

**CARTER'S DITCHING MACHINE.**

The following is from the St. Thomas "Home Journal" of the 6th August, 1869.

An exhibition of this justly celebrated Ditcher was held this week upon the farm of Andrew Murray, Esq., Malahide near Aylmer, and its capability to perform the expensive and laborious, but truly profitable work of digging ditches for drainage fully tested. Mr. Carter has been for some time perfecting his invention, and has at last succeeded in producing a machine that will work admirably well. At the trial it started at work with four horses attached upon a stretch of ground about thirty rods long, at about half-past two o'clock, and in one hour and a half a nicely constructed ditch was finished to an average depth of nearly three feet. The ground being soft and wet, it was expected that the machine might clog, but such was not the case. The mud was thrown out as readily as if it had been dry soil, and the machine cleared itself in good style. About two-hundred of the leading farmers of the vicinity were present, and expressed themselves as satisfied with the work performed. Not one but pronounced it a success, and all expressed their gratification that a machine had at last been invented by means of which cheap ditching may be obtained. All were satisfied that the day of fifty cents per rod was over. A great deal of drainage of a very necessary kind has hitherto been omitted altogether, or indefinitely postponed, because of the expense, and on account of the time required. But now the matter will be cheerfully and profitably attended to, and we expect soon to see the ditcher brought into as general use as the reaper, thresher or plough.

**ABOUT BUTTER.**

The oldest mention of butter (and even that is an obscure one) is found in Herodotus, who says the Scythians "stir the milk of their mares, and separate that which rises to the surface, as they consider it more delicious than that which remains below it."—This, perhaps, goes no farther than cream, but Hippocrates, who wrote 400 years before Christ, and was almost cotemporary with Herodotus, writes of cream that when it is violently agitated, "the fat part, which is light, rises to the surface, and becomes what is called butter. The heavy and thick part, which remains below, is kneaded and dried, and is known by the name of *hippace*. The whey or serum remains in the middle." Here we have butter and cheese satisfactorily produced at least two thousand years ago.

But it does not appear from Hippocrates, nor, indeed, from any of the ancient writers who mention it, that butter was ever used as an article of ordinary food. That learned Greek physician speaks of its emollient qualities, and prescribes it externally as a medicine. Strabo says that the Lusitanians used butter instead of oil; and *Ælian* mentions that the East Indians anointed the wounds of their elephants with butter. Galen writes, that "in cold countries which do not produce oil, butter is used in baths. Pliny recommends it to be rubbed over children's gums in teething, and also for ulcers in the mouth. Plutarch tells of a Spartan lady who smelled strongly of butter, by which it seems to have been used as a perfume or ointment. It is never mentioned by any Greek or Roman writer, as used in cookery or at the table.

The people of Germany appear to have known the use of butter at a very early period, though how early is not known. In that cold climate, both butter and cheese could readily be made and preserved, while in Italy, Spain, and other portions of Southern Europe, they are not even now

largely produced. As a substitute, the people of those countries have always been accustomed to the liberal use of oil, both for cooking purposes and for the table.

In the South of France, butter is sold in the apothecaries' shops for medical purposes, and one of the grievances recounted by travelers in Spain is that they can seldom meet with butter. In warm countries it is difficult to preserve it for any length of time, and it appears certain that the only butter the ancient nations possessed, was in an oily state and almost liquid. The Arabs are reputed to be the greatest consumers of butter in the world. A cupful of melted butter is an ordinary morning drink among all classes. Burchardt, the Arabian traveler, says that the appetite for it is universal, and the poorest persons spend half their daily income in order that they may have butter at every meal. They make it exclusively from the milk of sheep and goats, while other nations use that of camels, mares, and other animals.—Ex.

**HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.**

The commencement of this month is the season to plant strawberries. We have already in our columns given a detailed account of the "modus operandi,"—and so much is said about it on every hand, that no one need look far for information on that head. We will only say that generous cultivation with this, as with every other fruit, will repay the planter by both extra quality and quantity. If we mistake not, this season will have pointed to the necessity of draining in a way that none will overlook.—With the strawberry drainage is especially necessary, and we are inclined to believe that the labor saved in weeding, on well drained patches, will pay for all the outlay.

Gathering together what information we can from growers of this most popular fruit, we find that though varieties are almost innumerable, yet the choice lays with a few, and some of them, comparatively speaking, old varieties. *Triomphe de Gand*, an old standard European variety, still holds its position; large in size, fine flavor, good color, are qualities which recommend it to every one, and all that can be said against it seemingly, is, that it is not as good a bearer as the *Wilson*. Still it will average as many large berries to the plant as either the *Wilson* or any other variety that we know of, and is generally free from the number of small ones some kinds possess.

*Dr. Nicaise*, another European variety which made a great noise a year or two ago, seems to have no quality to recommend it except its enormous size. *Agriculturist*, another large and handsome berry, splendid grower, and very productive; it forfeits its apparent claim to unlimited praise, by being of poor, some say, wretched flavor, and too soft to carry.

*Napoleon III*—by report an emperor indeed among strawberries—grown alongside of one hundred of the best kinds America can produce, outstrips the whole of them.—Splendid color, firm flesh, fruit borne well up from the ground, and of the largest size. It bids fair to become a most popular berry.

Emperor Maximilian or Mexican Everbearing,—the latest humbug in the fruit way which has been attempted to be foisted upon us,—has been shorn of its fine name and figures

now as the common Alpine, much to the chagrin, very likely, of some who were tempted to pay a high price for it under its high-sounding title.

*LA CONSTANCE*.—One grower of this variety, we see by an exchange, complains bitterly of the fickleness of this variety, which should not be the case if there is anything in a name. No variety, he says, can have had its whims and humors more consulted than this, and yet a bed planted upon good soil, cared for in every way, and giving every promise seemingly of making a fair return for the trouble, yielded at last a few deformed and stumpy berries,—not one handsome fruit.

*WILSON'S ALBANY*.—More largely cultivated than any other sort; principally on account of its great productiveness.

**GRÜMBLERS.**

It has been often remarked and dilated upon, that farmers (no matter of what nationality) are the most grumbling and discontented beings of any occupation known, and are never contented with the weather or the crops. It is either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, or too much wind; in fact it would appear that if they controlled the weather themselves, and could cause sunshine to be in one field where they thought it required, and rain at the same time in the adjoining one, that this would not suffice, and would still be meeting some imaginary trouble half way, portraying things that are going to happen, and it would seem that something would be found to growl at. To prove how ill-grounded and utterly fallacious many of these arguments are, we will endeavour to point out a few, and see how far their predictions have been verified this season. In the winter, when we had such continual thaws, loud were the complaints that the wheat would be killed by these sudden changes and the intense frost, but time has shown this to be quite a mistake. Perhaps never in Canadian annals, was there such a universally heavy crop as the present is. Another one was, there is too much wet and cold, there will be no grain, it will be all lodged, get the rust in it, in fact be utterly destroyed, and many other objections were raised. Now we ask, has the prophecy as to the rain and cold supported their calculations? We say emphatically, no, but on the contrary it has been in every way beneficial; it has demonstrated as a fact, that we get we get far too much intense heat and drouth in Canada, for any of our grain crops to mature properly, and it is to this fact that our samples always appear so shrunk and shrivelled when compared to those grown in a moister climate. But this year, from what we have seen, we think Canada can compete favorably with any country in point of plumpness and yield. True, the rain has caused crops to lodge and get tangled in certain exceptional places, and it may be that a small proportion of hay, here and there,