



## On Fattening Pigs.

In fattening pigs, I have always found a mixture of barley and peasmeal, moistened with milk in sufficient quantity to make it of a drinkable nature, to be best; the pigs must be rung to make them lie quiet; the sty should be warm and airy, and the sun not suffered to scorch their backs, as thin-skinned white pigs are blistered by it, which, not only renders them of an unsightly appearance, but retards their thriving. They should be protected from cold winds, cold rains, sleet and snow—a subject not sufficiently attended to by many farmers, who allow them to lie in heaps, shivering with cold, in which case, it is utterly impossible that they can thrive. On the other hand, when they are kept in a close, pestilential atmosphere, their constitution becomes undermined, they look very delicate and sickly, like consumptive subjects, and never arrive at any size or weight for their age. These extremes must be carefully avoided, and the sty should have an open barred door, permitting a current of fresh air to incessantly set in and purify the place, conducting to the animals acquiring a vigorous habit, and a doubly increased size.

Too much cleanliness cannot be observed, for nothing tends more to their well-doing than dry feet, a dry bed, and sweet air. It is true that in summer they wallow in the mud, to get a coat to shield them from the sun and flies, but this only proves that they require protection from excessive heat, and the teasing of flies; and all who wish their pigs to thrive, will provide shelter.

Pigs intended to fatten should never be allowed to run about, as any food they can get by prowling about will not compensate for the loss of flesh sustained by the continual state of motion. In a farm, it may be very well to have some running about to pick up dropped offal; but where the pigs are regularly fed with a sufficient supply, it is a thriftless plan to waste by exercise the flesh that by a state of rest would make a good return for the food consumed and the expense of attendance. The strong food above mentioned is chiefly recommended to fatten hogs to a larger size, but does not exactly suit quarter porkers; it is too heating, and produces pimples which give a diseased appearance; therefore for quarter pork (or small pork) use either small middlings with milk or pure water, or reduce the strength of the barley or peas by adding an equal quantity of pollard; wash or pot-liquor is unpalatable to pigs during the process of fattening on meal.

If from change of weather or other cause, my pigs get costive and are off this food, I supply them with a little green food, according to the season of the year, as a few cabbage leaves, lettuce or potato tops, or with potatoes and mangel wurzel; if, on the other hand, they are purged, I have a sod dug from the road side and give them; or, which I sometimes think is better, I let them into a yard where there are cinders, mold, brick and chalk, or mortar rubbish. I think very little of garden stuff as a means of keeping a pig in a good growing condition; it is no help further than satisfying occasionally the cravings of hunger; sows will do on it or on grass, if there can be added daily a feed or two from the slop-tub.

Sows, during the time of gestation, should have their diet restricted to articles that will not produce obesity; for sows, as well as cows, are apt to be attacked with what is called the 'milk fever'; and besides, unwieldy sows have not that command over their movements that sows with a less proportion of flesh have, and are very likely to crush many of their young ones. For the first fortnight, the sow should be fed in such a manner as to leave off with a good appetite, and no better or more forcing food be given than fine pollard or coarse middlings, but as soon as all fever has disappeared, and the pigs can take the milk as fast as the sow can supply it, the finest middlings or oatmeal, or sometimes boiled rice, if it can be procured at about eight shillings the hundred weight, may be given three times a day; the little pigs are cut when five or six weeks old. In choosing a pig, look out for one with a wide, open chest, well filled up from the ears to the tail, small toed, and with meat in the fore-arm down to the knee, and in the ham down to the hock; a fine and short tail, with a spread of hair at the end. Let the breed be more inclined to make flesh than fat, and fine in the grain, and the preference should be given to a breed famed for broad backs and small entrails; for large-bellied pigs do not pull down the scale.—[Farmer's Friend.

**Tobacco Culture in California.**—On Benson's ranch, at the lower ferry on the Mokelumne, is planted this year about half an acre of tobacco. It has grown splendidly, and is cultivated with greater success, in every particular, than tobacco can be grown either in Virginia, Kentucky or Missouri. The gentleman who has attended to it informs us that it is in all respects superior to any tobacco he ever saw raised in the State of Kentucky, where, as a tobacco planter, he had an experience of many years. The worm does not trouble the plant here. He found but one worm in the entire lot he is cultivating.—[Stockton Independent.

## Grooming a Horse.

"What do you give your horses to keep them in such fine condition?" asked a young farmer of his neighbor, whose team of bays were the pride of their owner, and the admiration of the village. "Oats, carrots and plenty of brush," was the reply. There is little need of insisting on the necessity of good food, and plenty of it, to have a horse remain vigorous. Every one knows that bone, sinew, and muscle, are manufactured from hay, oats, corn, &c., and that the new material must be supplied to produce the strong limb, elastic step, noble spirit, which makes a fine horse the universal favorite he is. But the important part which the skin bears in the animal economy, and the necessity of properly cleansing and keeping it in healthy condition, are not fully appreciated. Rough, staring coats, "grease" or "scratches," inflammations, and a whole catalogue of diseases, find their origin in neglect of proper grooming. The skin of the horse, like that of other animals, not only affords protection to the parts within, but by the pores affords an outlet to a large part of the waste of the body. Currying and brushing should not be done in the stable; the dust and scurf will be scattered in the manger to mix with the horse feed, besides keeping the stable uncleanly. Take the animal into the open air, tie him securely, and handle him so gently that he will enjoy, rather than dread, the application of the comb and brush."

## A New Vegetable.

There has lately been exhibited at several meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society a new vegetable which promises to become a permanent institution among kitchen garden crops. It is a cabbage in the form of Brussels Sprouts. The stem is about a foot high, bearing on its summit a good size hearted cabbage of the ordinary character; but the stem is covered with small cabbages about the size of a small dessert apple, and these, when cooked, form an excellent dish, partaking of the flavor of a nice summer cabbage, and without the strong Savoy flavor which distinguishes the Brussel Sprouts. The method of producing this variety is due to Mr. William Millville, Delmeney Park Gardens, near Edinburgh, and a very good name by which to distinguish it would be to call it Delmeney Sprouts.

## ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological observations for the month of July, 1861, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.		BAROMETER.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
25—	25—	25—
Monthly mean		Thermometer attached.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
78	87	81
Monthly mean		Thermometer open air.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
74	89	80
Monthly mean		Thermometer dry bulb.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
75	88	79
Monthly mean		Thermometer wet bulb.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
70	78	72

Highest and lowest range of Barometer during the month.

Max. 25.—  
Min. 25.—

Highest and lowest range of thermometer in the open air during the month.

Max. 96°  
Min. 72° zero.

The amount of rain water was 157, which is one-tenth and a half and 7 over. Weather steady.

## MONTHLY JOURNAL.

- 1 Clear and hot.
- 2 Partially clear and very hot.
- 3 Clear and hot.
- 4 Clear do do.
- 5 Cloudy and windy.
- 6 Clear and pleasant.
- 7 Clear do do.
- 8 Clear do do.
- 9 Clear and hot.
- 10 Partially cloudy and hot.
- 11 Clear and hot.
- 12 a.m. Clear, light shower at 6 p.m., rain bow.
- 13 a.m., part clear; p. m., clear and hot.
- 14 Flying clouds most of the day.
- 15 a.m., part clear; p.m. thunder.
- 16 a.m. clear; few light clouds; sprinkled.
- 17 Clear and hot.
- 18 Clear do do.
- 19 Cloudy; light shower, p.m.
- 20 a.m. clear; p.m. flying clouds.
- 21 Clear and hot.
- 22 Clear do do.
- 23 Cloudy; a few drops; very hot.
- 24 Clear most of the day; sprinkled at 8.
- 25 Clear and hot.
- 26 Clear do do.
- 27 do do do.
- 28 Cloudy till evening, then clear.
- 29 Clear most of the day.
- 30 Clear and cloudy at intervals.
- 31 Clear most of the day.

—Duels in the French army are said to be very frequent lately. In one between a General and a Colonel at Versailles, not long since, the former was shot dead.

## IN NEED OF A SERVANT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Cousin Sarah Marshall was in despair. Her cook had left her to minister to the wants of a rich brother; and cousin Sarah found herself, on the eve of "company expected," without a cook.

"What shall I do?" she asked, for the hundredth time, pausing in her labor of arranging the dinner table, "what shall I do? Not a solitary servant in the house, except Tiny—and all those particular Carlmonds coming next week! I wish I could think of some way to get out of my perplexity!"

"Advertise!" suggested cousin Tom, from behind the paper he was perusing.

The idea seemed to suit Sarah.

"Here Helen," she said, addressing me, "write an advertisement, and Tom will leave it at the Herald office as he goes down town."

Accordingly the following notice appeared in the next day's issue of the Herald:

WANTED—An experienced cook, who can give good reference as to character and ability. Apply immediately, at No. 8, Elm street.

By sunrise of the following day, the door bell of No. 8 was rung with an emphasis that called Tiny to the door in double-quick time. Sarah and I were waiting in the parlor, for we had expected an early call—and the visitor was shown. A large red-faced woman, with a leer in her eye, not particularly indicative of honesty; and a green and yellow shawl, which bespoke a decided fancy for high colors.

"Plaze marm," said she, dropping a curtsy, "I have called about the situation."

What is your name?" queried Sarah.

"Bridget O'Mulligan, marm, plaze ye—though in gentlemen's houses I am generally called Miss O'Mulligan." Biddy's air was that of an empress.

"Where did you work last?"

"Last, is it? Shure and I am not in the habit of having questions asked. Me farther was Miss O'Mulligan, of county Cork, second cousin to Tooley O'Mulligan that fit under Bruce the brave!"

"I do not care to know the history of your ancestors," returned Sarah, with some little impatience—"I asked you who was your last master?"

"Me last mather! me mather indade. Och, marm, yeess must be consulting me! I'm a young leddy that lives wid giatlemen and ladies as like good cooking."

"Yes, we understand all that. But where are your references? I want to be satisfied as to your good character."

"Character! marm. Do you take me for a blackguard? Character! whin me own is as good as yer ladyship's gran'-dam's this blessed day! And, marm, before I conclude to be engaged, I'd jest like to be shown round the house, that I may examine the conveniences. I niver ingage till I sees the kitchen and chambers."

"You can go," said Sarah, decisively.

The illustrious scion of the O'Mulligans left the room, muttering something about "two dirty bog-trotters," that we did not think it worth while to hear; but Sarah, having occasion for her note-book and gold pencil, which she had left on the hall table, stepped out to get them; but she had been forestalled by Biddy, who had pocketed the spoils and made her escape.

For the next hour, the tortured door-bell was "dinged" incessantly. Our parlor was filled with cooks, and the wonders which each and every one declared she could perform was legion. All had good characters.

But Sarah was particular, and one by one she examined the ambitious applicants, and sent them away. The parlor was vacant; not long to remain so, however.

Another ring at the door—long, loud, and imperative. They ushered in a broad shouldered Irish lass, attired in a white *moire antique*, with blue crape shawl; and pink silk bonnet profusely ornamented with artificial flowers.

This representative of servant upstartdom had, likewise, called about the "situation." She had read the advertisement, and had dropped in on her way to her dress-maker's, to see if she and the lady of No. 8 could make an arrangement. What wages would Mrs. Marshall pay? Sarah inquired what she had been receiving.

"Four dollars a week, marm, and me Thursday and Sunday afternoons to meself. Me health is not very strong, and me docther recommends my riding out on ivery convenient occashun! Me lungs are wake, marm. And Tim gits a shay and we go into the cuntry."

"Tim! Who is Tim?" inquired Sarah.

"Who should he be but me brother?" returned the girl, tartly, flashing red as a ripe tomato; "seems to me ye're mighty inquisitive, marm!"

"What is your name?" interrogated Sarah.

"Kathleen Murphy's me name; but they call me Katie—K-a-t-i-e, not t-y."

"Are you a good cook, Katie?"

"I flatter myself I is. But before we go any farder, ye will be so obbleging as to onsur a few questions yerself. I niver ingages wid a mistress as I know nothing about.—How many have ye in family?"

"Six besides company," returned Sarah.

"May I inquire if the mather expects meat on Sunday?"

"Sometimes he does."

"Then, marm, I'm afraid we will not agree. I allers has my Sandays to myself. Jintee!"

people niver eat meat on Sundays. Is ye wather in the house?"

"Yes."

"Have yer a domb wather, and a rejuvinator for the ic?"

"Yes, we have all the necessities for house-keeping."

"Ye will excuse me, but I must inquire if yeess will expect the cook to scrub the kittles. Sarah's patience gave out at this, and she showed Miss Katie the door, greatly to the surprise of that lady, she having considered herself as good as engaged.

The next applicant was a widow, Mrs. Juddy Naughton. She was, also, concerned about the "situation." Sarah asked for her references, and received for answer a couple of strips of dirty paper—one of which proved, on examination, to be a doctor's prescription for the rheumatism, and the other a receipt for a board bill at 'Michael O'Flanagan's Illigant Ateing Sayloon."

The receipt spoke highly in Mrs. Judy's favor; but still the good woman shared the infirmities of human nature, and was not perfect.

She seemed greatly amazed when Sarah told her that the pieces of paper were not what was required.

"Shure, Marm" she said, "I had no idee that folks in Ameriky could read, barring the priest!"

And Mrs. Naughton left the house in high dudgeon.

Poor Sarah was in despair—just her condition at the commencement of this sketch—and declared that she would engage the very next cook that presented herself. She adhered to her resolution and "caught a Tartar."

Margaret Vine was an institution in herself; and during her stay with my cousin she was emphatically the head of the household. We all had to ask her permission to every act of importance; and Sarah would as soon have thought of committing suicide, as requesting Margaret to perform an iota more than her allotted share of work.

Margaret enjoyed her liberty finely.—She oiled her red hair with the exquisite "essentials" of the Misses Carlmonds scented her handkerchief with their *Floraline*; dressed herself in Sarah's best clothes; went out to make calls on her friends; and gave *Pilote soupers* to her admirers below stairs.

Sarah, at last, arose in her indignation, and gave her a discharge; and on examining the kitchen premises, we found that Margaret had appropriated to herself most of the silver which had been left in the kitchen closet.

A valuable castor, five silver forks, three dessert spoons, a china tureen, and the silver soup ladle, were among the things that were not.

This accounted for the singular clattering in Margaret's baskets, which she assured me was caused by the collision of two bottles of paregoric, that she had got for toothache.

Cousin Sarah has since engaged and discharged nine "experienced cooks," and now she is as at the beginning—wanting another.

Providence only knows what will become of her, and of all other unfortunate ladies who are forced to depend on the class miscalled SERVANTS.

**THE NEW STATE OF KANAWHA.**—The ordinance creating the State of Kanawha was passed by the Western Virginia convention by a vote of 50 to 28. The boundaries as fixed include the counties of Logan, Wyoming, Raleigh, Fayette, Nicholas, Webster, Randolph, Tucker, Preston, Monongalia, Marion, Taylor, Barbour, Upshur, Harrison, Lewis, Braxton, Clay, Kanawha, Boone, Wayne, Cabell, Putnam, Mason, Jackson, Roanoke, Calhoun, Wirt, Gilmer, Ritchie, Wood, Pleasants, Tyler, Doddridge, Wetzel, Marshall, Ohio, Hancock and Brooke.

A provision was incorporated permitting certain adjoining counties to come in if they should desire by an expression of a majority to do so. The ordinance also provides for the election of delegates to a convention to form a constitution, and at the same time he questions for a new State and against a new State shall be submitted to the people within the proposed boundary. The election is to be held on the 29th of October next. The name of the new State is to be Kanawha.

**ANECDOTE TOLD BY DANIEL WEBSTER.**—Hon. Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood which has never been in print, and which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cool weather.—One Sunday morning in the Autumn, Father Searl brought his down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession of them during the summer, and were having a nice time in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small-waisted fellows, and jumped about the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped around and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, and were in commotion what to do; but he explained the matter by saying—"Brethren, don't be alarmed. The word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!"

—It is said that one of the New York regiments contains thirty-five school masters.—Their examination was a mere "matter of form." They could none of them fail to pass a "muster."