

the symmetry of a little chestnut horse, up to immense weight, called Mahaidan, which was bred near Blidah. During the Spring months, these horses make the tour of the Provinces, so that any of the Arabs may improve the breed of their animals gratis, receiving, at the same time, a certificate of the parentage of the colt. The stables are all open sheds, having straw blinds in front, which may be let down, as a protection against either wind, rain, or sun. The food of the horses consists of barley-straw, with a little barley. They are well-cared for, and treated with scrupulous kindness. Their docility is astonishing. It is a striking sight to see so many entire horses standing in long open sheds, without partitions, close together, and merely fastened with the usual cord, which hobbles them all by the fore-leg.

"As I have before observed, the wind of these horses is quite astonishing. Sometimes, in expeditions against the Arabs, the French soldiers have been in the saddle from five A. M. till ten P. M., and performed a distance of eighty-five miles without giving a mouthful of food to their horses. The horses when on the march, never sleep under cover; they are always ready for work, and never ail anything. Three things are indispensable to an Arab horse—a good eye, a good foot, and a good appetite.—The price given for regimental horses varies from three hundred and fifty to four hundred francs. The Arabs illustrate their estimate of the different colors of horses by the following tale:—A chief of a tribe was once pursued by his enemies. He said to his son: 'My son, drop to the rear, and tell me the color of the horses of our foe—and may Allah burn his grandfather!' 'White,' was the answer. 'Then we will go south,' said the chief; for in the vast plains of the desert the wind of a white horse will not stand in a protracted chase.' Again the chief said, 'My son, what colored horses pursue us?' 'Black, O, my father.' 'Then we will go amongst the stones and on rocky ground, for the feet of black horses are not strong.' A third time the young Arab was sent to the rear, and reported chestnut horses. 'Then,' said the old chief, 'we are lost; who but Allah can deliver us from chestnut horses?' Dun or cream-colored horses the Arabs consider worthless, and fit only for Jews to ride. They say also that a flea-bitten horse is never a bad one."

THE DRAINAGE OF LAKE HAARLEM.—On the 7th July, 1848, the works for draining the Lake of Haarlem commenced, and on August 1, 1852, the *Staats Courant* announced that the whole of that immense lake was dry. At the commencement of the present year, 17,000 hectares (2½ acres each) of good land were under cultivation.—Farms to the number of 2,518 have been formed, and 157 dwelling-houses and 721 stables and other buildings constructed, for a population of 5,157 souls. Large depots had been formed of materials brought to the spot by the canals which run through the ground.—*Continental Paper*.

POULTRY AND EGGS.—Fowls like the warm southern aspect, where they can huddle together in the sun during the middle of the day. Provide them such a place and plenty of food, such as corn, cob-meal mixed with scalding water, or hot potatoes, with occasional feeds of the flesh of young calves, plucks of sheep, and constant access to pure water, gravel, old mortar, oyster or clam shells, and bones, all broken finely, and they will yield eggs in abundance through the cold weather.

KICKING COWS.—Cows sometimes move their feet from impatience or restlessness, and sometimes kick for the same reason. Any *invariable* and *prompt* infliction of a short, quick punishment, will soon cure them. They dislike to have their teats jerked, and if, whenever they kick or step, this infliction *always instantly follows*, they will soon cease. It is of the utmost importance that it be always uniformly severe, not irregular, and never but *once* performed for each repetition of the fault.—*Country Gentleman*..

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.—Every man is to himself what Plato calls the Great Year. He has his sowing time, and his growing time, his weeding, his irrigating, and his harvest. The principles and ideas he puts into his mind in youth lie there, it may be for many years, apparently unprolific. But nothing dies. There is there a process going on unseen, and by the touch of circumstance the man springs forth into strength, he knows not how, as if by a miracle. But after all, he only reaps as he had sown.—*Education of the people by J. A. St. John*.

THOUGHTS.—Horace Walpole once remarked,—"This world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."