

The Common Colt-Breaker and the Trainer.

The difference of the system of the common colt-breaker and the trainer is this: The first, by punishment and brute force, breaks his colt of doing wrong; the latter teaches him to do right; he takes care to avoid his being placed in situations and under circumstances that might induce him to rebel. Let the common breaker get a colt that is nervous, timid, and apt to be frightened at anything he meets or sees, what would he do? He would take the horse purposely where he would be sure to meet constant objects to alarm him; and every time he starts the whip goes to work. Now, if this fellow had a head that was of any use to him, he would reflect a little, and this would show him the folly and brutish ignorance of his conduct. So because the colt is alarmed already by what he sees, he frightens him ten times more by voice and whip. Hence we so often find that after a horse has shied, say at a carriage, when the object has passed it takes a considerable time before he becomes pacified. All this arises from the dread of punishment which he has been accustomed to. Horses have good memories, and do not easily forget ill-usage.

We frequently see a man on his horse refusing to face an object, determine that he shall do it, and immediately force him up to it. The very exertion used to make him do this, increases his terror of it, and a fight ensues, when, should the man gain his point and get him up to the object, the moment his head is turned to leave it he bolts off as quickly as possible; he has not been reconciled to it, and will shy at it just as much (perhaps more) the next time he sees it; for now he recognizes it as an enemy, and has been taught to know by experience what he only feared before; namely, that it was a something that would (and as he found, did) cause him annoyance and injury. Had the man, as soon as he found his horse alarmed on seeing this object, stopped him, let him stand still, caressed and encouraged him, the horse would have looked at it, and, finding no attempt made to injure him, would have gradually approached it: then smelt of it (if a stationary object), and finally have walked away very coolly, collectedly, and calmly; and the next time he saw it, or a similar object, would care very little about it.

A little reflection would tell us that these would be the different results of the two different treatments; but, unfortunately for horses, reflection and consideration are not the predominant qualities of the generality of horse-breakers.

Now we will suppose a trainer had a colt which was easily alarmed by passing objects, other horses galloping near him, or persons coming up to him; how would he be treated? He would be sent away by himself, where it was certain no objects would approach close enough to alarm him; here he would be exercised, whether for three days or three weeks, till he had gained composure and confidence; he would then be brought a little nearer to the subjects of his alarm, where they might attract his observation, but could in no way annoy or frighten him. Day by day he would be brought still nearer to them, till they became so familiar to him that he would cease to notice them at all, or merely as indifferent objects. Assuredly this is a more reasonable mode of treatment than the one generally resorted to; and what is more, it never fails—the fault or infirmity is got over, and for ever.

There is one description of horse with which we might be tempted, perhaps, to oblige a common colt-breaker; namely, some brute which appeared so incorrigibly sulky and vicious that we might not wish men who were valuable for better purposes to undergo the trouble and risk of having anything to do with him; not but that we should be quite aware that a man with a better head would be more likely to succeed; but for the reasons we state, we would, perhaps, give the savage to one of these kill-or-cure gentry, and let the two brutes fight it out.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SCOURS IN SHEEP.—For ordinary cases of diarrhoea in sheep, change the food and give the sheep all they will eat of a mixture of equal parts of Glauber salts (sulphate of soda) and common salt. This may apparently increase the difficulty at first, but will usually effect a cure. Where there are only one or two sheep affected, and it is probably caused by weakness, give a pint of fresh milk made into a porridge with a tablespoonful of wheat flour once a day. If this does not effect a cure, give two ounces of Glauber or Epsom salts and 20 drops of laudanum, and in five hours give 10 drops more of laudanum. If the sheep is very weak, give half a pint of warm ale with a little ginger or gentian.—*Am. Agr.*

Periods of Gestation.

The French investigator, M. Leissier, in an examination of the time of 582 mares, found that the shortest period was 287 days, and the longest 419, making the extraordinary difference of 132 days, and of 89 days beyond the usual term of eleven months. The cow usually brings forth in about nine months, and the sheep in five. Swine usually farrow between the 120th and 140th day, being liable to variations, influenced, apparently, by their size, and by their particular breeds.

Blain's Encyclopedia gives the following table of gestation and incubation in various animals and birds:—

	Shortest period. Days.	Mean period. Days.	Longest period. Days.
Mare.....	322	347	419
Cow.....	240	283	321
Ewe.....	146	283	161
Sow.....	106	115	143
Goat.....	150	166	163
Dog.....	55	60	63
Cat.....	40	50	56
Rabbit.....	20	28	36
Turkey.....	24	26	30
Hen.....	19	21	24
Duck.....	28	30	33
Goose.....	27	30	33
Pigeon.....	16	18	20

A mysterious disease, which alarms the farmers in Connecticut, has appeared among the cows in some sections in that State. They dry up when first taken, droop for twenty-four hours or so, and then die. No one knows what the disease is, or how to treat it.

Poetry.

The First Frost.

BY W. P. CLAREL.

Alas for my poor floral pets,
This cold September morn!
My garden all its bloom forgets,
And languishes forlorn!

The "blushing honors" yesterday,
Hung thick on every stem;
"A frost, a nipping frost," to-day,
Has dimmed each brilliant gem.

Nor are my pretty flowers alone
Victims to this disaster;
Geranium,—fuchsia, zinnia,—gone,
Balsam and phlox and aster.

My grapes, in their pe clusters gay,
With many a reddish hue;
Tomatoes,—corn in tall array,—
Melons are blasted too.

How changed and desolate the scene,
Beneath the frost-king's sway!
An Eden yesterday, I ween,
A wilderness to-day!

And such is life,—its beauty caught
With many a frosty nip;
Its forms with youth and vigor fraught,
Seized by death's cruel grip.

'Twill man in all his pride, alas!
Owens the destroyer's power;
Comes up to be cut down as grass,
And withers like the flower!

But frost and death that seem to slay,
Do but transmute and change;
And nature's many colors gay,
Transfer and re-arrange.

This chilly air that robs the flowers,
With beauty loads the breeze;
To form a thousand fairy bowers
Among the forest trees.

For many a long autumnal day,
The garden's brilliant hues,
Shall through the greenwood's side array,
Their loveliness diffuse.

The garden's narrow bounds expand,
And, round the landscape wide,
An Eden beautiful and grand,
Bursts forth,—October's pride!

And Earth, a little garden too,
Bedecked with transient flowers;
Yields up each bright and lovely hue,
To grace heaven's fadeless bowers.

Beyond the dark and dreary tomb,
The life we now deplore,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
To wither,—never more!

Miscellaneous.

The Buzzing of a Bee.

It is such a pleasant thing to live. There is the hive to furnish, there is the dear nest underground. They forget yesterday's rain, they fear not tomorrow's frost; the sun is so warm to-day on their little brown backs, and here is such store of honey. It is true, the humble bee is such the more dazzling—he has the prestige of size, moreover; but the other may find some favor in his new bronze and gold armour and his coarse velvet mantle. There are few creatures that can afford to labor in half such array as that, but when the work is so nice one's dress must correspond. It would never do to rumple round rose-leaves, black as a beetle, and expect not only to be heaped with delicacies, but to be entrusted with love-tokens. One cannot be so splendid as the moths and sphinxes, who have nothing to do all the summer but to lay eggs among the petals that their offspring may devour them; no, there is work to be done. But though one toils, one has a dignity to maintain; one remembers it readily when he has been made the insignia of royalty; when kings have worn his effigy one cannot forget that he has himself been called the Wings-d Monarch of the Flowers. See him now, as he hovers over the small white clover on which he alights, whose sweets are within reach of his little proboscis; or, lost in that great blue-bell, swings it with his motion and his melody; or burrows deep in the heart of a rose, never rolling there, as it has erroneously been said, but, collecting the pollen with his pincers, swims over the flower while brushing it into the baskets of his hinder legs, and then lights again for a fresh fare, till, laden and regaled, he loudly issues forth, dusty, with treasure; the Merovingian kings, who powdered their heads and their beards with gold, were no finer fellows than he. But a few months' wear and tear will suffice to tarnish him. By and by the little body will be battered and rusty, the wings will be ragged and worn. One day as he goes home heavily burdened, if no sailing blue-winged swallow have skimmed him up long ago, the flagging flight will fail, a breeze will be too much for him, a raindrop will dash him down; he will fall, and some garden-toad, the focal length of whose vision is exactly the distance to which he can dart his tongue, will see a tired bee blundering across the sky, and will make a morsel of him, honey-bag pollen, and all. Yet that is in the future, far outside the focal length of any bee's vision—that vision which finds creation so fair and himself the centre of it, each rose made for him to rifle, and welcome everywhere.—*Our Own Fireside.*

Oil of Vitriol for Weeds.

Take an old blacking bottle, with a wire round it to carry it by, and a stick to dip with. The stick should be notched round for an inch or two at the end, the better to hold the liquid. Just one drop quite in the heart of the plantain is sufficient to cause death, and the notched stick will contain at one dip enough to destroy three or four plants. If the acid is good the work of death can be both seen and heard, for the vitriol hisses, and it burns up the plantains in a moment. A row of plantain a foot wide sprang up on a lawn here where an iron fence formerly ran. The owner, seeing at a place he visited the good effect of vitriol, put the hint in practice. The plantains were killed in an hour, and have never appeared again. It is three years ago, and is impossible to recognize the line of the fence; it completely burns the roots out.

I have tried it on large dandelions with the same result. One of the young gentlemen here amused himself by hunting out the longest thistles he could find to experiment on; the vitriol completely killed them by eating the roots out. One drop will do. Care is required that it does not touch the skin, boots or clothes; it is not safe in the hands of children, but a man or woman with ten minutes practice can kill plantains much more quickly than any one can eat strawberries.—*Ex.*

Sir James Mackintosh once asked Dr. Parr to join him for a drive in his gig. The animal getting restive, "Gently Jemmy," said the doctor, "don't irritate him; always sooth your horse, Jemmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jemmy." But once safe on ground, "Now, Jemmy," said the doctor, "touch him up; never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer, do not spare him. And now I'll leave you to manage him; I'll walk back."