

Agricultural.

HIGHWAYS SHOULD BE ORNAMENTAL.

Under the above head the *Country Gentleman* delineates the way that our highways are ornamented, as follows:

"A great improvement would be made in the appearance of the whole country if our public highways were planted with ornamental trees, and kept in neat condition like landscape gardens. The laws of the State of New York, passed in 1862, excluding domestic animals from public roads, renders this of comparatively easy attainment. They need not now be rooted up, or disfigured by swine, nor polluted by the droppings of cattle. Trees need not be injured or killed by animals rubbing against them. Roadsides should be rendered smooth in surface, both for the purpose of improving their appearance and rendering them capable of being easily mowed with the scythe or mowing machine—the hay thus obtained will be more valuable than the pasture, if cut but once or twice in a season. They must be cut oftener if desired to maintain a high polish, like that of a finished lawn. Were this treatment adopted generally in any considerable portion or district of country, it would not only render farms of a higher value in market, but would have a civilizing and refining influence on the community.

We are sorry to observe in many places, that highways are regarded as receptacles for all kinds of rubbish and refuse matter. We recently had occasion to ride through one of the streets of a large village, reported as one of the neatest and most respectable in the State. In a distance of thirty rods in length we observed the following materials, which we copy from a memorandum made on the spot. Dirt from a cellar, coal ashes, straw from beds, rotted pieces of plank, a broken saw-horse, a defunct wheelbarrow, rotten cabbage and cabbage stumps, trimmings of trees, rose prunings, hoop skirts, stones thrown out of an adjacent garden, barrel hoops, boots and shoes and old tin pans bent in all shapes by passing wheels. A ride through the country was scarcely less interesting. One farmer had piled along the roadside the trimmings of his apple orchard, amounting in all to several wagon loads, among which burdocks and nettles had grown up in profusion; another had made a long pile of cord wood the preceding winter, a part of which had fallen when the snow melted, and obstructed the track; another had carted out a load of old plaster and broken lath, and discharged in addition into the middle of the track a large pile of rotten potatoes; and the fourth, for the purpose of economizing land had set his barn on the edge of the road, so as to make his barnyard in it, and had then variously filled it with fractured wagon wheels, dismantled carts, rusty plows, decayed rollers, superannuated harrows, piles of old boards, scattered cord wood, sleds with broken runners, empty barrels, uncarted manure, and some old boxes.

We passed to another neighborhood, where the people had from the first enforced the cattle law. The roads were smooth and neat, trees had been planted along their margin, the grass had been mowed for hay, a part of which had been drawn off, leaving the sides of the carriage way smooth and green and in other places the hay yet remained in cocks. Although there was still room for considerable improvement, it was not difficult to decide which neighborhood would be chosen by any purchaser of a farm, or would bring the highest price.

Villages, of all places in the world, should not be infested by animals running at large. We have recently made a careful estimate of the amount of pasture in one of the villages of this State, with which we have been familiar. The aggregate length of its streets is about two miles. The only grass growing in them is a strip averaging about four feet wide on each side of the carriage track, and between the latter and the flagging—or eight feet in breadth for each street. The more active business streets have no grass. Eight feet wide and two miles long forms an area equal to two acres—not better than one acre of good pasture. In order that a few vagrant cattle might gnaw this thin grass, the following inconveniences were submitted to before the cattle were excluded: The constant watching of at least one hundred garden and doorway gates, at all hours of the day, and their careful security at night—the occasional loss of some fine patch of cabbages in some poor man's ground, who could not afford so strong a fence

as his neighbors—the spattering of the flagging with cow droppings, greatly to the annoyance of every well-dressed lady, and the terror of little children on their way to school at the sight of animals on the path. The compensation for all this annoyance is one acre of pasture—equal to the keeping of a single cow. It will not be difficult to say on which side the balance lies.

The definition of a "weed" has been given as a plant growing in the wrong place. We want another word to apply to animals running where they ought not, a much greater nuisance than weeds, as the latter may be removed quietly and without trouble, while the former must be watched, chased down, and excluded at a heavy expense of time, strong fences and secure gates, costing a thousand per cent more than the whole value of the animals."

TO MAKE COWS GIVE MILK.—A writer who says his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight persons, and from which was made 260 pounds of butter during the year, gives the following as his treatment. It is cheap and worth a trial:

If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow three times a day, water slightly warm, a little salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find if you have never tried this daily practice, that your cow will give 25 per cent. more milk immediately under the effect of it, and she will become so attached to this diet as to refuse clear water unless she is very thirsty, but this mess she will drink most any time and look for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water-pail full each time, morning, noon and night.

NEW THRESHER.—The *Stockton Independent* describes a new threshing machine invented by Robert Baxter, of San Joaquin county. It works in connection with Haines' header, and the whole together is drawn by fourteen horses, and requires the attendance of four men. By the combination of the two machines, the work of harvesting is completed as they move over the ground, the waving grain in front, and behind are piles of straw and sacks of barley well cleaned, and ready for the ship or the mill.

THE CAPACITY OF BARN.—The *Farmer and Mechanic* says:

Very few farmers build their barns with any precise calculations as to their capacity or fitness. They guess at their contents, and conjecture their adaptation. Not unfrequently it is the case that the barns are too narrow for the crops, and too unhealthy for stock. It has been found that every ton of hay or straw requires 500 to 600 cubic feet. A horse should have 75 square feet of space, a cow 45 feet, and sheep about ten feet. A hay or mow, 40 feet long and 19 feet wide, holds a ton of hay for every foot in depth. The basement of a barn, 40 by 75 feet, according to this calculation, will stable 30 cattle, 150 sheep, and winter eight horses, and the upper part hold all their winter fodder. A barn cellar is a poor place to keep stock, and especially horses. Experience teaches that the dampness of the ground renders animals or men liable to take cold.

[From the Golden Era.]

PROFESSOR C. CLEARQUILL.

LECTURES ON FAMILIAR TEXTS.

All is not Gold that Glitters.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Coming from my Chinaman's, to-day, with the dicky which I now have on, an idea insinuated itself into my brain, like a grub-worm into a cabbage head, that the world was like a huge laundry, wherein mankind, as the shirts, are pounded, and rolled, and jammed, and scrubbed, and slobbered about in the washing-machines of trouble and grief, until often there is nothing left of many of them but a bunch of rags, and they are thrown into the rag-bag of perdition.

Some come out cleansed from the dirt of ignorance and vice, gleaming white with goodness, and are hung conspicuously upon the silken line of virtue which leads to the happy land of Canaan. Others make their appearance apparently perfect in purity, but when the eye of examination rests upon them there is found many a stain of wickedness, and many pearl buttons of truth torn off and lost in the dirty waters of infamy, which can never be found again.

Musing thus, my begrimed friends, as I sauntered slowly along the four-bit side of Montgomery street, I saw be-

fore my anxious eyes a female form, as slender and perfect in shape as a pen-stock, and dressed in all the elegant toggery of this ultra-fashionable age. A beautiful damask dress trailed gracefully a few sweet yards behind, and a brilliant bombazine cloak, cut a la monkey jacket, trimmed with tin half-dollars and strips of hair-cloth, fluttered in the afternoon zephyr. Long curls, like gutta-percha corkscrews, hung from beneath a mass of feathers, ribbons, lace, and gobs of artificial flowers. My old heart jumped, like an aged kangaroo which has suddenly dropped upon a thorn bush, and I felt like a youth again, my excited friends, and wished that I were a handful of dust to be blown into her sweet eyes, or to powder those frizzled corkscrews.

Striving to go past this ethereal variety store, my friends, my tug-boats came down upon her flowing trail, like a truck horse's hoof upon a gunny sack. With my hat in hand I earnestly asked her pardon, but I met only an ill-mannered frown; and as she gave her dress a flirt, I saw petticoats and hose that needed soap, and with the angry toss of her head, came tumbling to the side-walk that mass of curls.

Ah, my sympathizing friends, my guileless mind received a cruel shock—this lovely shape was nearly all false, and I bowed my tumbled head and murmured sadly: *All is not gold that Glitters.*

Many of you old buffers seated before me this evening, can look back to many vivid illustrations of my text. You have often met men and women who, like soap bubbles, were gleaming with rainbow colors, but when the outside shell of appearances was punctured, nothing was left but the froth of vanity, or a bitter drop or two of deceit and flippancy.

Mankind is like a great forest. All looks as fair to the eye as the hollow shell I run across a few hours ago, but when you wander among the trees and bushes of mortality, you find many a green, fair-shaped leaf covered with nettles of meanness, many a gaudy rose concealing thorns of vanity and vice, many a rotten log of selfishness covered by the moss of ostentation, and muddy quagmires of rascality overgrown by graceful vines of smiling fairness, which, when stepped upon, let you through to your necks into the filth of misplaced confidence, and then you discover, almost when too late, that *All is not Gold that Glitters.*

We are continually meeting with these rough experiences in the forest of humanity, as we journey from the baby-jumper to our respective holes in the ground, and they should serve us as gold of discrimination, to purchase better stocks of good sense. And if we have as much mind as a galvanized mummy, my friends, we at length learn to pay less attention to gaudy outside appearances, which so often deceive—look with more favor upon the rough-looking, though firm old oaks of honesty, and turn aside from the blazing sun-flower of fashion to cultivate the modest unassuming violet of true worth. In a word, my dying vines of folly, take an honest man, or a virtuous, good woman by the flipper, no matter what garb may cover their death-mortgaged forms, and kick with the boot of contempt the well-dressed rascal, or simpering fool, who looks with a sneer upon the poverty-stricken and the rough palms of honest toil.

All is not Gold that Glitters, my young friends; so be careful as you lean over the gilded front yard gate of early affection, that your hearts do not fall over and rest at the feet of a mere shell in crinoline.

All is not Gold that Glitters, my lofty-aiming friends of maturer years; and the luring hand of honor and riches, for which you are striving, may cause you to throw aside many virtues which you now possess.

And now, my uneasy friends, as I shut the gate of thought, let me warn you against forgetting that place far from mortal eye, where false colors are never unfurled, and deceit can no more enter within its gates than a big pumpkin can be dropped through a gimlet hole.

Mr. Vice will bear in mind, as he passes the hat, that *All is not Gold that Glitters*, and distinctly understand that tin bits and brass pocket pieces won't pass at this counter.

Mr. Schlopps will now execute the closing chant:

Sometimes a fine long hair is found,

'Mong nicest looking fritters;

Illustrating my weary friends;

All is not Gold that Glitters.

—Let no man think it a light matter that he spend his precious time in idle words.

Bits and Scraps.

..... A student in want of money sold his books and wrote home, "Father, rejoice! for I now derive my support from literature."

..... "Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?"—"I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?"—"Yes, sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?"—"Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"—"Y-e-s, sir!" "Now, how do you know?"—"Cause I can't write."

..... A writer in the *Farmer and Planter* says: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians I held a consultation with one of their respectable chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life; and among other things he informed me at their first start they fell into a mistake—they only sent their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the result was that the children were all like the mother, and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we could educate only one class of our children we should choose the girls, for when they become mothers they would educate their sons.'"

..... A widow, named Janet Murdock, who some time since resided in the south of Scotland, kept a cow, which suddenly became very unwell. On day, when the minister of the parish called to see Janet, she mentioned the circumstance to him, and asked him to go and see the cow; but the minister declined doing so, remarking that the disease of animals was what he was entirely unacquainted with. Janet, however, still seemed very anxious that the minister should see the cow, and he at length consented. After looking at her a few minutes he said, "Well, Janet, the cow is certainly very ill; and all that I can say about it is, if she lives she lives, and if she dies she dies." Some time after this the minister was seriously ill, and Janet, on hearing of it, called at the manse to see him. She was told that he was suffering from quinsy, and was so unwell that she could not be allowed to see him. Janet, however, not being disposed to take "No" for an answer, was at length admitted into his room. She looked at him for a few minutes very thoughtfully, and on turning to go away she said, "He is very ill; if he lives he lives, and if he dies he dies." Although the affection of his throat prevented the minister from speaking, yet he heard every word that Janet said, and the circumstance of seeing her cow instantly recurred to his recollection, which caused so hearty a laugh as to break the gathering in his throat; he consequently soon recovered, and lived long afterwards to tell the joke.

..... Pompey says he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

..... The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight, find there is some virtue in baked laters. For, taking the romance out of young folks, marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.

..... "I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, an eminent performer on the trenchers, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

..... Dr. Franklin was once endeavoring to kill a turkey by an electric shock, when he received the whole force of the battery himself. Recovering, he good-humoredly remarked, that instead of killing a turkey, he had nearly put an end to a goose.

..... "Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place I wouldn't keep that babe so full of butter as you do."—"Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter."—"No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on the knee for nearly two hours. If it don't contain a quantity of butter, it isn't for the want of churning."

..... Mr. Plunkett, while pleading one day, observing the hour to be late, said it was his wish to proceed with the trial, if the jury would set. "Sir, sir," said the judge, correcting him, "not set—hens set." "I thank you, my lord," was the reply. Shortly after the judge had occasion to observe, "that if such were the case he feared the action would not lay." "Lie, my lord," said the barrister, "not lay—hens lay."

..... "There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the right way they afford little nourishment, but if they happen to go the wrong way they give a great deal of trouble."

..... "I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be mine arm if I desert 'em!"—"You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

..... Losing a cow for the sake of a cat. This is the Chinese interpretation of going to law.

..... Some people turn up their noses at this world as if they were in the habit of keeping company with a better.

..... Colonel B——, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a "how d'ye do?" answered, pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

..... In an action tried lately, in which the plaintiff and defendant were both tailors, the counsel said it was a lamentable thing to see "two tailors in the same suit." Probably the learned counsel inferred that, by going to law they would ultimately have but "one suit" between them.

..... We beg to state that the proverb "Lightly come, lightly go," does not apply to the gout, nor to one's mother-in-law, nor to the rheumatism, nor to freckles, nor to a light sovereign; for all these plagues come lightly enough, and yet there is the greatest difficulty sometimes in getting them to go.—[Punch.]

..... It is related that an old negro who was generally hired out to different masters, was once asked by a white gentleman to what church he belonged. To this interrogatory he thus responded: "When I is hired out to a master dat is a Presbyterian, I is a Presbyterian; when I is hired out to a master dat is a Methodist, I is a Methodist; when I is hired out to a master dat is a United Brethren, I is a United Brethren; de fact is, I is whatever 'ligion master is."