

so that at seven o'clock he may set forward to his labour; and then he shall plough from seven o'clock in the morning till between two and three in the afternoon; then he shall unyoke and bring home his cattle, and having rubbed and dressed them, he shall give them meat; then shall the servants go in to their dinner, for which is allowed half an hour, it will be then towards four o'clock, at which time he shall go to his cattle again, and give them more fodder; which done, he shall go into the barns, and provide and make ready fodder of all kinds for the next day. This being done, and carried into the stable, ox-house, or other convenient place, he shall then go water his cattle, and give them more meat, and to his horse provender, as before shewed; and by this time it shall draw past six o'clock; at that time he shall come in to supper, and after supper, he shall either by the fireside mend shoes, both for himself and the family, or beat or knock hemp or flax, or pick and stamp apples or crabs for cider or verjuice, or else grind malt on the querns, pick candle rushes, or do some husbandry office till it be full eight o'clock. Then shall he take his lantern and candle, and go see his cattle, and having cleaned and littered them down, look that they may be safely tied, and then give them food for all night; then give Heaven thanks for benefits received that day, let him and the whole household go to their rest till the next morning.

LIVE STOCK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—From that invaluable work, "M^{rs} Queen's Statistics of the British Empire," we learn the enormous value of the live stock in the kingdom. It appears that there are 2,250,000 horses of total value of £67,000,000, of which more than 1,500,000 are used in agriculture, and that their value is £45,000,000. The number of black cattle in the kingdom is about 14,000,000, to 15,000,000, of the value of £216,000,000; the number of sheep, 50,000,000, whose value is estimated at £67,000,000; and the extent of capital invested in swine is still more extraordinary, when we reflect how little it is thought upon or taken into account. The number of pigs of all ages, breeding and rearing, is calculated to be upwards of 18,000,000, which, taking one-third at £2 each, and the remainder at 10s. each, gives a value of £11,870,000 as the capital invested in pigs alone, making the total amount of capital invested in the above species of agricultural stock £346,270,000.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA AMONGST COWS.—This epidemic amongst cows is raging with unabated violence round this neighbourhood (Ipswich). Mr. Gooding, farmer, of Akenham, has lately lost eleven out of twelve of these animals; several of them, when in health, were worth from £18 to £20, but when dead, their carcases were sold for 2s. 6d. each, for the dogs.—*Suffolk Chronicle*.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—"There's a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep or of curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief is done. In towns and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plates, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature—crosses a glade—leaps a stile. You start, you stand lost in wonder and astonished admiration! You take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the Nymphs and Dryades to earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, "It's only the farmer's daughter." What! have farmers such daughters now-a-days? Yes, I tell you they have such daughters. Those farm houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is only another name for a very tender heart, flutter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country—with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the pensive pleasure of a pipe and jug of brown October—of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife, of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tythe pig—over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapt in the delicious luxuries of custards or whipt creams—in walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and, with a curtsy and a smile of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter, a lively creature of eighteen; fair as the lily, fresh as May dew, rosy as the rose itself, graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window; sweet as a posy of violets and clove gillivvers, modest as early morn, and amiable as your own imagination of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming. You are lost. It's all over with you. I wouldn't give an empty filbert or a frog-bitten strawberry for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation, and fancying farm houses nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.—"*The Hall and the Hamlet*," by William Howitt.

On the 1st of January the opening of the gallery containing agricultural instruments at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers will take place. The gallery is about 50 metres in length, and contains upwards of 2000 instruments, from the simplest up to the most complicated.—*Galignani*.