

THE MARITIME PATRON, AND ORGAN OF THE Maritime Provincial Grange—Patrons of Husbandry.

"In Essentials Unity—In Non-essentials Liberty—In All Things Charity."

[All communications intended for this column should be sent to the editor of the Maritime Patron, EDWIN S. CREED, M. D., Newport.]

Good-bye, 1886!

We say not "good-bye" to thee as one utters the last sad "Farewell" over a dying friend. There are no dead years, England's poet-laureate, and his awfully realistic description of the death of an old year, to the contrary notwithstanding. The years do not die—they are immortal. There are no dead years.

Close your eyes and recall the past. Memory wanders through the year as through a picture gallery, or gazes at a succession of dissolving views. If you are methodical, it in your mind the years are separate and distinct, you may imagine them to be profusely illustrated volumes, ranged upon the shelves of History, and that in your reveries you take down volume after volume; but there are no harrowing scenes over dying years such as Tennyson has pictured: there are no dead years; no cemeteries where they are entombed; no monuments: no mural inscriptions.

Or you may imagine that, as it really is,

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players."

That Memory or History calls up the players and raises the curtain on comedy, roasting farce, tragedy, or, as is often the case, mixes all up together.

"All the world's a stage," and as truly as every play has an author, every act and every scene put on the boards of the world's stage has an author, and the author is He Who wrote the Drama of History "in the beginning," when "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and His spirit "moved on the face of the waters."

Are we, the players, merely puppets, going through the parts written for us "in the beginning?"

Avoiding polemics, we may adopt the broad, useful, practical, indisputable creed, that it is those who in the drama of "Paradise Lost" play honest, industrious, God-fearing, man-loving parts "in Faith, in Hope, in Charity with Fidelity," who shall have parts in "Paradise Regained," and shall unite in the grand chorus of "Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men" sung at the fulfillment.

It is well to review the past, and to take experience for a teacher and guide in the future. But we have neither space nor time for much moralizing, or for reveries, however practically useful in tendency.

It has been our duty and our endeavor during the past year to edit this column in the interest of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry in the Maritime Provinces. Ere the volume of 1886 is closed, we desire to record the hope that our labors, if not altogether "good and acceptable," may, as far as "good and acceptable," "be blest with a liberal harvest," and that we may be permitted and aided to work more wisely and more efficiently in 1887.

Welcome the New Year. May it be a happy and prosperous year for you, kind reader.

A review of the work and progress of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry in this jurisdiction during the past year might appropriately appear in this place, at its close; as, however, a full report will in a few weeks be presented to the Provincial Grange by its Secretary, a synopsis of which report will be given in this column, we will only say at present, that during the past year there has been a large decrease in membership, and that as there are disintegratory influences always at work in societies and organizations, as in all things, continued exertions and unflagging zeal are required merely to balance loss by gain. Therefore, if the required exertions are not used, the inevitable result must be in the end entire disappearance. Success in any enterprise or undertaking can only be attained through persistent efforts to accomplish a mission or purpose, or to supply a distinct want.

We have received through the kindness of an esteemed member of Anchor of Hope Grange, No. 863, of Welford, Kent Co., N. B., a copy of "The Pioneer," a manuscript paper, containing contributions from members of that Grange. The articles, for the most part, are spicy and well written. We heartily recommend all our Granges to follow the example set by No. 863, and with the New Year start a Grange journal. It will be found to be both educational and amusing. We hope to find space for extracts from "The Pioneer." We also have to thank the Secretary of Annapolis Division for a very full Report of the Autumn Session of that Division, which we shall endeavor to publish in our next issue.

We will be expected to report to the Maritime Provincial Grange, at its Session, commencing on the 26th prox., when the question will have to be decided—Shall the Maritime Patron be continued? Will the Granges to which THE CRITIC comes, sisters or brothers, who are subscribers, or indeed any of our readers, whether Patrons or not, kindly favor us with their views on this question—Should the Maritime Patron be continued? We shall also be very greatly obliged for hints, suggestions, or criticisms. The more candid our friends are, the more highly will their remarks be appreciated. We are fully aware that there must have been many defects in our editorial management. We shall be grateful to our friends who will point these out.

In many places where potato rot prevails only the small potatoes, the latest set, escape the infection. These late potatoes are generally unripe, and will be very unreliable for seed purposes.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—In respect to kindness to animals, commend us to the Hindoo rather than the European standard of civilization. The Hindoo religion enjoins one to be kind and merciful to all living creatures. To put to death any creature that has life is an unpardonable sin to a Hindoo, while to protect it is one of the highest virtues. Beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, are as much the object of the Hindoo's kindness as human kind. The Hindoos of the higher castes never take flesh. They live entirely on milk and vegetables. Hindoos of certain sects take meat, but they would not eat it unless it be of goat, sacrificed before a god or goddess. They would never think of shooting a bird or killing a beast. They look upon the European practice of shooting and hunting as barbarous. They distribute rice and corn to crows and other birds every day. Our first personal experience of handling animals was under the principle of arbitrary and coercive measures, and we look back with horror upon our own cruelty to our first bulky horses and the kicking cow. We respect in our memory the resentful spirit of both in asserting their natural "rights" in refusing to be subdued. A few years' after experience on a farm soon convinced us of the barbarity of our ideas, and ever since we have been learning that the human must first learn to control himself before attempting to control the brute creation. Acting upon the principle of uniform kindness in word and deed, the most incorrigible brute may be controlled and rendered gentle and kind. We have in a dozen instances taken horses which had been so ruined by arbitrary and brutal measures as to be entirely useless, if not dangerous, and in a few weeks' time rendered them the most willing, obedient, and kind servants. We have taken the wild, long-horned cattle from the range, and by continued and uniform kindness in voice and manner rendered them so obedient as to come to call and allow the milker to draw the fluid without fear, so long as he used no harsh words or acts. Kindness and self-control will subdue the balkiest horse and conquer and subdue the most vicious cow or ox.

MAKING ROCK-WORK.—When constructing a rockery don't form a plan in your head of what your rockery is to look like. You need no plan. The principal need is to get some one to draw some rough scraggy stones for you—the rougher and more lichen-covered the better. Direct that the stones be unloaded in the place where your rockery is to be. The best place for it is in some retired corner, where there is considerable shade. Nothing is more out of place than an eruption of rocks on a well-kept lawn. After the rocks are unloaded don't try to arrange them. Let your rockery be built in just that unconscious fashion, if you want it to be a success. Any attempt to rearrange the stones will spoil it. The effect should be one of careless, natural arrangement, and the dumping down of those stones without any other object in view than that of getting them unloaded, will produce the nearest resemblance to nature's way of doing such things. Procure earth—from the woods if possible—and put over and among the rocks, and with a stick work it in among them. The free use of water will wash the soil into the crevices. When you have all the openings filled, get bits of blackberry roots, wild ferns, and such other plants as you usually find growing among rocks and thrust them into the soil, and wait.

By and by the reward will come. You will have a rockery that hasn't a prim look about it. You will have a rockery that doesn't do violence to your sense of the "eternal fitness of things," by having all manner of foreign plants growing on it. Only wild plants are needed there. You want a tangle of vine and fern, just as you see it in the woods and pastures, with bare rocks jutting out here, there, everywhere, half covered, half concealed. Leave it to take care of itself. The more freedom it has, the more satisfactory it will be. Build one in this way, and contrast it with the elaborate affairs in some fashionable gardens, which suggest the mason and an architect every time you look at them.—*American Agriculturist*.

A NEGLECTED CROP.—It would be better for us if we considered the manure made on the farm as a crop: and it is strange that we do not do so, for it is a product of the farm and has a money value as much as corn or hay, or cotton. When we once consider manure as a crop, we will take just as much pride in making a big crop of manure as of corn; and we will no more allow part of the manure crop to go to waste, than we would part of the wheat or hay crop. Generally but little can be charged against the production of the manure crop; all the cost is often the expense of harvesting (gathering and storing) this crop. On the most fertile farms this crop is worth to the farmer several times the cost of harvesting it. And it is the greatest wonder of our farming that we do not start out in the fall with a determination to make a better manure crop than our neighbor, as we start out in the spring with a determination to make a better oat, potato, or tobacco crop. The cleanly man will harvest a large manure crop, because he will gather up all refuse and put it in the compost heap. He will have clean stables, clean barns, clean yards—a clean farm; and cleanliness is the preserver of health. Thus we see that while the wheat or potato crop supplies strength and energy, the manure crop, closely gathered and well kept, prevents the agents of disease from stealing away that strength. Pride in the manure crop goeth before wealth and health.—*American Agriculturist for November*.

TO FATTEN TURKEYS.—Turkeys are readily fattened on thick boiled cornmeal and oatmeal, mixed with chopped suet. The turkeys should be kept in closed coops, away from other birds. A part of a shed which is only partly lighted is a suitable place, and the food should be given every three hours. No water is required with this food. The fattening will be completed in twenty days, when the birds will be fit for market.

The regulations of the Dominion Government prescribe that 60 pounds be recognized as the weight of one bushel of onions.