### ADVOCATE! FARMER'S

# Our Weekly Issue.

We have commenced a weekly issue, and write articles that struck us at the moment of writing; and also to save time and expense. Being too busy to revise or examine all the matter that appeared in our last issue, some articles may have appeared rather mixed. For instance, the second article on Agriculture, on page 40, was written before we knew of the passing of the Act, and the sudden and unexpected announcement of it, without scarcely a hint from any source, very much surprised us. Therefore our readers will perhaps excuse our various remarks, as they are. It is necessary that we should give our readers all the leading news in regard to agriculture that we can obtain, politically and practically, and at as early a date as possible. The excitement of the elections interferes with our present labors, although we are taking no active part ourselves.-Still, no one can very well live in as public an office as ours, without being somewhat affected by them. Even the printing department, as well as the editorial seat, are somewhat disturbed, and we are heartily glad that all will soon be over, as they affect the general business of the country.

Another error crept into our last monthly, namely, the wrong date, being marked February instead of March.

There has been a little unnecessary hindrance to our business during last week, to which we may allude in a future number.

# For the Farmer's Advocate.

#### Praise Ye the Lord. PSALM CL., 6.

Sing praises to the Lord most high, Who made the earth and formed the sky; He made the sun, the moon and all The planets 'round this earthly ball.

Sing to the Lord; your voices raise In humble gratitude and praise, To Him who claims our highest songs, Whose goodness all our lives prolongs.

'Twas He who did our being give, He who permits us still to live; 'Tis by His goodness we are fed. For He supplies our daily bread.

The breath He does on us bestow,
To Him in joyful strains should flow;
This tribute, justly, He demands—
"We are the people of His hands."

Sing praises to your maker, sing, And thus extol your Heavenly King; The breath He gives employ to bless
And praise the "Lord our Righteousness."

Let songs of praise to God arise,

The glorious King of earth and skies;
Let ceaseless praise to Him be given,
By Saints on earth and Saints in Heaven. JAMES LAWSON.

Cataraqui, Ont.,

# Grass and a Pound of Meat

It is stated, on good authority, that an acre of the best Lincolnshire grazing land—and it or the best Lincomshire grazing land—and it is a country famous for its grass—will carry an ox and a sheep "from New Mayday till old Michaelmas," and that while grazing during this period, the former will gain 280 pounds, and the latter 40 pounds in not weight of and the latter 40 pounds, in net weight of meat when slaughtered. The acre will thus yield 350 pounds of meat. Its produce of grass may be sixteen tons—perhaps more. This is one pound of meat for every cwt. of grass, but we must remember that the grass of such land differs from the average in the grass of such land differs from the average in the grass of such land differs from the average in the grass of the gras quality as well as the quantity of its produce.

We should like estimates from some of our graziers of the quantity of grass required for a hundred pounds of beef or mutton. The results, of course, would be varied by moist and dry seasons, and by the quality of the grasses with which the pasture is stocked. The aptitude of the animal for fattening would also affect the result.

"Does your knitting machine make a seam?" inquired an old lady of the proprietor of a knitting machine, "It seems not," was the pertinent reply.

#### Paddy Doyle's Experience in Canada.

AS RELATED IN A LETTER TO HIS OWN KATY IN BALLYNAFAD.

By the late "Typographic Cosmopolite."

Well, Katy, my darlint, I've been thinking this long time to unburthen me mind, and tell yees all the quare things that happened to your own Paddy since I left the "ould sod" - the Lord be wid it! And I will now put my right foot foremost, and commence at the beginning.

It was a fine morning in July, 18—, that I footed it up to the Cove av Cork from Ballynafad, and got there safe and sound. There wur a hape of big ships there, all of them going to Churchack. So I truly me pages in one and a hape of big ships there, all of them going to Quaybeck. So I tuck me passage in one, and sailed the next day. I felt bad intirely at laving poor ould Ireland—the country that bore me—wid its pleasant hills and dales, its purty girls, and its rollicking boys. "Och," sez I to myself, "I'll nivir agin see yer green fields and waving corn; never hear the plaintive murmurings of your meanthering brooks and sthrames; niver will the cuckoo or corncrake awake me in the early morn; for, as one Misther Homer remarkearly morn; for, as one Misther Homer remarked to Dan. O'Connell, 'The last breeze of Erin has passed o'er my brow.'" Well Katy, asthore, I need not tell yez much about the voyage acrass, or how we wur rolling about on the big waves for weeks; while beween the say-sickness and the grief, I couldn't ate a bit av the nice fat pork and other dainties on board. Howandiver, afther six weeks' sailing, we came to Quaybeck. The weather was very cowld when we landed, and I didn't know what to do wid meself. So I up an' axed the captain of the big ship where I could get some light work to

do. "Well, where are ye bound for, Paddy?" sez

the captain.

"Och, captain, honey," sez I, "I'm tould the ground here is paved wid goold, and I'm not perticklar where I go, so that I git some praties

perticklar where I go, so that I git some praties and a drop av eye-wather to moisten me thrapple," (for ye know I waz always a thirsty soul, like me father before me),

"Look here, Paddy," sez he, "take my advice, and nivir mind the goold; but look for work on the wharfs now, and in the spring push into the bush, and there you'll find the rale goold," sez he, "if ye cheose to work for it," sez he.

gorra, I wondher'd how he knew me name,

and I looked at him wid both me eyes.
"Arrain, my jewel," sez I, "what bush is it?
And me name's not Paddy Doyle if I don't find the crock av goold, and thin, ma bouchal, I'm off for ould Ireland again," sez I to the captain.

"Asy, Paddy," sez he, "I mane yees are to go into the bush and cut down the lumber, and

then, if ye choose to work hard, ye may earn a crock of goold," sez he.

"But, captain dear," sez I, "what good wud

lumber be to me? Be gorra, if it wur lumber I wanted, there was plinty in Ballynafad; there's me ould grandmother, an' me aunt, an' the ould

"Ha, ha!" says the captain, quite pleasant,
"I see ye mistakes me intirely; its the threes

that's called lumber," says he.
"Oh, faix, is it?" sez I. "But that would
niver answer Paddy—me that was rared so tind-

niver answer l'addy—me that was rared so tind-herly—me, the descendant of ten kings, to cut down threes! Oh! mother o' Moses, has it come to this?" sez I. "Well, Paddy, plaze yerself," sez he, "but don't imagine you can pick up goold in the streets." says he.

streets," says he.
"But how could I cut down the threes, captain, honey?" sez I.
"Ye must axe thim, I suppose," sez he

"Ye must axe thim, I suppose," sez he.
"Arrah now, captain, none o' your thricks
upon thravelers," sez I. "If I wuz to ax them
for a thousand years, they wouldn't spake a
word, at-all at-al," sez I.
"Well," says he," as I see yees are joking
wid me, just find out by yer larning, Paddy
Doyle, and show us how ye can thravel," sez he;
for he samed yext.

Doyle, and show us now ye can thraver, see ne, for he samed vext.

Well, to make a long story short, I kem down Point Levi, and wuz looking at all the gran' sights, and the big ships, and the crowds of min and faymale wimins that they calls habitans, and wondhering what they were saying at all wid their parlevoo and their je ne comprends, and other gibberish whin all at once an unmannerly other gibberish, whin all at once an unmannerly other gibberish, whin an at once an unmannerly dog caught yer humble sarvint by the sate av the breeches, and gev me a rale nip.

"Bad luck to yer manners," sez I; "is that the way yethrate a christen?" sez I: "but if

the way yesthrate a christen?" sez I: "but if there's vartue in a stone, ye'll git the benefit." Wid that I stooped down and tuck hoult av a good-sized paver, but divil a bit of it wud move, though I kicked it wid me brogue. "Well," sez I, "this is a nice country, where they let the dogs bite ye, and tie the stones to the ground.

Howandiver I wint on lookin' everywhere

Howandiver, I wint on lookin' everywhere for the goold, but no goold, or silver either, cud Paddy see; but the ice, bad manners to it, tripped me up several times, and kilt me intirely, wid the whacks I got on the back av me head, and put the light out av me two good-looking

eyes.
Well, when spring kem I did get in the 'bush,'
as they call it, and offers me sarvices to an old
English curmudgeon av a farmer, who axed me

cud I do a lot av things, and among the rest something about "chopping." Faix, at first I thought he was axing me could I ate chops, and

thought he was axing me could I ate chops, and I answered briskly enough—

"Chops?" sez I; "yis, sir; let Paldy alone for that; but I hope the chops are fat," sez I, "and if I don't make them lave that, be gorra me name's not Doyle."

"Ah, ha! me good fellow," sez the farmer, "it's asy to see what you're afther; but you've got to chop some wood for me afore ye git any other kind av chops," sez he.

So he brought me to a place behint what he called a shanty, where there wuz a big pile of wood, and put an axe in my hands, and toult me to begin.

me to begin. So spitting in my fisht I tuck a howld av the So spitting in my fisht I tuck a howld av the hatchet (an axe they call it here), and thumped away at the big logs till the pursperashun (saving yer presence), ran off me like rain. "Begorra," sez I to myself: "how'll I iver find goold this way?" All at once, as I stood up to rest myself, I saw a big, ugly black fellow sitting on his hunkers, behint a tree right fornenst me, and eying me very sharply. "Begorra," sez I to myself, "here's a nigger, or sum sort of a furriner, and faix, he has a rale warm-looking jacket anyhow." After stharing at me for a while and saying nothing, I thought I would teach him manners, and said "go-dema-tata, nabor; throth ye'll know me again," sez I, but nabor; throth ye'll know me again," sez I, but the cumud'geon hadn't the manners to answer the time o' day, and only shook his noddle and gev a growl. "Bad cess to yer manners," sez gev a growl. "Bad cess to yer manners," sez I; "but I suppose you're only a furriner, and don't know any betther."

Jist then the masther cum along wid a gun in his fisht, and eyeing the fellow at the foot of the tree looking so impident, before you cud say Jack Robinson, he fired at him, when the nigger

fell down, growling and kicking wid pain.

"Och, masther dear, run for yer bare life, or the peelers will ketch ye," sez I, "and mayor will threament are fet life for him.

or the peelers will ketch ye," sez 1, "and maybe the judge will thransport ye for life for killing the furriner," sez I.

"Niver mind, Paddy," sez he; "shure it's only a bare I shot," sez he.

"A bare! is that thing a bare," sez I; "By invers I thought it was a niver or a furriner."

"A bare! is that thing a bare, sez 1; By japers I thought it was a nigger or a furriner."

Well, Katv, afther a while a lot of weeny green-and-white flies, not bigger than a midge, kem and tuk up their abode on my noddle, and began to bite me all over intirely, till I had to throw down me are, and cut like a redshank. throw down me axe, and cut like a redshank.
"What's the matther now, Paddy?" sez the

"What's the matther now, Paddy?" sez the boss, and so I up and towlt him.
"Shure ye wouldn't run from them critters? they're only Miss Kitties," sez he.
"Miss Kitties!" sez I; "well, begorra, the Miss Kitties I youst to court in the ould counthry would'nt bite like that," sez I, "no matter what else they might de," sez I.
"No matther about that now," sez he; "but go early to bed, for in the morning we'll hev to build a cord av wood," sez he, eyeing me quite

build a cord av wood," sez he, eyeing me quite sharp.
"Oh, glory! do yez make cord out av wood
"Oh, glory! do yez make cord out av wood "Shure it can't be

in this counthry?" sez I. "Shure it can't be as good as hemp; I'd be afeared av the splinters, But he laughed at me, but didn't give me an answer.

me an answer.

Faix, I wuz tired after chopping, and threw meself down on the softest boord in the barn. and was dhreaming of ye, Katy, in poor ould Ireland, when all at oncet I wuz wakened wid something biting at my big toe; and I roared

out—
"Help! murther! thieves!" sez I. "Murther! murther!" when in kem the whole family in the cish-of-bills (I think they call it); and the masther said, afther I towlt him

the masther said, atther I towit nim
"Tut, man, its only a chipmunk or squirrel
that was gnawing yer toe. Ye'll soon get used
to it," sez he; "for ye know ye must pay yer
footing when ye come to Canada;" sez he.
Well, I pulls on me brogues, claps me cau-

been on me head, puts me hands under me ox-ter, and slept soundly till morning, till the flies kem down in shoals and nations, and fairly pulled me out av the bed, and chased me from

the barn.

"Oh, holy St. Patrick! ye're badly wanted in this counthry," sez I. "Between the bears, and misskitters, and chipmunks, and squirrels, and other venemous reptiles, I'll be kilt entirely. Afther I got me breakfast, the masther and me piled the cord av wood, but he didn't make any rope that I could see. Howandiver, afther we had got done he sez to me—

"Now, Paddy, ye'll have to give a hand to make a corduroy road," sez he.

make a corduroy road," sez he.
"A corduroy road." sez l; "be japers I never "A corduroy road," sez I; "be japers I never heerd tell av a road made av corduroy afore," sez I. "Whin I was a gorsoon," sez I, "I youst to wear corduroy breeches; but all the cloth in Tippearary wouldn't be enough to make a road, sez I. Oh, musha! what a counthry!—to make a cord out of wood, and roads out of corduroy!

But, Katy, alanna, when winter kem on, and the big snewlay on the ground in hance. mas.

the big snew lay on the ground in hapes, masther sed to me one day: "We will go a slaying to-morrow, Paddy," sez he. "I hope ye'll like

"Go a-sleighing!" sez I; "shure that wud be murder! and I'll nather take act nor part in

it," sez I.
"'Och, ye omadhaun! will ye niver larn anything?" sea he; "it's only a ride on a sleigh,"

"Oh, be gorra, I'd be afeard to do it; maybe it kicks!

Some time afther, he brings out a quare thing like a cart wid no wheels on it, and ties the horse to it, and shure enuff we wint over the snow like a heuse on fire, for an hour or so, till at last we kem to a stand-still, when the masther increased down takes 6.544 feet and a stand-still. jumped down, tuk a fisht-full av snow, and be pumped down, tak a nant-run av snow, and began rubbing me nose till I thought he would pull it off, and till the tears cum to me releaf.

"Oh, Paddy," sez he, "your nose is frost-bitten, and ye may thank me that seen it in time." and he

bitten, and ye may thank me that seen it in time," sez he.

"I don't know anything about that," sez I;
"but youre the first man that ever tuck Paddy by the nose yit; but its all av a piece wid this quare counthry," sez I.

When pay day cum on, the masther gev me some rags of paper and some wee bits av silver.

"What's this for?" sez I.

"Your wages, l'addy," sez he. "Four dollars, one quarter, a york shilling, a dime, half a dime, three cents and a copper," sez he.

"Oh, glory! what s all that ye say? And what's them four dirty pieces av paper wid pietures on them?" sez I.

"They're dollar bills, Paddy," sez he, "and far more valuable than silver," sez he, laughing.
"Och, thin, jist keep them yerself," sez I,
"and give me the rale silver or goold; for I'm not such an omadhaun as to dirty me pockets wid thim things."

wid thim things,' But, Katy, asthore, I must concloed this long letter, as I hev to milk the ducks, put the cows to roost, and the hins in the barn. So no more

from yours at present. Adieu!
Yours till deth, PADDY DOYLE. POST SCRAPE. - Don't show this to me grandmother, or aunt, or Biddy Magee, or anybody else, and excess bad spelling and writing.

'For whin a man cums to Canada he must make up To put up with throubles and roughs of every kind."

# Whipping Horses Dangerous.

I would caution those who train or use horses against exciting the ill will of the animal. Many think they are doing finely, and are proud of their success in horse training, by means of severe whipping, or otherwise rousing and stimulating the passions, and then, from necessity, crushing the will, through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this: and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horsemen, as the care and tact displayed in winning instead of repelling the action of the mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judiciously, and great care should be taken not to rouse the passions, or excite the will to obstinacy.

The legitimate and proper use of the whip is calculated to operate upon the sense of fear almost entirely. The affection and better nature must be appealed to in training a horse, as well as in training a child. A reproof given may be intended for the good of the child, but, if only the passions are excited, the effect is depriving and injurious. This is a vital principle, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive, courageous horses, only at the imminent risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of naturally gentle character to be spoiled by being whipped once, and one horse that was made victous by being struck with a whip once, while standing in his stall.

I have referred to these instances to show the danger of rough treatment, and the effect that may easily be produced by ill usage, especially with fine blood horses and those of a highly nervous temperament. Many other cases might be cited, as such are by no means uncommon. Sensitive horses should never be left after they have been excited by the whip or other means, until calmed down by rubbing or patting the head or neck, and giving apples, sugar, or something of which the animal is fond. Remember the whip must be used with great care, or it is liable to do mischief, and may cause irreparable injury.

"Johnny, what gender is hose—stockings you know?" "Sometimes masculine and sometimes feminine." "No, no; hose is neuter?" "Well, anyhow, I heard a man talking on the farm where we board, and he said: 'he hoes, she hoes, and the old man hoes,' and that knocks your neuter higher nor a kite,"

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