

In answer to the inquiry, whether ringbone, spavin, or any other disease is hereditary, I answer, that I am fully convinced some diseases are. Many years ago there was brought to this country a fine stallion, said to be a high blooded horse. He was stone blind, and the person who brought him here solemnly declared that it was caused by a severe blow between his eyes. This declaration, together with the fine form and graceful action of the horse, induced many of our farmers to breed their mares to him. But in a few years they saw how sadly they had been bitten; for a great number of his colts were either weak eyed, or went entirely blind, without any "blow between the eyes," as no doubt their sire did before them. Some of his colts were kept for stallions, and the same is as true of their posterity. I consider this proof positive that blindness is hereditary in the horse.

Another disease has come under my observation, which satisfies me that it, also, is hereditary. It is what is called club-foot, and I have seen instances of it springing from the sire, and others from the dam. I well know some deny this being hereditary, and argue that it is caused by the colt traveling on hard ground about the time of the first hoof is growing off, and breaking, or wearing the foot sore, which causes it to stand on its toe, till its foot grows strait or turns under; but certain I am that there is a greater disposition in colts bred from club-footed parents to get *sore feet*, than there is in any others. So strongly I am convinced of the truth of this, that I would not breed a mare to a blind or club-footed horse if I considered him perfect in every other particular.

With regard to ringbone, or spavin, I am not posted, but my opinion is that they are in some degree to be feared. If I owned a mare with either of these blemishes, I would not stop breeding her, unless I found by experience that she entailed the disease to her colts; but I should not run the risk of breeding a clean limbed mare to a stallion with these blemishes.

If *Equus* is about to enter into horse breeding, I would advise him to obtain good young mares, say from four to six years old, even if they cost him more, and then they are fit for both raising colts and work, and he will be saved the expense of keeping other horses to perform his farm labor. The colts may be easily learned to lead by their dams with a halter, and thus save much annoyance to their master, and they will not be half the trouble to break when they are thus tamed.—*Ploughman in Country Gentleman.*

FARM LABOR WITH THE ELEPHANT.

The "cultivator," which was sufficiently large to anchor any twenty of the small native bullocks, looked a mere nothing to the splendid elephant who worked it, and it cut through the wiry roots of the rank turf as a knife peels an apple. It was amusing to see the same elephant doing the work of three separate teams when the seed was in the ground. She first drew a pair of heavy harrows; attached to these and following behind were a pair of light harrows; and behind these came a roller. Thus the land had its first and second harrowing and rolling at the same time. This elephant was particularly sagacious; and her farming work being completed, she was employed in making a dam across a stream. She was a very large ani-

mal, and it was beautiful to witness its wonderful sagacity in carrying and arranging the heavy timber required. The rough trunks of trees from the lately felled forest were lying within fifty yards of the spot, and the trunks required for the dam were about fifteen feet long, and fourteen to eighteen inches in diameter. These she carried in her mouth, shifting her hold along the log before she raised it, until she had obtained the exact balance; then, steadying it with her trunk, she carried every log to the spot, and laid them across the stream in parallel rows. These she herself arranged, under the direction of her driver, with the reason apparently of a human being. The most extraordinary part of her performance was the arranging of two immense logs of red keener, (one of the heaviest woods.) These were about eighteen feet long and two feet in diameter, and they were intended to lie on either bank of the stream parallel to the brook and close to the edge. These she placed with the greatest care to their exact positions, unassisted by any one. She rolled them gently over with her head, then with her foot, and keeping her trunk on the opposite side of the log, she checked its way whenever its own momentum would have carried it into the stream. Although I thought the work admirably done, she did not seem quite satisfied, and she presently got into the stream and gave one end of the log an extra push with her head, which completed her task, the two trees lying exactly parallel to each other, close to the edge of either bank.—*S. W. Baker's Eight Years, Wanderings in Ceylon.*

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FEROCITY OF A HOG.—The week before last week, Messrs. John Oakley and John Emigh, who reside in the northern part of the town, started to drive a hog to a neighbor's, and had proceeded but a few rods when the hog turned to go back. They tried to drive him, but instead of going, he charged directly upon Mr. Emigh, who struck him a heavy blow across the snout as he came. This seemed to have but little effect, (the hog is over a year old and pretty large,) and he reared up on his hind feet, struck Mr. Emigh and knocked him down, seized him by the leg above the knee, inflicting a fearful wound. The suddenness of the attack, the blow and the wound caused Mr. E. to faint and the hog would have undoubtedly killed him, had not Mr. Oakley, who was close by, came to the rescue.

Mr. O. had no club, nor time to get one; so he grappled with the hog and tried to throw him or pull him off. Finding himself attacked in this way the hog left Mr. E. and turned upon the assailant, knocked him down, and seizing him by the leg near the knee joint tore him so dreadfully that it is feared he will not be able to walk in a long time and perhaps be maimed for life.

During the fracas Mr. Oakley called the dogs—a large Newfoundland—one who seized the hog and dragged him away from the men, thus no doubt saving the life of one or both.

We learn that Mr. Emigh is able to get about with the assistance of crutches.—*Poughkeepsie Telegraph, March 4.*

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United States Agricultural Society.—The Executive Committee of the United States Agricultural Society had a meeting in Philadelphia last week. The *Philadelphia Ledger* says of it:—

How to get Green-Pea Soup in Winter.—“We shall have visitors early in February, and must have green-pea soup once or twice at least. Tell the gardener to provide a supply of young peas.” Such was the order given one Christmas day to the cook in a great household, and duly communicated by the culinary to the horticultural department. “Fresh green peas in a month, in the middle of winter! the thing’s impossible,” cried the astonished gardener. “My lord can’t have given such an order; we haven’t a house or a light to grow them in—and if we had....” “We must have them for all that,” was the curt rejoinder; and the gardener was left to discover the *quo modo*. In his despair the worthy man bethought him that young peas and young pea leaves tasted much alike, and that, perhaps, the one might be as good for soup as the other. So he took some shallow pans, planted them pretty thickly with dwarf Spanish peas, put them in his early vinery on a shelf where he sometimes grew strawberries and where a good heat was kept up. They soon began to grow; they had air as much as it was possible to give it them, and by the beginning of February were six inches high, well furnished with healthy, tender green leaves and stems. The supply thus obtained was cut like mustard and cress, and handed over to the cook, who declared that it made better *puree* than if he had had green peas themselves. And from that time forward peas were forced at—as regularly as French beans; and all lovers of good living wondered how Lord—continued to have such capital *puree* of green peas whenever they visited him in the winter.—*Lindley's Gardeners' Chronicle.*

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FRUITS IN SEALED CANS.

A good deal was said last fall about putting up fruits, green vegetables, &c., in hermetically sealed cans—a patented article—and having them come out in the winter as fresh and nice as new. We purchased a dozen of such cans, and made the experiment to our satisfaction. Before, however, we express our opinion, we give what the *Ohio Cultivator* says about it:—

Putting up fruits in sealed cans, was extensively practised last fall. Many people are now enjoying the luxury of fresh peaches, tomatoes, and the like, much to their health and comfort. With the latest improvements in cans and canning, this is easily attainable in many sorts of fruits and vegetables. Owing to the unusual wetness of last season, the fruit was very watery and unfit for late keeping, but our peaches and tomatoes open as nice as can be expected. Some people tried to seal up green corn, but as far as we know, failed in every instance to keep it good. We must try some more scientific plan to keep this dainty dish. Others have had a more sad experience in canning Rhubarb or Pie Plant, which contains so much oxalic acid, that on being used from the cans has nearly been the death of whole families. Keeping in this way seems to give more virulence to its poisonous qualities, which are comparatively harmless when the plant is used fresh from the garden. Let the matter be looked to.

This caution is timely. Plants or fruits that contain oxalic acid will become poisonous—and we don't know but some other vegetables, may by standing too long in metallic vessels. We filled our cans with green peas, beans and corn, prepared with exact care, according to