

of his own selfish propensities than to the interest or convenience of the public.

The benefit derived from these encroachments is very questionable, and it is believed that in most cases of the kind, the loss of reputation is more than a counterpoise for it; for in every case those who knowingly interfere with, obstruct, or deprive others of their just rights, as certainly mar and part with a portion, or the whole of their reputation. This is a subject that requires the attention of grand juries, and if supervisors will still continue to neglect their duties after having pledged themselves for their true and faithful performance, it would seem just and reasonable that an example should be made, by the infliction of adequate punishment by the proper authority. Another delinquency, less common, but more dangerous, exists in some situations, in permitting individuals to occupy the public highway for quarrying stone, or other purposes, without the shadow of rightful pretext for so doing, and to the manifest injury and danger of person travelling a regularly laid out highway. One instance of this kind has been very slowly, but regularly progressing for many years in apparent disregard of the public safety and convenience, and so far as the writer has knowledge, without the interference of the proper officers whose duty it is to prevent such injurious encroachments.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FATHER AND SON.

Rot in Sheep.—A well planned Garden.

Frank.—Father, I have just met John Ross, who tells me his uncle has lost two of his most valuable sheep by the rot, and that he fears he shall lose many more from the same cause; is there not a danger that our sheep will catch the same distemper, for you know they sometimes mix with them on the common? I suppose the disease is communicated in this way, for many of our neighbors are complaining of the ravages of that cruel disorder, and are separating their flocks to prevent contagion. Have you ever suffered in this way?

Father.—I have never lost a sheep by the rot, but I attribute my security from this scourge to observation and reflection. While I am, as much as any one, an enemy to what is called mere "book knowledge," it is not possible for a farmer to follow his business without being necessarily called upon for practical observation and reflection, and thus, to an intelligent man, is the greatest pleasure. Well might the good man of old walk into the fields at even tide to meditate; this is the proper season for reflection, the early morn for observation.

Frank.—What a beautiful distinction! I must note that down.

Father.—The disorder called the rot is not contagious, but is generally caused by taking cold watery food into the stomach, where, instead of digesting, it becomes putrid, and engenders life; the liver of sheep which die in the rot is full of small creatures called flukes, something like flat fishes; these perforate it like a honey comb, causing the death of thousands. But it is a curious fact that ewes, even when irrecoverably gone in the rot, do not die while suckling their lambs; when these are weaned, however, they often die off by hundreds, and the evil is oftentimes much augmented by their lying in low and damp pastures; for it is discovered that the air which surrounds them in such situations is loaded with poisonous vapor, which being heavier than pure atmospheric air, cannot rise into it, and thus become purified, but remains near the surface, and is inhaled by the sheep, whose heads are low; while larger animals, whose heads are above the stratum of poison, will remain in health in pastures which are destructive to sheep. Do you understand how this is?

Frank.—Yes, perfectly, and this reminds me of what I was reading but yesterday,

concerning a cavern in Italy, into which if a dog enter, it is destruction to him, while a man feels no inconvenience whatever, as the bad air, by its heaviness, is confined to the bottom of the cavern; it is from this circumstance called "Grotto del Cano." And look at our sheep at this moment! they are all lying on that little rising ground, as though they were perfectly acquainted with the subject on which we are speaking, and feel, no doubt the comfort of that situation.

Father.—True, and what will strike you very forcibly, observe that knoll or rising ground the next foggy morning, and you will perceive that it is in a clear atmosphere, whilst all the lower parts of the same field and the adjoining lands appear as though they were covered with water, the whole being enveloped in fog, and you will be able to mark exactly the height to which the bad air of the low lands extends. But, even at the present moment this poisonous atmosphere is there, although it is now invisible; the coolness of the mornings and evenings will, however, render it perceptible. This is one reason why I always commence folding the sheep at the highest part of the field, that they might have the higher ground to retire to for rest; and hence another advantage arises, which some of our neighbors do not seem to comprehend, the higher parts of the field receive, as they should do, the greater portion of the manure. But I am confident that much of my security from this disorder arises from the use of lime, which is a corrector of the acidity of the soil in the first place, and in the second, is destructive to the whole family of aquatic plants, replacing them with those grasses which are indigenous, or native to a limestone soil, upon which sheep never rot. You know, too, that I am careful to drain all wet and springy parts of the fields, and this is a labor which our adjoining neighbors do not covet. I also allow salt for the use of the sheep, which is placed in troughs under shelter—an excellent practice.

THE GARDEN.

But come, now the weather is fine, we must think of the garden—we must be gardeners as well as farmers, for much profit as well as pleasure is to be derived from a good garden well cultivated. I do not, however, approve of doing much in this early part of the year, although many are tempted by a few warm days, such as we have enjoyed of late, to sow their seeds, which had better be reserved for the next month; March being, in this part of the country, early enough for general crops. There is, however, just one sort of work which is peculiarly suitable to the present early season, and which ought to be done before any crops are sown; it is catching the mice. I have often laughed at those who never think of setting traps for these vermin until they sow their peas, when, after scattering them by handful into their very holes, they stick up one solitary pea to entice them from such a bountiful feast! I always say, as my father did, "first catch your mice, and then sow your peas," and by setting plenty of traps at this season of scarcity, you will be sure to catch every one in the garden.

Frank.—I have heard that my grandfather was the best gardener in this part of the country; was it he that planned this delightful garden; that brought this little stream across the hill, and made it fall so gracefully over these rocks into the basin below, and to fill the pond in the centre, in which we see so many fishes playing about; who planted those willows that hang so beautifully over it, and placed the seats under them so judiciously that by changing our situation, according to the position of the sun, we can always see to the bottom of the water?

Father.—Yes, my boy, it was he who did all this, and every thing else which you see; it is to him that I am indebted for more than life! and I feel a holy reverence when I

think of my father! But come this way, and I will show you what else he did, and what, by his instructions, I have been enabled to do in fulfilment of his original ideas, for I have never deviated from the plan which he first laid down, and to this circumstance I attribute the success which I have experienced. The whole of what is now the garden and orchard was nothing but a wilderness at the time when my father entered upon this farm, we now call it—then it had a different name—*waste*. It had a thick covering of bushes and briars, and appeared a chasm, which no one knew anything about. My father observed it had a southern aspect, and that the declivities on its sides were not so great as had been imagined. I was then just your age, and as you are now mine, so I was then his companion. I remember the evening when he came to the determination to turn this den of brambles into a garden, and I shall never forget the ardor which I felt when looking forward to the time when I should see it as it is at this moment! He sketched the plan in an instant, and the next evening the axe and the mattock were busily employed amongst the bushes. "Now, George," said he, "remember our text, 'nothing is impossible to a willing mind,'" and I assure you we stuck to it—in fact, we surprised even ourselves. In less than a month the laborious part of the work was completed: by digging down the sides of the glen, we were enabled partly to fill the centre, and by forming the walks we obtained earth sufficient to cover the borders, which were raised considerably by the operation; and thus he obtained those very pleasant terrace walks around the sides, so much admired by all who have seen them. Still, however, there remained a hollow in the centre, partly covered with large stones, and to make what is called a *rinne* of necessity, he so contrived that this should form a fish pond, and he soon found a way to convey water to it from the opposite side of the hill; and by placing large rough stones at the bottom of the chasm, where the water first comes over the top of the declivity, he obtained a water-fall twenty-five feet in height; to this you approach from below by a narrow winding path beside the pond, and it was his happy thought to excavate a basin at its foot to receive the falling water, and by the side of it to plant the willow and place the seat which is so much admired, as well as to plant the acclivity in such a way as, in the summer, to form a retreat impenetrable to the sun's rays. You see that the walks in the garden are wide enough for persons to walk in company—this, at the time they were formed, was considered a waste of land—my father knew better, for by having no paltry cross walks, he actually saved by the plan, which is now so much approved of. The four quarters of the garden, and the southern border, are appropriated to the raising of vegetables and fruits, whilst the eastern and western borders are devoted to flowers, a love for which I inherited from my father; and the care of these being given to your dear mother and sister, I need only point to them to show how well they perform their pleasing task.

The water which flows from the fish pond is made to fill the canal; the bottom of which being covered with gravel, forms the water-cress bed, the produce from which is so superior to all in the neighborhood, as to bring a higher price in the market; this arises from the crop being grown on gravel, where it might be kept clean from weeds, and the water coming on after depositing its mud in the fish pond above. From this canal the water is carried by a trench down the middle of the orchard, and then either passes in a serpentine course across the meadow below, for the purpose of watering its surface, or is conveyed in a straight course down the ditch to the mill stream either way, which is most proper.