

FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

May it please your honor, I am in a bit of a quandry, and the neighbors say you're the kind jintilman that will give a poor body advice in his troubles. So, if it please you, Sir, I will tell you all about it.

Last Spring we came out from ould Ireland—bless her and keep her from the spoiler—and took a bit of land and went to raising praties and chickens, and eggs and butther. Well, yer reverence, we raised some eggs and butter, and thin we wanted to sell them. So we asked where was the market, and sure they told us it reached all over the city, for wherever we sold them we would have to pay the fee. So I said to Tim (that's me husband), no need to go further than Dundas street. He said, surely not? And I took me basket and set off, but when I stood in Dundas street and tried to sell me butter, the man in a shop that I stood in front of told me to get away from that, or he would give me in charge to the policeman for obstructing the sidewalk. Very well, sir, says I, where shall I go? And he said, to the Market Square. Where will that be? said I. And he told me, and I went; but I thought I was wrong again, for it was nothing but a strate; and I thought this city can't be so poor that it cannot put a roof over our heads. But they said that was the Market, and shure I was glad to put me basket down anyhow, and I hadn't hardly got it down when a dirty spalpeen coming by nearly spit on me beautiful butter. You nasty bogtrotter, says I. Hold it out of the way, then, says he. With that, up comes a cross-crooked kind o' craythur. The Market Clerk, they said it was; and says he, two cents, Misses. Says I, what for? The market fee, says he. What for standing in the strate, says I, and niver a thing would ye? Nothing to do with that, says he, I want the two cents, and the two cents I will have. Very well, says I, you might at least be civil; but the cross old crathur don't know what that is. So I gave him the two cents, and shure and it was the last cent I had in the world. But at last I sold me butter and eggs, but me brains were almost boiling with the sun.

Well, your honor, the next time Tim said he'd go and hire a horse an' cart, and take a load; and he did. And he got there about 9 o'clock, and a man bought all his load at once. But a decent man beside him told him they would fine him if he sold wholesale before 11 o'clock. So he had to stay and sell his praties by the peck and half-peck, and he got so tired that he had to go and take a glass; and the sun kept getting hotter and hotter, so with that he had to take another, and by the time he got home he had spent a good share of the money. I believe that is the reason they do not put up a market house: to drive the people into the taverns to drink the stuff they call whuskey here, which is no more like the rale Irish than wather is. Well, your reverence, we had so much trouble with our marketing that a decent woman said she would buy all our things at the market price, if we brought them in for her. She lives near us, about a mile and a half from the city, but sells poultry and things in the market; and she came over to us and saw the hens and the praties, and said she would buy all we had, and we were to take them in as they were ready, and she would pay us market price for them, and then we should have nothing to do with the market. But when we took them in, up comes that cross old crathur again, and make us pay market fee, because the good woman had not said the exact price she would give us. They tell us as we did not offer them for sale in the market that he could not do so; but shure your honor will know, and if you will be so kind as to tell us, we will bless you for ever and ever.

Your respectful sarvint,

BRIDGET POWERS.

London, Dec. 1, 1870.

P.S.—Happy new year to your honor, and may you never want a pratie. B.P.

You must pay the market fee, if you offer anything for sale in the city. You may deliver anything in the city that you have sold before bringing it into the market. We have seen a person compelled to pay a market fee for driving an empty wagon through it, who never brought anything into the city. He could have recovered, in case of an action, or he might have resisted the payment, but the chances are that had he withstood or demanded the money legally, it might have cost him ten hundred times more than the loss of his

fee. I (your humble servant, the Editor), once got terribly "gouged" myself. I brought some butter to this city to a friend who had engaged it for his own use, and the price had been previously paid. The butter was weighed at a store, and the Market Clerk demanded payment. I refused to pay, and he took me before the Court, fined me, and I paid the costs—\$3. At the same time I gave notice of appeal, as I had witnesses whom I could bring up to prove that I only acted legally. But the payment of the fine prevented me from a chance of recovery, and the dishonorable authorities well knew that, and pocketed the money. The whole case was nothing more nor less than downright robbery, and we can prove this still, if the city authorities wish it.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Winter and Its Lessons.

"An aged woman, in a wintry room; Frost on the pane, without the whirling snow; Reading of letters of her far off youth, Of pleasing past, and griefs of long ago."

Yes, the poet's imagery is beautiful. All that is left of the childhood, youth, and maturity of the season is gone.

Winter, despoiler of autumnal beauty, wielder of his magic sceptre, and mender of his incantations, disrobing the forest, and gathering his trophies of fallen, dead, and lying leaves, and causing his breath again, as it were, to animate them, and the peaceful tenants of those forests have nearly all gone. Hushed as their song; deserted their nests. They, like the war-stricken inhabitants of another country, have fled from the presence of the frost-king, to find peace and shelter. Silent is the streamlet, covered with an icy shroud. Its song of rejoicing, as it ran on its way to meet the army of waters, is hushed; and the lake, see the mirror set upon its features, incased, stilled, motionless—a strange mingling—Peace and War. Yes, these are wintry captives, which will be set free by the mandate of spring. But winter is not altogether a victor. The broad deep bosom of the great lake, heaving its bosom, and dashes its waves on high as freely as ever; and great Niagara is shorn of none of its beauty, grandeur, or strength, by the coming winter. True, he catches the stragling drops, but the great army of waters is untouched. And does vegetation, the vegetable world, yield its life at his bidding? No! His armor and cloak of snow nourishes their hidden life, and by and bye they will come forth, like timid children, after he has passed by, to greet their protector, spring. Like the crystal, encasing the form of the future moth, protecting it during its transformations, so is winter to the world of nature—sleeping, not dead. There is a resurrection from this death, a type of our own. Death has beauties of its own; so has winter. We look upon the features of the dead; no response from those lips, no warmth in that heart, but there is glory. Flowers, expressive of the life beyond, deck that form. There is beauty, too; features spiritual, all pain gone, all sorrow gone. Yes, though winter may weave over the graves of our loved ones a spotless pall, let it remind us of virtue, unalloyed. Let us endeavor to throw a mantle of charity as pure over the faults of others, for it, as does the snow, "cover a multitude of sins," (impurities,) and endeavor to mitigate and relieve the sufferings of our less fortunate brethren. Winter brings blessings in its train; social home joys and comforts, education to those debarred of its advantages at other seasons. Though winter takes some prisoners, he frees many. The other seasons have bequeathed to us their treasures, Rich legacies in barn and store-house reward the hand of labor and diligence, which we would not have time to appreciate or enjoy if spring, summer, autumn, always reigned. Habits of thrift, economy, and forethought are educated. In winter come our seasons of social reunion and family gathering, merry Christmas, with its attendant cheer, and the welcome visits to the little people of friend Santa Claus. Winter has internal joys. He is like an aged patriarch, who, by his counsel, sobers us, but, at the same time, does our hearts good. Welcome, winter, thy reign is not unwelcome. Thou bringest all the stores of other seasons; though stern, thou art not forbidding. Throw thy mantle of purity over the cold, repulsive impurities of earth. We will say to thee and to thy attendants—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As Man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Although thy breath be rude:
Because thou art not seen."

JOHN LEBOULLIER.

The Farm.

To the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News

SIR,—Ever since its organization, our Local Legislature has made great efforts to encourage colonization and emigration. It has spared neither time nor money to secure to our Province these two important elements of progress. It has voted annually hundreds of thousands of dollars to colonization proper; it is granting millions of dollars, or their equivalent, to wooden and other railways, which are so many more facilities towards extending colonization; it publishes and distributes through its agents thousands of pamphlets, with a view of attracting emigration to this country. And yet, all this important and costly work would be of no avail were it proved, as many persons pretend it is, that farming in this Province is the least profitable of all occupations, and that, as a rule, the revenue of Canadian farmers barely exceeds the value of their manual labor. It behoves the Council of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec to direct the progress of Agriculture in such a way that no doubt can exist as to the advantages we possess of soil and climate, and even nearness to market, in comparison to the West. It must also teach farmers near cities, as well as in the remotest districts, how to derive from their farms the greatest net profit.

For years back the establishment of truly model farms, where farmers could have constantly before their eyes examples of the most profitable and best managed farms, has been the greatest desire of our most enlightened and public-spirited men. But to find a sufficient number of persons capable and willing to conduct these farms as they should be, without risk of failure, appeared next to impossible. However, the Council hopes to obtain more certain and perhaps equally good results by offering premiums for the best cultivated farms in every county and every parish. Regulations have been carefully drawn, so that persons chosen to decide between competitors will know on what grounds to base their awards. These competitions, which are to begin next year, will no doubt create amongst farmers a spirit of emulation, causing them to study and practice improved modes of farming, and will thus be of such importance in their results that it becomes the duty of influential men living in the country to do all in their power to secure the success of this measure.

The Council of Agriculture has honored me with a request that I should visit as many counties as possible, for the purpose of giving lectures on agriculture, and of explaining, when necessary, the regulations passed by the Board relating to these competitions between farmers. With a view of fulfilling this honorable, but to me very difficult mission, I intend to visit the headquarters of County Agricultural Societies during the winter; of this due notice will be given, when I will have much pleasure in meeting all persons interested in the matter. But as it is impossible to pass through every parish, I beg leave to use your columns to ask the assistance of all your readers, and especially those from the country, in this work, which can be truly called a national one. May their efforts secure for this Province those improvements in agriculture which have made of bleak and unfavored Scotland one of the best farmed countries in the world.

To remove any possible misunderstanding as to the conditions of these competitions, allow me to state that next year every Agricultural Society shall offer five prizes, \$50, \$40, \$30, \$20 and \$10, for the best managed farms in the County. The Council moreover desires that prizes be also offered for the best managed farm in each parish. As the Legislature votes annually about \$650 to each County Society, provided a subscription of \$266 be raised in the County, they will have abundant funds to offer prizes of \$40 or \$50 in each parish, besides what may be required

for incidental expenses. Now what should be done would be to secure in each parish at least ten members to the County Society, who should lose no time in preparing themselves to obtain the prizes to be awarded to the best farmers.

All members of the County Society, whose farms exceed sixty acres, and who grow at least one-half acre of root crops, besides potatoes, have a right to compete both for the parish and the county prizes. Special prizes may be offered for smaller farms.

It strikes me that local and other Municipal Councils might also vote a comparatively small sum, which would no doubt tend to stimulate efforts, and secure in consequence better farming practices in their locality.

As the rules which judges must follow in making their awards are of great interest, you would confer a favor by reprinting them. I remain, &c.,

EDWARD BARNARD,
Editor of *La Semaine Agricole*.

Extra Food for Hogs.

Coal, ashes, and clay are beneficial for hogs when shut up to fatten. Hogs are very fond of cinders, coal, ashes, and clay, and improve in condition in eating a certain portion of them every day. Some persons are unable to account for this singular propensity in swine. Poultry are very fond of egg shells, lime, sand, etc., and it is well known the substances are necessary in order to form the shells of eggs, and to furnish material for bones of fowls. Now it is reasonable to suppose that swine eat ashes for the purpose of supplying material for their bones, and this singular instinct in animals—so low in the scale of intelligence—is truly wonderful, for ashes contain ingredients which are necessary to form bones, viz., clay, silica, coal, soft lime, rotten wood, etc., with their food, which contain the necessary ingredients; but when they are pent up, they endeavor to supply the material necessary for keeping up their frames by devouring ashes and cinders. Let them have plenty of them.

SEED WHEAT.—Mr. S. C. Patten, of N. H., after his wheat was harvested, thrashed out two bushels with the flail, only thrashing what could be "shelled out" without untying bundles or sheaves. Two bushels were carefully hand-picked and put by for last year's seeding. The remainder of his wheat was thrashed by a machine propelled by water-power. Last spring Mr. P. sowed the two bushels of flail and seven bushels machine-thrashed—all in the same field, all of the conditions of the two kinds, from seeding to harvest, precisely alike. The flail thrashed has, by careful estimate, yielded 33 1/2 per cent. more wheat to the bushel of seed sown than the machine-thrashed; and, in the judgment of Mr. P. and many others, three pecks of the flail-thrashed gives more plants than four pecks of the machine-thrashed seeds. —*Moore's Rural*.

HORACE GREELEY'S ESSAYS, "What I know of Farming," which have been published in THE TRIBUNE every week during 1870, are to be printed in book form, and a copy will be sent, post-paid, to each subscriber who sends \$10 for THE DAILY, \$4 for THE SEMI-WEEKLY, or \$2 for THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, and requests the book at the time of subscribing. This will enable old subscribers to secure the Essays for preservation, on renewing their subscriptions, and new subscribers will, of course, be glad to obtain them, free of cost.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN MOUNDS.—Mounds similar to those heretofore found in the valley of the Mississippi, have recently been discovered high up in the Rocky Mountains, 3,000 feet above the timber line. They are partly of stones laid up and partly of stones loosely thrown up. They cover acres of ground and some of them are from 100 to 200 yards in width. These stones were evidently collected in the immediate vicinity. The work seems to be very old. The question as to who occupied this continent previous to its being inhabited by the red men, is becoming of more and more interest.