

tomed to observe it would little suspect, from a tainted atmosphere. As the preparation of cheese is better understood in England than here, I will only mention that three sorts are made—sweet milk, skimmed milk, and occasionally what is termed cream cheese; and shall now proceed to describe the management of the milk, first enumerating the number of hands required. These consist, in large dairies, of a master or overseer, a cooper, one or two cow-herds (as may be requisite), one or more swine-herds, an upper dairy-woman, and dairy-maids in the proportion of 1 to every 18 cows. The overseer's duty involves a general charge of the cattle, whether, in health or sickness, with a competent knowledge of their diseases and the remedies; he is responsible for the swine being properly cared for; that the calves, whether fattening or rearing for stock, are regularly and suitably fed; that the cow-herd does his duty; that the hours of milking are punctually adhered to; and that everything and every person is in proper place and keeping. He must further pay strict attention that the cows are milked thoroughly out, on which so very much depends; as not only the cow which is allowed to retain any portion of her milk diminishes her produce by so much from day to day, but the last being by far the richest part, a loss of butter is incurred, much more than proportionate to the quantity of milk, by this culpable negligence of laziness. According to the observations of an accurate examiner, Dr. Schubler, the first drawn milk contains only 5, the second 8, and the fifth 17 per cent. of cream! If the number of cows be not above a hundred, the overseer can also undertake the cooper work; which, when wooden milk-dishes are used, in addition to the cream-barrels, milking pails, and butter-casks required in the course of a year, is a consideration both of time and expense. But in large dairies, a cooper is kept in addition, who however must milk a certain number of cows, assist in carrying the milk, feeding the cows when housed, or any other dairy work which a man is capable of. The wages of these two persons vary according to the extent of the dairy, but may be averaged the first at 60, and the second at 40 dollars per annum.

The dairy-maids, besides milking, cleaning the vessels, &c., work in the garden in summer, spin in winter, and wash, bake, brew, and cook for their own establishment, under the superintendence of the upper dairy-woman, who is by far the most important personage in it, as on her skill, attention, and diligence depend, in great measure, both the quantity and quality, and, by consequence, the profit of the produce. She must not only thoroughly understand, but accurately observe, the moment when the milk should be creamed; the degree of acidity it must attain in the cream-barrels; its temperature, whether requiring the addition of warm or

cold water to the churn, as well as the all-important operations of kneading, beating, salting, and packing the butter. She must not only be punctiliously clean herself in person and work, but keep a strict eye over the cleanliness and order of her subordinate maidens. In very large dairies the upper woman has full employment, without milking, and needs the assistance always of one, and sometimes of two, of the more experienced dairy-maids, in butter and cheese making; but in smaller establishments she milks a certain number, generally 10 cows, while each of her subordinates have 18; her wages are usually 55 to 60, that of her chief assistants 22, and that of the others 18 dollars per annum.

THE NIGHT OF DEATH.

- "Life passes from me, mother—oh, so rapidly away; Etherial voices speak to me—they will not let me stay:
Oh! there are dark forebodings all entwined around my heart,
And they tell me, dearest mother, that thou and I shall part.
- "Oh! let me see the sunshine, and the gay and glorious earth.
With all its bright and beautiful just budding into birth;
They told me when the spring-time came with song of birds and flowers,
That I should rally and revive amid its genial hours:
- "They told me—but it was not true—I feel its falsehood now,
The signet of the shadowy land is set upon my brow.
It is a long, long journey—I am going all alone:
The pathway to the spirit world is distant and unknown.
- "Nay, mother, dearest mother; nay, I would not have thee weep—
Oh! is it not a gentle thing to lay one down and sleep.
Away from all the weariness, the sorrow, and the pain,
Which make the fairest things of life so empty and so vain?
- "I would not have thee mourn for me, and grieve when I am gone,
For when the star of life shall set, and hour of death come on,
Thou'lt join me where, within those realms, those regions of the blest.
'The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'
- "The shades are gathering o'er me fast—alas! I cannot see;
Life's bark is tossed upon the waves of lone eternity:
The waters rise around me, they engulf my waving breath—
Oh! mother, take my hand in thine, this is the night of Death!"

EMILE VARNEDELL