

churn the whole milk. I know that there is a prejudice against milk butter, as it is called, but I know it is better than what is called cream butter—the people don't yet understand, that it is only the cream in both cases that becomes butter, the milk continuing milk still, and the real state of the question is, whether cream produces better butter churned by itself, or churned amongst the milk? I am quite prepared to support the latter position. Cream butter will not keep any length of time even salted, without becoming rancid. What is the reason? Wiseacres say, because it is too rich. Not at all—it is because it is too gross—because it has not passed through a body large enough, and is not attractive enough to refine it.—The philosophy of the process is this. The substance called butter is found in milk, incased in small bladders, (excuse the bull) which from the nature of their contents are lighter than milk, and therefore rise to the surface. Before you can get the particles of butter contained in these bladders, the bladders must be broken, and the butter be let out, the acid and heat expand the buttery particles, the bladders burst and out comes the butter—this explains churning. Now suppose that an immense quantity of these bladders were skimmed off the top of milk, put altogether and broken, would not the result be a hotch potch of bladder skins and their contents, in fact, a complete "Gabelrunzie's Wallet."

So with butter (to argue from a less to a greater) the buttery bladders brought together and broken, are their skins and all, it is the skins that become rancid, and they spoil the butter, but let these bladders be broken in a large quantity of milk, the skins will float in it, and the pure butter which comes out of them will adhere particle to particle, and come out of the churn infinitely superior to that which is mixed with the bladder skins. It will be finer to eat—it will be more easily preserved.

Well, you see the reason why I prefer churning milk and cream together, to cream alone, let us now see how the process is best accomplished.

When the "milk from the cow" has been passed through the milk sieve into boyns, let it stand till quite cold, then you empty it into a large barrel sufficient to hold as much as you can churn at once, and there it remains. When it is as full as you require, or nearly so, put into it the last meal of milk, warm. If the weather is moderately warm the milk will now thicken by standing 24 or 36 hours, if cold it will be longer, but it must be thickened before it will churn, it must be lappeded. As soon as it is thickened, put it into the churn, put a little warm water into it and drive on; many a *dour* brush you will have at it if you churn much.

If your butter is too white, which will always be the case in winter, colour with annatto, the same as cheese—the size of a pea will colour the butter in a hand churn.

Another secret I wish to put you in possession of, is of importance—the removal of strong or unnatural tastes from the butter.

If the grass is rank and strong in summer, and if you feed with turnips, &c., in winter, the butter will taste strongly of both.

To prevent this, when you go to milk the cows, put about the size of a bean of saltpetre into the milking pail, this is all you have to do, it will take away every kind of unnatural or disagreeable taste, and will enable you to use many kinds of food for your cows, which would without it destroy your cheese or butter.

AFRICA—NEGROLAND.

The following is one of Mr. Raymond's interesting letters to young people, about the west coast of Africa.

You have doubtless read about a kind of ants in Africa, that throw up large mounds of earth. There are several kinds of these all coming under the general name of "Termites." The vulgar name, however, is "Bug-a-bug." There is a small kind of these that are called "Mushroom Termites," from the shape of their nests. They are scarcely a quarter of an inch in length, and of a greyish colour. Their nest, let it be made of what soil it may, is always black, and is generally a pillar some four or six inches in diameter, on the top of which is an overhanging roof. The whole very much resembles the shape of the Mushroom. This kind of Termites receive a certain kind of worship from the natives, but for what purpose and to what extent I have not been able fully to ascertain. Near almost every town are some of these Termites' nests covered with a small house from two to four feet in diameter. At certain times the path leading to it is cleaned out, and an area of considerable size cleaned around it. Here a sacrifice is made in a "Sacra," as they call it. This consists of pieces of broken earthen dishes, strips of cloth which they

tie either about the house or some tree near it, and cooked rice and palm oil.

When they cut their farms or plant their rice, they take a little rice and cook it, and throw it before the nest, and ask it to give them a good crop. When a child is sick they take water and pour before it, and ask that the child may get well. Although they are thus worshipped they do not seem to be looked upon as sacred.

The people make many other "Sacras" besides those they make to the Termites. Sometimes you will see a piece of cloth tied around a large tree in the bush, there to remain and rot. Sometimes a mat is spread in the road, there to remain till it is worn out. There seems to be no restriction as to the articles of which "Sacras" can be made. They take any thing that has value, though the articles and the amount is generally specified by the "Country fashion man," as he is called. These country fashion men are a kind of priests, generally from the lower class of the people, and not unfrequently from among slaves. They understand a kind of legerdemain which generally consists in making marks in the sand, or hustling pebbles and pieces of bone together, by which they pretend to tell whether certain events will or will not take place, and what "Sacra" must be made. Generally, a good part of the "Sacra" goes to them. They have no correct idea of God. In fact, some seem to have no idea at all. Those that do, seem to look upon him only as a malignant being, whose anger is to be appeased and favour obtained by their "Sacras."

They put great confidence in "gree-grees," or charms. These gree-grees are made by the "Country fashion men." Of what they are made is known only to those who make them. The material, whatever it is, is usually deposited in sheep's or goat's horn, and suspended around the neck. Every gree-gree has its own use. One is to make the owner rich—another to keep off sickness—another to keep off witches. All gree-grees and charms are called by the general name of "medicine."

They have other charms besides those made by their "Country fashion men." There is a kind called "Shebby," or "Sebby," which are made by the Mandingoes who are Mahomedans. These are detached sentences of the Koran or something else of their own imaginations, written in Arabic characters on a piece of paper, and sewed up in a piece of leather or cloth.

The Catholic slave traders, taking advantage of their passion for charms, sold them crosses at an enormous price. I once saw a small cast-iron one, for which the owner asked a slave. Of all, they think the Portuguese "Medicine," that is the cross, is the best; I have even seen Mahomedans wear it.

It would take a volume to write out all their little superstitions. It has been my aim in this letter to mention only those which seem to have the nearest connection with religion.

FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE IN NEW ZEALAND.—Here are to be seen all the varieties of Ngawha (hot-springs). They are mud cauldrons, black, blue, grey, green, yellow, and red, the very emblem of laziness; a faint steam rises from them, and ever and anon a solitary bubble of gas disengages itself slowly from the surface, which then returns to its usual dullness. Close by the side of these, and in strong contrast, are the clear pools of boiling water, of great depth, and of bright azure, enclosed in precipitous walls of sulphurous formation; from some of these, hot streams flow down, which are guided by the natives either into artificial baths or into natural hollows of the rock; the supply of hot water being so regulated as to keep the bath at the right temperature. Among these cauldrons and pools, a strong and rapid stream of cold water rushes down, in some places not a yard from the spot at which the natives are sitting up to their breasts in hot water, shelling Tawa berries, or peeling potatoes, or failing these employments, enjoying their never failing source of smoking. But by far the most beautiful springs are the boiling jets, which are thrown up to the height of many feet from a narrow orifice in the top of an irregular cone, formed of the matter held in solution by the water, which is deposited as it cools, and forms a substance of a pinkish white colour, sometimes also tinged with yellow by crystals of sulphur. It is perfectly safe to stand upon the tops of these cones, to the windward of the spout; and from that position it is grand, first, to hear the roaring and boiling of the cauldron, and then to see the jet spring up into the air, shivered by the force of its projection into silvery foam, and accompanied by a volume of white steam. The hot water, in its descent, trickles down the side of the crater, and falls into several natural baths of most agreeable temperature, formed in the pure and white substance of the cone, and lined with the same matter in its half formed state, still yielding and elastic. Here the traveller may lie at his ease, and watch the bursting of the boiling fountain above him; but if the wind should happen to change, he must shift his position, or his place will soon be too hot for him. A small native village is here, with the usual appurtenances of a native steam