

declare that they had only been self-deceived. It has been said, "Men may dissemble through life, but none ever dissemble in death;" hence the value of dying testimonies. We gather the last acts, the last experiences; and we treasure them up as the indubitable evidences in favor of, or against the character of those that were their subjects. None have ever impugned their value as tests of character, and all have felt their force.

The Potato Rot.—Mr. Flanders, who has devoted much attention to this disease and to its causes, informs us, that the insects which he is fully satisfied produces the mischief, have already made their appearance in great numbers. He recommends the immediate application of lime to all who would save their potato crop.—Boston Transcript of Tuesday.

Discovery of a Beautiful Cave in Manchester, Vt.—We learn from the Vermont Union Whig, that a party of invaders discovered a beautiful cave in Manchester in that State, on the 7th inst. The cave is situated upon the southern extremity of the equinox mountain, about half way from the base of the summit. The entrance is by a gradual descent of about 30 feet, into a spacious apartment, measuring 50 feet in length, 27 feet in breadth, and 13 feet in height, and having a bottom as level as the floor. From this room a narrow passage leads into an apartment, containing the former, both in extent and magnificence, and in which were found three colossal pillars, 20 feet in height and 15 in circumference, of spectral whiteness, and smooth as polished marble. In the third room were found considerable quantities of iron and lead, together with a kind of ore resembling silver. The explosion was continued until after pasting through no less than nine apartments the party found themselves upon the brink of a precipice. On throwing down a large stone, a faint splash was returned after a few seconds, from which was inferred the existence of a pond of water at the bottom of the abyss. The whole of the cavern, with the exception of this pond, was perfectly dry.

Agriculture.

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ON THE FLAX CULTURE:

To the Farmers of Nova Scotia.

GENTLEMEN.—For your information I present you with a few extracts taken from a recent number of the Dublin University Magazine, from which you may learn of what vast importance the extensive cultivation of this plant has proved to Ireland—and how it may benefit you in this province, if you turn your attention to it. I have intrusted to a gentleman now at a visit to England the task of collecting further information as to its cultivation, culture, &c., &c. When I will be able to lay before you more in detail, that the Central Board have offered premiums for the best samples of this article, seed &c., which will be distributed at the Agricultural Show and Castle Fair on the 30th September next. This Show and Fair, I trust, will command a numerous attendance, as great expectations have been excited in consequence of its being held in one of the oldest and most fertile countries of the province. I trust it will be so conducted as to secure the patronage of the Board and to induce the continuation of Legislative encouragement in our rural districts. But to the extracts, "an briskly at present is that class of our capitalists engaged in the manufacture of machinery for Flax spinning, that the steam engines in most of the workshops are running night and day : 70,000 spindles more than last year will be at work in two months, every hundred of which will employ two hands." Nothing can prove more strongly the intimate relationship that exists between Agriculture and Manufactures, than the progress made during the last few years in the growth as well as in the manufacture, in all its stages, of Flax. It was stated at a meeting of the Royal Society for the growth and improvement of Flax in Ireland, that their instructor had completed their labors in the superintendence of Flax showing in the several districts in which they had been located, the total breadth of which was 5000 statute acres—and for all Ireland the amount sown was computed at 130,000 acres. The importance of encouraging the home growth will be best understood by remembering that we annually import from abroad nearly treble the quantity we produce at home.

The prosperous condition of the growth and manufacture of Flax has been produced almost altogether by the indefatigable efforts of the Royal Flax Society of Ireland, whose exertions have been beyond all praise. It was organized in 1841, when there were sown 50,000 acres annually, in 1844, it had increased to 120,000, but owing to the scarcity of seed unprincipled dealers passed off to the grower as good, a quantity greatly of spurious kinds, causing disappointment and failure of the crop. This Society effectually prevented the recurrence of such malpractices by bringing actions against the delinquents and establishing the growers' claims to redress at law, by procuring them compensation for their losses. In 1851 the crop was 70,000 acres, and would have been much greater had there been a supply of a good, every available bushel being sown. This year, 1851, the Society calculate that 130,000 acres will be under sowing.

The value of Irish Flax has generally ranged from £35 to £50 per ton, and in some very favorable cases £120 to £145 and as high as £180, the importations from abroad in 1850 amounted to 91,097 tons.

After the most accurate calculation by practical men engaged in the growth of Flax, the labour necessary for every acre is computed to 7 days of a man, 54 days of a woman and 44 days of a horse: now 55,610 Tons weight the import of 1853, according to Mr. Blacker, supposing each statute acre to produce 4 Cwts, which is a full average crop, would be the produce of 275,050 acres, and by the estimate would require the labor 6,488 men 300 days in the year, 50,015 women, and 3,939 horses, or double the sum for half the time.

Another gentl-man (Mr. Andrews) calculated that the produce of 2 acres of Flax will in the course of its manufacture into emblem pocket handkerchiefs, give employment as follows,

158 Spinners, 12 mos., 52 weeks at 3s.
18 Weavers, 12 months at £12
40 Needl Women, 52 weeks at 4s.

216 persons amounting to Cost of Flax
at 50s per dozen

Profit on produce of 2 acres
Now with such splendid results before us, can we hesitate to engage in a like pursuit, with a soil and climate so well adapted to it as ours? I hope not. Let us then turn our attention to it; I have this year two parcels sown both on Peat and Up-land, they look well, and I intend sowing more largely in future.

Yours,
J. E. FAIRBANKS,
President Central Board.

EXECUTION OF THE BELGIAN COUNT BOCARME.

The execution of Count Hippolyte Visart de Bocarme, condemned for poisoning the brother of his wife's with essential oil of tobacco, took place at Mons, on Friday. It was not till the previous day that either the condemned or the public of Mons was made aware of the time fixed for the event. About six in the morning M. Godding, governor of the prison, repaired to the cell of the unhappy count, and informed him that his appeal to the Court of Cassation had been rejected. The first effect of this intelligence made him contract a profound asthmatic. A physician, however, examined "impossible!" His fatal asthmatic gale became immediately suffused with blood, and his limbs trembled violently. Presently he began to speak of the possibilities of yet receiving a pardon. The governor told him he had little to hope for from that extreme resource. He was then left in his cell, under the guardianship of the three keepers, who had never left him since his sentence. He shortly asked to see the procurer, who visited him in company with an officer of the court, at eight o'clock. The procurer read to him the judgment of the Court of Cassation, and the rejection of his appeal, and told him the day and hour fixed for his execution. The terrible announcement was received with the most perfect tranquility.—"I have but one more request to make," said the Count, "to

know enough to take care that the blade of the guillotine is well sharpened. I have read of executions where such suffering has followed the effect of this prostration, and the thought of that makes me tremble."

The procurer told him that he would observe his request as the last wish of a dying man. The magistrate on leaving said, "You have now no affairs to occupy you but those of your soul." "This is the priest's affair," was the count's response.

M. Abbe Andre, chaplain of the prison, and M. Descomps, dean of St. Wandre, were sent for; the latter brought with him the Archbishop of Clermont, who disengaged himself to the Bocarme family.

The count, however, refused to receive him. It was then almost noon, and the clergymen thought it better to leave him to his own reflections for a few hours, before making another appeal to his conscience. At one o'clock he requested dinner.—*Soup au lait*, a pallet, and some calafiorre, and a pound of ruffles were brought, all of which he ate readily. At a late hour he betrayed a real emotion. At intervals he wept, and at last consented to listen to the confessions of the priest. At four o'clock he confessed. A few moments after he had passed through the grating M. Matthey, the surgeon of the military hospital, entered by the side of the procurer. He called this gentleman a supporting voice, and proposed to him by his former kindness to come to him now that he so much needed his support. M. Matthey replied that the rules of the prison forbade the interview, but he would apply to the governor. He questioned him further through the grating respecting the sharpness of the knife, and begged him to see it to him personally. The surgeon left, promising to come on the morrow. From this moment the count, however, was insensible to the feelings of others, and went like a child, and sat on the floor of the scaffold, and wept a flood of tears, conceiving an affection. In the evening, without any preparation, if suddenly struck with the thought, he exclaimed, "I will give each of you 100,000 francs if you will let me escape." At ten o'clock the procurer again visited him in his cell. After their departure he asked for some refreshment. One of the keepers offered him some gaufres and biscuits, with a glass of wine. These he refused, saying that he felt unwell and would prefer a capon and mushrooms. From this moment until the hour the executioners were preparing to fasten the scaffold, he sat in his cell talking with his confessors, and, maintaining all the courtesy and manner of manner which characterized his demeanor on the trial. At midnight the erection of the scaffold began, and by six in the morning the sun's rays were reflected from the polished blade of the engine of death.—From a commendable feeling of the solemnity of the occasion, all the proprietors of cafés, hotels and shops, closed their establishments, and the blinds of private houses were likewise drawn down. An immense crowd assembled to witness the execution, which was performed before the eyes of the public.

At six o'clock the condemned was led into the prison, and the executioners were waiting to fasten him with straps. During this operation, which lasted five minutes, he turned his head several times, and looked at the crowd. Then to one of the men, who being somewhat nervous, was hurried in his manner, he said, "Not so fast, there is time enough," and an instant afterwards, "Slacken the strap." The executioner, however, did not slacken, but tightened it. The condemned, however, did not move, but remained motionless, and the executioners were waiting to fasten him with straps. During this operation, which lasted five minutes, he turned his head several times, and looked at the crowd. Then to one of the men, who being somewhat nervous, was hurried in his manner, he said, "Not so fast, there is time enough," and an instant afterwards, "Slacken the strap." The executioner, however, did not slacken, but tightened it. 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