Bedford Inquirer.

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BY DAVID OVER. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1859. VOL. 32, NO. 7.

A Curious Document.

All that we are permitted to say, in reference to the following deeply interesting letter, is, that we have been informed that it was taken, by violence, from a man named O'Connor, while he was in prison in Dublin, on a charge of treason, in 1799, and that it was said that he had obtained the original, in the Latin language, at Naples.

There is a sentence at the close of the letter, written in some language which we are not learned enough to understand, but presume that it is the ancient British.

It is committed to the consideration of the learned and the good of every religious denomination.--*Philadelphia Press.*

CLAUDIA TO EUNICE.

I send, by the hand of your son, Timotheus, the picture you have so often admired. I do not allow myself to suppose that your admiration arises from any extraordinary ability displayed in the execution of the work; but attribute it to the advantage the British works have over those of the Romans, in the use of a greater variety of colors. I do not think I could have made so truthful a representation of the scene by the use of only two colors. The green, red, and yellow leaves; the blue sky; the silver edging of the clouds; the black horse of the Roman, and the difference in the colors of the costumes, hair, and complexions of the parties represented in the picture, could not have been set forth, truthfully, by a very limited number of colors. I have seen pictures in my own country quite as good as any I have seen here. But it is the fashion, in Rome, to depreciate everything relating to my country, its people, and their works. Their religion is plotted out, their histories destroyed, their traditions denied, and their arts and sciences regarded as a myth. It is thus that Rome always treats the nations which she subjugates. The little streams must be swallowed up in the great flood of the conquerors. But, my object is to write details, not commentaries; and, in accordance with your request, I put in writing a sketch of the incidents which the picture was intended to perpetuate, together with some of the principal events of my life. Now that my excellent friend and kind protector, Vespasian, has become Emperor, I feel free to express my thoughts, and have a heart full of joy and hope.

The man in the dress of a Roman warrior, lying on the ground near where his black horse stands, is Vespasian. The others, as any one will perceive, are all Britons. The commander of the party, giving orders to the men, who are about raising the Roman from the ground, is my father. The girl, endeavoring to wipe the blood from the face of the prostrate Roman, is regarded by persons who remember how I looked when I was young, as a fair likeness of what I was then. My father frequently took me with him in his hunting excursions, and also to his military journeys. In one of these excursions we found a Roman warrior lying on the ground, seriously injured by a fall from his horse, apparently caused by the projecting limb of a tree. Active hostilities were not, at that time, carried on between the Britons and the Romans, because each kept within the limits of the territories occupied by them respectively. But the Roman had, in this instance, crossed the line. My father declared that, as it did not appear that his purpose was a hostile one, and he had met with a misfortune, the law of our religion required that he should be taken care of, and, as soon as he recovered, set at liberty, so that he might return to his friends to tell them that the Britons understood the duties of hospitality. He therefore ordered the man and his horse to be brought to our camp. The Roman had received an injury on the head. He remained insensible for several days. I become his physician and his nurse. I was, at the time, what is called a priestess in the Druid's temple, and was skilled in the healing art—as all the Druids were. Through my skill and attention, the Roman recovered. He was unbounded in his expressions of gratitude for the preservation of his life, and offered many rich rewards, all of which were, of course, declined. He had won the esteem of every one who conversed with him. But he seemed unwilling to tell his name; and appeared anxious that we should regard him as a common soldier, and was evidently surprised to find that there was no intention to detain him as a prisoner, or to harm him in any respect. After he had mounted his horse, he leaned down rowards me, and handed me a ring, with curious devices on it. As he did so, he said, "You have saved my life; if ever you need a friend among the Romans, produce that ring, and friends will arise to serve you." He then galloped off, and we thought no more of him. Our country was in trouble, and the trouble soon increased, bringing the heaviest afflictions upon my father and his family.

My grandfather, Codallon, had married Europeia, and my father, Caradoc, called by the Romans Caracticus, was their oldest child.—My aunt, Boadicea, was their youngest. On the death of King Metallinus, the brother of Europeia, without children, my father succeeded to his throne. About this time Cartismandue, the Queen of the Brigantes, and widow of Cymbeline, for the purpose of increasing her influence, opened negotiations to unite her family witn ours. The death of Europeia had furnished her the opportunity to make an impression on my grandfather. The result of her plans was, that Codallon married her; my father, Caradoc, married her daughter; and my aunt, Boadicea, was married to her son, Arviragus. Thus strengthened in her influences, she refused to pay the tribute to Rome, which Cymbeline had paid without objection.—The result was, the renewal of war with the Romans. But the Emperor Claudius soon effected, by policy, what he could not not have accomplished by force. A peace was agreed upon to his satisfaction, by his giving his daughter, by his first wife, Claudia Urgalanilla, in marriage to Arviragus. This wife of Claudius had been repudiated for infidelity, and the child had been ordered to be exposed, because it was believed to be illegitimate. But its life had been saved by its nurse, and, when the child became a woman, her strong likeness to the Emperor, and her beauty, her powers of mind, and sweet disposition, secured his protection. Many believed that her mother had been unjustly accused. When the Emperor's daughter arrived in Britain, she was called Guimpa. To enable Arviragus to receive her, he repudiated my aunt, Boadicea, without any just cause. My father, then King of the Silures, and several dependant kingdoms, was indignant at the insult to his sister. She was a woman of great abilities, energy, and influence, and she exerted all her powers to redress her wrongs. Messages were sent to the different British kings to influence them against the Romans. A powerful army was raised, and my father was chosen to command it. I need not detail the long struggle and the brave deeds that followed. The great battle of Caer Caradoc resulted, as you know, in the defeat of the Britons. My uncle, my mother, and myself, were taken prisoners. My father, after covering himself with glory, by a series of the most heroic achievements, became faint with loss of blood from his many wounds. After all was lost, he directed some of his friends to convey him to Cartismandue for protection. She was his step-mother, as well as his mother-in-law. He thought he had a right to demand the hospitality from one thus double bound to him.—But she proved false and cruel, and delivered him up, in chains, to the Romans. We were carried to Rome to grace the triumph of the conquerors; to be first degraded, and then destroyed, according to the Roman usage. As soon as we arrived in this city, a Roman knight, named Pudens, advanced towards me, and signified to the surrounding crowd that he desired to speak with me. They instantly gave way before him with every mark of respect. He asked me, in the British tongue, if my name was Gladus Ruffyth. I answered that it was. He then asked if I remembered receiving a ring from a wounded Roman, for my kindness to him, in his illness, at my father's camp. I had preserved the ring, but I had not any strong hopes of deriving much benefit from it, in the terrible extremity to which we had been reduced by the fortune of war. We had been captured in open arms against Rome, and had no reason to expect a departure from her custom, in the treatment of captives of war. But the moment Pudens saw the devices on the ring, he told me that it was the ring of Vespasian, who, at the time he was under my care, was an officer of high distinction in the Roman legions in Britain; that he had since been recalled; that he was, at present, absent from Rome, but Pudens, who had served with him in Britain, was fully acquainted with the debt of gratitude Vespasian owed to our family, and especially to me. He told me to be of good cheer; that Vespasian had friends and retrainers enough then, in the city, to prevent any injustice to one who had saved his life as I had; that he would immediately see the Emperor, and if he did not comply with the wishes of Vespasian, the whole army —— He did not finish the sentence, but took the ring and departed. This was the first intimation we had that the stranger in our camp was Vespasian. We all had heard the fame of his noble deeds. He was then celebrated in the Western as much as he is now in the Eastern world. In the evening Pudens returned with the ring and told me that he had seen the Emperor—that our hospitality would not be forgotten, and that my father would be heard before he should be condemned. He was, accordingly, fully heard in vindication of what they called his rebellion against his sovereign. He boldly denied that either himself or his nation had ever acknowledged the supremacy of Rome; claimed his rights as a British King; justified the defence of his sovereignty, his home, and the homes of his people, with the manly firmness of his well-known character. Claudius was either pleased, or pretended to be pleased, with my father's bravery and constancy, and ordered us to be liberated on our pledges not to return to Britain, to make war on the Romans. The Emperor, also, made provisions for us suitable to the condition we had held in Britain, so far as this could be done. He was most gracious to us in every respect. We were not insensible to his kindness. Much as I was attached to British name, I rejoiced that I had the right to adopt the Roman appellation of Claudio, in honor of Claudius. This is the reason why I have been always known here as Claudia Rufino, instead of Gladus Ruffyth. We hired a house, and lived in quietness, each pursuing such studies as inclination prompted. I had duties to perform while in Britain, which made it necessary for me to understand the Greek and Latin languages there. The Hebrew I learned since I came here, from one whose history will be read when our names are forgotten. Through my studies and the numerous acquaintances formed here, I endeavored to forget the misfortunes of our house, but my poor father and mother were unable to bear up long. In a few years they departed, I trust, to a better world. Pudens had been a constant visitor at our house, and brought many of his friends there. They all professed to take a deep interest in conversation with me. The flattering compliments of strangers, no matter how learned or distinguished, gave me no pleasure:—But a single word of approbation from the severe judgment of Pudens always gave me great delight. I discovered that my efforts were stimulated by a desire to please him, and I had often seen his eye sparkle with pride and pleasure at any occurrence which enabled me to appear to advantage among his friends. I was never so happy as when his eye was upon me. It seemed to me as the sunlight that dispelled the clouds which had enshrouded all else that I valued in life. It was not his personal beauty, for he was not beautiful. It was not gratitude for the favor he had showed me, for I owed him no gratitude. He merely obeyed the commands of Vespasian. It was not his accurate judgment and unspotted integrity, for these only commanded respect and esteem. My feeling was stronger than these. There was a mystery in my emotions. I felt that there was a secret bond between us which neither had ever spoken of to the other. These emotions existed long before a word had been spoken on the subject of love. But, in good time, Pudens spoke the word, and our union, as you know, has been a constant joy to each other.

A young Spaniard, who came to Rome to complete his law studies, attached himself to Pudens, and thus became acquainted with me. He had no taste for the law, and he became a poet. He was one among the many who loaded me with compliments. In his manuscript Epigramati—part of which I have translated and sent to Britain—he notices me frequently. In one epigram he announces, with a flourish of good wishes and compliments, that Pudens had taken the foreign Claudia for his wife. In another, after referring to my origin as a Blue-skin Briton, he is pleased to say that I possess the Roman wit, and Roman grace, and Roman form in such a degree, that Rome might place me among her daughters, or Attic matrons might deem me of Attic race. I refer to this for the purpose of showing that I was supposed to possess some powers of mind worthy the daughters of my brave and great father. But I acknowledge that I feel mortified when I see that so great a man as Marcus Valerius Martialis should pander to the prejudices which see nothing of value unless it be of Rome or Greece. The Romans indulge in these prejudices, and at the same time deny the traditions which prove our commingled Trojan and Grecian origin, and that one of our early kings was Brutus, a descendant of Æneas. This tradition is as well established as the existence of the siege of Troy. But our histories and traditions have been destroyed with our bards, our priests, our temples and our religion. The fate of Mona is but an example of the general destruction of all our records, our literature, and our works of art.

One day, after we had resided in Rome about eleven years, a remarkable prisoner was brought from Judea. It was asserted, by the men who had him in charge, that he had prophesied and performed miracles, during the journey to Rome, and, on that account, he was treated with great respect, although in bonds, and charged with sedition. He was allowed to go about with an attendant. He frequently called the people together, in the streets, and spoke to them touching a new religion. One day I went out to hear him He was a man of small stature when in repose, but he seemed to enlarge in size as he became excited with his subject. He had a high, bold forehead, but the other portion of his head was thinly covered with brown hair; his beard was long and terminated in two points. His nose was acquiline, and his eyes were sparkling. His face was long and oval. He wore sandals on his feet, and had a blue tunic and a white mantle. He had an erect form and a military air. He spoke sometimes in Latin, sometimes in Greek, and when addressing the Jews, he spoke in Hebrew. He was evidently a learned man and an eloquent orator. I believed him to be under a delusion, but no one who heard him could doubt his sincerity. Remembering my own situation and that of my poor father, some years before, I sympathized with him as a prisoner, and invited him to our house. When he found that he would be detained until his accuser could bring evidence against him from Judea, he rented a house adjoining the one in which we lived. It was two years before he could procure a hearing. On the trial no evidence was brought against him, except his religious discourses and practices, and these he acknowledged and justified as a right belonging to every Roman citizen. He was acquitted and set at liberty. In his intercourse with me he seemed always more intent upon gaining information than on teaching his peculiar views. He inquired respecting my country, its inhabitants, their customs, their language and their religion. He did not appear to have heard any other than Cæsar's account of Druidism. That account, even as applied to Gaul, is not altogether correct. It is still further from the truth as applied to Britain. The Druds were skilled in astronomy, history, languages, and many valuable arts and sciences, and these were taught to the youth of the country, and to many who came from Gaul for instruction. It is true that many who came for instruction in these matters carried home with them such religious views as they thoughs proper to embrace. But the religion of Britain was not a unit, any more than its government. In the different kingdoms different views of religion existed. Even among the Druids themselves there were various sects. At the great battle of Caer Caradoc, the oath of fidelity was taken by each nation according to its own religious forms. I myself belonged to the sect of Druids, called, elsewhere, fire-worshippers. In our adoration of the sun, the better-informed always understood that they were worshipping Baal, the great Author of all, through the worship of his most glorious work. We had nine moral laws, which some alleged were delivered by Baal himself to his priests. They were very ancient, and were, certainly, recorded thoutands of years ago in the writings of Eolus, which were deemed sacred. These nine laws prohibited murder, stealing, falsehood, envy, and flattery, and enjoined love and respect to parents, mercy to all, and charity to the poor and to strangers; but the ninth commanded man to do even as he would be done by.

I gave an account of all this to the prisoner. He spoke of his religion as similar, in many respects, to my own. He said that we worshipped the same God under different names; that our laws were quite similar, in many particulars, to the ten laws taught by his master as commandments from God; that these laws, like ours, prohibited murder, stealing, falsehoods and envy, and, like ours, enjoined love and honor to parents; that all our nine laws were taught by his master, and especially the great fundamental rule that required us to do to others as we would that they should do to us.—His description of the life, teachings, and sufferings of Jesus of Nazareth upon the cross, was the most impressive and touching history I have ever heard He then, with great tenderness for my feelings, touched upon the terrible sacrifices of human victims, which were part of the religious ceremonies of the Druids. These he said, were not peculiar to the Druids. They existed among the Eastern nations, and he had no doubt that we derived them from our Eastern origin. But he declared that the great object of his master was to make one final sacrifice of his precious life as a full atonement for the sins of every nation who believed and repented; that this final sacrifice had put an end to all other sacrifices, whether the victims were human beings or the lower orders of creation. I had always looked upon our human sacrifices with horror. I never could reconcile them to my ideas of a just and merciful God. It is true that the victims were generally persons guilty of crimes, or prisoners of war; but if these were not to be had, innocent victims were sacrificed. I was impressed by the learning and faith of the prisoner. I had heard, from persons who had come with him to Rome, many of whom were well known to Pudens, of many wonderful things which he had done, and which, if true, proved that he was inspired by a superior power. The result of these teachings and our own reflections, was, that Pudens and Claudia became converts to the religion taught by Paul of Tarsus.

Soon after Paul had been tried and acquitted, and was at liberty to leave Rome, he informed me that Jesus, after his resurrection, appeared to his disciples and commanded them to go and teach all nations—to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, to preach repentance and remission in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.—"This command," said Paul, "came unto me as well as to the other disciples, but I am especially commanded to preach to the Gentiles. As faithful servants, we are bound to obey this last command of our divine Master. Your nation has especially attracted universal attention.—The Britons have become celebrated throughout the world for the religion of their Druids, the philosophy and poetry of their bards, and and the arts and sciences of their ovates. The skill and bravery of their warriors, their arms, their destructive war chariots, and their engines of defence have excited the admiration of the bravest and most skillful warriors throughout the Roman Empire, and twice have they driven from their shores the conquering legions of Julius Cæsar. During a hundred years they have maintained their independence against the power of the most warlike nation on earth. In the nine years' war, under the command of your great father, the sufferings and bravery of your countrymen have won the sympathy and admiration of all good men; and yet no one has carried the light of the Gospel to them. I will, therefore, take passage in a ship from Tyre—through the pillars of Hercules—to Britain, and the other Western isles, to do the will of my master." He then thanked me for the instructions I had given him in the British tongue. I replied that he had more than compensated me by his teachings in Hebrew, and in knowledge far more needful than either.—He took letters of commendation to some of my friends in Britain, and departed. He preached in many places in Britain, and in the adjacent islands. It was not his practice to set himself with violence against the prejudices and customs of the people, where he could do more good by a milder course. Instead of attempting to extirpate entirely the religion of the Druids, he endeavored to reform and to modify it. The modification of their temples, under his preaching, is a remarkable evidence of this. The circle of stone columns constituting the temples of the Druids were, in many cases, changed to the form of a cross. This was done by the erection of rows of columns, extending from the outside of the circle in a south, east, and western direction, and two rows leaving an avenue between them, extending in a northern direction. The columns were higher than the tallest man, and the numbers of those composing the avenue were equal to the number of communities who attended that particular temple. The columns composing the circle were equal, in number, to the twelve Apostles. Those in the wings were three in each wing. The altar on which victims had been sacrificed was left standing, as a rostrum from which the people were instructed in the new doctrine. All persons, who were akin to each other within the ninth degree, belonged to the same community. These temples have generally been destroyed by the Romans; but, as they have not penetrated into the north-western isles—particularly the island of Seog, where Paul was received with great favor—it is probable that the people in those islands will be permitted to enjoy their religion, undisturbed by the rude tread of our polished barbarians.

When Paul returned from Britain he went to Corinth; and while there, wrote to us an epistle, in which he informed us that the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was now made manifest to all nations—that the Scriptures and the prophets were also made known to all nations, according to the commandment. In that epistle he expressed a strong desire to visit us again in Rome, on his journey to Spain, that he might be comforted with us by our mutual faith. That pleasure we enjoyed in good time. He visited us again. My house and all I had were at his command. He wrote many letters to the brethren while he made his home with us. The second letter to your beloved son Timotheus, after he took charge of the Church at Ephesus, was among the number. This gave us an opportunity of sending our greeting to one who is beloved by us all, and to urge him to visit us before the winter commenced. While Paul was with us, the circle of brethren increased, and we had much comfort in each other's society and instruction. Our happiness seemed as perfect as it could be in this world; but it was of short duration. The Roman outrages upon the Britons had increased under the reign of Nero. Arviragus, called by the Romans Prasutagus, died, leaving immense wealth to his daughters and to the Roman Emperor. But the whole of it was taken by the Romans. His daughters were violated, and his Queen, Boadicea, to whom he had become reconciled, was publicly scourged. This raised a flame throughout many of the kingdoms, and Boadicea, at the head of a powerful army, took vengeance into her own hands. She slaughtered one hundred thousand of her enemies, and captured and destroyed London, and other towns, in possession of the Romans. The legions of Rome were terror-stricken at first by the magnitude of her forces, and the rapidity of her movements, but they soon rallied, and at last, the Britons were routed and put to death in great numbers. The Romans were determined to revenge the slaughter and destruction which Boadicea had caused. The Christians and the Druids were regarded as the cause of all these injuries to Rome; and they were destroyed wherever they could be found. Nero's passions became inflamed against the Christians from this and some other causes, and Paul and Peter were executed by the orders of that tyrant. Peter was cruelly crucified; but Paul was beheaded, because it was unlawful to crucify a Roman citizen. The chief charge against Paul was that he had taught rebellion in Britain; but we all know that neither Paul nor the twelve laborers in the vineyard, who went on the same mission, taught any other political doctrine than that of rendering to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, as taught by his master when on earth; and there was no more proof against Paul, on this last trial, than there was on the first; but his judges were different in their passions and motives. God will reward him and them according to their works. Let us hope for better things under the reign of the new Emperor. I have, it is true, many painful recollections of his prowess in more than thirty battles with my countrymen, and you may have many sighs for your nation when you look upon the fresh laurels he has brought from Jerusalem He may have done many things in these wars which he would not, himself, defend, in calmer moments. But we all know that he is brave, noble, generous, and possessed of exalted abilities. I am willing to hazard my life in the success of his reign. I feel assured that God has raised him up to be a blessing to the whole world. I have not yet seen him since I was his physician and nurse. But he wrote from Jerusalem to say to Pudens, that he longed to see his preserver, the pride of the Britons, and the ornament of Rome." I confess to the weakness of desiring his good opinion, and I hope I do not sin when I feel a joy in such praise, from such a source. My heart flutters and my frame trembles as I anticipate the delight I shall feel when I see him again. What a change we shall see in each other Agna thowys ni in brofedigaeth.

This closes the history I promised for the instruction of your children. I rejoice that the task is finished, because, in relating the distressing scenes of the past, a sadness comes over my heart. But I trust that this will soon disappear in the realization of our bright hopes of the future.

Written by Claudia Rufina, at Rome, to Eunice, at Herculaneum.

How to Go Bed.—Hall's *Journal of Health* in speaking on this subject says:

"In freezing winter time do it in a hurry, if there is no fire in the room, and there ought not to be unless you are quite an invalid. But if a person is not in good health, it is best to undress by a good fire, warm and dry the feet well draw on the stockings again, run into a room without a fire, jump into bed, bundle up, with head and ears under cover for a minute or more, until you feel little warmth; then uncover your head, next draw off your stockings, straighten out, turn over on your right side and go to sleep. If a sense of chilliness comes over you on getting into bed, it will always do you an injury; and its repetition increases the ill effects without having any tendency to 'harden' you. Nature ever abhors violence. We are never shocked into good health. Hard usage makes no garment last longer."

Change.—Such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all his parts, that day and night labor and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satisfied; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.--*Johnson.*

Wit and Gaiety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing the chills and drying up mold, and making all wholesome and cheerful.

What is the difference between an old bachelor and a pretty girl?--A pretty girl steels the hearts of others; an old bachelor steels his own.

Why was Adam the fastest runner that ever lived? Because he was the first in the human *race.*

The Legislature of New York costs the State over $2,500 every day.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

GRAFTING OLD APPLE ORCHARDS.

"Is it better to ingraft old apple orchards of an inferior kind, or to plant new ones of improved varieties?"

In considering this subject, much depends on the age of the trees in the old orchard. If they are past bearing, or nearly so, beginning to decay, it would be poor policy to expend time or money to graft on such stocks; but trees not too old—say not to exceed forty or fifty years from the time of setting—good, healthy trees, that have not been injured by ignorant and unskillful trimming, or some other cause, may be grafted to great advantage over cutting down the old trees and planting out young ones, in order to obtain the desired varieties of fruit. At all events, such has been my experience in fruit growing. My orchard has been set between thirty and forty years—all seedings. From six to eight years since, I commenced and finished my grafting, nearly. My grafted trees are now healthy, in good bearing order, with tops sufficiently large to bear from eight to twelve bushels of apples each. Seven years ago, I set a young orchard with trees of the usual size.—These are now just beginning to bear; but I believe I have not as yet gathered a bushel from any one tree in this orchard, while from the grafts I have gathered as above stated. The grafts on the old trees are equally thrifty, if not more so, than the young trees, and the apples of as good quality. But renovating the tree and regenerating the fruit by grafting, requires experience and attention. In the case of large trees, not more than one-third of the top should be grafted in one season. Hence it would require three years to complete the operation.

Grafting large trees is also attended with some expense, it is true; *but then it pays.* I have set over seventy grafts in one tree. One tree, grafted seven years ago, has a top sufficient to bear, in good seasons, from twelve to fifteen bushels of apples. It is of the *Golden Sweet* variety. This, however, is not an unaided result, it requires some little attention—not a large amount, however, if given at the proper time—in preventing the growth of sprouts from the original stock from robbing the grafts of their proper nourishment. For want of this trifling care, I have known several instances where the grafting of an old orchard resulted in but little benefit to the owner. Proper care, or knowledge, and a judicious application of that knowledge, is indispensable to success in the different callings and occupations of life.

D. LOTT.

Lottsville, Warren Co., Pa. Dec. 1858.

Butter Making.—There may be many ways to make good butter, but there is one way that will never fail. Have everything that pertains to it sweet and clean. In summer, a good, cool, dry cellar, is very essential. Place the milk in pans in the middle of the cellar, on a shelf, not too close together, nor admitting, in warm weather, nor indeed at any time, too much air. Pans that are much the largest at the top are best, and those that hold from four to six quarts are sufficiently large. Invariably skim the milk before it is loppered. It is best to be skimmed as soon as sour, which can be done in a tin cream tub, with a tight lid, which will hold as much as you can churn at a time, and which should be kept on the cellar bottom. The best butter is that when the cream does not stand too long before being churned. It should be churned every other day, at farthest. Let the churn in warm weather be rinsed with cold water, and set in cold water while churning. Boiling water should be taken to rinse the churn when it is cold, and the temperature will admit, before cream is put in for churning. The best butter we have ever eaten, has been when the up and down churn has been used.

When the butter has sufficiently come, take up in a tray or bowl, work out the buttermilk, and then pour over pure cold water, working it through that, pour it off, and add fine salt—an ounce to a pound. When this is thoroughly incorporated, set it in a cool place, until the morrow, when it should be worked with a ladle until the buttermilk is seperated, but not until it is greasy, when it is ready for packing. Keep the firkin covered with a thick cloth, under the lid, while the firkin is being filled, is all-sufficient.

I deem saltpetre, or saltpetre water, on butter, highly pernicious. Butter is like many other things, whose beauty and sweetness is much marred by too much handling. All know we can make butter white and of the consistency of cream, by beating. Hence to churn too long after it has come, to work too much, in water or out of water, will make white rancid butter. A word to the wise is sufficient.

N. S. B.—*Ib.*