

AGRICULTURAL.

EXPERIMENT IN SHEEP FARMING.

A correspondent of the Canadian Agriculturist sends the following, which appears in the October number of that journal:—

Sir,—I feel a desire, through the medium of your journal, to lay before its readers a statement of the profits arising from ten ewes in one year. My object for so doing is to advocate more cattle and sheep and less tillage.

In 1861 I selected ten ewes, they were good strong common ewes, with plenty of bone and wool. I put them in good pasture about the 20th of September, and in the first week in October I obtained a Leicester ram, one of the right stamp, fulfilling the old adage, "fat back and woolly belly." The cross was a good one, I had sixteen lambs, one of which was deformed. The ewes had nothing but pea straw after they came into the yard, until the end of February, when I fed them about four quarts of oats and peas mixed daily, with a little clover hay, until they could get a little grass around fences, where spring crop, &c., had been put in. The allowance of grain I continued until I weaned the lambs, the last of July; the ewes I then turned off on summer fallow until they could be wanted for the same purpose again. I now gave the lambs the daily feed of grain with good pasture, and in November and December I added turnip tops and some small turnips that were not worth topping. I then took them to their winter quarters, and their daily allowance was about 150 lbs. of cut Swedish turnips, 3 pecks of oats and peas, and about 12 pounds of clover hay. I have in the account allowed 10 cents a bushel for turnips, 40 cents a bushel for the oats and peas, and 10 dollars per ton for clover, all of which I have carried out fully with interest of capital laid out, rent of land and other expenses, and have said nothing about the manure they made me, which I think paid me for my trouble. Mutton also was at a lower ebb than usual at that time of the year.

I weighed them on the first January, united weights 1,479 lbs; first February, 1,789 lbs; first March, 2,125 lbs., when I sheared and slaughtered them; the result will be seen in the account.

I have made no charge for the ram. I kept him two years and sold him for two dollars more than he cost.

Table with columns for items, quantity, and price. Includes entries like 'To 10 ewes at \$4 each', 'From February to April, nine bushels peas and oats at 40 cents', and 'Net profit'.

P. S.—I shall if agreeable, in the December number give you the profits arising from eight cows by making cheese. As I have said before I advocate stock instead of so much tillage, which tends only to depreciate the value of the land

Yours, &c., A SUBSCRIBER.

THE WINE PLANT—A NOTABLE SELL.—The Canadian Agriculturist says: "We see by the Illinois Farmer that our Western friends have been slightly humbugged in regard to a new agricultural production called the Wine Plant, which, according to those interested was to bring untold wealth to the producers. Thousands of plants were disposed of, and as a consequence thousands find they have made a large addition to their stock of rhubarb."

FRENCH AGRICULTURE—SMALL FARMS.—Notwithstanding the popularity of the system of the subdivision (morcellement,) of the land consequent on the law of succession, one of the relics of the revolution, it is evident that its most strenuous advocates begin to have strong misgivings as to the working of the law, and to suggest remedies for the counteraction or removal of the evils it entails. For instance: If a man holds four fields, one of which is, say, a vineyard, another pasture, a third arable, and a fourth wood—the whole comprising four hectares, or not quite ten acres—and he dies, leaving four children, each of those survivors may claim a fourth part of each field; and thus the four hectares may be divided into sixteen parts, to be again subdivided in case of death of the owners having children. In Germany this morcellement had risen to such a height that it was found necessary to pass a 'law of consolidation,' by which all the lands of a commune were thrown together, and then the proprietors received each an adequate portion in one piece; and it is recommended to follow the same plan in France, but it appears neither the Government nor the present proprietors (of whom there are between five and six millions) are favorable to such a measure, although some of the first men in France (amongst whom is M. Leonce de Lavergne,) are in favor of it. Something, however, must soon be done; for French agriculture has already declined to an alarming extent under the system, which will break down of its own weight if not altered in time.—Mark Lane Express.

SUPERSTITION.—Superstition is but the fear of belief; religion is the confidence.—Lady Blessington.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 2.

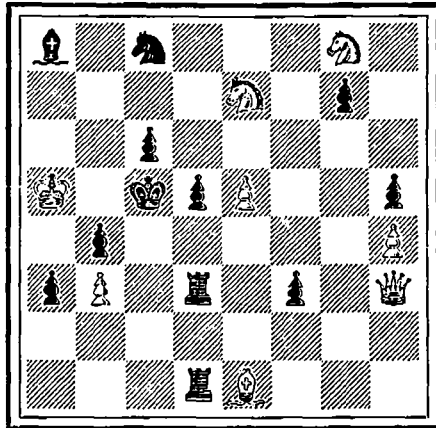
- WHITE. 1. K to Kt sq. 2. R to K Kt 6. 3. Kt takes B mate. BLACK. B to K R 4 [best.] B takes R [ch] or A. A. R to R 3. 2. 3. R Kt or B mates.

Correct solution received from "Teacher," Queenston, and "G.G.," St. Catharines.

PROBLEM No. 3.

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in five moves.

A CHESS SKETCH.

Our sketch is translated from an entertaining little book, published some seasons back in Leipsic, and called the "Schach Almanac." The pastor of a village named Rollendorf establishes among the simple-minded peasantry a Chess Club, which, in the course of time, is honored by a visit from a neighboring Baron—an estimable man enough, but overweeningly conceited as to his skill at Chess. He makes terrible havoc among the untutored and unpractised villagers, beating them all right and left, and overwhelming the bumble fraternity with consternation and dismay. It happens opportunely, however, just prior to the great man's departure from Rollendorf, that a young native of the village, who has been many years absent, and is now settled as a musical director at Venice, makes his appearance, and hears of the humiliating defeat of his ancient comrades. He makes himself known to the Pastor only, and, having during his travels picked up some knowledge of Chess, determines at all risk to encounter the formidable Baron. They are accordingly introduced; and the Baron, conceiving him to be one of the members of the village club, prepares himself for another easy victory. They cast lots for the move; the Viennese gains it, and forthwith begins his game thus:—

- WHITE (the Viennese.) 1. Q Kt to Q B 3. BLACK (the Baron.) P to K 4. Whereupon the Baron smiled significantly and played 1. K Kt to K B 3. At this move the Baron broke out, "My good friend, what on earth are you going to do with those two Knights? Don't you see they must be attacked and driven back? and then your game will be lost before you dream of it. You should always play forward your Pawns first. There—"

Baron: "Eh! what, another piece? Who ever saw a player fling away his men in this fashion? I shall take it of course."

13. P takes B. 14. P to K 5 (ch). Baron (after grave consideration): "Remarkable, indeed I you certainly have unaccountable luck. Do you know that if I were good enough to take this Pawn with my Bishop, you could win my Queen. Fact I assure you. Look here: you would first give me check with your Kt, compelling me to capture your Queen's Pawn, and then you would play your Rook to Q's square, giving check. Do you see? Fortunately, however, I can go with my King to Q B 4th, and escape all further danger. There, sir—"

15. Kt to Q B 4. K takes B. 16. Here the great man pondered long, and seemed a little discomfited. At length, with affected gaiety, he looked up, and said, "you don't I hope, delude yourself with the notion that you are going to mate me! Why, bless you, I can move my King to Rook's 4th, or even take the Knight, without any danger. If you will give away all your men, the attack must come to an end shortly. I shall take the Knight, coute qui coute."

17. Q to Q B 4 (ch). K takes Kt. 18. P to Q Kt 4 (ch). K to Q R 5. 19. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch). K to Q Kt 4. 20. P to Q R 4 (ch). K to Q Kt 3. 21. P to Q R 5 (ch). K to Q Kt 4. 22. P to Q B 4 (ch). K to Q R 3. 23. P to Q Kt 5—Mate!

Baron: "Ha! ha! Amusing enough. Your game went swimming. It played itself; I might have saved it easily, if, instead of taking the Kt, I had merely moved my King; I intended to do so, indeed, in the first instance."

Viennese: "I beg pardon, Baron, but I thought when I examined the position at that time it appeared as if you would have been mated in fewer moves if you had not taken the Knight. Shall we put up the men and play out the game from that point?"

Baron: "No, no; I'll have no more of it, I'm heartily glad its over, I've played too many games to-day, and have got a terrible headache."—Illustrated London News.

JOKER'S BUDGET.

WILLING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.—Mr. M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming:—"Here you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."—"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid me ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose that the hole would weigh?" Mr. M. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

THERE is a man out West so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

THE captains of some of our new 'substitute' troops, say it is dangerous to make the rear rank take close order for fear it should pick the pockets of the front rank.

FOOTE expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew where he could sell the timber.

PRUDENT.—When you 'pop the question' to a lady, do it with a laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say 'you were only in fun.'

TIT FOR TAT.—In a competitive examination held for the purpose of appointing fit persons for some of the Government offices, one of the candidates inadvertently spelt the word Venice with two n's—thus Vennice. The examiner, a clever man but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired, 'Do you not know, sir, that there is but one Ven in Venice?' Then eggs must be very scarce there, was the reply. The candidate passed.

'CAN'T you trust me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat this morning?' 'No; you owe me for that already on your bones.'

THE man who collects the names of soldiers for the town records of Adams was recently the questioner in the following conversation, the 'lady of the house' replying; 'Have you any friends in the war madam?' 'No.' 'Any relation?' 'No.' 'Do you know anybody from this neighborhood who is in the army?' 'No.' As he was leaving a bright thought struck her. And she rushed to the door, exclaiming, 'Oh, my husband has gone to the war!'

MR. Toot, coming home late one night, was met at the door by his wife. 'Pretty time of night, Mr. Toot, for you to come home—three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man and father of a family!' 'Tisn't three—it's only one.' 'My word, Mr. Toot, you're drunk. It's three in the morning.' 'I say, Mrs. Toot, I heard it strike one as I came round the corner, two or three times!'

DUNCAN'S REPLY.—A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked him the price of it. 'Tippence,' said the Highlander. 'Oo, oo, said the shaver, 'I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again.' The Highlander took the penny, and asked what he had to pay. 'A penny,' says strap. 'I'll gie ye a bawbee,' says Duncan, 'and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again.'