

## Game-Cook Outdone.

To the Editor of THE CANADA FARMER.

SIR,—In your number of the first of March, I see an article alluding to the profits of game fowl. Now I think I can beat "Game-Cook." I have twenty-five hens of mixed breeds, and I received from them in January, 1863, 10 eggs; in February, 303; in March, 483; in April, 493; in May, 453; in June, 115; in July, 313; in August, 317; in September, 250; in October, 110; in November, 59; in December, 31; making a total of 3,297; an average of 131 and 12 over. My hens had neither meat scraps nor bones to pick; but the light wheat that I could not sell. Now if my hens had had picking of bones and meat scraps and lime water to drink, I believe they would have laid a great many more eggs; but as I have been so busy on the farm, I paid but little attention to the towels.

Blanshard.

A SUBSCRIBER.

**POLITRY** pick feathers off each other's necks for the purpose of getting the blood contained in the end of the quill. Plenty of chopped fresh meat fed to them will stop it at once. *Country Gentleman.*

**FATTENING POULTRY.** The *Irish Farmer's Gazette* says, to fatten turkeys, feed with barley meal mixed with water, adding a turnip with the leaves on, or fresh cabbage for them to pick at. Geese and ducks are well fattened by giving them ground buckwheat or oats mixed with well boiled potatoes, given warm, but not hot. Indian corn, well boiled and bruised, is also an excellent food for the purpose.

## Miscellaneous.

### Dickering.

THE following amusing but truthful chapter on this subject, is from Mr. MITCHELL'S "My Farm of Edgewood," from which we have already made some extracts:—

Sometime or other, if a man enter upon farm life—and it holds true in almost every kind of life—there will come to him a necessity for bargaining. It is a part of the curse, I think, entailed upon mankind, at the expulsion from Eden,—that they should sweat at a bargain. When a Frenchwoman with her hand full of gloves,—behind her dainty counter,—asks the double of what her goods are worth, you are no-way surprised. You accept the enormity, as a symptom of the depravity of her race,—which is balanced by the snavity of her manner.

But when a ha-d-faced, upright, sabbath-keeping New England bank-officer or select-man, asks you the double, or offers you the half, of what a thing is really worth, there is a revulsion of feeling, which no charm in his manner can drive away. Unlike the case of the French shop-woman, I feel like passing on—on the other side of the street.

And yet all this is to be met (and conquered I suppose) by whoever has butte,—or eggs, or hay, or fat cattle to sell. I ventured once to express my surprise to a shrewd foreman who had charge of this business—for I manage it by proxy as much as I can—that a staid gentleman with his ten thousand a year of income, should have insisted upon a deduction of two cents a bushel in the price of his potatoes, in view of a quart of small ones, that had innuendated themselves in the interstices; I think I hear his horse-laugh now, as he replied,—“Why, sir, it's the way he grew rich.”

The idea struck me as novel; but upon reflection I am inclined to think it was well based. As I said,—often as possible, I accomplish this business by proxy; and, in consequence, have made some bad debts by proxy. But proxy is not always available. There are customers who insist upon chaffering with the “boss.” Such an one has dropped in, on a morning in which you happen to be deeply engaged. He wishes to “take a look” at a horse, which he has seen advertised for sale. The stable is free to his observation, and the attentive Pat is at hand; but the customer wants a talk with the “Squire.”

It is a r—unch Canadian horse, for which you have no further use. You paid for him, six months gone, a hundred and fifty dollars, and you now name a hundred as his price. I never yet met a man who sold a horse for as much as he gave—unless he were a jockey; I never expect to.

“Mornin', Squire.”

“Good morning.”

“Bin a lookin' at y'er hoss.”

“Ah!”

“Middlin' lump of a hoss.”

“Yes, a nice horse.”

“D'n know as you know it, but sich hosses an't so saleable as they was a spell back.”

“Ah!”

“They're gittin' a fancy for bigger hosses.”

Silence.

“Put that pony to a heavy cart, and he would't do nothin'.”

“You are mistaken; he's a capital cart-horse.”

“Well, I don't say but what he'd be handy with a lightish load. Don't call him spavined, do ye?”

“No, perfectly sound.”

“That looks kinder like a spavin'—rubbin' his off hind leg.”

“An't much of a boss doctor, be ye?”

“Not much.”

“Don't kick, dooz he?”

“No.”

“Them little Kamucks is apt to kick.”

Silence, and an impatient movement, which I work off by pulling out my watch.

“What time o' day 's got to be?”

“Eleven.”

“Thunder! I must be a goin';—should like to trade, Squire, but I guess we can't agree. I s'pose you'd be askin' as much as—sixty—or—seventy dollars for that are hoss?”

“A hundred dollars is the price, and I gave fifty more.”

“Don't say! Gave a'thunder'ng-ight too much, Squire.”

“Pat, you may put up the horse; I don't think the gentleman wants him.”

“Look o' here, Squire;—if you was to say—something—like—seventy, or—seventy-five dollars, now—there might be some use in talkin'.”

“Not one bit of use.” (impatiently)—turning on my heel.

“— Say, Squire,—ever had him to a plow?”

“Yes.”

“Work well?”

“Perfectly well.”

“Fracious any? Them Kamucks is contrary critters when they've a mind to be.”

“He is quite gentle.”

“That's a good pint; but them that's worked till they git quite kinder gits the spirit lost out on 'em— an't so brisk when you put 'em to a waggin. Don't you find it so, Squire?”

“Not at all.”

“How old, Squire, did ye say he was?” (looking in his mouth again.)

“Seven.”

“Well—I guess he is; a good many figgets nigher that, than he is to tew—any way.”

“Patrick, you had better put this horse up.”

“Hold on, Squire, and taking out his purse, he counts out—seventy—eighty,—and a five,—and two,—and a fifty—there, Squire, tant worth talkin' about; I'll split the difference with ye, and take the hoss.”

“Patrick, put him up.”

At which the customer is puzzled, hesitates, and the horse is entering the stable again, when he breaks out explosively—

“— Well, Squire, here's your money; but you're the most thunderin' oneasy man for a dicker that I ever traded with—I'll say that for ye.”

And the horse is transferred to his keeping.

“S'pose you throw in the halter and blanket, Squire, don't ye?”

“Give him the halter and blanket, Patrick.”

“And, Patrick, you ant nary old curry-comb you don't use, you could let me have?”

“Give him a curry-comb, Pat.”

“Squire, you're a clever man. Got most through y'r hayin'?”

“Nearly.”

“Well, I'm glad on't. Had kinder ketchin' weather up our way.”

And with this return to general and polite conversation, the bargaining is over. It may be amusing, but it is not inspiring or elevating. Yet very much of the country trade is full of this miserable chaffering. If I have a few acres of woodland to sell, the purchaser spends an hour in impressing upon me his “idea”—that it is scattered and mangy, and has been pirated upon, and that wood is “dull,” with no prospect of its rising; if it is a cow that I venture in the market, the proposed purchaser is equally voluble in descriptive epithets, far from complimentary: she is “pooty well on in years,” rather scrawny, “not much for a bag,”—and this, although she may be the identical Devon of my Short-Horn friend. If it is a pig that I would convert into greenbacks—he is “flabby,” “scruffy,”—his “pork will waste in bilin’.” In short if I were to take the opinions of my excellent friends the purchasers—for truth, I should be painfully conscious of having possessed the most mangy hogs, the most aged cows, the scrubbiest veal, and the most diseased and stunted growth of chestnuts and oaks, with which a country-liver was ever afflicted.

For a time, in the early period of my novitiate, I was not a little disturbed by these damaging statements; but have been relieved on learning, by farther experience, that the urgency of such lively falsehoods is only an ingenious mercenary device for the sharpening of a bargain. But while this knowledge puts me in good temper again with my own possessions, it sadly weakens my respect for humanity.

Amateur farmers are fine subjects for these chaffers; they yield to them without serious struggle. The extent and the manner of their losses, under the engineering abilities of these wiry old gentlemen who drive sharp bargains, is something quite beyond their comprehension. It would be well if harm stopped here. But this huckstering spirit is very leprous to character. It bestializes;—it breaks down the trader's own respect for himself, as much as ours. The man who will school himself into the adoption of all manner of disguisements about the cow he has to sell, will adopt the same artifices and quibbles about the opinions he wishes to enforce upon your acceptance. Let him mend by showing all the sparvins in the next horse he has for sale, (there will be some, or he would never sell;) and his reformation is not altogether hopeless.

## Ploughing Match in Markham.

To the Editor of THE CANADA FARMER:

SIR.—A ploughing match came off on Wednesday the 20th of April, in a field in the occupation of Mr. Thos. Weatherill, lot No. 7, rear of 2nd con. Markham, confined to ploughmen residing between lots No. 10 and 20 in the 2nd and 3rd concessions. It was a purely local affair, got up by a few enterprising individuals in the neighbourhood, and was a decided success. The morning was beautiful and at an early hour the neighbourhood was quite in a state of excitement, large numbers of ploughmen and spectators wending their way to the field where the contest was to be decided. The ground having been carefully measured and divided, each ploughman drew his lot by ticket, and the healthful and manly contest commenced; at a given signal 14 ploughs started, 11 in the first class with iron ploughs, and 3 in the second class for boys under 20 years of age with ploughs manufactured by the enterprising firm of Patterson, Bros., Richmond Hill. There was a very keen competition between several of the ploughmen, and the judges Messrs. Rennie, Hood, Robinson, and Clark, themselves first rate ploughmen, had considerable difficulty in awarding the prizes. The ploughing as a whole was very creditable to all concerned, and would compare favourably with some of our large county matches. The following prizes were awarded to the successful competitors in the first class, 1st prize, \$6, Mr. John Helmky; 2nd prize \$5, Hugh McKinnon; 3rd prize, \$1, Wm. Coxworth; 4th prize, \$3, Geo. Phillips; 5th prize, \$2, Francis Helmky. The prizes in the second class were awarded as follows:—1st prize, \$3, Reuben Phillips; 2nd prize, \$2, Alexander Brown; 3rd, prize, \$1, Joseph Lambie. There was a large number of spectators on the ground and the day's proceedings passed off very pleasantly. Hoping that this may be the first of a series of annual ploughing matches in this section.

I remain yours &c., A CONSTANT READER.

**SORE EYES.**—A little alum boiled in a teacupful of milk, and the curd used as a poultice, is excellent for inflammation of the eyes.

It is mentioned by Mrs. Hannah More that in her time it was the fashion for ladies to ornament their hats not only with flowers but with fruit; and Garrick, to ridicule this fashion, had a hat made for a scene in a comedy, with turnips and carrots by way of ornament. We are coming to that, again.

**AGRICULTURE** feeds us; to a great degree it clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce.—These all stand together, but they stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the center, and that largest is agriculture.—*David Webster.*

**A FACETIOUS** gentleman, travelling in the country, on arriving at a road-side inn in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed:—“Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment; and when the Aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality.” The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying, “Master, here's a Frenchman wants to see you.”