

and-in, to which I have previously alluded. There are many crosses from which good fowls may be obtained, but I do not think any equal to that I have described, viz: between the Game, the Gray Dorking and the Brahma Pootra.

Although for the purpose of obtaining eggs at a season when they are most expensive, it is a wise plan to save each year several pullets for laying, still the eggs to be placed under the sitting hen should be those laid by two-year-old birds, as they will be found not only more certain to contain a chicken, but the chicken will be stronger than any produced from the egg of a pullet. The number of eggs to be placed under a hen varies according to the size of the bird and the season of the year. My impression is, that too many are generally set, and the consequence becomes manifest in the weakness of the chickens. In no case should there be more than thirteen eggs, however large the bird, and in most cases ten or eleven are quite sufficient; indeed, in very cold weather, nine eggs are enough for the largest bird to cover. The good effect of setting comparatively few eggs is observed in the strength exhibited by the chickens in escaping from the shell, and the fact that they are all hatched at the same time.—*S. M. Saunders, in Country Gentleman.*

The Dutchman's Hen, or Female Perversity.

"If she will, she will—you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't—and there's an end on't."

Once with an honest Dutchman walking.
About his troubles he was talking—
The most of which seemed to arise
From friends' and wife's perversities
When he took breath, his pipe to fill,
I ventured to suggest, that will
Was oft the cause of human ill;
That life was full of self-denials,
And every man had his own trials.
"Tis not the will," he quick replied,
"But it's the won't by which I'm tried.
When people will, I'm always glad;
'Tis only when they won't I'm mad:
Contrary folks, like mine old hen,
Who laid a dozen eggs, and then,
Instead of sitting down to hatch,
Runs off into mine garden patch!
I goes and catches her and brings her,
And back on to her nest I flings her;
And then I snaps her on the head,
And tells her: 'Sit there, you old jade!'
But sit she won't, for all I say,
She's up again and runs away.
Then I was mad, as mad as fire,
But once gain I thought I'd try her,
So after her I soon makes chase,
And brings her back to the old place,
And then I snaps her a great deal,
And does my best to make her feel
That she must do as she was bid;
But not a bit of it she did.
She was the most contrariest bird
Of which I ever saw or heard.
Before I'd turn my back again,
Was running off, that cursed hen.
Thinks I, I'm now a 'used up' man.
I must adopt some other plan.
I'll fix her now, for if I don't,
My will is conquered by her won't!
So then I goes and gets some blocks,
And with them makes a little box;
And takes some straw, the very best,
And makes the nicest kind of nest;
Then in the nest the eggs I place,
And feel a smile upon my face
As I thinks now at last I've got her.
When in the little box I've sot her;
For to this little box I did
Consider I must have a lid,
So that she couldn't get away;
But in it, till she hatched must stay.
And then again, once more I chased her,
And caught, and in the box I placed her.
Again I snaps her on the head,
Until I fear she might be dead;
And then, when I had made her sit down,
Immediately I claps the lid on.
And now, thinks I, I've got her fast,
She'll have to do her work at last.
No longer shall I stand the brunt
Of this old hen's confounded won't!
So I goes in and tells mine folks,
And then I takes mine pipe and smokes,
And walks about and feels so good
That 'wouldn't' yields at length to 'would,
And as so oft I'd snapped this hen,
I takes some 'schnapps' myself, and then
I thought I'd see how the old creature
Was getting on where I had set her;
The lid the box so nicely fits on
I gently raised—dunder and blitzen!
(Give me mores schnapps, and fill the cup!)
There she was sitting—standing up!"

—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

During the late poultry exhibition in Chicago, sales were made of fowls to the amount of nearly or quite \$1,000. Few fowls were sold at less than five dollars each, and a number of trios of chickens were sold at twenty-five dollars.

The Apiary.

Montreal Apicultural Society.

A Society has been formed in Montreal with the above name—the officers are Mr. G. Lomer, Montreal, President; Dr. Webber, Richmond, Q., and Mr. J. Valiquet, St. Hilaire, Q., Vice-Presidents; Mr. S. J. Lyman, Montreal, Secretary.

The objects of the association are to promote attention to bee-keeping. With this view they will hold exhibitions in connection with the horticultural society, at which prizes will be offered for the best constructed hives, wax, and all preparations of wax, honey and preparations of honey, essays on bee-keeping, &c. Meetings will be held for discussion of subjects connected with bees.

WINTERING BEES.

This was the subject of discussion at the first quarterly meeting of the Apicultural Association, held in the room of the Horticultural Society, Mechanics' Hall, on the evening of the 5th November. Mr. Valiquet, of St. Hilaire, V. P., in the chair, and Mr. S. J. Lyman, Secretary. The conversation was carried on by such experienced bee-keepers as Mr. Valiquet, Rev. Mr. Kabler, German minister, of Montreal, and Mr. Higgins, of Cote St. Paul. All agreed that wintering bees was a very important and difficult part of apiculture, and that it was only strong swarms that had any probability of wintering well; indeed that success in bee-keeping in all its departments was dependent on strong stocks, and that bee-keepers paid special attention to this point. Far better have one strong hive (i.e., full of bees) than two weak ones.

For wintering a large number of hives, Mr. Higgins had made a bee-house, with double walls and charcoal between them; but the heat of so many hives together, notwithstanding good means of ventilation, was found to be so great in March, that the bees were all in commotion, and he had to put out the hives nearly a month earlier than he intended, but he did not find that they suffered much by the exposure.

Mr. Valiquet had found the following plan answer well:—He dug a ditch in dry ground, about two feet deep and three feet wide at the top, and as long as the number of hives required. Across this ditch he laid pieces of scantling, and on these he laid two ten-inch boards lengthwise, on which he placed his hives close to each other. Each hive projected a little over the board on each side, and he also opened the super holes for ventilation. He then covered them with boards, in the form of a roof, with chimneys every ten feet, and covered those boards with straw, banking the whole up with the earth taken out of the ditch. The bees had wintered as well, or he thought better in this way than in a cellar, and he had not been troubled by rats or mice, but it was thought that in some places the depredations of these vermin would be a great objection to this method.

Rev. Mr. Kabler thought that a cellar was the best place for wintering bees, and that they should be placed on tables or suspended to the wall, to prevent rats from getting at them. A dark closet would probably do equally well. It had been thought the cellar must be dry, but he believed that a damp cellar or root-house was equally good, though anything putrid or offensive would be injurious. It was, also, generally thought that the temperature should be near the freezing point, but the President of the Society, Mr. Lomer, who could not be at the meeting on account of indisposition, had wintered bees in a part of his cellar that was quite warm, on account of proximity to the furnace which heated his house, and they came out in spring in fine health. It was also generally thought that ventilation was necessary to bees in winter, but in Germany they were shut up close, and here, he believed, they might be treated in the same way. The great thing to avoid in wintering bees was light. The least streak of light would set them in motion, and they would not only consume more honey, but some would escape, if they could, and all that escaped in winter would be lost. If bees were kept cold they had to consume honey to generate heat, which was saved when they were kept comfortably warm. A hive might be safely wintered

out-doors with a box or covering of straw over it, but it would require thirty pounds of honey; whereas, in a cellar that was not too cold, ten pounds would suffice. The door of the hive should be closed with wire gauze, and the bees should be disturbed as little as possible.

Mr. Higgins said when the confinement was prolonged there was great danger of the comb being destroyed by the excrements of the bees, and therefore the hives should be allowed to stand out in this climate until severe frost came in December, and be placed out again about the end of March.

A FINE YIELD OF HONEY.—Silas Timmerman, Clockville, N. Y., writes the *Rural New Yorker* that N. N. Belsinger, of that place, received this season from thirty-six stocks of bees thirty-four new swarms and three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds of cap honey. The glass caps were five by six inches. The honey consisted of two thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds of clover, and three hundred of buckwheat. This is Mr. B.'s third season in the bee business, and his stocks are now nearly all Italian.

GOOD YIELD OF HONEY.—At the recent autumn competition of the Inverness (N. B.) Farmer Society, premiums were offered for the best and second best samples of honey, in tops and hives. Only one sample was shown, but the quality was fine and well worthy of a prize. The honey was taken from a hive swarmed in June last, and weighed as follows:—1st top, 11 lbs.; 2nd top, 7 lbs.; eke, 11 lbs.; total, 29 lbs. The hive is left for a stock; and has of honey 35 lbs., giving a produce of 64 lbs. to the first swarm. The same stock cast a second swarm later in June, and in September the bees were removed from the hive, and put in with the first swarm kept for a stock. The hive contained 40 lbs. of honey, the produce for the season of one stock being therefore 104 lbs. No bees were killed; and the management was in accordance with an essay on bees published by Provost Mackenzie, of Eileanach.

Poetry.

A River Lyric.

Under my window, day by day,
The beautiful river rolls away:
Rolls from far off woods of pine
Down to the glittering bay;
By frowning crag and fragrant vine,
Onward still to the foaming brine,
To the ocean's kindly sway.

Many a league in rippling glee
The young brook dances; bird and bee
And flowers that lean from the shadowy grass
Hark to its minstrelsy;
And cloud and star, as above they pass,
In its crystal bosom, as in a glass,
Their radiant beauty see.

But the brook hath heard a legend rare,
The winds have warbled it in the air,
Many an echoed voice hath told
Of a world more strangely fair,
Of a world of waters vast and old!
Oh, to reach those depths of pearl and gold,
Well may the brooklet dare!

Now swells the current, deep and wide,
O'er rock and chasm its strength is tried,
Till in broader channels, smooth and free,
The waves majestic glide;
And on they roll right royally,
Till they feel the heart-throb of the sea,
The ebbing and flowing tide.

Beautiful river, roll away!
Thy seaward current no charm can stay.
And thou, too, hasten, O river of life!
Through shadows gathering grey;
Flow from meadows with beauty rife,
Down through channels of storm and strife,
To shores of endless day.

Blythe and gay in the early dawn
Life dances forth to meet the morn,
But fast, fast fade the dew and the balm
Of youth's enchantment born:
In this fuller tide, in this deeper calm,
Let me not utter one mournful psalm
Over the brightness gone.

For as day by day I look on thee,
Beautiful river, flowing free,
I feel the swifter rush of the stream
Which onward rolls with me.
And I gather, at times, thro' mist and dream,
An echoed murmur, a breath, a gleam
Of the everlasting sea!

[*Mark Lane Express.*]