

LITERATURE.

(From the North of England Magazine.)

TALES OF THE HAUNTED GARMENTS.

INTRODUCTION.—It was a stormy night, the black heavy clouds were scudding along the sky, now obscuring the whole face of heaven, now driven asunder by furious gusts of wind, and allowing the pale watery moon to be seen shining at fitful intervals. The lamps flickered as the gale swept by, rattling the doors and shutters of the houses, and whistling and roaring as if all the winds of heaven were let loose. Shivering with cold, and drawing my cloak tightly around me, I quickened my pace to reach home before the rain should descend from the threatening clouds. I had been spending the evening at a house in the outskirts of the town, at a considerable distance from my home, and the remembrance of bright faces and merry voices formed a strange contrast to the darkening sky. At length it began to pour in torrents, and looking round, found I had missed my way, and was in a part of the town entirely unknown to me. I listened in vain for the sound of voice or footstep,—nothing was heard but the creaking windows and the pelting rain. I crept under the doorway of a little old-fashioned looking house, with a shop front, determining to shelter there till the storm should have somewhat abated. Leaning against the door, I found it give way, and, lifting the latch, entered the house. The faint light through the broken window-shutters enabled me imperfectly to distinguish the interior. It was a kind of old clothes warehouse, not such as we find in Monmouth-street or Rosemary-lane,—not a receptacle for old corduroys and worn out top-boots, but of costumes of many ages and countries, dresses that had assisted the attractions of belles long since forgotten, uniforms that had adorned the soldier, and robes that had lent dignity to the divine; in one corner hung a taffeta gown, once fitted to some elegant form, while the round hat, silken mittens, and delicate mantle, were pendant from a rail above, as if ready for the wearer. The wearer! and where was she? An ancient negligé of rich brocade, with its accompanying ruffles, lappets, and high-heeled shoes, was placed next to a court suit of the days of Louis le Grand, and the threadbare garment of some poor student hung in mournful contrast to a richly-laced Spanish doublet: nor were the dresses the only contents of this magazine; there were shelves on which antique snuff-boxes, patch-boxes, small swords and ornamental bodkins, lamps of curious forms, and china monsters, antique relics and black-letter volumes, were heaped together in strange confusion: while carved, tapestry-covered chairs, heavy chests, mirrors in old-fashioned frames, cracked and covered with dust, were placed in disorder about the room; a broken spinnet was half covered by the robe of an advocate, a carved crucifix and rosary rested peaceably against a voluminous treatise against papistical idolatries, and a stuffed parrot was quietly perched upon the full bottomed wig of some learned judge. Whilst I was observing these various articles, the night wore on, but the rain still poured down, I encased myself in an arm chair, in a corner of the apartment, determining to make the best of it, and to wait patiently till daylight, or a cessation in the fury of the storm, should enable me to reach home. I began to moralize; strange, thought I, that the outward garments should thus remain, while those they dignified or adorned have long since ceased to live, even in memory. Busy fingers have been employed in arranging these dresses, now left a prey to time and to the moth; each of these garments have been folded over some throbbing heart,—the youthful beauty attired for her first ball,—the pleader fired with the desire of fame,—the pale artist in his narrow garret, living on through poverty and neglect, in the hope of some fairer future; if all could be known that has passed in the breasts of the some-time possessors of these vestments, what strange and interesting histories might be revealed! Suddenly, a strange confusion arose in the chamber,—silks rustled, shoes creaked, and every article of dress appeared animated. I rubbed my eyes, supposing my midnight watch might have bewildered my senses, when a squall from the parrot, followed by an angry exclamation from a gruff voice, arrested my attention; and lo! every garment was occupied by its respective possessor; a young lady in the taffeta gown, with the hat set coquetishly on one side, had flown to a mirror, and was engaged in arranging her ribbons, heedless of a little old gentleman in the court dress, with sword tucked under his arm, who was shaking the perfume from his wig of many curls in a vain attempt to attract her attention; the parrot had found its rightful owner, and was perched upon the shoulder of a sharp-eyed, pinched-looking female, with high toque and powdered hair, upon whom the brocade negligé and lace ruffles had taken their place; a fat oily-looking man, in full suit of shining black, was attempting to arrange the dishevelled curls of a wig; a pale interesting youth in the threadbare coat had seized a soiled M. S. and was already absorbed in its contents; and the owner of the laced doublet, with formidable moustache and look of defiance,—had taken a foil from the shelf, and was fencing with an imaginary opponent to the manifest discomfiture of the advocate, who was addressing the company in a pompous harangue,—to which no one listened. What a burly-burly, what a confusion of sounds was there! the fat gentleman complaining of his wig disordered by the parrot, the sharp-eyed lady replying in shrill and angry tones, the bird screaming in emulation of his mistress, while a tall gaunt man in snuff-colored suit, and spectacles on nose, in vain attempted to make peace between the disputants. "Ah! mademoiselle," sighed the little Frenchman from the other side, "such grace, such finish could be obtained only at the court of Louis le Grand; mademoiselle, permit me the felicity of relating to you what occurred on that day, when the great Turenne"—"Ladies and gentlemen, may I request a few moments of your attention," exclaimed the advocate. "I hand you a pinch of snuff," said the tall man in spectacles. "Will snuff repair my wig?" sorrowfully exclaimed the fat divine. "I pass with leave." "Polly's a beauty," screamed the parrot. "ca, ca," went the Spaniard, making a fierce pass with his foil. "Sir, you have torn my ruffles," exclaimed a lady; "and pray take your foot off my train; I have known the day, sir when"—here all other sounds were lost in a vehement thumping of the spinnet, accompanied by the doleful scraping of the violoncello, while the young lady in taffeta having arranged her ribbons began to warble forth—

"Haste, my Strepion, faithful swain."
At length the company being somewhat weary of talking of themselves, and silence with some difficulty having been obtained, one of the party proposed, that as they were condemned to meet here on certain nights, they should endeavour to meet not only peaceably, but to form some plan for their mutual entertainment; he suggested, "that, instead of all talking at once while no one attends, we should each relate some passage of our lives, or any tale or anecdote we may remember." This idea was followed by a murmur of approbation, and all settling themselves in an attitude of attention, requested the proposer (whose benevolent and intelligent countenance had claimed their interest) to commence with some anecdote from his own experience; he immediately agreed, and, seating himself in the centre of the group, began as follows:—

THE OLD SOLDIER'S TALE.—"Willing to attempt something for your entertainment, I will not refuse your request, hoping that you will not despise an old man's tale; I am unskilled in eloquence, and know not how by glowing words and well rounded periods to please the ear, but I offer a true story, sure that as such it will not be devoid of interest. It is now many years since the events I am about to relate occurred; I was then a young soldier. Ah! how different were my feelings, how times have changed! I then thought military fame the highest glory; I now feel that heroism is not to be sought in the battle field alone, but that many have lived and died unknown, more deserving of the laurel, than others whose fame has spread through Europe; far be it from me to undervalue the merit of those who have fought in defence of home or country; but I repeat, that a far higher achievement than victory over a thousand foes is victory over self. Heroism is the putting forth of power, either to conquer or resist; it may be passive as well as active, and the former is often the true virtue; many may display courage when excited, whose fortitude would fail in trials that must be borne alone, with none to witness, none to applaud.

I have seen men rush into battle without sign of fear, and fall bravely, but their comrades were around them, the eye of their world upon them; the war trumpet sounding in their ear, the foe before them, and the prospect of fame and promotion or an honoured grave; but such must yield the palm to those (and they are many) who have humbly and resignedly borne their appointed burdens, and been obedient even unto death, in the cause of truth and virtue, with no historian to record their deeds, no poet to sing their praises; the sublimest virtues have often the lowest theatre. Peace be with them all, they each have their reward. Pardon this digression,—to return. In the year 1793, war was declared against France, then a prey to internal discord; the people degraded by centuries of misrule, justly enraged at the interference of foreign powers, obtained by the misrepresentations of emigrant nobility, and almost maddened at the atrocious threats of the Duke of Brunswick, wracked their fury upon all of the class which had so long oppressed them. Like a mountain torrent, the popular frenzy rushed headlong in its course, and like all wild outbursts of vengeance, swept away many friends, among a multitude of foes. May the ruling classes in future times take warning by this fearful example, and reform their abuses in time, and wait not till the oppressed turn upon their oppressors, and add revenge to reformation. Our regiment was ordered to the continent. It was with no good will that I first drew my sword to suppress an effort for freedom, however wild, but a soldier's first duty is to obey. I need not dwell on that well known disastrous campaign. We were totally defeated at Fleurus; I saw my comrades fall around me, and after receiving a severe wound, that disabled my sword arm, was taken prisoner; so ended my hopes. Evered by my wounds, and weak from loss of blood, I became insensible to my misfortunes, and for a time remembered nothing. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself in bed, and I suppose made some exclamation, for the curtain was opened, and I perceived a lady standing by my bed side; she was past the prime of life, and sorrow had laid his heavy hand upon her brow, but there was an expression of calm resignation and sweetness that went to the heart; it seemed to me then the face of an angel. She spoke to me in good English. I would have asked some questions, but she laid her finger upon her lip to enjoin silence, and administering a cordial, again closed the curtains and left me to repose. My recovery was rapid, and in a week I was thought sufficiently recovered to leave my bed-room, and join the family. I had learned that I had been left for dead by the roadside when my fellow prisoners were moved away, that a peasant returning from the neighbouring town had found me, perceived some traces of life remaining, and gave notice to my kind nurse, who had humanely received me, and restored me to life. This lady was the wife of a Count St. Pol, who had nearly fallen a victim to the enraged populace, and had with difficulty made his escape, leaving behind his wife and two daughters, their only children. Melanie and Celeste were two of the loveliest beings I ever beheld, not so much from regularity of feature, as from the pure affection and holy feelings that dwelt within their hearts and shone in their sweet faces. They were singularly alike; if on Melanie's cheek the rose was somewhat paler than that of Celeste, it was more transparent, and if her eyes were less brilliant, they beamed forth with a still softer and more tender expression: early inured to misfortune, their minds had been chastened and strengthened, and sorrow had bound them so closely together, that it seemed as if but one spirit animated both; it was a beautiful sight, those two fair girls! in that time and place they were like flowers blooming in the midst of a wilderness; and yet were there fiends, in the form of men, who could mercilessly crush those tender flowers. —Well, well, I must not anticipate, but when I think of those sweet girls, fifty years fade away and I am young again. From the time of my recovery I was their constant companion, accompanying them in their walks, reading to them, and teaching them English. Madame St. Pol absorbed in anxiety for her husband, took little notice of what was passing, but she had no cause to fear. I was only too much alive to the feeling, that with a sabre cut across my face, lame and broken spirited, I could be nothing but an object of compassion. I soon, however, won their confidence, for I also had been subdued by disappointment and sorrow; and the broken down invalid was perchance more valued friend, than the gay young soldier might have been. One evening Melanie came bounding into the room with an expression of happiness beaming in her countenance, such as I had never seen before. She threw her arms round her mother, exclaiming, "He is safe!" From that hour the little circle assumed a cheerful aspect; they had received news from their father of his safe arrival in England, and they now looked forward with hope to a time when they might join him and find a home in a foreign land, no matter where, if together. Some weeks had passed away in happiness, interrupted only by reports of cruelties perpetrated in the large towns, when I observed a cloud over Celeste's countenance, and an anxiety she seemed to wish to conceal. Sometimes, when not observed, a tear would steal into her eye, and her lip quiver with some deep emotion; at a sudden noise, or the sound of a strange footstep, she would start and turn pale; she no longer left the house. I sought her confidence, and at last drew from her the explanation of her distress. At a little distance from their chateau lived a man of the name of Brissot, whom we frequently met in our rambles; we had always avoided him when possible, they because he was suspected of being one of their father's persecutors, and I for fear of detection. We had often observed him passing by the chateau, and lingering about as if endeavouring to watch the movements of its inmates; it might be partly prejudice, but I thought I had never seen a face on which villain was more distinctly written. Celeste had one day, it appeared, encountered this man, who had been watching an opportunity of addressing her; he not only dared to urge a lawless suit, but at the same time told her that he knew of their correspondence with their father, and threatened her, if rejected, with the direst vengeance. She, of course, repulsed him with indignation, and he had left her, vowing revenge upon them all. "I care not what becomes of me," said the poor girl, bursting into tears, "but my mother and Melanie, he cannot be so hard hearted as to injure them." I could give her little comfort, and though fearing the worst, was careful not to increase her anxiety. Alas! my fears were too well founded; that afternoon, while I was in my chamber, a cry reached my ears; I hurried down stairs, and found armed men filling the passage, Brissot standing in the middle of the room with papers in his hand, looking with fiend-like triumph on Celeste; who had thrown herself on the fainting form of her mother, lying at the betrayer's feet; Melanie was standing by, her hands clasped, her eyes raised to the face of Brissot with an expression that would have softened any heart but his. He had taken advantage of the discovery of the girl's correspondence with her father, to arrest them as disaffected to the government; in vain did Melanie offer to give up all their papers; in vain were all protestations of their innocence; in vain did Madame St. Pol plead for her children; once I forgot my crippled state, and rushed upon the villain to fell him to the ground, but my arm fell powerless by my side, and the wretch did but scoff at my powerless rage. "Celeste," said she, "did not my father, when he blessed us in parting, say he could leave us nothing but our good name and each other's love? and did we not then avow that nothing but death should part us? But death even is kind, for it will not divide us, and heaven will have mercy on our mother! My sweet sister, look up, your grief is worse than death." Celeste did look up, and I saw that all weakness had passed away. Brissot seized her arm; "has the world no charms for you?" said he; "will you condemn yourself and sister to death, when a life not only of safety but of splendour is in your power? Be mine, I ask you once more, it is yet time, and these papers shall be destroyed." "Never, never!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, and with a cry of agony sank once more upon the ground. Brissot was pale with rage. "You have made your choice," said he, in a hoarse voice, "your blood be on your own head." They were led away to prison. In the morning sentence was pronounced; Madame St. Pol was in court; there was no hope, she knew there was none, and was perfectly calm. She passed the remainder of that day and next at work in making her children's shrouds, I in watching. The following day

Madame St. Pol was allowed to see her daughters in prison; I remained outside: the bell tolled, the square was crowded to excess, ranks of soldiers lined the place, and surrounded the scaffold. At last, the prison gate was thrown open, and a murmur was heard from the assembled multitude, as the two girls appeared, walking side by side. They were very pale; on Melanie's face there was an expression which seemed already of heaven. Madame St. Pol followed; not a groan or a tear escaped her; she had prayed long and fervently for strength to support her dear ones to the end, and it was granted. I observed Celeste look up to the bright sun that shone above their heads, and a tear rolled down her cheek. A little cloud was floating northward with the wind, she followed it with her eyes as it disappeared in the horizon, and stretched out her arms with a convulsive sob. Was she thinking of her father, and of the happy re-union in that free land to which the vapour-wreath was hastening? As the mournful procession reached the scaffold, there was a movement among the populace,—a hope of rescue flashed across my mind, but the soldiers were there in great strength, their arms clashed, and the people overawed fell back. Madame St. Pol performed the last sad office for her children; bound up their long glossy hair with her own hands, and blessed them as they knelt before her. I looked again, they were in each other's arms. The bandage was placed over their eyes: I could look no more. A sound as of a stroke, then another, followed by a cry of horror from the multitude, told me that all was over. I carried Madame St. Pol to her desolate home, and, in a few days, followed her to the grave. She could not survive the loss of her beloved ones. Some time after I made my escape, and arrived safely in England. I made many inquiries after Count St. Pol, but was never able to obtain any information concerning him. The old man ceased speaking for a while and then added, "Many years have passed away since the occurrence I have related, but I have never since seen the young and fair without a sigh for those once so fair and bright as any." As he concluded, a ray of light from the east broke into the room, and when the sun rose and lit up the apartment with his morning beams, the dresses and robes were hanging quietly on their accustomed pegs, and all was still as when I first entered the apartment. I rose from my seat, wondering at my strange adventure, and as I pursued my way homewards, resolved to return some other evening to revisit the nightly inhabitants of that mysterious chamber."

CANNOT.

We very much question whether there is a word in the English language productive of as much mischief as the one placed at the head of this article. Indeed, it has no business where it is so frequently found; for it is an intruder on our forms of speech, and deemed unworthy of notice by the lexicographer; yet there are some men who are always using it, and find it always at their tongue's end. The man who admits this word into his vocabulary, is regularly done up; henceforth he is good for nothing, because he will perform nothing. We like a man, aye and woman too, who at proper times can utter a plain, plump No; for that little word may be their salvation; but if they meet you with a canting cannot, depend upon it, they will—"for a consideration."

Ask your friend why he runs in debt for things for which he has no possible earthly use; and he will tell you he cannot avoid purchasing things when offered at a bargain, even if he has no present use for them. The time, however, will come, when there will be a cannot of another nature to arrest him; and that will be, when his foolish purchases have so exhausted his finances, and reduced his credit, that no one will trust him.

Ask that farmer why he allows that bottle of spirits to be carried into his harvest field; and as the ill-cut and scattered grain attests, to his manifest loss, and he replies that he has been so long in the habit of doing it, that he cannot do without it when working hard. All nonsense. Thousands, if not millions, have demonstrated the contrary before his face the present year. The truth is, the farmer loves the "good creature," and his cannot is the partial opiate he forces upon his conscience to disguise the fact.

Ask that farmer why he allows his fields to be overrun with thistles, johnswort, daisies; his crops choked with stein crout, chess, and cockle; his corn overtopped by pig-weeds; and his garden by chickweed, purslane, &c.; and he answers, he cannot attend to them all; he has so much work to do, that some must be neglected. Such an answer only makes a bad matter worse. It proves that he is a bad calculator as well as a bad worker. The farmer has no business to plan so much work as to be unable to perform every part well; and the cannot in the case can deceive no one.

"Neighbor, the bars of your cornfield are very defective and the gates to your wheat field are so insecure, that I wonder at your leaving them in such a condition, when there are so many unruly cattle running at large." "Ah," he answers, "I know it well enough. I intended this week to have made some new bars, and had a new gate hung; but have lost so much time in attending that lawsuit, that I cannot do it now, and must put it off till next week." The next sunny morning, he finds a whole herd of unruly animals in his fields, his crops half destroyed, and a beautiful foundation for another lawsuit laid.

See that poor man, once rich and talented, reeling through the street! He is a sacrifice to this accursed cannot. A beautiful wife has wept tears of entreaty; friends have uttered words of remonstrance; reformed inebriates have taken him by the hand, and pointed out the way by which he may be again a man; but to all, the reply, a reply fatal to hope, has been, I cannot. It is a lie. He can. He can forsake his cups; he can again bring joy and gladness to his family; he can again rejoice his friends; but he must first renounce and repudiate this soul and body destroying cannot.

Young man, whatever may be your profession or pursuit, if you would hope for success, never use the word cannot. You may as well attempt to swim with a Scotia grindstone at your neck, and a Paixhan shot at your heels, as to expect to accomplish anything worthy of a man while this word is in your vocabulary. When the gallant Miller, at the battle of Niagara, was asked by Scott if he could carry the enemy's batteries, suppose, instead of the determined "I'll try," he had whined out—"I cannot," where would have been his fame, and what the result of that day? Cannot accomplishes nothing but the ruin of him who uses it.

Farmer, keep shy of cannots. Use not the word yourself, and be careful how you employ those that do. Napoleon never allowed the use of the word impossible; and in the management of a farm there should be no place for cannot. You can do all that is necessary to be done, if you set about it in the right way, and at the right time. If you do not, your labour will be like that of Sisyphus; ever beginning, never ending. Neglect nothing; keep a watchful eye over everything; see that every part moves in harmony and together; and you will have no cause for cannot.—*Albany Cultivator*.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF ARSENIC ON DIFFERENT PERSONS.—At the conclusion of an inquest held last week before Mr. Wakely, M. P., relative to the death of a party suspected to have been poisoned by arsenic, or some other corrosive poison, the hon. gentleman observed how extraordinary it was that arsenic should have an entirely different action on two different subjects. Two persons shall take the same quantity of arsenic; on the one it shall act, just like an anodyne, soporifically, first producing somnolence, and finally ending in the sleep of death, without pain or struggle. In the other, after it has been taken into the stomach, it shall produce violent vomiting and extreme agony, which shall continue until death takes place in the midst of the most excruciating torture. In the first instance, after death, dissection will show no internal ulceration; in the second, it will present marked appearances of the most violent inflammatory action. He was constantly struck with surprise at seeing, in cases where the precise causes of death were surely known, the *post mortem* appearances disagreeing in toto from what they ought to be considering the cause of death. Medicinal men should bear these facts in mind when they are called upon to give forensic evidence.

MORPETH GAOL.—It appears, from the accounts submitted to the Magistrates at the recent Quarter Sessions of the Peace, that the prisoners in Morpeth Jail were now able to maintain themselves without any expense to the country. Mr. Cousins, the present Governor, was the first to introduce prison labour, and the profit realised thereby during the past year amounts to considerably above £200.—The articles manufactured are hearthrugs and carpeting of worsted, of various patterns; cocoa-nut fibre, Manilla, and Indian grass mats, of all sizes, the whole of which are sold at exceedingly moderate prices. As a proof of the great benefits derived by the prisoners themselves, from the plan in operation at Morpeth, it may be stated, that instances have occurred of young men being sent to prison, having served no apprenticeship, and being unable to follow any regular profession for a livelihood, and at the termination of their imprisonment the same individuals have left the prison with the means of earning, at a regular rate of wages, nearly £4 a week; so that the country, as well as the prisoners themselves, partake of the benefit of prison labour introduced and carried on so successfully by the present Governor. How desirable it would be to introduce the same system of useful labour in our prisons in Canada! It is unreasonable to support and lodge, at public expense, criminals that are able to work for their living.—Indeed, it is rewarding instead of punishing individuals for their evil deeds. We feel convinced that obliging criminals to work while confined under sentence for their crimes, would be a very great check to the commission of crime.—*British American Cultivator*.

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.—After four years' labour, the repairs of the astronomical clock at Strasburg are completed, and it was to be set in motion on the meeting of the Scientific Congress on the 28th. In this curious piece of mechanism, the revolutions of the sun, the moon, and the planets, are marked down with scientific exactness. Seven figures represent the days of the week, each appearing in its turn on the day allotted to it. The four ages come forward to strike the quarters, and the skeleton Death strikes the hours. At noon, the twelve Apostles advance in succession, to bend down before the figure of our Saviour, who gives the benediction. At the same moment, a cock claps his wings and crows three times. It is said to be one of the most curious pieces of clock-work in Europe.

AGRICULTURAL.

BRIEF HINTS FOR COMMENCING WINTER.

Cattle and all domestic animals should commence the winter in good condition.

Do not undertake to winter more cattle than you have abundant means of providing for.

Let every farmer aim to have next spring, instead of thin, bony, slab-sided, sraggy cattle, fine, smooth, round, and healthy ones, and to this end let him spare no pains; and,

- First, let the cattle be well fed;
- Secondly, let them be fed regularly;
- Thirdly, let them be properly sheltered from the pelting storm.

Proper food and regularity of feeding will save the flesh on the animal's back, and shelter will save the fodder.

All domestic animals in considerable numbers should be divided into parcels, and separated from each other, in order that the weaker may not suffer from the domination of the stronger, nor the diseased from the vigorous.

Farmers who have raised root crops, (and all good farmers have doubtless done so) should cut them up and mix them with drier food, as meal, chopped hay, straw or corn-stalks, and feed them to cattle and sheep.

Cow-houses and cattle stables should be kept very clean and well littered. To allow animals to lie down in the filth which is sometimes suffered to collect in stables, is perfectly insufferable. By using plenty of straw or litter, the consequent increase in the quantity of manure, will much more than repay the supposed waste of straw.

All stables should be properly ventilated. Mixing food is generally better than feeding cattle on one substance alone.

Cattle will generally eat straw with as much readiness as hay if it is salted copiously, which may be done by sprinkling brine over it.

A great saving is made by cutting not only straw and corn-stalks, but hay also.

Sheep, as well as all other domestic animals, should have a constant supply of good water during winter. They should also be properly sheltered from the storm, for a great point in the secret of keeping them in good condition, is to keep them comfortable.—*Genesee Farmer*.

RELIEF OF CHOKED CATTLE.—In your October No. of last year, I find a receipt by David E. Lott, to relieve choked cattle. I some months since sent to the Agriculturalist, Nashville, a receipt, and in a few weeks after its publication, received the thanks of a gentleman who, by using the prescribed means, saved a fine horse, after trying all other means recommended without effect. I send it to you:—Raise one of the fore feet as the smith does when shoeing a horse, tie a strong cord—whip cord or drum line will answer—tight above the knee; while the foot is up, let the foot go, and if the animal refuses to put it to the ground, as it probably will, a smart stroke with a whip must be dealt, and in a second the beast will be relieved; be careful, in tying the string, to tie a slip knot that you can loosen quick, for the pain is excruciating. How it operates is immaterial; my theory (probably a false one,) is this, the hard cord acting on the nerves of the arm, produces nausea, the muscles of the throat are relaxed, and the substance by which the brute is choked, is thrown from the gullet.—*Correspondent of the Cultivator*.

IMPORTANCE OF THE QUALITY OF THE SALT USED IN MAKING BUTTER.—At a late Agricultural meeting in Augusta, Maine, Dr. Bates stated that the Quakers in Fairfield were in the habit of buying the best description of coarse salt, and cleaning it, and having it ground, and this they used in the manufacture of butter. The consequence was, the butter made by the Quakers of Fairfield had better reputation, and bore a higher price than the butter made in other towns. He held them up as worthy of imitation. He stated that the loss of the butter manufactured in that state was greater in amount every year than the sum raised for the State tax—more than two hundred thousand dollars. He believed that, if that fact was generally understood, if the people could be made aware of the loss incurred by bad manufacture, we should at once see an improvement in this article, of which so much is produced and which enters into our daily consumption.

SUCCESSFUL MODE OF PRESERVING MILK AT SEA.—In November, 1836, a part of the conductor's family being about to sail for Europe, a dozen bottles of milk were prepared for their use in the following way:—The milk was drawn from the cows immediately into the bottles, the bottles were corked, and the corks secured with wire. The bottles were then laid into a kettle upon some straw, the kettle filled with cold water, and the water heated to the boiling point. The milk was used on the passage, perfectly sweet, except one bottle, which lay in a chest unnoticed till it reached Ireland, and then it was found to be as sweet as when bottled at Albany.—*Cultivator*.

KICKING COWS.—Hang that Cow—how she kicks! says the milkmaid. Yes, that's the right way to treat her.—Hang her. You've hit on the remedy, tho' you were not aware of it when you pronounced that awful sentence, "Hang that cow." A writer in the Farmer's Cabinet has told the secret publicly. He says, merely place the patient (he should have said the impatient) in a stable, with a beam over head, and fixing a running noose over her horns, throw the end over the beam, and pull away so as to raise her head pretty high in the air, but not so as to raise her legs from the ground.—In this position she will not only be disabled from kicking, but will give down her milk without the least hesitation—not from any spite or ill will, but because she can't help it.—*Connecticut Farmer's Gazette*.