

if the expense be not grudged, a dressing of Indian bone-meal might be added: say, 500 lbs to the arpent and harrowed in just before seed time. In the following spring, the land having been grubbed, on the furrow of the previous autumn, and reduced by repeated harrowings and rollings to a fine tilth, the seed may be sown, preferably *without a grain-crop*, and covered about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch deep by chain-bush, or grass-seed-harrows, followed by a light roller.

I would not allow a scythe or mower to touch the grass the first year, but graze it *level* with young cattle. A dressing of dung should be given in the autumn, and, the moment the land is dry enough the next spring a stroke of the chain- or bush-harrow, followed by a **HEAVY** roller, would do untold good. No sheep should be admitted, and the grass should be fed down level by the stock: if some patches have a tendency to run to seed, they should be kept mown, as grass, however perennial by nature, has always a tendency to die if it is allowed to mature its seed.

I wonder if this correspondent could manage to get a few pounds of the wild vetch (*pois sauvage*) so conspicuous, with its blue flowers, in most of the meadows on the slopes of the hills below Quebec. It evidently loves heavy land, and I should judge it to be persistent in its habits, so I fancy half a peck of it to the arpent would not make a useless addition to the above mixture.

In my country, we should set about the treatment of a piece of land like the one in question in a very different way. We should burn 40 or 50 large loads of clods to the acre, and sow rape, with a few bushels of bone-dust, the rape, fed off by sheep eating cake and grain, would be followed by turnips, with more bones, and after these two crops consumed where they grew, barley and seeds would follow. But there is no use in talking of such treatment here, though Dr. Hoskins, in his paper, the *Vermont Watchman*, is doing his best to encourage the system in his State, and Mr. Bennett, a large landed proprietor in New England, as my readers saw in the October number of the Journal, is about throwing six farms into one for the purpose of stocking them with Hampshire down sheep to be treated with rape and other green-meats after our English fashion.

Canada-pease.—Dr. Hoskins observes, in the *Vermont Watchman*: "The little boomlet that the Canada pea underwent seems not to amount to much. No doubt pea-meal is a fine cow-feed, particularly for butter-cows, but Canada peas need a Canadian climate to grow them profitably in, and the Middle-States are not in it?"

If the Canada pea, which is a delicate white pea, does not suit the Middle States, I should advise the farmers of that country to try one of the varieties of English peas, such as the Maple, the Partridge, or the common gray pea we use for hogs during the last three weeks of fattening. These sorts are all hardy, and if sown in February, in England, ripen by the end of July. They yield, to the best of my judgment, some 25 % more than the white pea, *ceteris paribus*; weigh quite as much per bushel, and, though they will not melt into soup, like the best specimens of the Canada pea, they are by no means inferior to it in digestible nutrients.

Do you know that I attribute a great deal of the almost universal healthiness of the French Canadian farmer and his family to the constant use of pea-soup? If any of my readers suffer under that evil-temper-productive complaint of constipation, let them submit themselves to a regimen of pea-soup, made with whole, not with split, pease, and he will soon find his trouble alleviated. I am certain that, just as unbolted ground oats cause diarrhoea in hand-fed calves when mixed with their milk, so the skins of the pease, which should never

be skimmed off, by exciting *peristaltic* action, act as a preventive of constipation.

Even here, in the province of Quebec, it is not easy to get really first-rate soup-pease. The Sorel pea will not melt, but at Berthier, just over the St Lawrence, they grow capital melting pease, just as in England, where the bley of parts of Kent will not malt, and the Essex barley, grown just over the Thomas, makes on the same geological formation the *London-clay*, the finest malt in the country.

Two pints of pease, soaked for twelve hours; a little green mint; two large onions, fired; a stick of celery cut up fine; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of fat salt-pork; and three quarts of water; *qutted* for three hours, with more boiling water added as the soup thickens, will, if carefully watched to prevent burning, please most palates. If celery is scarce, the powder sold as "celery-salt" will do nearly as well. No objection to the addition of carrots, parsel, &c., but the soup *must not be strained but skimmed*. No salt, as that in the pork will be enough, but pepper may be added "to taste"; not that horrid white scented stuff, but good *black* pepper. A few fried *dice* of bread, nicely browned, with a very little sprinkling of dried mint, both added in the plate, add much to the flavour of the soup. Soft water, please, hard won't do at all, any more than it will do for tea or coffee, and the addition of soda to hard water, which some injudicious people practise, spoils everything.

Pleuro-pneumonia in England.—All my readers are by this time aware that, owing to the detection of pleuro pneumonia in certain cattle imported into England from Canada, the entrance of live-stock from Canada into England has been forbidden by the Board of Agriculture of the Mother-country. In technical phraseology, Canada is "*cheduled*".

A hard case, no doubt, is this, but if all those who are crying out so lustily about it knew how very hard was the case of those farmers in Britain who in past times suffered from the attacks of contagious diseases on their cattle, they would, I think, lower their tone a little. As for giving notice beforehand of the intention of the Board to close the ports, I do not see how more than the 20 days' warning could have been expected. There was the disease; it had to be guarded against; and, as shiploads of cattle were on their way from the supposed infected country, I presume to say that the authorities would have justly been blamed had they allowed more time to elapse before issuing the orders in question.

I speak as one who suffered severe losses from contagious diseases among my cattle in 1849, and again in 1852. In the former year, a cow, bought in Smithfield market, introduced pleuro-pneumonia into my herd. I lost, to the best of my recollection, 9 cows and seven heifers, and about 95 pigs that were nearly fat: about \$2 000 worth on a farm of 180 acres, equal to about \$11 an acre, which was just two years' rent of the farm.

In 1852, I bought at Peterborough fair, 37 three-year-old bullocks for fattening. They were put into a railroad truck that must have been contaminated by cattle with the "foot-and-mouth" disease, for two days after their arrival on my farm, they were all down with the above foul disorder, and, though none of them died, they lost an average of \$10 a head to say nothing of the cost of the veterinary surgeon's attendance.

My friend Mr. Carr, of Stackhouse, W. Riding, of Yorkshire, a breeder of Booth shorthorns, was utterly ruined by pleuro getting among his herd; his losses in two years amounting to over \$75,000!

Another friend, Mr. James Webb, of Calcot, Berkshire, bought, as the commencement of a herd, eight shorthorn cows and a bull from Mr. Leny, a great Kent breeder, pleuro attacked them almost immediately after their arrival at Cal-