

The Borer

A Young Orchardist inquires what is the best time of the year to examine trees for the borer. It is impossible to answer this question briefly, because there are hundreds of different kinds of borers—as different from one another as a horse from a cow or a deer from a goat. Each has its own peculiar habits, and each is restricted to one of several kinds of trees. For example, there are two perfectly distinct borers that attack the apple tree, one of which is cylindrical and bores a cylindrical hole about the size of a goose quill, generally close to the butt of the tree, and changes to a long-horned beetle about an inch long, striped with brown and white; the other is hammer-headed, and bores a much smaller hole—oval and about twice as high—anywhere in the trunk, or even in small limbs, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and changes to a small, flattish brassy looking beetle about half an inch in length, with very short horns. The former is two or three years in the larval state, and consequently may be hunted for at any time of the year. The latter is only one year in the larva state, and therefore can only be found in that state in the fall or early in the spring. Again, the borer of the peach tree changes, not to a beetle like the true apple borer, but to a moth or miller, and comes out at irregular seasons all through the summer, so that no fixed time can be set to find him. Lastly, the borer of the locust is a long-horned beetle, like the apple tree borer, and yet is distinct from all the above and is exclusively confined to that tree; for I have recently proved that the insect which bores the hickory, though it has always been confounded with the locust borer, is as different from that insect as a buffalo from our common horned cattle.

For my own part I do not believe in spending time in hunting for borers. I find it much more economical to prevent the mother beetle from laying her eggs in my apple trees, than to dig them out after they have hatched and done all the mischief. If a Young Orchardist will take a bar of common soap—the newer and softer the better—and rub it on the trunks of his apple trees about the middle of May, he will find that no borer will lay its eggs there, and of course, no eggs, no borers. My trees used to be badly bored up, but for the last four or five years I have followed this plan, and since that I have never been troubled by the borer. Dr. Fitch, the State Entomologist of New York, who first discovered this remedy, tried the experiment of soaping a certain number of trees in his orchard and leaving the others unsoaped. Next spring he found all the soaped trees unbored and healthy, and all the unsoaped trees full of borers, and some of them killed outright.

I have tried the same plan with the borer of the peach tree, but it seemed to have no effect on that insect. This will not seem strange when we reflect that the apple tree borer, as has been stated above, is widely as distinct in every respect from the peach tree borer, as a hog is from a cow. Now we know that there

are many substances which would be extremely offensive to a cow, which a hog would eat with avidity.—*Rural World*.

From the numerous hints and suggestions given to our readers, each month, surely some might be found to benefit by them, and report to us of their success. Send us any useful receipts or plans that you have tried and have found beneficial to your families, your stock, or your land. We should be happy to publish them for the benefit of others. Do not keep your light under a bushel.

Mr. Mechi on Poultry.

This eminent agriculturist writes as follows on poultry matters:—

Nothing pays better on a farm than a good stock of poultry, properly managed. With them everything is turned to account; not a kernel, wild seed or insect escapes their scrutinizing eyes. Their industrious claws are ever at work, uncovering, ready for appropriation, every hidden but consumable substance. Fowls must have free access to chalk or lime to form the shells of their eggs, and grit or gravel to grind the food in their gizzards. They luxuriate on grass or clover, which are a necessity for them; in winter they like mangolds or Swedish turnips. They must have access to plenty of pure water. The quality of the eggs depends upon the quality of the food. They, like ourselves, like shade in summer and warm sheltered corners in winter; they must have access to shelter in wet weather. Fowls will not be long healthy on the same ground or yards—the earth becomes tainted. Therefore, to prevent disease, lime and salt the yards and their usual pasture grounds once a year, say in autumn, when the rains will wash it well in and sweeten the surface. Broods of chickens never do better with us than upon the grassy brows or patches abutting upon the growing crops either of corn or pulse, into which they run for insects and shelter. The roofs of the coops should be water tight, and the coop should often be removed, having only the natural ground for a floor. The natural ground soon gets tainted unless you remove the coop. You can hardly make some people good managers of poultry if they lack observation and judgment. These are especially necessary in the breeding of poultry. Your male birds should be often changed, say at least once in two years, and they should be young and vigorous. Breeding in and in will not do any more than it will with animals. I consider winged game, poultry and birds the farmers' friends. Fowls are very useful in clearing off flies. I have often been amused at seeing the neat and quick manner of their taking flies from reposing bullocks and sheep, much to their comfort.

FENIANS.—It is possible that we may have a little bother with these vermin. Treat them as such. Watch with caution any stragglers that may appear about your premises or roads. Greek fire is a dangerous substance. If you have no deadly weapon on your premises it might be safe to have one.

"THURRER-BREDS."

The following account of "Thurrer-Breds" will be interesting to our State Fair readers. It is from the pen of a new humorist, who writes in the style of Josh Billings, and signs himself "A Nutmeg, of Nutmeg State."

Thurrer Bred Hoss.—A hoss which has had his breed improved by means of a sulky kountainin a feller with a long whip, till he aint worth 18 cents for any purpose, except a gamblin masheen.

Thurrer Bred Gentleman.—A bob tale cote, a 3 sent papur koller, a white kotten weskit, yaller trowses without any cloth into the lege, shiny lether boots, a pare of yeller gloves, and, inside of 'em all, a thing got up in imitashun of a man, but, as the kounterfeit detectors say, poorly executed and not kalkelated to deseye. Must swar, drink shampain and talk horse. Mustash indispensable, branes onnessary, fine specimens on exhibition at the sentral park.

Thurrer Bred Bizness Man.—Wun that knows enuf about stealing, so't thare kant ennybody steal from him, and enuff about law, so't he kin do his own stealin' legally. A karful annalasis of a fust klass speciman gave the follerin' results:

Honor—Jest enuff to keep him out of jail.

Konshuns—None except in very young specimens. Lyin and Steelin—As much as will pay.

Honesty—Jest a kloke pattern.

Respectability—Accordin to his sukses.

Thurrer Bred Raskal.—Same as abuv with the excepshun of the kloke.

Thurrer Bred Lady.—The old fashund idee, about a woman sich as God made bein a lady is exploded—a modern thurrer bred lady is made up as follers, commensen at the top:

1stly. A swab of hair stole from the korps of a ded pawper in the old kuntry.

2thly. A hed with as much vacant room into it in propershun to the size as a six story teneement hous.

3dly. A dress waste, kiverin a French kossit, into which is komprest about equal quantities of Natur and Art—Art ockupyin the front seats.

4tly. A hoop skirt, hung on a pair of kotton hips, and showin when tilted "ala moad," a pare of sawdust kalfs; the hul bein kivered with an outside dressin of silk and kept in runnin order at an expense of about five hundred dollars a month for repairs.

N. B.—It allus seemed a waste of time and vitality to raise this class of thurrer bred lady, kos you can git 'em made of wax—jest as good—better lookin, and at a frackshun of the expense.—*Prairie Farmer*.

EAST MIDDLESEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—President G. G. McGee, Secretary, H. Anderson. Particulars of meeting to be written at leisure.

Those that have read last year's papers and have not paid, are now requested to forward to us the December, January and February numbers, and your names will be marked off, if you do not wish to continue, or you can pay for last year.