

Cultivation of Flowers.

I think that a few leisure hours may be spent very agreeably and very healthfully in the cultivation of flowers, that we may combine the ornamental with the beautiful. Flowers, of all things, are the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex objects of study. Flowers unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful odors, and to man their cheerful looks; they are patrons of human joy; soothers of human sorrow—fit emblems of the victor's triumphs and of the young bride's blushes. Flowers are, in the volume of Nature, what the expression "God is love" is in Revelation. What a desolate place would be the world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. How much flowers resemble the young heart, in its bright morning, before it has stained the foliage of its sinless years. A tradition of them tells us they were once like youth, in this: that they loved, and talked, and had passions like ours. How often and how fondly the poet revels in the field of flowers? Do they not talk to him? Who has ever heard the soft, low whisper of the green leaves and bright flowers on a spring morning, and did not feel gladness in his heart? Like beauty in the human form, flowers hint and foreshadow relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, and point to the beautiful and unattainable. From the garden favorite to the dainty wild flower of the mountain, all have an inexpressible charm, an unapproachable beauty. How sweetly and instructively the flower bows its head to the breath of night or the rude stream. Thus the heart learns to bring a holier offering to the shrine of all good.

"Heart's comforts are ye, bright flowers,
I love ye for your gentle ministry,
And for the ample harvest of sweet thoughts
My soul has garnered in for future use."

We hope our fair friends will not overlook the delightful employment of the cultivation of flowers. Every one may have a few; and when the taste is once acquired it will not readily be relinquished. A woman destitute of the love of flowers seems to us a mistake of nature. The delicate and the beautiful should have sympathy with all in nature that possess the same qualities. The time spent in the cultivation of flowers is not wasted. They contribute to our pleasures; they add to our knowledge of nature; they unfold to us the beautiful, and tend to elevate the mind. "They in dewy splendor weep without woe, and blush without crime." Although every part of a plant offers an interesting subject for study, the beauty of the blossom seems by association to heighten the pleasures of scientific research. Flowers are indeed lovely; yet they are destined for a higher object than a short-lived admiration; for to them is assigned the important office of producing and nourishing the fruit. Like youthful beauty, they are fading and transient; and may our youth so improve the bloom of life that when youth and beauty shall have faded away, their minds may exhibit that fruit which it is the important business of the season of youth to nurture and mature.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—The easiest and simplest remedy for chapped hands is found in every store-room. Take common starch and grind with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder. Take a clean box and fill it with starch thus prepared, so as to have it continually at hand for use. Every time that the hands are taken from the suds or dish-water, rinse thoroughly in clean water, wipe them, and while they are yet damp, rub a piece of starch thoroughly over them, covering the whole surface. The effect is magical. The rough, smarting skin is cooled, soothed and healed, bringing and insuring the greatest degree of comfort and freedom from this by no means insignificant trial.

UNDERDRAINING.—Surface water that flows off the land, instead of passing through the soil, carries with it whatever fertilizing matter it may contain, and abstracts some from the earth. If it passes down through the soil to drains this waste is arrested.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

The Bull "Byron."

Mr. Editor,—I received "Byron" on the evening of the 2nd of February. I am very well pleased with him, and my neighbors, who have seen him, have praised him highly, and think that you fairly represented him to me. Yours truly,
SAML. NEFF.

Lobo, Feb. 20, 1871.

We are pleased to know that Mr. Guy has been so well repaid for advertising through us; as, beside the above, he has sold several others of his valuable stock, and the purchasers are, like Mr. Neff, well satisfied with their bargains. The demand for Ayrshires is increasing.—Ed.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Wheat Turning to Chess.

DEAR SIR,—Having taken a number of agricultural papers, namely, the Genesee Farmer, Canaan Farmer, Rural New Yorker, American Agriculturist, Rural American, and now the Farmer's Advocate, the subject of wheat changing to chess has been discussed by many, but hitherto I have not heard one give a philosophical view of the matter. There have been many cases come under my observation, which I think proves that wheat does turn into chess during its growth. I will give three cases at present.

The first was a field that had been cultivated more than 30 years; was used for meadow and pasture 4 or 5 years, and plowed once in June. It was sowed on the 15th of August, and harrowed in. It grew fine. It was well protected with snow during winter. At the latter end of March it had a fine appearance. All farmers who saw it made the remark that: "It is the best wheat I have seen this spring; you will have a heavy crop," &c. When it headed out, it was fully three-quarters chess.

A young farmer moved on new land, and raised one crop of wheat, which was good. He cleared the second fallow, and sowed it. He then said to an elder farmer, I will burn my stubble ground and sow it with wheat. Elder farmer said, Ten chances to one you will have all drips. But this brought young farmer's risibles fairly into play. Wheat turning to drips! That I don't believe; I'll risk it. Elder farmer said, I have seen a number of cases where parties burned stubble on new land, and sowed it with wheat, and next year it was all drips, and was cut for hay. I saw young farmer next July. He said, My stubble ground is all drips; I'll have to make hay of it. I went five miles to see it. The chess was heavy and well filled. There were a few heads of wheat, but they were few and far between. On the fallow the wheat was good; I saw no chess. The same seed was sown on both fields. The distance from the wheat field to the chess field was about eight feet.

The third instance was a field that had been cultivated more than 20 years, was used for meadow five years, and was well sod-bound. In the month of August a wheat stack was made in this field, and a fence made around it. The wheat shelled out very much, and lay several inches thick on the ground. I was there several weeks afterwards, and it looked like a greensward. I examined it and found that the roots had grown in the sod; but the grains were on it, and visible wherever I examined it. During the winter, the wheat was driven away, and the field was left for a meadow. Next year before the grass was cut, I went to see it, and on my way I imagined I saw it just as I would find it—short fine straw, small heads, with perhaps one or two grains in them, and more without heads, &c. When I got there I was surprised to see a heavy growth of chess, with a few heads of wheat, and those were single.

Will some practical farmer [who takes the ADVOCATE give a solution of these three cases, and give his true name. I will

give my theory in some future number, of the cause of wheat changing to chess.

Respectfully,

ABRAHAM MOOT.

Clinton, Lincoln Co., March, 1871.



Great Inducements to Farmer's Sons.

PRIZES FOR GETTING UP CLUBS FOR THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

The following choice list will be carefully packed and sent to each person who sends us a list of Twenty Subscribers for the Farmer's Advocate, at \$1. Half the quantity will be sent for 12 subscribers. Even those who send only one name will receive a prize. See the list. The larger the club the greater will be the quantity and more numerous the varieties we will give.

1 peck McCauley Wheat	\$2 50
4 lbs. Willard's Seedling Potatoes	38
4 lbs. Calicoes	38
4 lbs. Climax	38
4 lbs. Breeze's Prolific	38
4 lbs. Excelsior	38
4 lbs. Early Rose	25
4 lbs. Early Goodrich	20
4 lbs. New Brunswick Oats	20
4 lbs. Marshall Oats	25
4 lbs. Norway Oats	25
4 lbs. Emporium Oats	25
4 lbs. Excelsior Peas	30
4 lbs. Crown Peas	30
1 package Clark's Champion Cabbage, weight 80 lbs., the largest known	1 00
12 packages choice Garden Seeds	1 50
20 packages choice Flower Seeds, 5 to 10c	40
Packages, bags, &c.	\$9 78

Notice Against Wilful Trespass and Shooting Birds out of Season.

Adverting to Acts now in force for the better preservation of Game and small birds in Ontario, which Acts we each of us duly respect and appreciate; and taking into consideration that both game and small birds are gradually disappearing in this section of the country, we, the undersigned, each of us, individually, jointly and collectively, hereby give notice to any person or persons who may be found on any of our lands, or lots of lands, shooting or otherwise destroying game or small birds out of season, such person or persons, if detected, will by us be held guilty of wilful trespass, and such person or persons will be brought before one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the offence, and he or they so trespassing will be held accountable for any damage he or they may be known to commit either to our fences, or our crops, &c., &c.

In submitting the above notice for publication at the request of the parties whose names are so numerously recorded thereon, I would gladly endeavor to speak a few words in favor of these useful small birds; some of these remarks are borrowed from other sources, but the chief of them are founded on my own observation.

The farmer who allows any person to kill the small birds about his place is sadly wanting in the feelings of a man of generous thought, and sound judgment; and if he permits these birds to be destroyed because they deprive him of a few of his cherries and green peas, he, to use the vulgar phrase, "saves at the spigot and loses at the bung." Careful experiments have shown that every robin consumes during the year fifteen lbs. of worms. Think of that, every farmer who complains of the robin or any other small birds, for they all eat in proportion. The thousand birds which surround your farm and homestead during the year, bringing joyful welcome to your senses morning and evening, with their sweet notes, and songs of love, do they not remind you of the Great Creator, of the Almighty One, whose tender care is ever for these little birds; and only fancy these thousands of small birds that surround your homes eat annually 15,000 lbs. of worms and other insects. Now taking into account the vast good they do to the farmer, independent of their sweet melody, who, I say, is the deep thinking man with a generous mind that would permit the so-called sportsman or the boy with the murderous gun to destroy them, and particularly "out of season." Even the poor black crow, now so common amongst us, he is the harbinger of spring, and is useful in his way; it is not, however, to be denied that he pulls up a great deal of corn, and gives a deal of trouble, but he does it not for mischief, but in his efforts to assist the farmer.

Every one knows the injury done to corn and other crops, by the wire or catworm. It is in pursuit of these grubs that crows and blackbirds pull up the young plants, at whose roots instinct teaches them their prey lies; and it will be found that the fields most haunted by crows are most infested by the grub and the worm. This I mention to show the real habits of the crow, and I think that we should meet with greater loss without his company. The following borrowed remarks show that robins and blackbirds are not the only consumers of worms:—A distinguished American naturalist mentions in his remarks respecting small birds, that one morning he saw the branches of a favourite tree overrun by many hundreds, of course, hairy black and red caterpillars, often seen on willows; that he was on the point of going out to remove them, when he saw a male catbird light among and begin to eat them, occasionally flying away with some for its young. The bird continued this all day. By the same hour on the next day there were no caterpillars to be seen on the tree; the catbird had cleared it. So of other birds; and the millions of pounds of grubs and worms eaten by birds would, if unconsumed, devour every green thing. But it is not only the earth-worms, caterpillars and grubs that these small birds destroy, for even the wheat-midge is eaten by numbers of them, such as the swallow tribe, the whippoorwill, and many others, which catch their prey on the wing. These are also most useful to the farmer. There used to be in years past a very small yellow bird of the finch tribe, much smaller than the native wild canary; its chief food consisted of the worm of the wheat-midge; but of late seasons he has been very rarely seen. Many other useful small birds have entirely left this section of the country, and are only now seen in some of the museums. But the skunk, the marmot, or ground-hog, and many other animals which are really injurious, besides being a nuisance to the farmer, are held in the greatest abhorrence and shunned by those poachers of game and small birds "out of season." The fact is, farmers, you should not allow such poachers to set foot upon your property—indeed it is high time that an effective stop be put to such an unlawful practice; at all events, if you cannot give proof as to the destruction of game or small birds "out of season," you at least can have them arrested for wilful trespass. If all farmers and other land owners where game and small birds resort to in the breeding season, were strictly to attend to this advice, even for a few years, depend upon it both game and small birds would increase, as would also your crops of grain, and your fruit crops would be far more abundant and more free from disease.

I am yours, sincerely,
H. BRUCE.

A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:—"Oh, I wouldn't live forever. I wouldn't if I could; but I needn't fret about it, for I couldn't if I would."

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