

## Agricultural.



## THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITFIELD.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumn day  
Had left the Summer Harvest-fields all green with grass  
again ;  
The first sharp frost had fallen, leaving all the woodland  
gay  
With the hues of Summer's rainbow, or the meadow  
flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning, the sun rose dry  
and red.

At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he sped ;  
Yea, even his noon-tide glory fell chastened and subdued.  
On the corn-fields and the orchards, and the softly pic-  
tured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light.  
Slanting through the painted beeches he glorified the  
hill,  
And beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener  
still.

And shouting boys, in woodland haunts, caught glimpses  
of that sky,  
Flocked by the many tinted leaves, and laughed they  
knew not why ;  
And school-girls gay with sister-flowers, beside the mea-  
dow brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sun-shine of sweet  
looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weather-  
cocks ;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rock.  
No sound 'vas in the woodlands, save the squirrel's drop-  
ping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as  
they fell.

The Summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-fields  
lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale  
green waves of rye,  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with  
wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop  
stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that  
dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow  
ear ;  
Beneath the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere  
of gold.

There wrought the busy harvester ; and many a creaking  
wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn door its load of husks and  
grain ;

Till, broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sunk down  
at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness  
past.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky set all a-fire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight passed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows  
lay ;  
From many a brown old farm house, and hamlet without  
name,  
Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry  
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped up harvest, from pitchfork in the  
mow,  
Shone dimly down the lantern on the pleasant scenes  
below ;  
The glowing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes, and busy hands, and brown cheeks  
glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart.  
While up and down its unhusked pile, or nestling in its  
shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout the happy chil-  
dren played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and  
fair,  
Lifting to light her soft blue eyes and pride of soft brown  
hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair, and smooth  
of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking ballad  
sung.

## BEAT THIS WHO CAN—A GIGANTIC HOG.

Mr. John Tindale of the Village of Bolton, in  
Albion, bred during the past year one of the largest  
pigs we remember to have seen an account of.—  
The pig is 2½ years old—was fed on peas and oat-  
meal—of the common Canadian breed of hogs.—  
Its weight when in Toronto was 980 lbs., color  
white, height 3 feet seven inches, length from  
nose to tail six feet 3 inches, girth six feet 7 inches  
round the breast, girth round his loins seven  
feet. Mr. Tindale sold this hog to Mr. Ewart of  
Montreal pork dealer, for \$45, having exhibited  
it for several days in Toronto. Mr. Ewart has  
since been offered he says three times the amount  
given for it. He has taken it alive to Montreal,  
whence he is going to ship it alive to London to  
exhibit at the Great Exhibition of this year.

Mr. Tindale who fed this great animal is an  
enterprising butcher in Albion, and an active Son  
of Temperance.

TO FATTEN FOWLS.—The best food for fatten-  
ing fowls is potatoes mixed with meal. Boil the  
potatoes and mash them fine while they are hot,  
and mix the meal with them just before it is to be  
presented. They fatten on this diet in less than  
half the time ordinarily required to bring them  
to the same condition of excellence on corn, or  
even meal itself.

## AGRICULTURE AN ART.

From the Canadian Agriculturist.

We take the following article from that ex-  
cellent paper, *The Rural New Yorker*, with the  
remarks thereon of the Editor. The writer  
evidently belongs to the more intelligent and  
thinking class of practical farmers. We agree  
with much that he says ; but if more candour  
had been shown, in pointing out the true con-  
nection between so important an art as agricul-  
ture and the scientific principles upon which it is  
built, a healthier and juster impression would  
have been made on the mind of the reader. No  
man in his senses ever asserted, that farming  
could be learnt either in the laboratory or  
from books. But the knowledge of practice  
acquired from work and observation in the field,  
may, and has been materially improved, and ren-  
dered more intelligible and certain in its results,  
by the aid and light afforded it, by means of  
science. What is science, but *Truth* ?—the  
*truth of nature* ; and all successful art or prac-  
tice, must be in accordance with it. If chemis-  
try, for instance, has not as yet realised all the  
expectations which sanguine minds indulged in  
reference to agriculture ; it has unquestionably  
been most beneficially suggestive ; it has thrown  
light on many of the obscurest points of prac-  
tice ;—and it has furnished the practical farmer,  
with an intelligible theory of his art. All honor  
then to such men as Liebig, Johnston and others,  
who are devoting the highest attainments in  
science, to increasing the earth's fruitfulness ;—  
and rendering more rational and elevating, the  
primitive and healthful pursuits of the tillers of  
the soil.

Let every farmer who has a son to educate, believe  
and remember that science lays the foundation of every-  
thing valuable in agriculture.—*Exchange paper*.

Science, i. e. knowledge, is just as valuable to a far-  
mer as to a lawyer, a clergyman, or a physician. Igno-  
rant men practice law and physic, and preach—after a  
fashion. Sometimes they make money. The same  
thing may be said of ignorant agriculturists. Never-  
theless it is quite true that knowledge—education—  
learning, if you please—contributes as much to the ele-  
vation, prosperity and happiness of him who directs the  
plough, as of any other man.—*Rochester American*.

That knowledge is necessary to him who would  
succeed in business of any kind, none can or will  
deny. That the same kind and amount of know-  
ledge and mental discipline are requisite for suc-  
cess in the several callings enumerated above by  
the editor of the *American*, few, if any will claim.

It is a popular notion at the present day to urge  
that everybody must know something about every  
thing. If any one undertakes to follow out this  
notion, he will find in the end that he knows but  
little of any thing. It requires no little time and  
effort to know every thing about any thing, even  
the most limited subject.

What folly then to urge, as is not unfrequently  
done at the present day, that a farmer needs to  
master the sciences of Chemistry, Geology, Min-  
eralogy, Botany, &c., &c., with vegetable and  
animal Physiology,—Latin and Greek and Mathe-  
matics, and other specific branches of science too  
numerous to name, in order that he may practice  
farming successfully.

That knowledge is a good thing and is desirable  
for all, who will question ? That a knowledge of  
the science of Chemistry is absolutely necessary  
to the successful practice of the Art of Agricul-  
ture, we deny.—To acquire a knowledge of agri-  
cultural chemistry and vegetable and animal an-