

AGRICULTURAL.

Dehorning Cattle.

We are sorry to be compelled to infer from the tenor of discussions going on in the newspapers that the practice of dehorning cattle is spreading in Canada. It is said by some that dehorning is now so common in the Western States that it is the exception to see cattle with horns. We sincerely hope that this taken, as it is evidently meant, to imply that the hornless cattle so universally seen were not polled or hornless by nature, but have been made so by the saw or other implement in human hands, is an exaggeration. But, if otherwise it is still obvious that this fact is by no means decisive of the question of humanity or morality, since it will hardly be claimed that the average cowboy or cattle raiser of the Western plains is exactly the kind of man to whose judgment or humane instincts it would be safe to refer a question of this kind. To us it always seems that in all questions of cruelty to animals two distinct considerations should be taken into account, though as a matter of fact stress is usually laid mainly or wholly upon the one, viz., the amount of pain inflicted upon the animal. This is, of course, a vitally important question in the present case, and, unfortunately for the easy decision of the matter, it is one in regard to which there is a very wide difference of opinion. We have, for instance, before us at this moment two letters which appeared in the Globe of Saturday last, both written by men claiming to know whereof they affirm. Speaking of the consequences of dehorning the one writer says: "These consequences to the unfortunate animals are intense agony during the operation, and great subsequent suffering, continuing more or less severely for considerable periods, frequently causing permanent injury, and occasionally resulting in death." The other writer, a practical farmer, asserts, on the contrary, that the charge of cruelty is foundationless. He says: "As to the operation itself, every precaution is taken to prevent injury, and only in rare instances does it exceed ten seconds in duration to each animal, and within fifteen minutes afterward they will be feeding without any appearance of suffering." Evidently the first thing to be decided, so far as decision in such matter is possible, is this question of fact. As a trial is shortly to be had in London in which this no doubt will be the chief issue, those interested will do well to pay special attention to the evidence. Meanwhile it cannot be unfair, we think, to observe that pretty strong evidence will need to be brought forward to convince the disinterested listener of the opposite of what appears to be the testimony of experience and common sense. To conceive of the operation is enough to cause most sensitive persons to shudder; to conceive of it as almost painless is well nigh impossible.—*The Week.*

Dairy Hints.

If anything can be more filthy than to put the milk away without straining it is to use a wire strainer or a dirty rag that has not been washed since the last time of milking. The secret of obtaining and retaining customers for butter, at prices above the regular market quotations, is to make good butter, and make it every time. When the buyer tells his friend where he gets butter that is "always just so," and the friend likes it, he will soon desire to be a regular customer. If the cows are not all of one breed some of the cream may require longer churning than the other, and not getting it will go off in the buttermilk, giving no profit. It is a good idea to test the cream of each cow by itself at various times, to see whether there are any among them whose cream does not come to butter when the rest does, and if there are weed them out. The farmer cannot afford to feed cream to the hogs. George Hoard of Wisconsin, who is a good authority in dairy matters, places the value of feed for milk cows as follows, wheat bran 15, pea meal 22, linseed meal 24, cotton-seed meal 27. At present prices cotton-seed meal is much the cheapest, but it is so highly concentrated that it must be fed with great care. One quart of cotton seed with two quarts of bran or one middlings is better for milk or butter than four quarts of bran. In very cold weather it often takes a long time to churn the cream. To remedy this, put in hot water enough to bring the temperature to 62° or 64°. It "drives the witches away" just as quickly as ever did the red-hot horseshoe that was sometimes tried two centuries ago.

Straw in the Barnyard.

At the beginning of winter a thick layer of straw or other material should be spread over the barnyard. If the yard is too large to warrant this, it is too large for profit. Without some receptacle to retain it, most of the liquid excrement of domestic animals is wasted. This means the loss of the portion of excrement that is richest in ammonia, and, therefore, most stimulating to plant growth. Fresh urine is often so caustic that it burns vegetation to which it is applied, but it loses this injurious effect when fermented. If the barnyard is small, as it ought to be, then successive layers of bedding may be thrown down, the stock eating what it wishes. If grain is given more straw and other coarse feed will be eaten, thus taking the place of good hay and making richer manure. Before spring this accumulation of bedding with liquid and solid excrement mixed should be piled in heaps to ferment. It is a good plan to add a small quantity of phosphate well distributed through the heap. Stable manure is generally deficient in phosphate, especially if largely mixed with straw. If the two are applied separately, neither does the good it should, though after the stable manure is distributed the grain crops should have an additional dose of phosphate, as with the drill it can be distributed in contact with the seed so as to do the most good when the plant begins to start. But the phosphate mixed with manure is the most certain to do good later in the season, as it does not revert or become insoluble.

"Dairy" Butter.

The American Dairyman recently said, in reference to dairy and creamery butter, that "it is very true that all the private dairies are not equipped as they should be with labor-saving utensils, nor are they all managed with perfect regard to economy or cleanliness; but the same thing is true of creameries. The need for improvement is as great in the one as in the other. But the improvement in private dairying is advanced

ing and spreading more rapidly than in the creamery. It is this fact that worries the creamery organs." This is about the way that any disinterested party, who is familiar with all the facts, must view the case. And could anything be more indefinite and unsatisfactory than the manner in which butter is quoted? "Creamery" and "private dairy" give no sort of indication as to quality, while much of it if not all the best dairy butter thrown upon the general market is quoted as "creamery." But the thousands and millions of pounds of private dairy served to regular customers at extra prices do not appear at all in the quotations. This latter fact is as might be expected, but it helps to show to what a double disadvantage the private dairy quotations are made up. The best private dairy butter never appears upon the general market, while the best that does appear there is quoted under the head of "creamery." The present fraudulent classification began when Eastern dealers invested in Western creameries and turned their influence in favor of sour-cream butter. Is it not about time that the classification were revised according to quality, and justice were done to the private dairy? Who cares whether butter is made in a creamery or in a private dairy? The place, or mode of manufacture has nothing to do with its quality, so far as the consumer is concerned. All he wants to know is that the butter is all right. Making in a creamery does not guarantee quality any more than making in a private dairy does. Let us have honest work and fair play.

Colors of Flowers.

A writer for Garden and Forest reaches the conclusion that the primary color of flowers, next to green, is white, which contains and is the basis of all other colors. He says: "There is no regular order of progression in colors, as for instance, that red follows yellow, or that blue follows red or was produced at a much later date, as it has been demonstrated that the principal colors, yellow, red, and blue are derived directly from white, and therefore of equal rank, although some are more prevalent than others. Insects probably have aided in 'fixing' and determining color to some extent in certain families, but before they could be established they must have appeared; and if the quality of sunlight and the texture of the tissue of petals was the same in primitive times as now, and there is no reason to doubt it, then, in all probability, as soon as petals were formed, however remote that time may have been, all colors, including blue or purple, began to appear. Indeed, in the simplest and, presumably, the oldest types of flowers given in Gray's Manual of Botany, as clematis and anemone, the prevailing colors are white and purple. The rainbow and the prism reveal the many-colored rays of a beam of white light; the colorless tissue of the petal gathers up these scattered rays of the sun and forms them again, not into an intangible sunbeam, but into a material substance, shining with the original white from which the sun calls them forth, rehabilitated in all their prismatic splendor."

Britain and Egypt.

The sudden and suspicious death of Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt, has renewed the discussion in European political circles as to how long England is likely to remain in the land of the Pharaohs. France is on the alert, and will endeavor by intrigue and in other ways to secure the favor of Abbas, the youthful prince who has just ascended the throne. It is now her cherished hope to some day regain the foothold in Egypt she once had. The effects of Wolsely's masterly campaign ending in the absolute victory over Arabia at Tel-el-Kebir have only recently become fully manifest as the gradual development of overshadowing English influences has gone on. French ideas, dominant since the great Napoleon founded a dynasty with the low-born Mehemet Ali, have during fifteen years been on the wane, until latterly Egypt, nominally a Turkish province has become a British possession in all but the name. As long as Tewfik Pasha lived British domination was safe to endure. Will it stand the strain of the transition of the emblems of power to the hands of a prince yet a minor with Turkey jealous of fettered suzerainty and with Russia eager to make headway at Turkey's cost, but yet deeply interested in the promotion of French pretenses and in satisfying French pride? Only recently French writers have deplored the pushing of their language, legal traditions and religious propaganda out of Egyptian life, as particularly illustrated by the decline of Catholicity and French customs among the Copts. But France is unquestionably out of Egypt to stay whilst England, which never seizes but to hold, will not relinquish dominion over the land of the Pharaohs so long as she continues to "rule the waves."

A Doctor Buried Alive.

A tragic incident is reported from Pros chavitsakh, in the province of Kielce, Poland. In the cemetery of that village, a few days ago, a local doctor was interred. The funeral took place in the forenoon, and as soon as the ceremony was over the relatives returned to their homes. In the afternoon of the same day a second interment took place, the new grave being in the immediate vicinity of the one which had been partially filled in a few hours previously. While the funeral service was proceeding the mourners were horrified to hear a succession of strange subterranean noises. Before they could recover from their astonishment these sounds were followed by a series of half-stifled shrieks, which plainly emanated from the adjacent grave. The officiating priest at once stopped the service, and the gravediggers, assisted as far as possible by the bystanders, set to work to reopen the grave. When the coffin was reached it was broken open. It was seen in a moment that the unfortunate doctor had been buried alive; succor had, however, come too late, and he had perished from suffocation while the work of rescue was actually in progress. The deceased was found to have turned upon his left side. In the agony of suffocation he had bitten his fingers to the bone, and had knocked his head against the sides of his horrible prison until his temples were covered with bruises.

The famine fever is increasing at a terrible rate in Russia.

After the official notice of the accession of Abbas Pasha has been given to the powers, the Khedive will make a tour abroad, visiting Constantinople, Odessa, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Paris.

A FEW HOURS IN A BLIZZARD.

Mrs. Clifford and her daughter, Dove, lived in a flat in a comfortable, old-fashioned house in the West End of Montreal. The fact that it was an old house delighted Dove, she did not know why Madame, who lived below, was so ready to expatiate on the many inconveniences of an old house. Why should she know? Here was this bright little Madame, like most French-Canadians, full of resources and ready to do anything for her "locataires," also Martha, Madame's little servant, who thought it an honor to be allowed to enter the flat upstairs. Nothing could have been more comfortably arranged than this same flat in the old-fashioned house.

When the water froze downstairs, poor Madame had to thaw the pipes. Send for a plumber; no, indeed, Madame despised men; they were dull, slow creatures, these men, and charged exorbitantly. There was nothing Madame could not do far better than a man.

Madame rose every morning at an early hour and noiselessly arranged the house below, thus holding herself ready at any moment to attend to the affairs of her "locataires."

The early winter of 1890 was unusually mild. Christmas Day was positively too warm to be agreeable in houses heated by stoves and furnaces. Out of doors, the snow was melting in the brilliant sunshine; the mountain lost its dazzling whiteness, and masses of snow and ice floated about the river. As yet there was no sign of a road across the St. Lawrence.

The papers were full of records of the deadly Grippe, which was making its way across the continent. Isolated cases of heavy influenza had already occurred in Montreal, but the doctors held out against calling these "The Grippe."

Then suddenly the city was stricken by the enemy. Doctors, clergymen, old and young people were among the victims, and, to intensify the miseries and dangers of the hour, the mild weather gave place to intense cold, and a travelling blizzard capped its earlier enormities by a wholesale onslaught on the province of Quebec.

Dove rose that morning with limbs weighted with lead, head aching and eyes streaming; every symptom, in fact, of a bad attack of Grippe or influenza; but sheer fright drove all remembrance that such was the case away, and she really does not know if the disease ran its course or not. She found her mother in agonies of pain, for "the grippe" showed itself in an infinite variety of forms, and this of heart failure was one of the most painful.

"Madame," she called, "will you run down to the grocer's and telephone for the doctor? At once, please, dear Madame."

There was no answer; only a harsh, metallic cough from Madame's room, and Dove ran down to find this rock of strength feeble as an infant, unable to lift her head from the pillow.

"And where was Martha?" "Alas! Mademoiselle, poor Martha could not hold up her head last night. I fear she has the 'Grippe.'"

"Here's a situation," groaned Dove as she put on her furs and went out to telephone for the doctor.

"I've been up all night," telephoned the doctor, hoarsely; "and I have the Grippe myself, and ought to be in bed. But I'll try and come round in the course of the morning."

Dove found the wind so high as she returned that she could hardly make way against it. The cold, too, was of the most penetrating quality; exhausting to the vitality.

"I know it's down to zero," said Dove. "Oh how I hate zero! Perhaps, however, we shall feel nothing of it in our cosy flat."

Thus encouraged, she struggled along, knee-deep in the snow, and was stranded by the wind in a drift at the foot of the steps; but Dove was nothing if not active so she clambered up the glittering mass, and slid down to the porch door.

Presently the doctor arrived. He was very cross; very tired; and his opinion was not cheerful of either invalid. He said he had about 200 patients waiting for him; and now here was the blizzard to make things worse; for it is an enemy that cannot be kept out by brick and stone; it comes in like an icy ghost through the walls, and circulates round and round the rooms until it appears as though one stood out of doors and stoves and furnaces gave no heat. The wind was pelting the snow like hard sand against the windows, through which it sifted, though the outer panes were sealed to keep out draughts.

"It's a regular blizzard," said the doctor. "The thermometer has been falling all night. It is ten below zero now. You must cover the windows with blankets to keep out the cold air. Keep up the temperature to 60 degrees day and night."

The doctor ran down stairs, darted into his sleigh and drove up to some other one of his two hundred cases of Grippe, hardly able to hold up his head for pain.

Dove went to work with blankets, step-ladder, hammer and nails, keeping anxious watch over the open stove where a huge fire blazed cheerily, burning in clear red glow, as coal always does during a spell of zero weather. To her discomfort, use she found the thermometer very obstinate in clinging to the fifties, and she ran down stairs to turn on the hall stove "full drive." Then she closed all the doors except those belonging to the two invalids, and passed the day in incessant work for one or other. The afternoon was drawing to a close before she realized her very serious position. Not a soul had come to the house since the doctor left in the morning.

She went into her room, opened the ventilating pane, and for a second looked into the street. There were no sleighs, no cars; in fact not a human being was to be seen. The street was simply a snow-drift, and it would be an utter impossibility for Dove to get as far as the end of the block to telephone for help.

The last of the coal was now needed for the fire, and there was no one to get any more. Dove understood now why Madame abused an old-fashioned house; the coal had to be kept in a shed some twenty feet from the kitchen door. She ran downstairs to look at the self-feeding stove: that at any rate, was good for another twelve hours; but the supply upstairs was utterly exhausted.

The registering thermometer by this time indicated thirty below zero, Fahr.—i. e., 58 degrees below freezing point—a degree of cold which only the robust dare go out into and combat without exhaustion. The ther-

момeter in the sick room was, notwithstanding all Dove's pains, still in the fifties, and to permit the fire to go down would mean certain death to the invalid.

"Mademoiselle, where are you going?" cried Madame as Dove passed her door.

"Madame, there is no coal upstairs. I am going out to the shed."

"But Mademoiselle shall not go," cried the kind little woman. "Only wait a little moment and I shall go. A little patience, Mademoiselle!"

"You go out with bronchitis, and 30 degrees below zero," cried Dove: "how dare you think of such a mad proceeding?"

So Dove, with the largest coal box she could find on her arm, went sturdily downstairs to the kitchen regions. A huge iron shovel lay close to the outer kitchen door; Dove set the bucket down for a moment beside it. This meant a little pause to get up her courage, for the roar of the wind and the swirl of the blinding snow would have daunted a stronger heart than hers, even if braced up by a vigorous physique. Dove knew from sad experience that she must inevitably freeze at so low a record as 30 degrees below zero; and then how was she to stand up in a storm such as this?

"It's got to be done," said Dove, grimly. I dare say it is not half so bad as it looks."

She pulled the fur cap close over her ears, tied a woolen cloud over her face to protect eyes and nose, and pulled the heavy articles over her boots. There was no further excuse for a moment's pause she grasped the bolt of the door and slid it back.

The wind tore the door so furiously from her hand that poor Dove, after an effort at balance found herself, bucket, spade and all, in a drift beside the threshold. Now it is a very easy matter to fall into a drift, but it requires judgment to assist one to get out of it, as struggling to rise merely sends one deeper into the snow bank. But here the bucket stood a friend in need; Dove rose on its firm basis, and took a step onwards. Fortunately the snow was wind-driven towards the fence, and therefore not more than two feet deep on the path between the kitchen and the shed.

"Just my luck," said Dove, apt to consider herself fortunate in small things; so she struggled valiantly along with iron spade for a staff and the bucket for balance. The situation to any but the robust was one of danger—for the blast of the blizzard is deadly in icy penetration; the snow, swept onwards by its wide-spreading wings, cuts like a knife; and in turning her back on it in order to take breath, Dove found her garments extemporized into sails, which drove her towards the snow-bank by the fence, where she must have perished. Well, it is hardly romantic to owe one's life to a bucket and a heavy iron spade, but Dove knows well how much was due to these humble friends during that struggle for existence between the kitchen and the shed-door.

This door, somewhat sunken, was choked with fine snow, and frozen so that it would not give space to a midge to enter. Dove, breathless but valiant, set the bucket down, and taking the spade as a battering-ram, plunged against the rickety door. It gave way at the hinges and came down with a clatter. Meantime the bucket had settled into the snow and was frozen there; when it was at length dug out, the bottom was so lumpy with lumps of ice that it could not be induced to stand, and the coal that Dove laboriously shovelled in tumbled out in a manner that would have exasperated a saint. By this time another calamity threatened her—feet and hands were numb, and unless she could speedily get up the circulation, would undoubtedly freeze.

What happened in the next few minutes remains ever a kind of nightmare, of working against impossibilities; but the next thing she distinctly remembers was the weight of the bucket, which she had to carry with both hands and set down at every step. The minutes seemed hours, and when the outer kitchen was reached at last, Dove was gasping for breath, as one half-drowned. Her hair was blown down and twisted into the cloud, as though a mischievous hand had tied it perversely into snarls. Her eyelids were frozen, so that she had to wait until the water thawed and rolled away like a tear before she could bolt the door again, and rid herself of the heavy arctic.

After this came another season of struggle, between three flights of stairs and the weight of the bucket in unaccustomed arms. "I've done it," at last said Dove to herself, as she sat on the top stair, looking lovingly at the well-filled box beside her. Then she went back to her invalid.

It was an awful night; the blizzard increased in fury, and by seven o'clock in the morning the bucket was again empty. Exhausted by the night's watching, Dove contemplated another visit to the shed with horror; she feared that she could never get through the twelve hours' accumulation of snow. What was to be done? Again she opened the pane and looked into the street. If only the milkman would appear! he was one of the kindest men in the world, and would do anything to serve her. But it would be hours before the milkman could break the track and come in over the country roads. Nor could Dove go into the street; the snow had drifted half-way up the house door. It was a regular blockade. "May God give me strength," prayed Dove fervently, as she took the bucket in her hand and began to roll herself up in furs and wraps.

At that very moment came a sound of stamping outside. Then a kind of earthquake shook the house; this was caused by the wrenching open of the outside door, frozen in the intense cold. Then the door bell rang.

Dove had flown downstairs at the first sound, and now precipitated herself into the arms of the rosy, fur-clothed monster who stood shaking the dry snow pellets from his clothes.

"Jack! oh, Jack! whatever made you come so early?"

"Oh, I've been all night in the train; it's stuck fast a mile or two away. We were all so hungry that we ate up everything."

"But how did you get here?"

"I chartered an old inhabitant to bring me. I haven't been home yet. I've been bothered all night thinking perhaps Madame and Martha would get the grippe, and you might be left without coal in this blizzard."

This was the second time that Dove had unconsciously brought this brother to her aid at a crisis. The first time he broke his journey and travelled a hundred miles because he was awakened during the night by her voice calling him, his arrival home being as opportune as on this second occasion.

But psychology apart, now see the cheer this rosy-cheeked, healthy Hercules has brought to the flat. What a rattling and banging of stoves! How he sends the ashes flying all over the dainty rooms in his zeal! How he carries coal, too, until he's black as a coalheaver, and has to perform an elaborate toilet before he is presentable again!

"I say, Dove, that box is too heavy to carry up three flights when it is full," he remarked, as he lifted it into place by the stove.

"I know," said Dove meekly. "I did it yesterday."

"You did! How ever did you get to the shed in the blizzard?"

"I don't know. It was horrid, and I froze my toes again."

"Horrid! I wonder you are alive to tell the story. That comes of living in an old-fashioned house, with no man to look after things. I told—"

But he never finished his sentence, for Dove made a sudden friendly assault upon him, under which, man-like, he went down.

A Journey to the Far North.

Mr. William Ogilvie, our Canadian surveyor, has just completed another notable journey in an almost unknown part of our domains. It was he who discovered in 1887 that the gold diggings along the Upper Yukon were in Canadian territory; and the Postmaster there, who had been appointed from Washington, found himself out of office after the results of Ogilvie's survey had been confirmed by United States explorers. At that time Ogilvie made a journey of 2,700 miles in the Yukon and Mackenzie River basins, travelling for 1,900 miles through unexplored territory. The great value of Ogilvie's service is in the fact that he is a trained explorer, and has collected much material which may be inserted in the maps with confidence in its accuracy. The results of much rude exploratory labor in the northern part of this continent have been wiped out by the later investigations of more competent travellers. Hearne fixed the mouth of the Coppermine River two hundred miles too far north, and his blunder for years defaced the maps. It was not known until last year that the coast line from Point Barrow to the Mackenzie River was for the most part laid down too far north. Old maps show a range of mountains extending west from Lake Athabasca. Such mountains do not exist and were long ago expunged from the maps, where they had gained admittance through the mistaken efforts of Hudson Bay Company agents, who, paddling up and down the Peace River, saw fit to dignify the high bluffs on either side as mountain ranges. Mr. Ogilvie has been engaged in the reconnaissance of these little known regions and in taking observations which have enabled him to determine the position of mountains and rivers. Of the results of his last journey we only know that he traveled for hundreds of miles on the Liard and Nelson rivers; that he crossed the almost wholly unknown region between the Nelson and Peace rivers and continued his journey down the Peace. It is not unlikely that he will make important rectifications in the courses of these rivers as they are laid down on the maps. His overland journey between the Nelson and the Peace rivers led him through one of the larger unexplored expanses of Canada. Here, he says, he passed for twenty-five miles through a thick growth of small timber. This unexplored region includes a portion of the Rocky Mountains, embraces nearly all the country between these rivers almost as far east as the Mackenzie, and covers an area of over 80,000 square miles, or twice the area of Newfoundland. The western extremity of this country was crossed in 1866 and 1867 by the exploratory survey of the Collins Telegraph Company, but the details of the exploration have never been published. The Land Survey Department has affirmed its belief that a large tract of this great interior plateau region consists of good agricultural land. It will be interesting to hear Ogilvie's report upon this question, and also upon the existence of rich petroleum fields in the Peace River country, which he was expected to investigate.

The Largest Ship Afloat.

The French five-master France is the largest sailing ship afloat. She was launched in September, 1890, at Partick, and her dimensions are as follows: Length 361 feet, breadth 49 feet, depth 26 feet. Her net register tonnage is 3,624, with a sail area of 49,000 square feet; and not long since she carried an enormous cargo of 5,900 tons of coal on her maiden passage from Barry to Rio de Janeiro, without mishap, after thirty-two days' sail, or within one day of the fastest passage on record. She is square rigged on four masts, but carries fore-and-aft canvas on the fifth mast. Her masts are only 160 feet high; nevertheless, she looks heavily sparred. This leviathan is fitted with a cellular double bottom, and can carry 2,000 tons of water ballast, thus reducing the expense of ballasting to a minimum.

The largest British ship is the Liverpool, of 3,330 tons, built of iron on the Clyde. She is 333 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 28 feet deep. Her four masts are each square rigged, but she is far from clumsy aloft, is easily handled, and has run fourteen knots an hour for a whole day. We were much impressed by her exceptional size, but for beauty she compares unfavorably with such a ship as the Thermopylae, or a large wooden-built ship of America, having bright, lofty spars and decks as white as a hound's tooth. Iron decks do not lend themselves readily to adornment. Next in size is the Palgrave of 3,078 tons.

The United States ship Shenandoah of Bath, Me., built by Messrs. Sewal & Co. of that port, is the largest wooden vessel in existence. She is 3,258 tons register, and will carry about 5,000 tons of heavy cargo. She has just left San Francisco, Cal., with 112,000 cents of wheat, worth \$175,000. This is the largest grain cargo on record. Another wooden vessel, the Rappahannock, also built at Bath, Me., is 3,053 tons register, cost \$125,000; and 706 tons of Virginia oak, together with 1,200,000 feet of fine timber, were used in her construction. The largest British wooden ship is the Three Brothers, of 2,063 tons register, built at Boston, United States, in 1855. She is 323 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 31 feet deep. A further conception may be formed of the carrying capacity of such ships when we mention that the Liverpool brought 20,000 bales of jute from Calcutta to Dundee, and the Rappahannock took 125,000 cases of petroleum from Philadelphia to Japan.