

Even while we so much admire those gifts with which God has been pleased to deck our earth, let us not fail to love and adore our common Maker, who created both us and them. And when this world and its beauties are all passed away, may we each have an inheritance in that land where

"Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

JAMES LAWSON,
Spaffordton, Frontenac Co., Ont.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Letter from Kansas.

DEAR SIR,—I get the Advocate here, occasionally, which I am glad to have; in fact, anything containing British or Canadian news interests me. Since I wrote you last we have had rain, after three months of dry, hot, scorching weather. Kansas is no higher now, in my estimation, than it was before. The papers cry it up, but it is all lies. I send you a Tribune; it is all Yankee Bosh. Why, we have no potatoes at Lawrence. You may get a few miserable things at \$1.50 per bushel; plums there are none; peaches quoted at 75 cents per bushel—why, you could not get them for less than \$5, except the windfalls, rotten and bruised up; cabbage none; turnips do. I have a few turnips and cabbages coming on, hilled up with manure and irrigated; they are looking fair. I find the people ignorant of the advantages of good pulverizing and manuring. I have a garden and paddock, in which I have displayed some English farming and gardening. Nurserymen come to see it, and wonder why I don't intend to stay in Kansas. Good heavens! I have not seen an implement with which to carry on the work if I was to remain. You cannot make them understand the use or necessity of having any thing but a pig's house to live in. And what do they eat? Corn dodgers, squashes, cucumbers, and a whole lot of rake-belly vengeance, which makes them look a narrow-gutted, shivering, half-starved set. They tell me I'll get the ague and diarrhoea if I eat beef. I tell them—"eat plenty of beef, and you will feel neither here." They are the meanest, God-forsaken, poverty-stricken hounds living. Why, I am surprised. Where I used to live twenty years ago, in Pennsylvania, they were kings, and priests, and Christians; but from Kansas I say, deliver me, good Lord.

You will find the papers swallow every thing they can get hold of. Some coon takes an ear or two of corn into an office, a few grapes, or some bit of a thing grown in bottom land, or garden, and then there is a hue and cry. But wheat that I harvested and saw thrashed, from 3 to 7 bush. per acre, is all I know of. And yet if some gassing, soulless, Yankee bushwhacker had forty acres of wheat, at twenty bushels per acre, that goes in for a Township. If you work for a farmer he can't raise a dollar to pay you. Some men worth 200 acres of land cannot afford a bellyful of good, substantial food; and the worst of it is, no home grasses or clover will grow in Kansas—and the prairie grasses are two thirds weeds, and both beef and mutton rancid in taste, and butter half the time shocking. The soil is very deep. I saw a fellow the other day digging a well about sixty feet deep, and I did not see a stone large enough to knock out the brains of a flea. What it is adapted to grow to advantage I don't know, and nobody has as yet found out that I can see. I will now quit abusing Kansas. There is nothing pretty or enticing in it. I have had paper and Yankee Ink, and have written so little of late, that you will hardly make it out. However, I know you are sharp at it, and that is my apology.

I find some Yankees have visited Canada, and report that farming is well done by Scotch and English, but in a very ordinary way by native Canadians. I find this to be the case, too, with Chicago prairie Yankees. The heterogeneous farming community are the worst farmers living. I hate

their ways,—they are such conceited fools. You have had plenty of wet this season, and extra bad weather, but this happens at times everywhere. When I come to Canada, if it is no more alluring than Kansas, I will return to England. Down here there is nothing good to eat or drink, and if you have a dollar everybody wants it. Thieving and camp-meetings are very fashionable.

I deal pretty sharp with my clients. I am sorry to say that I have really lost my conscience and English decency, and am nearly as rabid now as my surroundings. I am never well a week together, have had lately bilious fever and griping dysentery. Am better now, but shrunk to nought; all the flesh is gone from my bones. When I came here I was 190 pounds, but now am only 160 pounds; quite the cut of a rattle belly, thieving, lying Yankee. But I am going to have fair play out of Kansas, however, and will turn it to tidy account ere I quit it. I shall have many things to tell you when we meet, and will be glad to hear from you as soon as possible. Let me know what is the difference between a Yankee dollar greenback, and a Canadian dollar bill. What about land with you; are there yet good farms to be got? You say that things are progressing steadily in your neighborhood. Glad to hear about you and yours. I will send you a paper occasionally, but your curiosity will soon cease in this I think. They are all full of hash and nonsense.

There are many Canadian and Northern State farmers here, who would gladly relinquish and go back to where they came from if they could. Finally, one word of disinterested advice to your agricultural readers. Should any contemplate coming this way, tell them to stay where they are, under any circumstances, or they will find when too late that it is a change for the worse, as the gentleman said when he received two bad shillings and a doubtful sixpence for a good half crown.

With all good wishes, yours truly,

SICK OF KANSAS.

P. S.—Two varieties to-day; beef, and a bellyful too.

Douglas Co., Kansas, Oct. 12, 1870.

English to the back bone. Belly first, belly last, belly everywhere. Send another letter.—Ed.

Coal Oil,—Cattle and Stumps.

MR. EDITOR.—My horses and cattle, like many others this season, have been badly afflicted with the fly. I made an application of coal oil to the parts most attacked, which stopped any repetition at once.

Seeing that stump extracting is exciting some interest just now, I will give you my method, which is to pour a little coal oil on the top surface of the stump, and fire it in two days after. I have done so with success, and would advise others to try.

I am, yours, &c.,

W. J. WATSON.

Devizes, Sept., 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Garget in Cows.

DEAR SIR,—Noticing in the October number of the Farmer's Advocate that you have had some trouble with your cows, with garget in the bag, and that you wish some of your readers would give you their experience, and the remedies for the same, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to give you the result of my experience of this troublesome disease. During my practice of over twenty-five years, I have had a great many cases, but never experienced any difficulty in curing them; and if the information should be of any service to you or any of your readers who may have cows affected with garget, you are welcome to it. My treatment is as follows:—On discovering that the cow is affected with

garget, I take one ounce of best ground ginger and one ounce of caraway seeds, and scald them with a quart of hot water. When sufficiently cool, give the whole in one draft, with a drench horn. I generally find this quite sufficient to remove the disease with the addition of having the udder well bathed with hot water several times during the day, taking care to milk all the whey and curds out of the teats affected. With this treatment I generally find the cow well in one or two days. Should there be any costiveness administer a laxative.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE SWINBURNE,
Veterinary Surgeon.

Montreal, October 10, 1870.

P. S.—I think your treatment, with the exception of the bathing with hot water, very absurd. G. S.

We thank our Montreal Veterinary for his useful and valuable communication,—and hope our readers may reap some benefit from it. We do not profess to be able ourselves to give the best treatment in such cases, but being always anxious to give such information as we possess, do so, and are glad when we are corrected and put right by practical men, as in the present instance. We ask for information on what we are ignorant of, and wish that more of those who are able to help us would take an example from Mr. Swinburne.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Sommerville, Sept 13, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Last Spring I and one of my neighbors got from you half a bushel of Harrison, one a-half pecks of Calico, and one peck of Early Rose Potatoes. Of those I got—Harrison 15 pounds, Calico 10 lbs, Early Rose 7½ pounds. They were shipped by you on the 5th of May, but we did not get them till the first of June. I planted them on the second of June, and have dug 12 bushels of the Harrison, 5 bushels of Calicos, and 5 bushels and 51 pounds of the Early Rose. My Harrisons and Calicos were killed by frost before they were full grown. The Early Rose, though not three months in the ground, were ripe. I consider they cannot be too highly recommended.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL SUDDABY.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Oxford, Oct. 24, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in your paper an article as interesting as it was important, respecting the growth of fences, and soliciting suggestions from any one who had experience in raising them, I must say I cordially agree with you that it is a question which ought to engross the attention of farmers much more than it does. Already we see fencing timber in some parts becoming so scarce that sawed timber is becoming generally resorted to; but in a few years that will become so high as to make a fence very expensive, without having a permanent one.

There are five kinds of hedges that have come under my experience:—The Osage Orange, Willow, Thorn, Privet and Buckthorn. The Osage Orange is a good fence in the climate of Southern Ohio and Illinois, but not hard enough in this country, as it gets killed down with the frost every year. The Willow is of quick and hardy growth, but cattle are too fond of browsing it. The Thorn is very long in coming to a fence, requiring eight years of cleanly culture, and very liable to be attacked by mice. The Privet enters into more of an ornamental than farming hedge. The Buckthorn is the only one that combines quickness of growth, hardness of nature, and impervious to the attacks of cattle, that has come under my notice. It has a thorn

growing to the length of three inches, and by being well clipped down, (which is too often neglected so as to get height,) will, in four or five years, produce a fence in height and strength sufficient to turn any cattle. The Willow fence hedge, by being carefully laid and staked by an experienced hand, may become a most useful fence; but whilst requiring much attention every year, could never be the same useful or ornamental fence as the Buckthorn.

I will not take up too much of your valuable space, but briefly give my culture of the Buckthorn. I bought the plants, and in planting cut them down to within two inches of the ground. Next year cut them down as low as I could so as not to cut off the undergrowth of the first year. Mulched them with chips, which kept them from requiring any cleaning afterwards. In five years it was much higher than beneficial for a division fence, and thick enough to resist anything. It produces its own seed, so that a farmer in a few years can produce plants sufficient to fence his whole farm.—I have no hesitation in giving it my most decided preference over the other fences I have mentioned, and the growth of which I have carefully watched. My method of raising plants was to drill the seed in rows twelve inches apart, in a fine seed-bed of loose rich loam, and in planting them for a fence next year, I set them in two rows, eight inches apart, and plants twelve inches apart, the first plant in the second row midway between the two in the first row, and so on. I think you cannot press too forcibly upon the farmers the necessity of waking up upon a question which is yearly becoming of more importance, as in many places fencing timber is entirely exhausted.

Yours truly,

OXFORD FARMER.

We have seen this Buckthorn spoken of by an Oxford Farmer, growing in the States and in Canada. When we attended the New York State Fair at Rochester, we saw a fence near the ground that was more to be admired than any other we had seen on this continent. It was of Buckthorn, and was growing by the road side, and it would turn poultry, hogs, cattle, horses, or even a drove of buffaloes. We have also seen it growing by the roadside at Mr. Leslie's nursery, near Toronto. We feel convinced that this plant is destined to become the main resource for fencing in this country. The demand for it throughout the States is such that nursery men can't meet it. It would be well for every farmer to have some growing upon his farm, which would be highly advantageous. We will endeavor to procure some seed, to supply to our subscribers next season.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

SIR,—Having attended the Hon. George Brown's sale, I cannot refrain from expressing my thorough disappointment with the whole affair. It appears clear to any man having an idea of Stock, that wherever or at whatever cost he purchased his breeding animals, he succeeded in raising only the worst class of stock from them, and has them in such mean condition as the commonest and poorest farmer might be ashamed of; without exception they made the poorest appearance of a stock sale that I ever saw. There was only one good thing in connection with them, and that was the pedigree, which the auctioneer gave from the book to each, but how far it agreed with the animal it is not for me to say. But in one instance the animal described in the pedigree as of a roan color, was turned out a very dark red. Some of the Durhams had black noses, which, in my opinion, is never to be found on a pure bred animal. I had a discussion with a friend who held the opposite, respecting this. But an employee of Mr. Brown's cleared the question by informing us that the dams of those calves had broken loose