

## British Cleanings.

**TO KEEP ICE.**—*Bell's Messenger* says:—Make a double pocket of strong woollen cloth, no matter how coarse and faded it is. Have a space of two inches or so between the inner and outer pockets, and pack this space as full as possible with feathers. You have no need to use geese feathers; hens' feathers are just as good. With a pocket thus constructed and kept closely tied at the mouth, a few pounds of ice may be kept a week."

**BACON-CURING IN IRELAND.**—A correspondent of *Bell's Messenger* writing to that paper says:

"I have read in the *Messenger* of the 15th inst. the account of bacon-curing in Cumberland, in which county the writer seems to consider there is a large number of pigs cured; but the number is few in comparison of the number killed and cured in Waterford, which amount to more than 200,000 in the year. At one establishment, which is, I believe, the most complete of the kind in the kingdom, there are more than 50,000 killed and cured; 100 pigs are killed and dressed in an hour. Nearly all the bacon is sent to London, and some of it is sold as *Wiltshire*, as *Irish* could not be sold to some Londoners."

**PRESERVATION OF FRESH MEAT.**—*Bell's Weekly Messenger* informs its readers that a new process for preserving fresh meat has been recently patented. The patent has been conceded for the whole of South America to Messrs. E. Paris and B. S. Sloper, who are at present at Buenos Ayres employed in making experiments on a large scale. They profess to be able to preserve meat in its fresh and raw state, so as to reach England from South America in the exact condition of butchers' meat just killed, at a cost of from 4d. to 5d. per lb. Their curing process is simple, and is based on the exclusion of oxygen from the vessel in which the meat is packed. When Messrs. Paris and Sloper arrived in April last at Buenos Ayres, they gave a dinner to the Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, at which some samples of English beef, prepared six months previously according to their patent, were served, and pronounced excellent. In a short time between 10,000 lbs. and 12,000 lbs. of River Platte beef thus preserved will arrive in London, when Messrs. Paris and Sloper propose to test its merits at a public dinner at Guildhall.

**CONFESSIONS OF A DOG DOCTOR.**—A writer in the *Field* says that a successful dog doctor in his neighbourhood, who had an extensive *clientèle* amongst ladies of fashion, on retiring from practice, made the following confession for the benefit of canine circles:—When very fat and apoplectic pets were confided to his care, "I always tied 'em," said he, "to a crab tree at the end of my garden, and gave 'em nothing but water for a week. When I fetched 'em from home they used to refuse to eat what I should have been glad to get; and when I took 'em back they was glad to get what I would not have touched. I've had some dogs twice and even three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of 'em was as good as three pound a year to me. I was terrible fond of him, but he could not abide me; and when he saw me coming to fetch down his fat, he used to waddle away and howl fit to raise the dead." This eminent practitioner evidently had taken a leaf out of the famous Abernethy's book without knowing it. As he dealt with over-fed dogs, so did Abernethy deal with obese members of White's and Boodle's, and with apoplectic aldermen and common councillors.

**A NEW INDUSTRY FOR IRELAND.**—*The Grocer* says: Beet sugar, which would in Ireland yield a larger return to the grower than flax, is the new branch of industry to which we desire to draw attention. We are prompted in that desire by two circumstances—one, the publication a few months since of a very able pamphlet by Mr. A. Baruchson, of Liverpool, upon the "History and Progress of the Manufacture of Beetroot Sugar;" and the other the recent completion of a very extensive sugar refinery in Dublin, the first and only refinery that Ireland can boast of. The Messrs. Bewley and Company have not only set an example which should stimulate their countrymen to enterprize, both in this and other branches of trade, but have partially provided the very means by which a crop of beetroot, easily cultivated, may be rendered extremely profitable to speculators. It is even stated that a beet crop in Ireland would yield on the average nearly half as much more per acre than in France, the soil and climate being more favourable for the growth of beet, while improvements in agriculture, united to British capital, would increase the production still more.

**A SALMON COMMITTING SUICIDE.**—*The Farmer* (Scottish) is responsible for the following curious tale: A gentleman, lately fishing in a loch in the north-west of Scotland, captured a fine salmon in a somewhat curious manner. He had hooked the fish, and had got out of the boat in order to land him more conveniently. But, after playing him for some time he observed that part of his reel-line had got stranded, so that he could not venture to reel it up for fear of entangling it. He had about 30 yards out at the moment he noticed this, and his only resource was alternately to retreat backwards from the water and again come towards the shore, following the movements of the fish, and taking care not to put too strong a strain on his already damaged line. This went on for some time, and no easy business it was for the fisherman, as he had but a narrow strip of level ground to work upon, and above it a steep rocky bank overgrown with bushes and heather. At length the fish—a strong lively salmon—made a dart for a point where some tree roots were sticking out of the water, and seemed certain to break the tackle and make his escape, so that the unlucky fisherman every moment expected to find his line come back to him with nothing at the end of it. But to his astonishment this did not happen, and the fish ceased to move or struggle. The boat was got, and on coming over the spot where the fish was, it was found that in his efforts to escape he had jammed himself so firmly that he was unable to extricate himself. He was speedily clipped by the boatman, and when landed in the boat was quite dead—a rare instance of a salmon committing suicide. He turned out to be a fine fish of 15 lb. weight.

**ELDER-FLOWER WINE.**—We copy the following recipe from (*The Farmer*) Scottish:—"If *Miss Jean* will attend to the following directions she will be remunerated by possessing a very agreeable Frontignan flavoured, sparkling, champagne-like, mildly soporific beverage:—The flower bunches must be gathered when perfectly dry, and if in warm sunshine so much the better; and must be thin spread out for a short time to prevent heating, till the flowers part freely from their footstalks. Both black and green or white fruited varieties are suitable, but some prefer the flowers of the latter, which are supposed to yield a clearer or purer infusion; and as the smell evolved during fermentation is very disagreeable, that process should be carried on, if possible, in a little-frequented out-house, where the temperature is equable and moderately cool. Boil 18 lb. of white powder sugar with 6 gallons of water, and two whites of eggs well beaten, then skim it and put in it a quarter of a peck of elder flowers; don't keep it on the fire; when nearly cold, stir it and put in 6 spoonfuls of lemon juice, 4 or 5 of yeast, and beat it well into the liquor stir it every day; put 6 lb. of the best raisins (stoned) into the cask, and turn the wine. Stop it close and bottle it in six months. Lemon peel pared very thin and put into the cask is an improvement."

**MYSTERIES.**—An able article on "Bees" in the *Ayr Advertiser* concludes as follows:—"The ways and workings of bees are mysterious enough to baffle the most scientific observers. There is no doubt much nonsense written about them. For instance, the queen is popularly known as a very "swell" individual, very much larger than the common bee, and of brighter and varied colours; this is very poetical, but quite incorrect. The queen-bee is precisely the same colour as her subjects, is scarcely any larger, and can be distinguished from them only by being a little longer in the body. But there is sufficient of the marvellous about the bee-kingdom without necessitating any romance. Take the act of swarming, for instance; the highest flight of science—the electric telegraph—is simplicity itself compared with this extraordinary process. The first swarm from the straw skep usually alights on a bush or branch of a tree. Before swarming, however, some of them collect on the front board of the hive, to the edge of which twenty or thirty of them cling; the others pass over them and hang on by each other in clusters till the ball is often as large as a man's two fists. When all is ready and the royal command given, they all come pouring out in a stream as thick as a man's wrist, and take a turn through the air. Suppose them to settle on a thorn three inches in circumference, their weight, for the cluster is as big as a boy's head, will bend the thorn stick nearly to the ground. Comparatively few of them have hold of the branch; the rest all hold on by each other. How can those who have hold bear the weight of the mass? How long would a man hold on by the branch of a tree if the weight of 300 men were suddenly attached to him; and yet we suspect every bee with a hold sustains a much higher proportion of weight in the cluster below. This is one of many mysteries of creation that mocks at human science."

**UNPRECEDENTED BUTCHERING FEAT.**—*The Yorkshire Post* says:—For some few weeks past the butchers of Leeds and the neighbourhood have been anxiously looking forward to an exciting match—namely, the slaughtering of the greatest number of sheep in a given time. The competitors were Thomas Roberts, of Leeds, and Jesse Wood of Beverly. The match was for £25 a side, and the conditions were as follows:—Twenty sheep were to be slaughtered; ten of them to be dressed fit for the London market, and the same number suitable for the market at Beverly; Roberts to give his opponent five minutes. All the sheep were to be "stuck" ready for each man, and he had to lift or draw the sheep upon the hook for himself, the whole to be finished in a workmanlike manner, to the satisfaction of the empires and referee. The competition came off on Thursday, about 500 spectators being present at the Newgate Slaughter House to witness the contest. Some little speculation took place, the Leeds representative being made favourite at 6 to 4, and ultimately 2 to 1, on him. Roberts commenced operations first, and accomplished his first ten fit for the London market in 47 minutes 35 seconds, the entire 20 being completed in 96 minutes 58 seconds, thereby performing a feat unparalleled in the annals of butchering. His deftness was warmly applauded at the termination of his task. His opponent was so much staggered at Roberts's celerity that he declined the contest, thereby acknowledging himself defeated.

**FRAUDULENT BUTTER SELLING.**—*The Farmer* (Scottish) says:—At the Derby Police Court, on Monday week, after the usual business of the court had terminated, Mr. Hilton, head-constable, said on Friday afternoon a woman purchased 1 lb. of butter under the following circumstances:—After the regular butter market is over, several persons residing in Derby get outside the market with butter baskets, and sell to all late comers. Amongst these was a woman named Laban, who, seeing the woman referred to looking into her butter basket, asked her to taste it. She did so, and Laban said as it was the last pound she had got she would take 1s. for it, although the market price was 1s. 4d. per lb. The woman bought it, took it home, and on squeezing it into a butter pot, a cupful of water came from it. She shewed it to her neighbours, and they thinking it was not all right, the butter was brought to him (Mr. Hilton). In the meantime the woman Laban had returned into the market with another basket full of butter, and he (Mr. Hilton) sent to purchase 1 lb., for which he paid 1s. 4d. It was similar butter to that she had sold the woman on Friday, and on Saturday he put the butter through one process, by which he extracted a cupful of water. He then put it through a second process, by which he extracted the colouring, and there then remained nothing but beef dripping. The colouring was annatto. It was a clear case of fraud by obtaining money under false pretences, and he should ask the bench to grant a warrant against the woman Laban. The bench ordered a warrant to be issued.

**ROAD MAKING.**—A correspondent of the *Times* says. "When I was lately in Paris I was much struck with the admirable manner in which the macadamized carriageway of the Boulevards was kept. Travellers probably know that this excellent state is effected by the use of rollers, which roll the stones down into a compact and hard surface immediately after they are put on. To inform myself on the management of the roads I obtained an introduction to an Inspector of Roads and Bridges. He told me if the stones are crushed in by cart-wheels before they can set the sharp corners are knocked off, and the stones become more or less round, and never set so well as angular stones; and also that before the stones can be set in this way sufficient small stuff must be ground off them with which to bind them together, thus wasting the stone to a certain extent. Instead of this, small gravel and calcareous sand are thrown over the loose stones to fill up the interstices (about 40 per cent. when very hard stone is used); they are then watered and rolled in; that the stones thus at once form, as it were, a solid pavement, and support each other, and the road, consequently, lasts much longer than when they are ground one against the other, as is the case in the ordinary way of setting them; that each wheel in passing over loose stones acts somewhat like a plough, pressing down the stones over which it passes, and raising up those on each side of it. This requires the stones to be constantly raked smooth, thereby fresh corners are presented for the next wheels to chip off, and ultimately the surface of the road is uneven, consisting of minute hills and valleys. When any small patch requires mending the workman hacks it up, puts on the requisite stones, &c., waters it from a can, and beats the stones smooth with a large headed pavler's beetle."