

Mr. J. Parkinson

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER:

BEING

A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

Vol. I.

SAINT JOHN: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1828.

No. 11.

THE GARLAND.

[The numerous instances of painful bereavement in families, particularly by the death of CHILDREN, which are daily occurring in this City, and throughout the Province, have naturally led us to a certain train of serious reflection, and called forth our feelings of sympathy and commiseration for those who have been visited with such afflictive dispensations. Under the influence of such reflection and feelings, we have been led to select the two following pieces of POETRY, which we consider at once beautiful and apposite. The third in order has been kindly furnished us by a Correspondent, who subscribes himself, A PARENT.]—W. OBSERVER.

To mark the sufferings of the babe,
That cannot speak its woe,
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek afflicted eye,
That faint would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a Mother's grief!

Thro' dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To watch the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a Mother's grief!

To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was, once, the chief
Of all the treasure'd joys of earth—
This is a Mother's grief!

Yet, when the last wild throbb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "my child is there!"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief.
Oull the Christian's pious hope
Coronates a Mother's grief!

[Sketch from Life, by the Rev. Thomas Dale.]

Genesis xxxii. 26.

"Censere here longer to detain me,
Fondlest Mother, drov'n'd in woe;
Now by kind carresses pain me,
Morn' advances—let me go."

"See you ardent streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering
Calls my new-born soul away!"

"Lately launch'd a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood;
Pierc'd with sorrows, tost'd in danger,
Whence he comes, I know not good."

"Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart is rest;
Kinder arms than thine receive me;
Softer pillow than thy breast."

"Weep not o'er those eyes that languish,
Upward turning 'ward their home;
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come."

"There, my Mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care or woe,
Never our Father's smile shall enter—
Morn' advances—let me go."

"As though this calm holy dawning
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death."

"Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart!
(Though an language yet possessing),
Breathes my spirit's part."

"Yet to leave these sorrowing trends me,
Though again his voice shall near;
Kiss I may every grace attend thee,
Rise I and seek to meet me there."

THE MISCELLANIST.

MARRIAGE-HOPE.—*Light Stays.*—The Lord Mayor received the following strange communication on the subject of the dangerous and ridiculous fashion of wearing tight stays. It was directed to Mr. Hobler, whose assistance was privately requested, and was read aloud in the Justice-room, there being a person present on the part of the complainant, who waited the reply of his Lordship:—

"Sir, I have rather an extraordinary sort of complaint to make to the Chief Magistrate—but although there exists no legal mode of counteracting the evil to which, through you, I beg to call his Lordship's attention, the interference of a man of influence, from his station in life and his experience, may produce some alleviation of the mischief I am about to describe. I have three daughters, over whom their mother, I regret to say, exercises a control quite independent of me. This control, so as it regards moral and religious restraints, is most unexceptionable. They go to chapel regularly, and are as rigid in their conversation as any females in the world. What I have to object to simply refers to their dress, and to a very narrow portion of it. It is with a deep sense of self-abasement I state to you, Sir, that my wife encourages my children, by her example, to persist in following the hideous and perilous fashion, of which I entertain your most serious condemnation—I mean the fashion of squeezing in the waist until the body resembles that of a pumice or ant. (A laugh.) Of all the dandy abominations that ever received the sanction of our aristocracy, this is the worst. The least injurious effect of it, that it fixes a deformity upon the human shape; and yet this effect, instead of working in the way that might be expected upon the vanity of the sex, seems to be the great charm and recommendation. The whole of the region upon which the stays press, becomes, if we believe Mr. Lawrence, and other great authorities, diseased as well as distorted. The lungs and liver, and other parts of the viscera, are all screwed up together, and the stomach is totally divested of its power in regulating the system. My daughters are

yet living instances (God knows how long they may continue so) of the baneful consequences of this dreadful fashion. Would you believe it? Their stays are bound so tight, in the holes through which the laces are drawn, so as to be able to bear the tremendous tugging which is intended to reduce so important a part of the human frame to one-third of its natural proportions. They are unable to sit, walk, or stand, as women used to do. To expect one of them to stoop would be absurd, and to witness the attempt, alarming my daughter Margaret made the attempt the other day to satisfy me that she was quite loose—the effort was too much for the strength of the steel and whitebone vice with which she was enveloped; her stays gave way with a tremendous explosion, and down she fell upon the ground, and I almost thought she had snapped in two. (Laughter.) But this, ridiculous as it was, was not the least advance towards remedy, or abatement of the evil. My girls are always complaining of pains in the stomach and lassitude, and if something be not done to stop this wasp-waist mania, rapid decay may be the result. Hoping that the Lord Mayor, and you, Sir, may excuse this liberty, in consideration of the fatal nature of the grievance, and that some advice and admonition may be given to both mother and daughters, I have the honour to remain, your obedient humble servant.

To E. Hobler, Esq."

The Lord Mayor said he wondered that the gentlemen did not get a share of this satire. He was sure that there was a fierce competition between the sects in the article of tight waists, and if ladies and gentlemen were to cut themselves in two in the conflict, it would be no fault of his. (A laugh.)—He did not see how it would be a breach of the peace.

Mr. Hobler observed, that if the waiting-maids of the contending parties did not take care they might get into a very serious scrape, for if a lady or gentleman were to expire under the operation, the lawyers might give it the name of murder, and those who aided and abetted might come in for a share of the penalty. (Laughter.)

It was here represented to his Lordship, that the writer of the letter felt serious alarm for his children, who, whenever he complained, pointed to some other ladies whose figures were equally plundered of their fair proportions.

Mr. Hobler said it was impossible not to see that there was very strong ground of complaint. He had heard of ladies who used the best-post as a sort of purchase in screwing the neck until the back and neck of the poor creatures must suffer terribly when they tempted to satisfy the cravings of nature. (A laugh.) A person might see when a steel-bound girl was taking a cup of tea, that she would slip her hand round and endeavour to escape off it. He believed that when the experiment was not made with great caution the whole apparatus would give way. (Loud laughter.)

It was mentioned that by a new invention, bursting would be completely avoided. Ought not the inventors of such engines of destruction to be punished?—

The Lord Mayor said, he was afraid that if he objected to the fashion, the ladies would more pertinaciously adhere to it.

Mr. Hobler observed, that the steel-bound tribes inflicted very much misery, though they improved their figures by squeezing them till the back and neck of the hour-glasses. (Loud laughter.)—If they looked at the Venus de Medicis, they would see no resemblance.

Mr. Hobler had no further occasion to alarm himself about the growing popularity of this fashion. The Lord Mayor was certainly of opinion that if the fashion were persevered in, posterity would be reduced to a very low state. In another century our descendants might, upon finding our bones, call them the bones of an elephant, and not a man. His Lordship concluded by stating, that if he had any objection to the use of stays, except in peculiar cases, convinced as he was that neither health nor beauty was impaired by the screwing system.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING.—On the death of the late organist to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, great interest was made by several professors of eminence to succeed to that honourable and lucrative situation. Old Horse, the music master, who taught the King, and other members of his august family, in their juvenile days, was at this time very low in circumstances, arising from losses and other untoward events. The King, who was then in his Majesty by one of the Lords in waiting, who at the same time ventured to add that the vacancy would enable the poor old man to weather the storms of life, and pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity and ease. His Majesty expressed his astonishment, and could scarcely credit that his old tutor was still in existence, or that, if so, he had not applied to his former pupil, stating his embarrassment. Modest merit is always dimly known. He knew if he had made his case known, he should have been relieved; but he dared not intrude his sufferings on his gracious master's attention. The fact, however, of his situation being brought to his Majesty's notice, he ordered his carriage, and proceeded immediately to enquire the Carriage and other dignitaries in whose gift the appointment lay; they had made their promises, but it was so—the King's wishes were a law, and Horse was nominated to the vacancy. Wishing, however, to gratify the old man, by himself announcing the joyful tidings, his Majesty commanded him to attend at the Royal Lodge. The summons was unexpected, and distressing: "how could he appear before the Presence with a wardrobe not fit to visit a private friend? But," continued the gruff veteran, "it is not the coat, it is the man, the King wants to see: I must, I will go." He took a change of linen and proceeded immediately to Windsor Castle. On Old Horse's arrival at the Lodge, he received with kindness by the major-domo, and refreshments were placed before him, with an intimation that his attendance would be required in the course of the evening in the drawing room.—The time arrived, and the old man, on entering, was overpowered by the condescending affability with which he was received. The King, surrounded by the brilliant circles of his private friends, rose from his seat, and taking poor Horse by the hand, led him to the piano, requesting him to give once more a specimen of that skill which had entranced his juvenile mind. This was too much—he sat down overpowered with contending emotions, and the modest tear trickled down his aged eye. He forgot every thing, ran his fingers over the keys in the most abstract manner, and was any thing but himself. A few affectionate words revived him; and, as if inspired by the sudden recollection of days gone by, struck off a fantasia, which he performed with all the execution of his best days. The King was delighted, and having only a slight recollection of the air, asked what it was. The old man could no longer contain his joy—"That air, your Majesty, was composed by my pupil, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when he was eighteen years of age." We need not say that the King was highly gratified. The dignity of the monarch sank for a moment to the familiarity of a friend; he pressed the old man's hand, told him of his good fortune, and bade him retire and compose himself. He remained in the lodge ten days, and was then inducted into the organ gallery. He is now between 70 and 80, and performs his duty with all the enthusiasm of his early days.—*John Bull.*

Crossing the Andes' Mountains by the Pass of Uspallata, from Mendoza to Santiago.—It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the solitary grandeur of those immeasurable ridges, whose peaky summits seem to pierce the firmament. The wearisome and almost never-ending ascents and descents along the course of rumbling torrents, so far beneath as to be, though within hearing,

not always within sight, impart a character of loneliness not common to mountain barriers, when entered by a few scattered human habitations. In the Cordillera, it is a pleasure to meet even the single-like gaze of the guanaco, and equally a relief to look at the condor, as, with undulating wing, it floats almost motionless above. The snow in some of the highest table-lands is difficult to pass, because it dissolves in such a manner as to leave a surface like fields of sugar-leaves. Mules frequently sink to the girth, and surmount these obstructions with great toil. The strange noises made by gusts of wind in the reverberating valleys, sound to the ear of the timid guide like moans; and he does not fail to recount long stories of travellers that have perished by the road-side, and whom he has seen in the vicinity of their unburied remains. He also evinces the journey by tales of witchcraft and malignant demons. On entering Chile, the scene changes from the sublime to the beautiful. Wherever water is to be found, the fertility of the soil is incomparably greater than in almost any other country of the world. Fruit used to be so cheap that it was the custom for a man to lead his mule from a garden with whatever sorts he chose to select, for a real. One of the consequences of the revolution has been to enhance the value of the products of the earth; and a dollar is now demanded for the same privilege. In 1818, as much bread as would suffice six men for a day, cost a real. At a house of entertainment by the roadside, a real and a half was the charge for a chicken and an unlimited accompaniment of vegetables.—*Memoirs of General Miller.*

AN AFFECTIONATE STORY.—One of Major Hamilton's acquaintances, who was marching with a body of troops between Gallikote and Danecovera, called on a Dheel villager to be his guide through the wood very early one morning. The Dheel remonstrated, observing that it was not the custom of the country to march before daylight, and that it was dangerous to do so. The officer, supposing this to be the mere pretext of laziness, was positive, and threatened him if he did not go on. The man said nothing more, but took his shield and sword and walked on along the narrow path, overhung with long grass and bamboo. The officer followed at the head of his men, and moved slowly half asleep from his saddle for about five miles, when he heard a hideous roar, and saw a very large tiger spring past him so close that he almost brushed his horse. The poor Dheel lifted up his sword and shield, but was down in an instant under the animal's paw, who turned round with him in his mouth, growling like a cat over a mouse, and looked the officer in the face. He did what could be done, and with his men attacked the tiger, which he wounded so severely that he dropped his prey. The officer always stands the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—overs always with a desk or table, and from left to right; but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the bottom, and finish at the top: this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top, and the upper rooms were finished and inhabited, while all below was like a lantern.

TRAVELLING IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE.—The ideas of travelling which you have formed from experience, are associated closely with smooth roads, easy carriages, neat inns, comfortable suppers, and warm beds; and where these are to be found, all seasons of the year are pretty much alike to the traveller; but conceive travelling through a country in winter, where, generally speaking, there are no roads, no carriages, no inns, no suppers, and no beds! The only roads are beaten path ways, made by one horseman and followed by another, and every man may carry one for himself if he pleases. The only carriages are wooden planks, laid about rough wheels, called arabas, drawn with cords by buffaloes, which are seldom used except for burthen. The only inns are large stables, where nothing is to be had but chopped straw. The only suppers are what you may pick up on the road, if you are so fortunate, and bring it to where you stop for the night; and the only beds are the chopped straw in the stable, or a deal board in the cock loft over it; and even this, in many places, is not to be had. There are, doubtless, exceptions to this general picture, as I myself experienced; but, in the main, it is true: and such is the actual state of travelling at this day, in most parts of the Turkish empire through which I have passed both in Asia and Europe.—*Dr. Walsh's Journal from Constantinople to England.*

PHILOSOPHICAL PICTURE OF MAN.—Behold an animal entirely naked, whom nature has abandoned to the injuries of the elements, and to whom she has not allotted any one particular climate wherein to live; she has balanced him upon two feet, and made him so feeble that he requires to be instructed to walk, and even to eat; who is the only animal to whom is denied the instinct of knowing the vegetables proper for sustenance. In his breast she has implanted all their blind passions, without enlightening his mind with one of their innate ideas—who cannot satisfy his most common wants without the assistance of others—who is yet without ceasing, at war with his species—who persecutes them, and is persecuted by them—who massacres, and is massacred—who becomes to himself the most dangerous of enemies, often dies of melancholy, and sometimes destroys himself in despair. The miserable animal is Man. On the other side—Behold a being, whom nature has made for the enjoyment of relationship with all his kind upon earth, and to whom she has condescended to use of fire, the first prime mover of the universe. He breathes in all climates—navigates every sea—inhabits all parts of the globe; turns

to his use all vegetables, and subdues all animals; this being has received from nature the finest form of body—celestial affections in his countenance, innate sentiments of divinity in his heart—intelligence of his works in his mind—instinct of infinity and immortality in his hopes—and by the harmonics of his intellect, his virtue, and his reason, he renders himself master of the world, and directs his views to heaven itself.—This sublime being is also MAN.

THE SHARK.—The usual method which sailors have contrived for taking this ferocious creature, is by baiting a large hook with a piece of beef or pork, which is thrown into the sea, attached to a strong cable, furnished near the hook with an iron chain. Without this precaution, the shark would quickly liberate himself by biting asunder the rope. It is curious to observe the voracious animal coming up to survey the bait, especially when he is not sorely pressed with hunger. He approaches, swims around it, and for a time seems to neglect it, apprehensive perhaps of the cord and the chain; he quits it for some moments, but his appetite being aroused at the sight, he soon returns, and appears ready to devour it, but often quits it a second time. When the mariners have sufficiently amused themselves with observing his various evolutions, they make a pretence, by drawing the rope, to take away the bait. It is then that his natural voracity overpowers him; he darts with violence at the bait, and swallows it, together with the hook. Sometimes, however, he does not so entirely gorge the whole, but that he again gets free; yet even then, his insatiable appetite is so irresistible, that although wounded and bleeding with the hook, he will again pursue the bait until he is taken. When he finds the hook lodged in his stomach, his utmost efforts are exerted to get free, but in vain; he tries with his teeth to cut the chain; he pulls with all his force to break the rope; in this manner continuing his tremendous, but fruitless efforts, until his strength is quite exhausted, he suffers his head to be drawn above water, and his tail being first confined with a noose, he is drawn on board and despatched. The usual manner of killing him, is to beat him on the head till he dies; that, however, is not effected without difficulty and danger. This enormous fish, terrible in the agonies of death, struggles with his destroyers, and there is scarcely any animal that is more tenacious of life; even after he is cut in pieces, the muscles still preserve their motion, and vibrate for some time after being separated from his body. Sometimes he is taken by striking a barbed instrument called a fizgig, into his body, as he swims alongside of the ship. As soon as he is drawn up into the ship, they cut off his tail with an axe as expeditiously as possible, in order to prevent any accidents from its tremendous strokes.

SPANISH WOOL.—About the year 1850, Peter, King of Castile, having been informed that there was a race of sheep in Barbary remarkable for the excellence of their fleeces, sent several persons into Morocco to buy a number of bucks. From this epoch commenced the reputation of the wool of Castile. In the 16th century, when Cardinal Ximenes was the Spanish Minister, complaints were made to him that the sheep of Castile had deteriorated. To remedy the evil, this minister determined to import a great number from Barbary; but as he could not obtain them by negotiation, he kindled a war and invaded Morocco. The Spanish soldiers, agreeably to the orders given them, brought away as many sheep as they could, and the reputation of Spanish wool was soon completely restored. All the fine races of sheep now in Europe, are descended from the merinos of Spain.—*London Mechanics' Mag.*

CONTRADICTION.—Weak and nervous people shun contention and argument, but energetic persons find pleasure in contradiction. Montaigne observes, that contention and argument raised him above himself, while agreement in judgment was a perfect nuisance to him. He preferred conversing with those who galled him, rather than with those who flattered him. "It is," says he, "an insipid and hurtful pleasure to have to do with those who admire and make way for us."—And on this subject, Antisthenes commanded his children never to take it kindly or as a favour from any man who commended them.—*Weekly Review.*

In the Brighton Theatre, on Tuesday, an incident occurred, which caused much laughter in the house. One of the best characters drawn by Matthews is that of a London auctioneer. He was in the act of portraying this, and dwelling in his usual happy way on the lots, when, as he raised the hammer, and exclaimed, "One pound two." Mr. Liston, who had been enjoying, evidently with much gaud, the drolieries of his friend, called out in a loud tone, "three." Matthews and the audience looked at the first moment lost in equal amazement; but when it was discovered from whom the bidding proceeded, the house resounded with laughter. Matthews, humouring the joke, ran up the biddings, and after warning Mr. Liston that they were against him, finally knocked the article down to him amidst the loud plaudits of the audience.

On the sign of an inn, bearing the Duke of Athol's arms, upon his Grace's estates in Scotland, are the following words:—"The Duchess leaves the Duke's Arms every morning at five o'clock, for Glasgow." (meaning a coach called the Duchess.) His Grace being informed of this short time ago, pleasantly remarked—"I assure you it is nearly true, although not for Glasgow, but to attend to such concerns as relate to my happiness; and I sincerely wish many other wives would do the same."

THE EMPERORS NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER.—An old courtier of the Russian capital observed once in society, "I am persuaded that Europe would be much benefited if the two Sovereigns who have just concluded the peace of Tilsit, had then and there made an exchange of their crowns.—The agreeable manners, the moderation, and popularity of Alexander, would have recalled to the Parisians the times of Henri

Quatre; and the warlike genius of Napoleon would have led him to Byzantium, and Asia, at the same moment, would have opened to his ambitious career so vast, that the longest term of existence would have been insufficient to run it, and Europe would have been tranquil."

The Tower of Babel, says a recent traveller in the east, now presents the appearance of a large mound or hill, with a castle on the top, in mounting to which, the traveller now and then discovers, through the light sandy soil, that he is treading on a vast heap of bricks. The total circumference of the ruin is 2,266 feet, the building itself was only 5,000, allowing 500 to the walls, which Herodotus assigns as the side of its square. The elevation of the west side is 198 feet. What seems to be a castle, at a distance, when examined, proves to be a solid mass of kiln burnt bricks, 37 feet high and 28 broad.—*Mirror.*

"BEAUTY," according to Plotarch "is the flower and blossom of virtue." It is outwardly ornamental; because it is the effect of a generous nature operating within.

MEDICAL.

Mere mixtures of spirit and water are more pernicious than when alcohol constitutes an essential part of the fermented beverage as in wine, perry, and so on. As spirit and water of the same strength as the alcohol in an equal measure of wine, are more intoxicating than the wine, we may say that the alcohol is more united with the essential components of the wine, and therefore does not act so readily upon the nerves of the stomach, and is well known by experience to be the case. Alcohol exists in some liquids in large quantities, forming irritating, intoxicating fluids, as brandy, rum, and gin; sometimes we have it combined with certain acids, as with wine; and, in some cases, as in beer, porter, and so on; we have it combined with some nutritious matter, as gum, and so on; and although we are accustomed to speak of wine as strengthening, it is not absolutely so; whereas beer and porter are certainly despoiling of that title, a certain part of the nutritious matter remaining behind undecomposed.—*Brand's Lectures.*

CURE FOR EPILEPSY.—We have more than once mentioned the reported effect of salt in cases of epilepsy, and we now adduce another instance of its alleged efficacy. If salt ought, to possess this extraordinary virtue, the fact ought to be noticed by all the editors of newspapers throughout the world.—A few weeks ago, a stout, healthy-looking woman, a passenger in the Atlantic Mail, from Glasgow to Glasgow, fell down on the deck of that vessel, in a very violent attack of epilepsy. A Greenock lady, also a passenger in the boat recollecting having read in the newspapers that common salt had been found, in several instances, to operate as a powerful remedy in this dreadful malady, procured some from the steward, but found it impossible to separate the jaws of the unfortunate woman, which were convulsively shut. While attending to do so, a little of the salt fell upon her lips; in an instant she extended her tongue and licked it with avidity. The opportunity was seized, and a small quantity introduced into her mouth, when, as one informant described it, she recovered "like the clap of a hand," got up without any assistance, and seemed as if nothing past common had taken place.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.
"The task of working improvement on the earth, is much more delightful to an uneducated mind, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from raving in the most unimpaired career of conquest."

CORING CORN STALKS.—The time for cutting the stalks of Indian corn is near at hand, and we shall improve this opportunity to point out a manner of coring them, practised by many careful farmers, and which will not fail to prove satisfactory to those who have not yet adopted the same. After cutting them during fair weather, they should be gathered the next or following day, tied up in small bundles at the upper end, and set immediately, not too close, on poles fixed in the barn across the beams, taking care to have the doors opened in the day time, that they may dry and season. In January, those which remain ought to be taken down and packed close together, to prevent their getting too dry. The usual method of making small stacks of them round the fields, exposed to sweeps to the wind, the dew, and the rain, is a dreadful waste of this article, which, if cured as above, makes a sweet and excellent fodder.—*New-England Farmer.*

TO FATTEH POULTRY.—An experiment has been tried of feeding geese with turnips, cut in small pieces like dice, but of size, and put into a trough of water. With this food alone, the effect was, six geese, each when lean, weighing only nine pounds, actually gained twenty pounds each in about three weeks' fattening. Malt is an excellent food for geese and turkeys—grains are preferred for the sake of economy, unless for immediate and rapid fattening—the grains should be boiled fresh. Other cheap articles for fattening, are oatmeal, and treacle—barley-meal and milk—boiled oats, and ground malt. Corn, before being given to fowls, should always be crushed and soaked in water. The food will thus go forth, and it will help digestion. Hens fed thus have been known to lay during the whole of the winter months.—*Chester Chronicle.*

INTERESTING FACTS—Collected from various sources.
The Anglo-Merino sheep will carry its fleece in all its strength and beauty three years.

Sea Sand, when used as a top dressing upon grass land, either alone or with a mould, never fails to bring forth, for a succession of seasons, a very sweet and valuable herbage.

A little vinegar, added to cream, will greatly assist in bringing butter. Lemon juice, also, is said to be very good; any one lemon to a churning of 8 or 10 pounds of butter. Churning is sometimes difficult in consequence of the thickness of the cream. In such cases it is recommended to mix new milk (as much as there is cream) with the cream, which will make much labour in churning.

Culves, it is said will thrive better if not suffered to eat any grass the first year. They will wear better if kept out of sight and hearing of their dams.

Vegetables may be preserved from injury by frost, by sprinkling cold water upon them early in the morning after a freezing night.

Raw potatoes, being of a watery and gripping nature are thought to do cattle more hurt than good, especially if they are not used to it.

The small yellow speckled bugs, which infest cucumbers and melons, may be destroyed by making light blazing fires in the garden several evenings. The bugs will fly into the blaze and be burnt to death.