

Estates of the Aristocracy.

Although England and Scotland form but a small island, not twice as large as the State of New York, some of the enclosed landed estates of the hereditary aristocracy are enormous. For instance:—The Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles in a straight line to the sea on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 30,000 at Gordon Castle.—The Duke of Norfolk's park in Sussex is fifteen miles in circuit. An agriculturist bought lately the island of Lewis, in Hebrides, containing 500,000 acres. The possessions of the Earl of Lansdale gave him eight seats in Parliament. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1786, the soil of England was owned by 200,000 corporations and proprietors, and in 1822 by 32,000. The city estates of some noblemen are also immense. The Duke of Bedford includes or included a mile square in the heart of London, where the British Museum, once Montague house now stands, and the land occupied by Woburn Square, Bedford Square, Russell Square. The Marquis of Westminster built within a few years the series of squares called Belgravia in London. The income of some of these noblemen amounts to three million dollars a year. When they die, all these houses and lands go to the eldest son, or if no sons, to the nearest male heir.—This has been the case in England for over a thousand years.

SLEEP.—Observations and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact that the brain is nourished, repaired during sleep. If, then, we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dries a mummy! By all means, give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity to do so; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is when waked up before the nap is out.—If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning, hence the morning is the best time for study; the brain has most strength, most activity, and works more clearly then. It is the midnight lamp which floods the world with sickly sentimentalists, false morals, rickety theology, and all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation which abnegate Bible teachings.—*Dr. Hall's Monthly.*

RATHER AN EXPENSIVE MESSAGE.—Will the Submarine Telegraph Company that is about to rule the waves all the way from England to America, charge the President for the transmission of his Message nothing more than the usual rate charged for ordinary messages? or will the bill be made out at so much a line, or at so much a column, or so much a story, or so much a sheet? The President will have to be especially careful about what he says for the future, for he will find there is nothing like a Telegraph Office for testing the value of words?

A Wolf Story.

Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley, in a series of articles in the *Field*, on the Cause of Inhumanity, tells the following story.—On entering the cottage forming the rear of the mill, he in the morning found a very well preserved fox-skin, grey and complete, lying on the floor, which he found related to him. The wolf's head was in the forest around the cottage, and had frequently been seen and shot by the miller, when he was engaged in his work, and when he had been in the habit of taking it off, although he kept his eye on the place, he never saw the wolf leave it. On the other side of the mill, the hounds coming up they surrounded and advanced on the sheep, supposing that the wolf was hidden among the flock, but after the most minute search the wolf could not be found, and what was to be done was extraordinary, the hounds could never get up on the ground. From what I have since seen of the fox-skin and in that of a change, I could account for the latter fact without the aid of our monthly specimen. So often did the wolf begin to attack his pasture, that people began to think that it was not a wolf but a sheep, and that a devil in a wolf's skin, and without some aid from St. Hubert, the huntsmen departed in a victory. Grown broader in age and impatience, and desperate, too, from inhumanity, this old wolf began to seek his food in broad daylight, and when the sheep was becoming any which way the woods he would suddenly appear and chase them for a minute. It is the custom in these cultivated valleys between the woodlands, to send a little girl out in charge of the sheep.—One day the old wolf made his sortie on the flock; but as the French sheep are better calculated for hunting than a dog, and every hour at the wolf's age made him slower, he failed to catch his mutton, which, in a state of pure excitement and furore, he seized and killed the only creature in the flock strong enough to escape, and devoured the little girl. A second time he committed a similar outrage; when, on the alarm reaching the village, and the peasants sallying forth in force, as he retreated from the remains of the poor creature he had killed and partly eaten, the villagers thought, from the way he ran against a partition of the wood, that he was blind. For a time nothing more was heard of him; but he again suddenly appeared in a raid upon the sheep, and failing to catch one, he, in a third instance, killed a little girl in attendance upon them, and had devoured one of her thighs, when the villagers came and drove him away. As they bore the poor girl's body to the cottage of mourning, a great quantity of blood flowed from the arteries of the torn limb, and dropped upon the road and on the threshold of the door whence the poor child but a few hours before had passed in all the health and vivacity of youth. As is the custom during the night an old woman sat up with the corpse, when, in the very watching hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead, while the rest of the villagers were buried in repose, the night pitch dark and unless as if Nature feared yet listened for an approaching thunder-storm, the old woman was roused from her lonely vigil over the dead by a sudden but approaching sound, as of the long heavy gallop of some large animal coming down the road straight for the cottage door. Stride by stride, more audibly and nearer it came; the old woman, in a frenzy of terror, rose as the result became evident, and as she rose some creature rushed against the portal with a blow like that of a sledge-hammer, shook the door from latch and lock to its very foundation, and then seemed to fall back from the force of the concussion. More dead than alive, the old woman then heard what seemed to her a low growl or moan of pain or disappointment, and a heavy, slow, and perhaps limping trotting footfall, as the creature retreated in the direction whence it had arrived. In the morning the pad of the wolf was detected to the cottage door; he was blind, and at night, on returning to the spot whence he had been forced from his repast on the little girl, he had discovered and hunted up the traces of her blood, and in his blind pursuit came rushing down the road, till his course was thwarted by

a cottage door. So great had become the terror, excited by this old wolf and his legions of say-sans-die, that an extra reward was offered for his head, which at last, the moon being full, and a good deal of fog was placed in the air, he was shot and a man in a two above was a good one. The last night nothing was seen of the old wolf, but on the second temptation to the bag and fustled animal was too strong, he came to the bag, and while tearing at the mesh with the paw of "starvation," a bullet weighing in on a dead, and thus ingloriously he fell dead.

BEAT SMOTHER.—The *Montgomery Mail* reports the exploit of a gentleman who shot four bones in Texas in one day, and eleven in the course of a month. This we consider pretty tall hunting.

GREAT MOUSE HUNT.—"A great mouse hunt," says a Liverpool paper, "recently came off in the vicinity, consisting of two parties of forty a side, with a large number of dogs, which succeeded in killing, during a day's sport, 959 rats, and 314 bushels of mice. The captains of the two parties were Joseph Fletcher and Chas. H. Lull, and Mr. Fletcher's party won by 65 rats and 45 bushels of mice." If this story were not pretty squarely told, we should hardly be disposed to credit it.

VETERINARY.

INTERMITTENT FEVER IN HORSES AND CATTLE.—This disease has been so rarely witnessed in animals, that its existence has been denied by some authors; others have described, under this head, very different diseases or affections, having only some characters in common with true intermittent fever. Professor Joseph Lessona, of the Turin school, was, for many years, attached to a large breeding establishment in Sardinia, and in a long memoir on marsh emanations, he speaks of the frequency of intermittent fever in cattle, horses, and even sporting dogs, not only in Sardinia but in Turin and the Roman marshes. Lessona says that it is only through attention that it has not been observed in cattle. He has had occasion to show it to his colleagues and students, presenting a quotidian or quartan type. The treatment consisted in cinchona bark, and quinine.—*Turin Veterinary Journal*, p. 291, 1854.

Lehwer, speaks of a case of intermittent in the horse. For eight days consecutively the horse had attacks of shivering, followed by heat, and this associated with depression and disturbed appetite. During the attack, the pulse was small and rapid, the respiration short, the spine stiff, the region of the spleen sensitive and expanded. After the shivering had lasted about a quarter of an hour, the heat set in.—Besides a small bloodletting, Lehwer prescribed potassio-tartrate of antimony in decoction of chamomile; the next attack was weaker, and then all symptoms subsided, and the animal recovered.—*Supplement to the Magazin für die ges. Thierheilkunde* for 1855.

Genuine intermittent undoubtedly occurs in animals, and I have good reason to believe that it is to be observed in the jungles in India. So far as Europe is concerned, and Great Britain in particular, the evidence of its existence has not been clear till recently. Ruini speaks of it, but he is not a great authority on pathological questions. Lanini alludes to it as associated with similar organic lesions; viz enlarged spleen in man as in animals. Cleghorn speaks of hypertrophied spleen the result of ague, as very frequent amongst the sheep in the Island of Minorca. Royston alludes to intermittent affections in the horse in the marshy districts of Cambridge, in 1808; it presented the tertian type. Few cases have been seen in cattle; more in the dog. Spinola speaks of having seen three, two in horses, and one in the dog. Hertwig has written an elaborate memoir on the disease in the dog. We would gladly hear something of the jungle-fever in the horse in India.—*London Veterinarian*.