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Guernsey Cattle.

On Saturday, August 12th, I paid a visit to the farm of the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, at St. Anne's, for the purpose of inspecting his herd of Guernseys.

I can hardly conceive anything more beautiful than the situation of Mr Abbott's house. Placed on a moderate elevation, it commands a view of the Ottawa river, its lakes, bays, and islands, with Como and Oka in the distance, and that very striking wall of white blowing sand forming a most prominent feature in the landscape. Unfortunately, a heavy *nimbus*, or storm-cloud, obscured the prospect when I arrived, and did not clear off all the afternoon; but in bright weather, the distance visible from the lawn must be very great, and, from the great variety of features, very charming. The pleasure grounds are laid out with a considerable amount of taste, and when the whole is completed with care and finish, as it doubtless will shortly be, the province will have few places for summer residence equal to it. As an old Tennis player, where Tennis courts existed, I was rejoiced to see that here, as elsewhere, this manly (and womanly) game had completely taken the place of that miserable *croquet*. The old enclosed court used to cost about £3,000 to build, and the annual expenditure was very large; consequently, there were not a dozen courts in England, and few people played, as the charge was of course high; but here, a well-mown and well-rolled lawn, a net, and a little white-wash, is all that is necessary; and I believe that the game will, eventually, become permanently established all over the country.

The buildings on the farm are very simple, principally loose boxes; the cows, however, are tied up in pairs. The

boxes for cattle would be better as manure-preservers if they were sunk two feet below the surface. Less straw is required, and the animals, thus housed, are invariably free from dirt; their own reason leading them to lie down on the cleanest part of the litter. The pressure of the cattle prevents all fermentation, and there is no smell, save that of the crushed straw, and the pleasant odour of meal, linseed, or whatever other food may be in use. The boxes will not require cleaning out more than once in four months, and any one can see that the manure is kept in an absolutely perfect condition—moist enough, but not too moist, and fire-fang, i. e. utter loss of ammonia, is impossible. The manure *never* heats.

Such a poultry yard here! I did not count the young chickens, but Mrs Nelson, the *henwife*, must have reared certainly 200 White Brahmas this spring. I confess I longed to turn a Dorking cock loose among them, to increase the muscle of the breast. After all, the eastern breeds are flabby, and it is useless denying it: but a Dorking, or Game and Dorking, capon is really worth eating.

Mr Abbott has a few brood-mares; notably, one Cleveland Bay, with quarters long enough and strong enough to shoot a rider over a church; which quarters she has also transmitted to her descendants. Covered by a thoroughbred stallion, this mare should breed weight-carrying hunters of good quality. If we ever mean to send horses to Europe, we must get rid of our goose-rumped weeds.

The Guernseys, a list of which I append, are worth seeing. Colour and trivialities have not been made the main points in these cattle; but the object of their breeders has always been to produce a *real farmers' cow*. They are large in frame, particularly wide across the hips, or "heuk-banes," as the Scotch call them. The difference between the old and the modern breed of Guernseys can be estimated by a comparison between No. 1, Rougette, and No. 5, Rosette de la Marcherie. The head of No. 1 is the most exquisitely formed, and the eye as lovely, as I ever saw. All have well-shaped bags and orange-coloured skins; as for the *escutcheons*, Mr Abbott believes in them no more than I do.

What a difference in price between now and 1851! In that year I paid an average of £12. 12. stg. for six Guernsey cows delivered into my yard in Kent! They were as good as the Island produced, and cost about one-tenth of what they would fetch now.

Mr Abbott has lost three calves, this spring, from, he thinks, giving them cotton-seed meal! This subject should be investigated, as I have heard of the same misery occurring in England, where, upon analysis of the meal, it was found to contain a large proportion of *wild mustard seed*. I do not think any unsifted meal, unless linseed may be excepted, should be given to young calves. Those in question had no diarrhoea or *green-skit*, and died rather suddenly. The real food for calves is linseed and pease-meal.

ARTHUR R. JENNER FUST.