

**NEW DRILL DRESSING FOR TURNIPS.**—To 1 qr. bone-dust, add 1 cwt. of salt and 10 gallons of water; mix them well; meanwhile mix 1½ cwt. of sulphuric acid with 10 gallons of water, gradually, and let it cool; when nearly cold, pour some of it, say a gallon, gently over the bone-dust salt, over the whole surface, to prevent much fuming of muriatic acids and mix it in; after an hour (or when it ceases to fume) add another gallon in the same way; and so on till all is in. The sulphuric acids decompose the salt and part of the bone; producing sulphate of soda and gypsum, and setting free muriatic and phosphoric acids. The muriatic acid penetrates the remaining bone, and renders it soluble without decomposition. The whole may digest together a few days or weeks, if convenient. The result will be a mixture of sulphate of soda and gypsum, with bones rendered soluble by muriatic acid. The bone must be genuine, and not mixed with oyster shells, &c., as they will neutralize the acid and destroy its effect. Whole bones would probably be made tender by a month's digestion, and by guano or rape in two or three months. This quantity upon an acre will produce more effect than 3 qrs. bone dust, at about half the cost; say 30s. For the drill, the acid may be neutralized by wood-ashes or mild lime; and dried by the addition of rape-dust, which will increase its activity, and probably make the most productive drill-dress that has yet been tried. It must not touch the seed. If used as liquid, it must not be neutralized, but dissolved in 1,500 gallons of water. In either case the land should be prepared with 6 or 8 loads of dung, to bear out the crop. These directions apply to turnips; but we think the same composition, neutralized with wood ashes, and dried with rape or bran, would increase the produce of grain (not of straw) in both wheat and oats, and perhaps barley also.

**THE ELEPHANT IN THE REGENT'S PARK.**—The daily rations of Jack, the male elephant, kept in the garden of the Zoological Society of London, and now about thirty years old, are a truss and a half of hay, forty-two pounds of Swedish turnips, a mash consisting of three pounds of loiled rice, a bushel of chaff, and half a bushel of bran, ten pounds of seabiscuit, a bundle of straw for his bed, weighing about thirty-six pounds, which he usually eats by the morning, and thirty-six pails of water. Besides this he collects no small portion of savoury alms from the public. Formerly his allowance was larger, and he had oats and mangel wurzel; but at that time Sunday was a day of fasting with him (as it is still to the *carnivori*), only broken by a slight morning meal. Some four or five years ago he determined to stand this hebdomadal privation no longer, and for two or three successive Sabbath nights he made such a disturbance that the keepers had small repose. Finding that this hint was not taken, he went a little further next time, and so bestirred himself that, like other agitators who have known how far to go, he carried his point; for he made an attack upon his den with such good will and effect, that they were fain to get up in the middle of the night to feed him. Since this demonstration of physical force he has enjoyed his full meals on Sunday.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

There, is, to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful!—the machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons, touching solemn things; but to him who thinks, an engine-room may preach a more solemn still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—“intellect battling with the elements.” And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of

design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam-engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of an antelope—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of a cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric—this triumph of art and science—was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat and in seeming idleness watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea-kettle?—*Illuminated Magazine*.

**POLITICAL JUSTICE.**—We are obliged to net, so far as our power reacheth towards the good of the whole community. And he who doth not perform the part assigned him towards advancing the benefit of the whole, in proportion to his opportunities and abilities is not only a useless, but a very mischievous member of the public; because he talks his share of the profit, and yet leaves his share of the burthen to be borne by others, which is the true principal cause of most miseries and misfortunes in life.—*Swift*.

**THE END AND USE OF KNOWLEDGE.**—Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes from a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite, sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight: sometimes for ornament and reputation, and sometimes to enable them to gain a victory of wit and contradictions and sometimes for lucre and profession, but seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason for the benefit and use of man, as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of taste for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention, or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.—*Lord Bacon*.

**BEDSTEADS.**—Those who wish for neat bedsteads for the ensuing year, should wash them well with boiling water, and then put quicksilver, beaten with the white of an egg in every crack and corner. One white is enough for a bedstead, with as much quicksilver as it will receive. It is the only thing that keep bugs away when the bedstead cannot be often attended to. It is a certain poison to bugs.

The following beautiful little allegory is copied from the *N. O. Crescent City*:

A humming bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

“I cannot think of it,” was the reply, “as you once spurned me and called me a drawing doll.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed the humming bird, “I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you.”

“Perhaps you do now,” said the other; “but when you insulted me I was a *caterpillar*. So let me give you this piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors.”

**TO GET A GOOD WIFE.**—Choose a woman who has been inured to industry, and is not ashamed of it. Be sure she has a good constitution, good temper, is not fond of novels, and has not been accustomed to “*dashing*.” You need inquire no farther.—*Tennessee Agriculturist*.

When Dr. Johnson was asked what was the objection to gaming, he replied, “Sir, the objection to gaming is this: it circulates money without any intermediate labour or industry.”

A cargo of guano manure sold in the Glasgow market last week at from 5*l.* 13*s.* to 7*l.* 6*s.* per ton,