

skins," are regarded as a race distinct from the common cattle of Europe, and yet they belong to the same species. Nature, under the local influences of a different continent, has developed, independently of all domestication and art, a different race of the bovine species. But all history relating to the matter, goes to prove that the Devons and Herefords have become what they are, by long culture and care in *breeding*; and they are, therefore, truly breeds all over, inside and out. Indeed, whatever of peculiar value they may possess for breeding purposes, is due to the length of time and thoroughness with which and in which these breeds have been propagated. As a race, or as races, they have not a particle more claim to distinction than they have as a species. Possibly they were favorite breeds before the flood; and while Noah selected the beautiful Devons for their purity of blood, his oldest son may have had the taste of Mr. William Sotham, and preferred the white faced Herefords, so that both breeds were preserved in the Ark. At all events, I doubt whether they could find more quiet domestic animals among all their live stock. Gentle blood, whether in the veins of a *gentle* man, or of a gentle Arabian horse, has been purified by many generations of good breeding. It is mainly this social advancement among the higher orders of animals, which renders base, blood undesirable, or pure blood an object of interest in the most civilized nations. "Blood will tell;" and for this reason all its elements deserve the closest study of every farmer, and of every person, no matter what may be his or her condition or pursuit in life.

Columella is entirely right in insisting on the natural obstacles to be overcome in establishing a new and really valuable breed, whether Short Horns, Ayrshires, or any other products of human skill. There is ever a strong tendency "to cry back" in the young of every race; for nature is ever true to herself, her instincts, and her offspring. When they seem inclined to depart too far from her ways, she renders them impotent like the mule, or cuts them off by death. Nevertheless, the plasticity of animal and vegetable vitality is very considerable, and presents to the intelligent husbandman a wide and fertile field for improvement. To change the constitution and habits of living beings, whether animals or plants, for the better, involves the consideration of some of the profoundest principles of philosophy and science. It is this fact that gives to agriculture its dignity as a learned profession. I want to see it more and better cultivated in all its varied and useful departments; and it was to draw out Columella, and make him share with me and the public the rich fruits of his reading and experience, that I ventured to criticise what he said on the subject of breeds and races. CATO.—*Country Gentleman*.

SINGULAR HARE HUNTING.—Some time since, as Mr. Clarke, of Horndean, was going a few miles on foot, in the forest of Bere, to visit a friend, he observed a hare come into the green road before him, which seemed to be listening, and looking back for something which pursued her. He stood still, and hearing no dog, was curious to discover the cause of her alarm; when to his great surprise, he discovered the object of it to be a small yellow-red and white stoat, (a species of a weasel,) which hunted her footsteps with the utmost precision. He, wishing to know if so diminutive an animal could have a chance of coping with the great speed of the hare, retreated to aholm-bush hard by, where he was an attentive observer of this silent hunt for nearly two hours, during which he is certain to have seen both hare and stoat at least forty times. They were frequently gone for five or ten minutes; but the hare still unwilling to leave the place where she was found, came round again, and her little pursuer sometimes close at her heels. Towards the end of this remarkable chase, which became uncommonly interesting, the hare took advantage of the thickest covert the place afforded, and made use of all her cunning and strength to escape, but without effect; till at length, wearied out by the perseverance of the stoat, Mr. C. heard her cry for some time. At last, the cries coming from one point, he concluded she was become the victim of the chase; on which he went to the spot, where he found the hare quite dead, and the stoat so intently fastened on her neck, as not to perceive his approach.—The stoat, in its turn, now fell a victim to Mr. C's stick; after which he proceeded, with both hare and stoat to the house of his friend.—*London Sportsman*.