

the lambs are dipped in one of the compositions set forth for that purpose, of which I shall have more to say presently. This treatment generally renders them pretty safe for the summer, but in spite of it all, a want of frequent inspection will too often allow the poor things to be attacked by maggots, and deaths, which might be avoided, occur.

Weaning.—Lambs are usually weaned at from three to four months old. It seems a simple thing enough to separate a lamb from its dam, and at first sight, it would appear there could not be any doubt about the way to do it. But there are, as usual, two ways, one of which is right. For example: suppose the ewes and lambs are in a field, and you take the lambs away from their mothers into a fresh piece; a pretty row there will be! The lambs, utterly unacquainted with their new home, will go mooning about all over the place, baa-ing, and reducing their flesh, in search for their dams and their familiar corners. It will be some days before they settle. Whereas, if, after remaining for a week or so in the same field, the ewes are removed out of sight and hearing, the lambs, thoroughly accustomed to their habitat, will soon quiet down, and feed away as if nothing had happened to disturb them. By this time, too, many of the ewes, from loss or scantiness of milk, have weaned their lambs, who have been taught to depend upon grass &c. for their food, and the sight of these, feeding away merrily, tends to soothe and tranquillize the minds of the others. Interesting little things! How I wish I had a couple of hundred to look after, now!

If you lamb down early, you must wean early, or else there will not be time for the ewes to recover their condition before their hard time comes again. Fancy, that in Scotland, even in my time, the ewes were milked after the lambs were weaned! That is over, at all events, but care should be taken to look after any ewe that, from lambing late or any other cause, may have a flush of milk upon her after weaning time. She should, in this case, be dried off as carefully as a cow, and milked at intervals of 12 hours, then 24 hours, 36 hours &c.; and I need not say that the less succulent her food is the sooner the desired end will be secured. The danger is that the teats will be plugged up with cheesy matter. After a fortnight's separation, the lambs may, if desired, be returned to the ewe-flock; all parental and filial instinct will be extinct by that time.

We do not grow *saintfoin* in this country. It would do well on any of the calcareous soils (nowhere else, though), and there is nothing as good for weaning lambs. I never saw them scour on it, and I have seen large numbers suffering from diarrhoea (on red clover), completely cured by a few days sojourn on this valuable plant.

Our best flock-masters dip their sheep twice a year—at least they dip the lambs at shearing time, and the whole flock in the autumn. Bigg's composition was the most popular sheep-dip, when I was a breeder. I used it regularly for years and may be trusted when I say that no sheep of mine was ever troubled with scab or tick as long as I had a flock. It is poisonous, though, and therefore care must be taken that no animal drinks it. The sheep is dipped in a tub containing a solution of the stuff in water, and, when thoroughly soaked, the patient is placed on a strainer, so constructed that the liquid squeezed from the wool runs back again into the tub. As a precaution, every sheep bought for any purpose should be dipped before it joins the flock already on the farm.

But there is a cheaper form of sheep-dip that will, I doubt not, answer all purposes. For every twenty sheep, take two lbs of tobacco stems and a gallon of water, boiling them gently for at least an hour; to this add 2 lbs of soft soap, 2 ounces of flour of sulphur, and a wine glass of spirits

of tar. Dilute this plentifully (experience must be your guide), and treat the sheep as above described.

I forgot to mention that, in England, when the fly is troublesome to the heads of the sheep, we put a sort of cap, tied under the ears before and behind, over the skull. Sheep will butt at each, and if a place is skinned, the fly attacks it at once and drives the poor brute crazy. Note—never put a cap on a sore head, the fly is sure to get under it, and you can't see the damage till too late to remedy it.

Fortunately for us, that dire disease the foot-rot has never been seen here; though some newly imported sheep (Shropshire Downs) were sold at Chicago, which, a few days after, were found to be affected. A pretty row the purchaser made in the agricultural press about it! The seller, about as honest a man as they make them, was called all sorts of names, as if he could have told by intuition that the disease was incubating. I don't see why short-wools should be more afflicted with this pest than long-wools, but with all my love for them, they certainly are, and very troublesome it is to cure it. It takes between the claws of the hoof, and gradually eats its way, under the horn, upwards. I wonder that where sheep are kept, in winter and early spring, on damp straw, that the disease does not show itself, even here. For me, I should prefer sheep lying on boards, with intervals of $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch between, to letting them tread down a mass of damp straw into a puddle. The boards would be swept down twice a day, the manure collected, and there could not be a better vehicle to carry bone-dust or superphosphate with it to the turnip crop. Of course, there must be a space of two or three feet between the boards and the ground. If you think the sheep won't like so hard a bed, watch them in the summer, and you will find that they will, if they can, always select the road for their place of repose. Should you fear a loss of the valuable urine, nothing easier than to throw a few bushels of spent tan-bark, or rubbish of any sort to absorb it.

But to cure the foot-rot! Well, I have done it with my own hands, and, though it takes time and troubled, I don't think that any one ought to despair of succeeding, if he will follow out, precisely, my instructions. You are sure to have it here, sooner or later, so you may as well learn how to cure it before it arrives.

With a steady hand, and a very sharp knife, pare away all the loose horn, avoiding as much as possible making the hoof bleed. Then dress, with a feather, the parts affected with *butter of antimony* (Mr Stephens says this is cruel, but the disease is worse than the cure), taking care that it reaches every bit of the spongy part. The flesh will smoke under the treatment, but, if un pityingly carried out, the patient will recover, and that is surely, in the long run, more humane than allowing the poor beast to die in agonies of pain, as he indisputably will if the disease is permitted to take its course.

The rot is a disease with which I am not well acquainted. As a boy, some fifty years ago, I heard a good deal of it in South Wales, and I picked up one evening, five or six hares, which had died from its effects. But from 1834 till I left England in 1858, nothing had been heard of it. Now its ravages are dreadful, whole parishes have lost every sheep—my brother writes me word that on his property, in Gloucestershire, they have had neither hares, rabbits, nor sheep, for the last five years! The loss of sheep in England is to be reckoned by millions, and there seems to be no cure for the complaint.

Another omission—when ewes and lambs are feeding off rapes, tares, &c., the hurdles should have gaps to allow the lambs to pass through on to the fresh piece ahead of their dams. White pease are generally given to the lambs in troughs outside the fold; they rake lean meat, and are a very strengthening food.

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