

loss to their friends as those who had wives and children depending on them. None objected to this except the boys, who cried out against the injustice of such a proceeding. O'Brien, in particular, protested against it; and some muttering was heard among the men, that led the latter to apprehend they might proceed in a more summary way. Friendless and forlorn as he was, they were well calculated to terrify the boy in acquiescence, and he at length submitted. Mulville now prepared some sticks of different lengths for the lots. A bandage was tied over O'Brien's eyes, and he knelt down resting his face on Mulville's knees. The latter had the sticks in his hand, and was to hold them up, demanding whose lot it was. O'Brien was to call out a name, and whatever person he named for the shortest stick was to die. Mulville held up the first stick, and demanded who it was for? The reply was, 'for little Johnny Sheehan,' and that lot was laid aside. The next stick was held up, and the demand was repeated 'on whom is this lot to fall?'—O'Brien's reply was, 'on myself,' upon which Mulville said, that was the death lot—that O'Brien had called for himself. The poor fellow heard the announcement without uttering a word. The men told him he must prepare for death, and the captain proposed bleeding in the arm. The captain directed the cook, Gorman to do it, but Gorman strenuously refused; being however threatened with death if he continued obstinate, he at last consented. O'Brien then took off his jacket, and after telling the crew, if any of them ever reached home, to tell his poor mother what had happened to him, he then bared his right arm. The cook cut his veins across with a small knife, but could bring no flow of blood; the boy himself attempted to open the vein at the bend of the elbow, but like the cook, he failed in bringing blood. The captain then said—"This is of no use, it is better to put him out of pain by bleeding in the throat." At this O'Brien, for the first time, looked terrified, and begged that they would give him a little time; he said he was cold and weak, but if they would let him lie down and sleep a little, he would get warm, and then he would bleed freely. To this wish there were expressions of dissent from the men, and the captain said, 'was best at once to lay hold on him, and let the cook cut his throat. O'Brien, driven to extremity, declared he would not let them; the first man, he said, who laid hands on him, 'would be the worse for him; that he'd appear to him another time; and haunt him after death. There was a general hesitation among them, when a fellow named Harrington seized the boy, and they rushed in upon him—he screamed and struggled violently, addressing himself in particular, to Sullivan, a Tarbet man. The poor youth was, however, soon got down, and the cook, after considerable hesitation, cut his throat through with a case knife, and the tureen was put under the boy's neck to save the blood.

As soon as the horrid act had been perpetrated, the blood was served to the men. They afterwards laid open the body and separated the limbs; the latter were hung over the stern, while a portion of the former was allowed for immediate use, and almost every one partook of it. This was the evening of the 16th day. They ate again late at night, but the thirst which was before unendurable, now became craving, and they slacked it with salt water. Several were raving, and talked wildly through the night, and in the morning the cook was quite mad. His raving continued during the succeeding night, and in the morning as his end seemed to be approaching, the veins of his neck were cut, and the blood drawn from him. This was the second death. On that night Behane was mad, and the boy, Burns, on the following morning; they were obliged to be tied by the crew, and the latter eventually bled to death by cutting his throat. Behane died unexpectedly, or he would have suffered the same fate. Next morning, Mahony discovered a sail, and raised a shout of joy. A ship was

clearly discernible, and bearing her course towards them. Signals were hoisted, and when she approached, they held up the hands and feet of O'Brien to excite commiseration. The vessel proved to be the Agenoria, an American. She put off a boat to their assistance, and the survivors of the Francis Spaight were safely got on board the American, where they were treated with the utmost kindness.

A late St. John paper states that the Francis Spaight has been towed into Puertoventura, one of the Canary Islands.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Memo Farmer.

WHAT FARMERS MAY BE.

The occupation of a farmer certainly requires the "most vigorous exercise of the physical powers of the body," and if you can induce a man to adopt that system of labor, which shall render the exercise of these powers productive of the greatest amount of ultimate good, you can hardly expect to convince him, but he may become one of the most learned and influential men in the world.

If I may be permitted to advance an opinion, I will say that, judging from daily observation, it would seem that many believe the exercise of mental and physical powers have no connexion in the business of husbandry, that our fathers and grandfathers thought all that was necessary to think upon the subject, and that nothing remains for us to do but work, work, work, without even thinking that we have power to think.

Therefore, if we would lay a firm "basis on which to build up their minds in wisdom and knowledge," we must first convince them that the course pursued by our fathers and grandfathers in relation to husbandry, is by no means the best course.

Convince them that in general a small farm is better than a large one.

Convince them that a little well tilled, is better than much half tilled.

Convince them that two loads of manure is better than one, and every load judiciously applied, is better than a silver dollar.

Convince them that three good cows are better than half a dozen poor ones, and so of all other stock.

Convince them that raising their own bread stuff and a little to sell, is far better than "going to ——— to purchase."

Convince them that two blades of grass may easily be made to grow, where only one grew before.

Convince them that experiment is the mother of improvement, and improvement the true source of wealth.

Convince them of the simple TRUTHS, and induce them to practice accordingly, and the work is done.

You will then bring mind and body to act in unison. You will elevate the husbandman to his natural sphere in the scale of existence. You will place him in the road to higher eminence. He will think for himself, he will be learned, he will be wise, he will be wealthy and influential.

From the London Mirror.

RUSSIAN MODE OF MAKING BUTTER.

Sir,—Observing in a monthly scientific journal, an article on the subject of making butter in the winter, I beg leave to furnish the particulars on that subject, as practised in Russia, since the year 1816, and which may perhaps be of some service, to those who may be induced to make the experiment either in summer or winter. Being in that country in the year 1824, I was informed by a Russian nobleman, that the proprietor of an extensive estate (also a nobleman of high rank) had discovered a new mode of making butter, and had received letters patent from the Emperor as a reward for the discovery, and which he stated at that time as being in full and successful operation. The process consisted in boiling (or rather a species of boiling, called simmering) the milk for the space of fifteen minutes in its sweet state—observing at the same time not to use a sufficient heat to burn the milk; it is then churned in the usual manner. He also stated that no difficulty when the milk was thus prepared, ever occurred in procuring butter immediately, and of a quality superior far to that made from milk which had undergone vinous fermentation; and that in addition to its superior flavor, it would preserve its qualities much longer than that made in the ordinary mode; that the additional advantages were, that the milk being left sweet is almost possessed of the same value for ordinary purposes, and by some was considered more healthy, as they supposed the boiling or scalding to destroy the animalculæ or whatever it may have contained.

If the above process should upon experiment prove

went over. . . began to moderate. There were 13 hands alive, and not one of them had tasted a morsel of food since the wreck; and they had only three bottles of wine; this was served out in wine glasses at long intervals. There was some occasional rain, which they were not prepared at first for saving; but on the fourth or fifth day they got a cistern under the main mast, where it was filled in two days. The periods in which little or no rain fell were, however, often long, so that they stinted themselves to the smallest possible allowance. In seven days after the appearance of the first vessel, another was seen only four miles north. An ensign was hoisted, but she bore away like the former, and was soon lost to their view. Despair was now in every countenance. How they lived through the succeeding five days it would be hard to tell; some few endeavoured to eat the horn buttons off their jackets, the only substitute for nutriment which occurred to them. There was no means of taking fish, and although birds were sometimes seen flying past they had no means of bringing them down. Horrible as this situation was, it was yet worse by the conduct of the crew towards one another.—As their sufferings increased they became cross and selfish—the strong securing a place on the cabin floor, and pushing aside the weak to shift for themselves in the wet and cold. There was a boy named O'Brien especially who seemed to have no friend on board, he endured every sort of cruelty and abuse. Most of the men had got sore legs from standing in salt water, and were peevish and apprehensive of being hurt; as soon as O'Brien came near them in search of a dry berth, he was kicked away, for which he retaliated in curses.

On the 19th December, the 16th day since the wreck, the captain said they were now such a length of time without subsistence, that it was beyond human nature to endure it any longer, and that the only question for them to consider was whether one or all should die; his opinion was that one should suffer for the rest, and that lots should be drawn between the four boys, as they could not be considered so great a