

FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

[From the Boston Waverley Magazine.]

SONG OF WINTER.

I come! I come! on the autumn blast;
I come on the wind that bows the mast;
I come on the pinions of ice and snow;
I come in the sunset's deepening glow.
Ye may hear my voice through the leafless trees,
'Tis not the sigh of the summer breeze;
'Tis not the note of the early bird,
Nor the fitful strains by the zephyrs stirred;
But the burst of the cannon, loud and free,
Is the music my minions play for me.
Ye may trace my wand on the forest bare,
When the feathery flakes of the snow are there;
Ye may see my face in the glassy stream,
And oft, as ye view an icy gem,
'Tis a jewel from my diadem.
I will cover the lakes with a coat of mail,
I will snatch away the daring sail;
I will bind the streams with a freezing chain,
And extend my sceptre over the main.
I will lash into fury the foaming sea,
If it dare refuse its throne to me,
And reign over earth with tyrannic sway,
If it strive my commands to disobey.
O! many a luckless bark I'll strand
On the stormy shores of a foreign land;
O! many a maid shall her lover weep
When he coldly lies where "the pearls lie deep."
The iceberg shall haste from the frigid north,
And the tempest come at my bidding forth,
And when I choose to exert my power,
The wealth of years I'll wreck in an hour.
Consumption shall wait in my desolate train,
And fever shall feast upon beauty again;
Death and disease shall my minions be,
And a thousand ills shall attend on me.
Yet mercy shall wait, with her angel band,
To stay the distress of my sweeping hand;
She will wake compassion in hearts of steel,
When the widow and orphan my vengeance feel;
She will point to the homes where the friendless weep,
Or wearily toss in a shivering sleep;
And gently I'll change their dreams oppressed,
For a long, unbroken, eternal rest.
I come! I come! with my ice-robed train,
I come! and I carry the fetter and chain,
I come! with a meed of hope and fear,
To crown the birth of a future year.
And the rushing autumnal blast shall sing
A triumphant song for the winter king.
MRS. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

Acclimating a Plow.

The other day—says an agricultural critic and a man who loves to have a place for everything and everything in its place, so far as practicable—we were riding past a large farm, and were much gratified at a device of the owner for the preservation of his tools. A good plow, apparently new in the spring, had been left in one corner of the field, standing in the furrow, just where, four months before, the boy had finished his stint. Probably the timber needed seasoning—it was certainly getting it. Perhaps it was left out for acclimation. May be the farmer left it there to save time, in the hurry of the spring work, in dragging it from the shed. Perhaps he covered the share to keep it from the elements, and save it from rusting. Or, again, perhaps he is troubled with neighbors that borrow, and left it where it would be convenient for them. He might, at least, have built a little shed over it. Can any one tell what a farmer leaves a plow out for a whole season for? It is barely possible that he was an Irishman, and had planted for a spring crop of plows!

After we got to sleep that night we dreamed a dream. We went into the man's barn; boards were kicked off, partitions were half broken down, racks broken, floor a foot deep with manure, hay trampled under foot and wasted, and grain squandered. The wagon had not been hauled under the shed, though it was raining. The harness was scattered about—hames in one place, the breeching in another—the lines were used for halters. We went to the house. A shed stood hard by, in which a family wagon was kept for wife and daughters to go to town in. The hens had appropriated it as a roost, and however plain it was once, it was ornamented now, inside and out. We peeped into the smoke-house, but of all the "fixings" that we ever saw! A Chinese museum is nothing to it. Onions, soap-grease, squashes, hog bristles, soap, old iron kettles, a broken spinning wheel, a churn, a grindstone, bacon, hams, washing-tubs, a barrel of salt, bones with the meat half cut off, scraps of leather, dirty bags, a chest of Indian meal, old boots, smoked sausages, the ashes and brands that remained since the last "smoke," stumps of brooms, together with mice, bacon bugs, earwigs, sawbugs, and other vermin which collect in damp dirt.

We started for the house. The window near the door had twelve lights—two of wood, two of hats, four of paper, one of a bunch of rags,

one of a pillow, and the rest of glass! Under it stood several cooking pots, and several that were not for cooking. As we were meditating whether to enter, such a squall arose from a quarreling man and woman that we awoke—and lo! it was a dream. So that the man who left his plow out all the season may live in the neatest and grandest house in the country, for all that we know; only, was it not strange that we should have dreamed all this just from seeing a plow left out in the furrow?

Hop Planting Improved.

From an article in the *Country Gentleman* we learn that a valuable discovery in the cultivation of hops has just been communicated to the Paris Academie. "Like most agricultural improvements," says the writer, "it has been the result of observations made by a laboring peasant. It consists in making the plant run in a horizontal direction instead of climbing up the pole. This is managed by means of a low trellis work of the simplest construction. The advantages of this mode of culture are numerous. In the first place, it enables the grower to investigate the plant while growing, and cleanse it from the numerous insects which injure it to so vast an extent; then it is protected from the sun, which always destroys the upper shoots; it obviates the great destruction of hops in stormy weather, when the wind lays low whole hop grounds from the height of the poles; and, most of all, it enables the gathering of the cones to take place without uprooting the plant, besides permitting the selection of the ripest ones at first, and preventing the great loss which arises from the necessity of tearing down the whole plant to get at the ripest blossoms."

Winter Treatment of Trees.—Mulching, at the commencement of winter is recommended by those experienced in these matters—especially, those young trees liable to be injured by cold and which require high culture. The *Country Gentleman* particularly recommends this practice for dwarf pears and says that "the best time in the year to manure trees is late in autumn. If applied early, it prevents proper cultivation; and, if in spring, its protecting influence is lost, and the liquid portions do not become so well diffused through the soil by the time that growth commences. The manure should be short, (not necessarily old or rotten) to prevent attracting mice; or if short manure cannot be had, a small cone of fresh earth should be raised around each tree eight or ten inches high, which will effectually exclude the mice. In the spring, the manure is spaded in, if in a garden, or worked under by means of a gang-plow, if in an orchard kept clean by horse power."

Dutch Cheese Balls.—J. C. Collins, of West Turin, Lewis county, N. Y., made last year large quantities of Dutch cheese for the New York market. His method is given in the last volume of State Agricultural Transactions. The cheese finds ready sale at \$30 per thousand balls. He says that twenty-five cows furnish skimmed milk enough per week, for a thousands cheeses, made as follows:

"After the milk becomes lobbied, it should be put in tubs or barrels near a fire, where it will gradually become warm, when the curd will separate from the whey in the same way as if rennet had been used. The whey is drawn out at the bottom of the tub, and the curd taken out into a cloth strainer placed in a sink, where the whey can run off; bring the corners of the strainer together around the curd, as tight as possible, and place a weight upon it; after it has drained what it will, place it in a hoop, and press as you would a cheese; after pressing two hours, take the cheese out and crumble it to pieces, sprinkle in a little caraway seed, work it over, and make into balls that will weigh a fourth of a pound; these balls are dried on a shelf for two or three weeks, when they are ready for market."

Potash.—No vines can produce fruit without potash. Dye-woods, and all color giving plants, owe their vivid dyes to potash. Without it we cannot have a mess of peas. Where it exists in a natural state in the soil, there we find leguminous plants growing wild, and in such places only we find wild grapes. All the cereals require potash, phosphate of magnesia and silica, which is dissolvable in a solution of potash. It is this dissolved sand that forms the hard coat of stalks, and gives them the strength to stand up against the blasts of wind and rain while ripening. It is this substance that gives bamboos their strength, and beards of grain and blades of grass their cutting sharpness. No cereal ever came to perfection in a soil devoid of potash, silica, phosphate of lime, carbonic acid and nitrogen.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

Breeding In-and-In.

BY A CATTLE BREEDER.—NO. V.

To Mr. Clay's extended reply to my last communication I have not much to say, as no new line of argument or additional matter to what he has before asserted is set forth. It is not at all probable that either of us will convince the other that he is foiled in his argument, or mistaken in his position. To one remark in Mr. C's. last, let me refer, viz.: the close breeding—as he prefers that term—of the human family. That was introduced by Mr. Clay, after my comments on his article in the *Ohio Farmer*—not by me; I denied, from the first, its immediate analogy to the brute creation, from the superior mental organization of humanity over the other; and what I have remarked in relation to the human family has been incidentally, rather than directly, and it stands for what it is worth, as the illustration of a general principle in animal physiology.

Mr. Clay will excuse me from entering upon the controverted questions of the superiority, or inferiority, of different existing families, or bloods of imported, or improved stock, touched upon in his last, as they are not necessarily connected with our subject, and their discussion would be of no particular edification to the public.

Where we do not agree as to matters of fact, or record, we still must disagree, denying the correctness of each other's premises and authority. Our readers must judge between us, and draw their own conclusions, as the reassertion of our previous statements or positions will probably not convince a single reader who has reasoning powers of his own. Therefore I will close the subject on my part with a few general remarks and illustrations.

I consider it to be perfectly well established in the human family, that where persons, diseased, either constitutionally from birth, or chronic, by accident, neglect, exposure, or other cause, produce children, those children will in a majority of cases inherit such disease to more or less extent. It may not appear for many years, perhaps not at all, unless some extraordinary exposure or accident draws it out, or develops it. Still such disease is latent in the system. Consumption is among such diseases, although generally supposed to arise solely from exposure, and the contraction of heavy cold in the system. Scrofula of various kinds, more or less virulent, is another, and among the most insidious of diseases—scarcely to be eradicated at all. Syphilis, even, has been perpetuated for several generations in families, by descent only; and prominent instances of the fact are seen in some of the fragmentary tribes of Indians still living in our older settlements, the majority of those on whom the curse is entailed, dying years before the meridian of life is attained, so neglectful have they been of medical treatment, and wholesome living. And all these diseases exist, have existed, and will exist irrespective of whether the intermarried be cousins, or any other degree of consanguinity, or entire strangers in blood and locality, until brought into personal relations with each other.

Yet, as I have before observed, imagination, association, sympathy, and the various mental qualities with which man is endowed, may, and unquestionably do affect, more or less, his offspring, from the moment of conception to that of birth, and even afterwards, drawn from the breast of the mother into the child, and in its physical organization made a part of its constitution and nature. Man thus is a compound of animal and mind, each acting through its natural organization on the other, according to their separate and individual strength, and so molding the character of body and intellect to an extent of which the brute is physically incapable. The instances I have already given of the merely animal functions of the human family being damaged by the intermarriage of blood relations under favorable circumstances, have fully substantiated my position, even in this line, which I did not claim as within my original subject. And, to show how widely different is the descent of mankind from those of brutes, I will name a familiar instance within my own observation.

I know three brothers who married three sisters, and a brother of the sisters married a sister of the brothers. They were all healthy, well conditioned, intelligent persons, born and brought up together in the same neighborhood. The four families thus constituted, all had children. Each family of children resembled one another quite as much as children of the same family usually do; and one would suppose that each separate family of children would much resemble the others. But such is not at all the case. Neither family resembles the other in feature, or idiosyncrasy of character, more than if they were entire strangers, although the four parents on both sides bore a marked family resemblance each to the other, on their own sides. And more than all this, a couple of these double cousins have intermarried, without progeny, as yet, but which, if it ever appear, I shall look upon with some interest.

Now, such a variety of appearance in the offspring of the brute creation, if of the same breed or variety—and from such only have we a right to expect truth, or homogeneity in descent—can scarcely be found. It belongs only to the human family, and the reasons for which may be found in what I have already written in previous papers.

In my last paper, giving the pedigrees of various noted horses, and showing many of them to be very closely bred, either in themselves, or their immediate ancestry, I did not

analyze their degrees of relationship, as any one curious in that way could readily do so for himself; but these were full brothers and sisters, half brothers and sisters, sire and foal, and most other degrees of relation that could exist in the way of breeding—enough so to establish my position as to the good effects, or at least the absence of bad effects, under proper circumstances, of breeding animals closely in-and-in.

I will give still further instances. Those conversant with the domestic history, habits and taste of the English people, have read of, if not seen, that there are kept by several noblemen and others, at their country places, kennels of hounds, terriers, spaniels, setters, pointers, as well as other domestic fancy animals, to whose breeding particular attention has been paid. Many of these are known as the Duke of so-and-so's breed, or the Earl of that-and-so, or Lord thus-and-so. Buccleugh, a scottish Duke, has hounds. Earl Derby, whose own blood traces back to the Saxons before the conquest, and his titles to a period soon after, glories in the superiority of a gallant breed of game cocks. Lord Bootley boasts and glories after his daily dinner over the beauties of his dovecote, in which every bird has its perfect complement of particular feathers in the right place; while Sir Launce- lot Harewood is quite satisfied that he has now bred his long eared rabbits to a degree of perfection in all their furry qualities, hitherto unattained by mortal man! Even that dirtiest profligate that ever disgraced the British throne, the third Stuart, and second Charles, could not take his morning walk in a London park without a dozen diminutive Spaniel dogs at his heels, which down to this day are known by no other name than 'King Charles'. All these varieties of creatures have been brought to their distinctness and uniformity of character and looks, by persistent in-and-in breeding. That is their history for untold generations back.

We know a fine flock of domestic pigeons, descended from two pairs, now living on an island secluded from all other pigeons, where they have lived and flourished for years, bred in-and-in continually, and as perfect in form and spirit as can be. We knew a flock of beautiful China geese on the grounds of a friend, which are descended from a single pair imported from China direct to this country, many years ago, bred in-and-in closely ever since, and not a single cross from any others, now as prolific almost as ducks, and still beautiful and vigorous as ever. To go back to pigeons, it is well known that the female lays but two eggs for a sitting, and that these eggs invariably produce a male and female, which usually pair of themselves when at maturity, and produce their young in turn. Who ever knew of an imbecile, or idiotic pigeon, however bred! So, too, with canary birds, which are bred by thousands among our German population in the cities—not in the number and sexes of their eggs and young, but in their interbreeding. The thing, indeed, is so common with all small creatures as to cause no remark, or even excite a question as to the entire propriety of such close breeding.

These instances show that nature breeds in-and-in without selection, by the triumph of the strong over the weak. It may be replied that these small or inferior animals are of a ruder organization than the nobler classes of farm stock; that they have less intellect, and are not so easily affected by consanguinity of blood. We can only answer, that all brutes under the dominion of man are destitute alike of those finer faculties only known to humanity, and in that regard are upon a level. Promiscuous, unhesitating, sexual intercourse, when in passion, is their wont, and they can only be prevented from its indulgence by absolute force. Hence, it is their natural disposition, and the only mode to govern the character of their offspring, is to properly select and couple them in their connection. The physical power and habit prevails over every other in their conception, growth of fœtus, and progress after birth, unless in extraordinary cases of fright, association with strange objects, or accident occurring to the female parent, either at the moment of conception or during pregnancy, and this altogether irrespective of what blood relation she may hold to the sire of her young.

It may be thought by my readers that the subject is exhausted. If so, this paper will end it. I leave them to judge whether the position which I first assumed, to wit: in-and-in breeding with the right kind of animals is not prejudicial; but on the contrary, properly understood and practiced, improvement will be the result. Further, I do not hesitate to say, that unskillfully applied, in-and-in breeding is the very worst practice a stock breeder can adopt.

Spaying Cows.—The N. E. Farmer says, that a gentleman at Newburyport, had two cows spayed last spring. They have done so well, and given him such satisfaction that he has recently had the operation performed on another. They are all fine milkers. One of the cows spayed last spring, a fine young Durham, gives as much milk now, in October, as she did last May, a few weeks after calving. The other, an old cow, is now in rather low flesh and has fallen off somewhat in her milk. Their milk has varied in quantity, according to the keeping they have had. But they have neither of them fallen off as much as much as cows in the ordinary condition. This gentleman keeps four cows, and he intends to have a fourth spayed soon, so that he may have his whole set in this condition.