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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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INTRINSIC WORTH.

'Tis not the bird of brightest wing.
Doth loftiest soar or sweetest sing;
For brilliant plumage who would mark
The pinions of the warbling lark?

'Tis not the gaily painted flower
That sweetest blooms in wood or bower,
The violet of humble mein
Breathes out its fragrance all unseen,

'Tis not the sparkling fountain's flow
That gladdens most the vale below;
The silent dew, the gentle rain
Will more refresh the thirsty plain.

'Tis not the costly pearl or gem
That forms the loveliest diadem;
The ornaments that most adorn,
Are by the lowly spirit worn.

'Tis not the fairest form or face
That most reveals the spirit's grace;
The nobler virtues of the mind
Lie deep within the soul enshrined.

'Tis not the man of shining parts
Wields strongest sway o'er human hearts;
But he of sympathetic soul
The willing passions doth control,

'Tis not the boasting Pharisee
Who finds acceptance for his plea;
The contrite heart alone will bring
To heaven a pleasing offering.

A SUCKER AT THE "PLANTERS."—The other evening a traveller from a sister State, a full-blooded "Sucker," arrived in St. Louis, and put up at the Planters' House. He rose betimes next morning and discovered that his boots were missing. Somewhat alarmed at the loss of his *understandings*, and half attired, he rushed into and through the passages, shouting for a waiter at the top of his voice, to the great annoyance of sundry young gentlemen in the upper story, who are in the habit of "sleeping it off." Doors were opened and slammed to again, and muttering, not suited for ears polite, might have been heard, on learning the cause of the fuss.

At length the "Sucker" found a servant, and demanded his boots.

"Boots—boots—yes, sir!"

"What number, sir?" asked the obsequious attendant.

The "Sucker" looked rather dubiously for a moment, but brightened up as he answered:

"Pegged soles and heels, and *number twelves!*"

DAILY IMMERSION OF THE HEAD.—Dr. Bissell, one of the quarantine physicians at Staten Island, states it as his opinion that "if the person's hair is washed and combed every day, he is not liable to disease."

The Norfolk Herald adds the following corroborative testimony:

"So important a result from so simple a cause may seem incredible to many, but not to us. There is not a more effectual preventive of disease than the immersion of the head in cold water every morning, the year round. We know an old gentleman, now the rise of seventy, who says that until he was thirty years old, he was of a weakly consfitution, and particularly liable to attacks of billious fever, violent colds and headache; but having heard that the best preventive of headache was to wash the head in cold water every morning, immediately after rising, he then commenced the practice, and has continued it to the present time, and during the interval of forty years has never had the billious fever, hardly knows what the headache is, and though sometimes taking cold, has never had a cold that hindered him from attending to his ordinary affairs; add to this, he passed unscathed through the terrible epidemic of 1855."

STARTLING, BUT TRUE!—*Make way for the new Philosophy.*—It is the weakness of small minds to reject new systems simply because they are startling. They forget that apples had been dropping to the earth for 6,000 consecutive years under the noses of philosophers as well as fools, before Newton deduced the theory of gravitation from the fall of a pippin. Is there anything irrational, then, in supposing that Thomas Holloway, a man of deep research and strong practical intellect, may have discovered and applied successfully the natural antidotes to a large proportion of human diseases? Let it be remembered that for many years this indefatigable student, shrouded in the fumes of his laboratory, was engaged in pharmaceutical experiments, all directed to the great object which he claims to have attained. Nature is a strict custodian of her mysteries, and only discloses them when enforced by Indomitable energy and perseverance. While the disciples of old and effete medical theories were following the beaten track of routine, he struck out a new path, and founded a new system of treatment. What has been the issue? Ask the world, for nearly half its inhabitants have endorsed his remedies. Besides the name that authenticates his Pills and Ointment, it may be said that the broad seal of public approval is affixed to them, and that the certificate of their infallibility bears upon its face every written language in existence. Simple facts are the only admissible testimony in a matter which involves health and life—and the facts that go to establish the curative properties of these preparations are overwhelming. Of the sufferers from dyspepsia, liver complaint, debility, scrofula, and almost every species of febrile, cutaneous and glandular disorder—"a multitude that no man can number" have cordially approved them. Surely, those who have recovered under the operation of the medicines, are the most competent judges of their virtues, and we acquiesce without hesitation in their decision.—*Leeds "Mercury."*

HUMAN SPEED.—One day last week Mr. Wm. Day of Cleveland, Ohio, won a purse of $20, by running a quarter of a mile in one minute and two seconds. The opposition party bet the feat could not be accomplished in a minute and five seconds. However, he secured the money with ease, having three seconds to spare.

Saturday is now the reception day at Washington.

[Reported for the Easton Gazette.]

REPORT OF LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF EASTON—AT ITS SECOND COURSE.

REV. J. C. MCCABE delivered the 3d lecture of the course to a crowded auditory of ladies and gentlemen. The subject was the 'Misfortunes and Infirmities of Genius,' and its treatment by the Rev. gentleman would have added a wreath to the brow of an Everett.

Though the fame of Dr. McCabe as an orator is wide spread, his effort on this occasion outran the highest expectation. The most interesting incidents of personal history edifying reflections and just, but genial appreciations of character were set off by affluent diction, rich with poetical imagery and apt and beautiful illustrations. A report of the lecture from memory, will be like exhibiting an Egyptian mummy as an image of Apollo. Perhaps, however, a report, meagre, spiritless and unsatisfactory as ours, may be acceptable to distant readers who could not be present. Genius, said Dr. McCabe, has been often defined. Voltaire says it is a devil in the body and none perhaps, know better than himself. Latterly genius had almost become synonymous with eccentricity and irregularity. It is so often allied with weakness that genius and frailty are almost inseperable companions. This is true, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true" of the mighty sons of intellect whose "misfortunes and infirmities if regarded in a proper spirit may afford entertainment and he hoped instruction, for the hour. Genius is taste, pure and faultless, combined with the highest creative power. Taste is the exercise of perception, judgment and reason, without the power of production. Taste sees clearly and feels deeply; genius sees and feels but it does more, it produces, it creates, it inventS. The inventive power is one of the first essentials of genius. Genius is in one word the highest development of the Deity in man It is always as that great genius, Edmund Burk, has said, the concomitant of strong and mighty passions. In some these passions have been subdued, conquered, mastered by a mightier will. The life of the immortal tinker is an illustration. In Bunyan violent passions were subjugated by a superior will and the gift that might have loved to ruin has been a savor of life unto life to his fellow mortals. Not so, however, was it with Chatterton, Savage, Collins, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Poe, and many, too many others who possessed "the vision and the faculty divine."—Richly dowered as they were with genius how unhappy were their lives. Over how many did the surging waves of passion roll? How many foundered amid their dark and billowy depths. The lecturer then dwelt for a short time upon Chatterton.

"The marvelous boy, the sleepless soul
That perished in his pride."

The early development of his genius, the poems of Rowley, which he pretended he had discovered among the rubbage of the old cathedral of Bristol, his palming them off upon the good people of that town and even upon Horace Walpole as the work of a learned monk of a former century, thus flattering the ancestral pride of the gentle and exciting that of the simple by bringing to light the brave deeds of their family in the olden time. There were doubtless some in Bristol who in the words of the humorist Saxe, "had been afraid to trace back their line lest it should end in a waxen one" who were well pleased to be told that their forefathers were not knights of St. Crispin but of St. George. Having shown how pride and passion had affected the character of Chatterton, he followed him from Bristol, his birth place, to London, described his life there, his scantily remunerated labor for the magazines, finally his futile attempt to obtain employment as Surgeon's mate, his refusing a dinner offered by his landlady when well nigh famished, and his suicide the next day by taking arsenic.—He died in 1770 in his 18th year. Cowper, though not a great, was a graceful and pleasing poet. His "Lines to his mother's picture" have seldom been excelled, and if he had written nothing else would have immortalized him. His affliction was that most grievous of mental maladies—religious mania. The fine, the gentle Cowper, lived in hourly fear of the thunderbolts of an angry God. In the darkness and trouble of his soul upon the subject of religion, he endured pangs indescribable. He was as one to whom "hope never comes that comes to all."

In 1759 the Banks and Braes o'Bonnie Doon were as immortalized by the birth of Robert Burns as they afterwards were in his song. Burns was born a farmer but he was one of nature's noblemen, one of those who receive the patent of their nobility direct from Almighty God. He was of temperate habits until his 23d year; when he began to be introduced into fashionable society and to indulge in those excesses which were but too common at that day, especially in the Scottish capitol. The office of excise man which his generous and admiring friends procured for him, completed the ruin of the poet. This man, whom nature had endowed with right royal properties with a combination and a form where every God did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man was set to watch smugglers and guage whiskey. Had he been raised above the knawing cares of poverty he might have escaped the temptations which beset him, and not have been cut off ere he reached the meridian of life.

Byron was a sad example of genius misapplied. His irregularities and infirmities may be traced to early training, or rather want of training, as he himself says,

"And thus untaught in youth my heart to tame
The springs of life were poisoned."

His mother was a woman of violent temper, his father a profligate and in their offspring their vices were combined. Later, an unpropitious love and an ill assorted marriage seemed to doom him to error and misanthropy. Perhaps had Mary Chaworth not dallied with the heart of her youthful, but earnest adorer, had the priestess upon whose altar he had laid all the wealth of his young heart's love not rejected the offering and scorned the worshiper at her shrine the lover would never have become the Lord Byron of whom we speak, the Childe Harold of his own pilgrimage. He would not have fallen so early in the "bivouac of life," breathing aspirations for a nobler existence, but powerless to pursue them.—His remains when brought from Greece, were from some bigoted prejudice denied a place in Westminster Abbey. They repose at Hucknell within view of the spot where in his innocence he had often walked arm in arm with Mary Chaworth; where in the earlier days of that "dream which was not all a dream," his step was wont to call a richer bloom to her cheek and a brighter lustre to her eye.

Shelley was an aristocrat by birth, but ardently democratic in his sympathies. He called himself an Atheist, perhaps took a pride in the designation, for to his name in the album at Mt. Blank, he added Atheos.—We cherish the hope, however, that he was no Atheist at heart. In his worship of nature he forgot the hand of the divine artificer, he did not "look from nature up to nature's God," but may we not in kindness hope that in his heart even as in the Athenian's, was an altar raised to the unknown God, and that in his last struggle amid the waters of that treacherous lake, the same hand sustained him that bade Peter "be not afraid." Let us be the last to cast a stone against the urn that contains the ashes of the erring child of genius. The lecturer closed his illustrations with the name of Edgar Allan Poe, and the eloquence and pathos with which he referred to the author of the Raven touched the chords of sympathy in every bosom. Had he been born in England he would have been canonized as one of the brighest names in her glory's page. He was before his age. His sad and desolate end could not be referred to without stirring the fountains of pity in every bosom. That brightest star in the constellation of American genius set in murky gloom. At an age that should have been the flower of his manhood and the prime of his intellect his luckless bark long tossed at the will of wind and wave upon the stormy sea of passion was driven upon the dark and unknown shore of the future. "Upon his pathway shone all stars of heaven except the guiding one." That head that had teemed with rich and breathing thoughts was one miserable night pillowed in a kennel of a neighboring city; the hand that had written such burning words was held in a stranger's grasp; no wife, no mother, no sister to

"watch by the fevered bed,
Soothe life's last hours, sustain the drooping head."

The parting sigh of that heart once pregnant with celestial fire was breathed out in a public hospital; the mortal part of the most wonderful genius our country has produced, that wizard of the pen who so oft had "waked to extasy the living lyre" now lies unhonored and unmarked in a Baltimore Cemetery. He now rests after life's fitful fever. Often from the ark of his bosom the dove had gone forth, but returned not with the olive branch of peace from the waters of the subsiding deluge. His harp is silent, its strings are broken, but as long as beautiful thoughts find lovers the sad and despairing echo of his call for the "lost Lenore," the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore will thrill the hearts of men. The eulogy on Poe was grand and noble beyond expression. In conclusion the lecturer said that the fame of moral worth, good deeds and a benevolent heart would survive the song of the poet, the eloquence of the orator and the victories of the warrior.

The 4th Lecture of the Course was delivered by R. STOCKETT MATTHEWS, Esq., of Baltimore, upon the "Character of Henry Clay," occupying in its delivery about an hour and a half. He attracted from the large and respectable audience, which had assembled to hear such an interesting discourse, the most profound attention, and elicited the most flattering admiration for the vivid, eloquent and graphic style with which the lecturer described the character of the distinguished statesman, patriot and orator, characterizing him as the "greatest orator the world had ever produced," and depicted in the most eloquent and expressive language, the trying and important scenes through which he, together with his compatriots, passed. Notwithstanding the talented lecturer selected as the subject of his discourse one of the most familiar topics of the day, (yet not the less interesting on that account) he dressed it in such lively characters as to throw around it additional charms, and presented it in such startling colors as to cause one to forget himself in admiration. He introduced his theme with some very pertinent and well-wrought remarks upon true greatness and its foundation: paying his compliments very respectfully to those pedagogues, who imagine the "brains of their pupils to be in their backs," and hence the reason for so severely *birching* them. He sketched true to life the history of Clay's greatness, following him from his birth, step by step, to the close of his illustrious career. He refuted the gross and libellous charge of bargain and corruption, affirming it to have been the cause of his death. In most glowing and pathetic terms he pictured the closing scene in the great drama of his life,—his resignation and submission to the divine command, the funeral services and the effect produced by such a great national calamity. He closed his very interesting and eloquent address with a beautiful allusion in poetry to the three distinguished statesmen, patriots and orators—Calhoun, Clay and Webster, characterizing one as the tall pine of the Carolinas, another as the graceful Elm of Ashland, and the other as the Oak of Marshfield. Altogether his lecture was one of the most beautiful, interesting and eloquent of the course, plainly shadowing forth in its delivery, that the lecturer was not only at home with his subject, but that he is a very accomplished orator, exhibiting some of the highest and most essential qualities of the orator, and we deeply regret from the lapse of time between its delivery and this notice, we cannot present to the public many of the beautiful expressions interweaved with the lecture.

F. W. THOMAS, Esq., of Cambridge, Md., recently of South Carolina, and distinguished for his ability, not only as the author of several exciting romances, but also as a poet, delivered the 5th Lecture of the Course. His subject was "English Literature," and the masterly and ready manner in which he disposed of it not only gave universal satisfaction and pleasure, but also left upon the minds of his auditors a deep impression of the lecturer's genius. Indeed his earnest though conversational manner of delivery produced in the minds of his audience confidence and expectation in his ability, which prepared them for the reception of the rare treat, of which they were about to partake. One *great* advantage, which he possesses over all other lecturers, whom we have had the pleasure of hearing, is, that he delivers his discourse extempore, and consequently in a free and easy style. He began his lecture by comparing English Literature to the Ocean, from which he would bring a pail of water, or a brick from the foundation of a building, or a fragment of marble from the Vatican. He paid an agreeable compliment to the Easton Sax-Horn Band for the elegant manner in which it discoursed the soul-stirring strains of martial music, delighting the audience and assisting to engage their attention. He went on then to speak of and describe that poetic feeling, which, he said, had its habitation in every bosom, but that in order to become distinguished in any one branch, it was essential to possess a supremacy of intellect in that branch—that genius would work, and imitate the laws of Nature—that

"All a Rhetorician's rules,
Are merely how to use its tools."

He spoke of it as being the same spirit which animated Burns, Scott, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon and a host of other literary worthies of the old country. He spoke of what *English Literature* had accomplished—the revolution it had wrought in the mariners, customs and principles of people, professions and nations—that through its reforming influence, that which would once have been condemned as unusual and unjustifiable, was now regarded with an approving glance, and rather expected. He spoke of it as the great civilizer and fore runner, divesting its object of prejudice.—It had eradicated many evil dogmas, and sown the seed of wisdom. Though for centuries and centuries the world had bowed in submission to the doctrines of Aristotle, yet when Bacon came upon the theatre of life, the dark mists and clouds fled like shadows before the great luminary, the Day-God. He spoke in the most eulogistic language of the genius of Erskine, particularly in the famous trial in which he asserted the principle, that insanity did not drive reason from its throne, but sat down by her and held her under its command—"that insanity was correct in its reasonings if you admit its principles." He also addressed very pleasantly the ladies who had congregated to hear him, and pointed out a marked difference in the character of woman and man as authors—that when a woman began to tell a story she kept straight on until she finished, while a man wandered off from the subject, commenting as he proceeded. In all the positions which the distinguished lecturer occupied, and in all the principles which he laid down and advocated, there was exhibited that rare, essential and admiral faculty of forcible and clear illustrations, taking for his materials the homely, every day scenes of life, and bringing them in the most graphic manner before your mental vision, only regret that our memory is not sufficiently strong and retentive to present these to your attention. He was also at times strikingly eloquent, carrying you along with him as he took his lofty flight. He asserted literature to be essential to liberty. It was that which had made our country so progressive and great—and that cultivated and practised would destroy the dissensions which have too often divided our beautiful land. In most beautiful and eloquent language, referring to our country, the lecturer closed

VALUABLE RECIPES.

FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Take a convenient sized jar or dish that will hold more than is wanted for a meal, and mix at night with sour milk, letting them stand until morning; leave a little for seed, and afterwards use sweet milk; add saleratus the last moment before frying. In all cases where saleratus is used, I think it is much better to defer putting it in as long as possible before cooking.—*Emery's Journal.*

WOLVERINE JOHNNY CAKE.—Take one quart sour milk two-thirds of a tea cupful of cream, two-thirds of a tea cupful of molasses, two-thirds of a tea-cupful of suet finely cut, one egg well beaten, one tea cup flour, one tea-spoon saleratus, salt and meal to make it about as stiff as pound cake.—Bake quick.

Husband thinks my Johnny cake the best he ever ate.—*Emery's Journal*

TO ENTIRELY CLEAR OUT THE RED ANT.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

TO PREVENT MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Rub or strew around the edge of carpets, and on them, salt and pepper, and they will not eat them.

TO DISTURB AND PREVENT BED-BUGS.—After cleaning the dust off, wash with strong salt water any thing they get on or into.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The worst feature on a man's face is his nose—when stuck in other people's business.

To the Farmer.

PRUNING THE VINE—WHEN & HOW.

Many excellent articles, containing rules and directions for growing, training, and pruning the grape vine, have been published in books and periodicals; but few of them are adapted to the wants of the majority of the readers of the *Genesee Farmer*, though they may be vesy useful to the tyro in vineyard culture.

Why do grape vines need pruning more than fruit trees generally? is a very natural and pertinent inquiry. Most assuredly they do not, in order to be equally faithful. The pruning of either is strictly a matter of economy, and not necessary to the production of fruit. Both are inclined to grow too thick for the production of the most perfect fruit; therefore in such a case we thin them by removing a part: Experiments prove that young vigorous brances, produce the largest, fairest, and best flavored fruit, on tree or vine; therefore we remove old and stunted branches, to make room for new and vigorous ones. This plan we can follow to greater extent with the vine than the tree; for in the former, the new shoots bear the same season that it first pushes out, and the next season is in full bearing almost its entire length; while in the tree, a new branch from the main one or the trunk requires from two to six years to become equally fruitful. If you examine a vine, either cultivated or wild, that has not been pruned, you will see that, when a few years of age, the latteral branches that first came out are all dead and fallen off, and that all the fruit is on the main and lateral branches near the extremities of the former. As the vine grows older, and pushes ahead, more and more of the ground is unoccupied with fruit. Taking the hint from this fact, we shorten in the main branch, and do the same with the laterals, or cut them off for renewal. By so doing, we prevent the vine from getting beyond the trellis, and occupy the whole ground with fruit-baring branches. Had the vine plenty of space and trellis, I am not aware that the product would be materially increased by cutting at all; still, I have not a doubt that the product of an acre of ground would be quadrupled by judicious pruning, unless the same object should be attained by a yearly removal of a portion of the plants themselves. The end to be aimed at in pruning, is to prevent the branches getting too thick, and to keep the vine within its trellis or boundary. The amount of yearly shortening in may be in proportion to the room you can give it.

As to the time of pruning, I think that in trees we can pretty much study our convenience; but the vine being a more rapid grower, it will not always do to wait. They should be pruned when they need it, taking care, however, not to cut much from the first starting of the sap in the spring till the leaves have attained their full size, as there is at this time too much loss of sap by bleeding. Of course, the winter is the best time for shortening in and cutting off for renewal.

At the last meeting of the Fruit-Growers' Association at Rochester, a majority, I understand, were in favor of the summer pruning of the vine. By this is meant the cutting off the branches of the current season's growth two or three joints above the fruit after it has set, except such branches as are wanted to fill up the trellis, or to take the places of older ones to be removed the next spring. I have generally done this (if at all) after the fruit has set; but Mr. Wilcox, of West Bloomfield, (who is very good authority,) prefers to do it just as the blossoms begin to open, thinking thereby to promote full setting. My own observation, however, does not establish in my mind the propriety of mutilating branches while bearing a full supply of fruit, unless necessary to prevent crowding; but I would shorten in all branches that are not well set with fruit, unless wanted for the next year's bearing.—*Gorham, Ontario Co., N. Y., Nov.*, 1858. S. B. P.

HOW CAN HENS BEST BE KEPT SO AS TO PROCURE EGGS IN WINTER?

—Build a commodious hen house upon some plan, only that there be a roosting apartment, a place for feeding, with boxes for nests. A good plan is to build in the shape of a parallelogram, with the roosting place across one end. The central portion can be used for feeding, the boxes for nests being placed around the sides of the building, with a small place between them and the wall, that the hens may enter the nests on the back side. Build the house either of stone, wood or other material, as may be thought best; but let it be warm and comfortable in the coldest weather, and so made that it can be well ventilated. Procure some of the large Asiatic breeds, as I have found, by my experience, that they will lay in winter when the common varieties will not, with the same treatment.—But the person who expects his hens to lay much in summer, after laying all winter, will be disappointed. Give them as great a variety of food as possible, such as corn, buckwheat, oats, barley, &c., with pure water daily. Give them fresh meat once or twice a week, or oftener, if convenient, with an occasional feed of boiled potatoes or apples. In short, make their feed as near as possible what it is in summer, and not forget to give them a free supply of oyster shells pounded fine, or lime and sand. Mix lime and sand as for plastering a house, let it dry and place a box filled with it in one corner of the hen-house, and it is surprising how fast it will disappear. Hens will lay some in winter without being to all this trouble; they must have good, comfortable quarters. There are other advantages from having a good hen house aside from hens laying in winter. Two or three wagon loads of good home-made guano, every year, will soon pay the expense, and help to raise corn to feed them. And then, again, fresh meat cannot always be procured. They will lay if they have plenty of corn; and as this containe a large portion of oil or fat, it may perhaps be substituted for meat to some extent. C. C. WILSON.

Newfane, N. Y., Nov., 1858

Hints to Bird Raisers.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CANARIES AND OTHER BIRDS IN THE HOUSE.

In keeping birds in the house, I always use unpainted cages, as I think them more healthy than painted ones as birds peck the paint, which often poisons them. Cages that I have used are made of mahogany, with a draw in the bottom for convenience of cleaning, with china or glass cups on each side to hold the seed and water.—There should also be a cup of water large enough for the birds to bathe in, but not large enough to drown them. They cannot be healthy without plenty of clean water, both for bathing and drinking. The cage should be large enough to allow them to fly about and enjoy themselves.

The time for Canaries to pair is about the middle of March, when they should be placed together, each pair in a large breeding-cage. If brought together before, they will fight and sometimes kill each other. If they agree, they will soon begin to feed each other, when they must be supplied with a box two and a half or three inches square, or a basket made for the purpose, hung up in their cage, in which to build their nest, also materials for building. I have found hemp rope cut about an inch long and picked to pieces, and the white hair from a calf's tail to be the material they prefer. They will build and throw out their nests several times; but when they begin to be really in earnest they will work very fast.

When the bird has laid one egg she will begin to set, and lay an egg every day till she has four; and in two weeks from the time the first egg is laid it will hatch. During the time of setting, the birds must be attended to very carefully, giving them a variety of food, such as egg boiled hard and chopped very fine, with bread, and bread and milk, as well as seed, of which it is best to give them several kinds. The milk should be scalded to prevent their becoming sick during incubation, which frequently happens without it. The white of the egg should not be given the young—only the yolks—as they cannot eat the whites and remain healthy.

The cage should be examined while the young are in it very frequently by lamplight, to ascertain whether there are mites about it, which are small red insects barely perceptible to the naked eye. Unless these mites are kept out of the cage, it is useless to attempt to raise or keep birds.—A single drop of sweet oil on the sole of each foot of the female, when she commences sitting will guard against their attacks.

Once a month the birds should have a small pinch of saffron in their drinking water. Great attention must be paid to the cleanliness of the cage. The drawer should be cleaned and sprinkled with fine white sand daily. The cage should be cleaned thoroughly once a week, and well dried before the birds are returned to it, except while the bird is sitting, when it *must* not be disturbed, except to take out the drawer and replace it when cleaned, covering the bottom with fresh sand.

If it is necessary to handle the birds, it must be done carefully as they are very tender, and will not bear much handling.—Great care should be taken not to frighten them. I have known a valuable Canary bird so frightened that he never sung again. Strangers should not go very near the cage, and no one should look into the nest while the bird is sitting, or she may desert it.

We have frequently let them out of their cages, taking care to close all places where they could make their escape. They fly about and alight on heads and shoulders, and sometimes on our hands; and if there are plants in the room they seem to take great delight in flitting about among them. When tired they will return to their cages. It may be necessary to place a piece of apple or something tempting inside of the door of the cage to call them back; but they will soon become so familiar, if allowed to be out often, that they will not need much coaxing to induce them to return.

Ripe fruit in its season, sugar, chickweed, or lettuce, are excellent to keep them in health. Cuttle fish bone and bread or cracker should always be in the cage for them to peck at; but they should never have rich cake. If they have the dumps they will set on the perch with their feathers rough, not taking the trouble to dress their plumage. Put a drop of sweet oil on the sole of each foot and it will cure them. A little scalded milk on some bread will cure the diarrhœa. When moulting they should have less seed, but be supplied with soaked bread, lettuce leaves, fruit, &c, to allay the natural fever.

In winter they must be kept in a warm room, but not very near the fire. In summer the the cages should be hung out of doors a part of the day, to give them air, but shaded from the sun. Dew or rain must not fall on them.

I have kept none but Canaries and Goldfinches in cages, as I am not one of those who would deprive our native songsters of their liberiy, and have them pine away in cages.

Clarkstown, December, 1858.

A gallant Colonel at New York, a few days since, found it necessary to cross Broadway, never an easy undertaking in business hours. Watching his chance, he seized his wife, as he supposed, around the waist, and darted across when a black woman, whom he had picked up in the crowd, supposing her to be his wife, jumped out of his arms with a "thank you sir." On looking across, the Colonel saw his wife with a friend, in high glee at his mistake.

The small pox is gradually disappearing from Boston.

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