from the stable at any moment. I am satisfied there is no better way of feeding horses, nor is there any cheaper one—that I have ever tried—than the one mentioned. If there is, will not some person who knows please report? I always cut them quite fine before using. Carrots are most excellent for horses whose wind is any way affected—such as the heaves, &c. Those who have tried them for this purpose will, I think, agree with me in this; if not, just try the experiment and be satisfied. They are usually cheap, compared with other articles of food of equal nutritiousness. Last year I paid nine dollars per ton, this year eleven, and at the latter price I prefer them to oats—measure for measure.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

The exports of domestic butter and cheese from the United States are on a much larger scale than many, perhaps, are aware of. During the fiscal year of 1855, the shipments of butter amounted to 2,315,240 lbs., valued at \$418,723; and of cheese, 4,846,568 lbs., valued at \$514,034. Of the butter, the largest proportion, 461,015 lbs., was sent to British West Indies. To England there was exported 3,343,000 lbs. of Cheese—more than three-fourths of the entire shipment. Nearly 500,000 lbs. of butter were sent to China, and about 234,000 lbs. to Australia. Staange as it may seem, during the same fiscal year, 879,000 lbs. of butter were imported into the United States from British North America, Hamburg, Bremen, Holland, England and France for home consumption. Besides this, 605,211 lbs. were imported for exportation. The imports of foreign cheese were on a more extensive scale, the total amount being 1,526,942 lbs., valued at \$146,269. The Germans sent us 157,166 lbs. of their fragrant Limburger and other varieties, and the Dutch 220,021 lbs. France sent us the largest supply, viz: 1,002,140 lbs.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.

Mr E. Meriam has furnished the New York *Commercial Advertiser* with the following description of a machine for producing intense cold. Banks of the Cayhoga, O., Oct. 31, 1856.—This afternoon I have been engaged in examining a machine made here for pro-

during intense cold by artificial means. The machine after having worked for an hour brought down the mercury in the thermometer to the line of *twenty-four degrees below zero*, which was the lowest degree marked on the scale. I cut an apple and placed it on the outside of one of the metal pipes in which a current of ether was made to pass through a vacuum, and in a few moments it was frozen. This machine has been two years in being brought to its present state of great forwardness—it is worked by steam. I will produce a ton of ice at one operation. Clothing of persons coming to Quarantine in vessels can be frozen by this machine, and thus divested of the germs of pestilence.

OUR ENJOYMENTS.

Mr Ruskin, in the new volume of his *Modern Painters*, says:—"All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray,—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these,—they never will have power to do more."

LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It is related in a biography of Rev. Preserved Smith, of Rowe, Mass., that "his thirst for knowledge was so great that when in the fields at work, he would seize every leisure moment in exercising himself in arithmetic, by the use of a piece of chalk on a log, or a piece of bark. It was at that early period that he met with a Latin grammar. It greatly excited his curiosity, and he resolved that from that hour, if his life was spared him he would acquire the knowledge of the language of which that little elementary work was the key. Thus often it is that trivial and apparently unimportant incidents give a direction to the course and destiny of life. This little occurrence became the germ, which afterwards ripened into impulses and motives, which led to his acquiring a collegiate education, and becoming a minister of Christ.

BOYS' MANNERS.

It is too much the fashion among boys to scorn gentle loving manners, or leave their sisters to learn such ways, while they try to be what they call *men*. A boy who wishes to be a *true man*, "the noblest work of God," must begin while he is young to be honest and honorable, and, "do as he would be done by," for he will be the same person when he grows up that he is now, only stronger, larger, in mind and body, and better able to do good or evil. Let us by all means have "honor among boys."—*N. Y. Independent* N. E. W.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

In Captain Marey's Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana, are given some interesting facts about that singular animal, the prairie dog. He says, "Passing through these dog villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers, sitting at the entrance of their subterranean dwellings, presenting much the appearance of stumps of small trees; and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's self surrounded by the busy hum of the city. The im-

mense number of animals in some of these towns, twenty-five miles in length, and supposing it to be as large in other directions, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and ninety-six thousand acres. Estimating the holes at twenty yards apart, the usual distance, and each dwelling occupied by four or five dogs, the whole population of this tract would be, in round numbers, *forty millions of dogs!* The food of these animals consists principally of a coarse wiry grass, which grows in abundance on elevated plains, often many miles from any water, which does not seem necessary to their existence. About the last of October the prairie dog carefully closes all the passages to his habitation, and turns in for a long nap. He keeps housed till the warm days of spring, when he removes the obstructions in front of his door, and emerges full of life, fun and frolic. The rattlesnake is often an inmate of their dwellings, and sometimes preys on them when hungry

THE RULING PASSION.

When has a man got enough? Never, till he gets a little more. A very good story of old embargo times and the war of 1812, was told us (*New York Examiner*) the other day. Under the impulse of the removal of embargo, there was a sudden rise in the value of property, and such a demand for it that merchandise was sometimes carried off from vessels before the owners arrived at their places of business, and the parties taking it came in afterwards to say that they were at the owner's mercy, and they must pay what they chose to ask. A brig was lying at Boston harbor, which had come up from Plymouth just before the embargo was laid, fit for sea. The Plymouth owner thought it was a good time to sell the brig, and sent up his son for the purpose, telling him to demand eight thousand dollars for her, and not take less than six. John went to Boston, found how things stood, sold the brig in a moment, and hurried home, elated with his bargain. As he neared the house, he saw the old man marching up and down the piazza, and presently he rushed out to meet his son and hear the result of the sale. "Have you sold the brig, John?"—"Yes, father."—"For how much, John?"—"For ten thousand dollars!"—"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the old man, with staring eyes, at hearing a price more than double what the vessel cost. "Ten thousand dollars! I'll bet you've sold her to some swindler, who don't care what the price is, and never means to pay his notes." "Notes, did you say, father? Why, there are no notes in the case. I got the money and put it in the bank.—Draw and you will get it." The old gentleman's excitement was suddenly cooled, and as the ruling passion rose in its place, he said:—"I say, John, could'n't you have got a little more!"

THE SHADOW ON THE PILLOW.

The following is one of the most beautiful incidents connected with the Eastern War— "A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded that it was about to be amputated, when Miss Nightingale requested the operation delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By her unremitting care this was accomplished, and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt towards his preserver, said that the only vent to his feelings, was by kissing