

better times are before us if we can have such fine succulent looking grass as that all summer. The 1st of September I cut it the second time, and from the 3 acres I had 3 good loads of hay which was greedily eaten and relished by all kinds of stock. I waited with patience to see how it would stand our winter, but what was my dismay to find in the spring that the 2 acres of seed sown on the clay soil was entirely dead, except the clover and the slight sprinkling of timothy, probably about 2 lbs. to the acre, which was in the mixture. The top acre sown on loam was a splendid crop, thick, tall, and of a fine quality, except the Alfalfa clover, which is a little coarse but liked well by cattle. (1) I am sure it turned out 3 good tons to the acre and a splendid aftergrowth grew up of the clover, which I cut about the end of August. But to go into it more minutely—Professor Brown sent down to Mr. Sellar of the Gleaner, 8 different samples of seed true to the name, for any person buying seed to go to him and see for themselves whether the seed they had bought was pure or not, which he kindly handed to me to sow. The names of the varieties were timothy, red top, orchard grass, perennial rye, Canada blue, or June grass, meadow fescue, meadow foxtail, and yellow oat grass. These I sowed in plots alongside the fence where there was plenty of protection through the winter with snow. The timothy, red top and orchard grass did well and wintered well. The Canada blue did not come up well, whether the seed was good or not I cannot say; as it is one of our natural grasses here (2), it should have done well; what came up was all right in the spring. The rye grass and meadow foxtail are all good grasses and very early, they being in full bloom and ready for cutting on the 28th day of May. The yellow oat about half a crop, the other half dying through the winter, seems to be a good looking grass and very tender and a few days later than meadow foxtail. The meadow fescue plot looked splendid all summer, of a rich dark green color, and I would say of it, the grass of grasses, if it would only grow with us on our clay soil,—was entirely dead in the spring, except 3 stalks. I would think that any kind of land of a porous nature or underdrained would suit these grasses well, such as the uplands of Hinchinbrook, and the ridges of Godmanchester, and possibly the loam of Ormstown, if the clay subsoil is not too near the top of the ground."

Observe, please, first, that there is a difference of 135 per cent. between the cost of the seeds at Montreal and at Toronto; secondly, that the land was really well prepared and in good heart; thirdly, that the grass was mowed about seven weeks after seeding-down; that nine weeks after the first mowing, there was a good out of hay; and, lastly, that the grass on the heavy clay soil was quite destroyed by the winter, the grass on the loam was a splendid crop—three tons to the acre! I do not think I should have mowed the grass at all. I prefer feeding off with young stock.

A paper was then read by Mr. Robert Ness on Clydesdale horses, and in the discussion that follow a suggestion was made that struck me very forcibly. Farmers' horses, we all know, are very busy in the spring and summer, and have, comparatively, nothing to do in the winter. "If the farmer," said Mr. Archibald Bell, "has good warm stabling, and is careful not to expose the mares, when nursing, to sudden chills, he would do well to let them foal in the fall, for it is disagreeable to put a nursing mare into the mower or reaper. I would have the foal come in September or October, and have it suckled a month longer than if it were dropped in spring."

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(1) Alfalfa, or lucerne, must be cut young.

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(2) And therefore will succeed the down grasses when they die out.

A. R. J. F.

LACHINE FARMS.

Dwight's Cholera mixture.—I mentioned, in a note, in the last number of the Journal, that Mr. Tuck, Messrs. Dawes' farmer, had been very successful in curing diarrhoea in calves with Dwight's mixture. Last summer, no less than 14 calves died, one after another, of this troublesome complaint. No fewer than three veterinary surgeons were consulted upon the matter: they visited the farm several times, but could do the poor beasts no good. The calves seem to have been taken ill suddenly, and to have died like a shot. About two months ago, a newly born calf was seized with violent purging, the usual remedies were resorted to without avail, Mr. James Dawes saw the patient and gave it up as doomed. Now, Mr. Tuck himself had been, some six or seven summers previously, a great sufferer from the "Choléra du pays," and had received great benefit from the use of the mixture mentioned at the head of this note. As the calf was given up by its owner, Mr. Tuck asked leave to try what he could do. Leave was freely given, and, at 11 P.M., a dose of one-third of a bottle was administered to the patient, then comatose, and, apparently at its last gasp. To cut the matter short: in the morning, when Mr. Tuck went his rounds, at about 5 A.M., the calf was up on his legs, hard at work at its dam's udder!!!

Now, one cannot draw any definite conclusion from this one case, but considering that this calf was the only one saved after being attacked by the complaint, and that after the failure of all the remedies exhibited by three of the leading veterinary surgeons of the Continent, I do think it is worth our breeders' while to try the effects of this mixture on their calves if they should at any time be afflicted with this fatal malady.

Mr. Tuck, who is a remarkably quiet, modest, and sensible man, is good enough to promise to keep me informed as to the future health of his young *protégés*. He will have lots of experience, as there are no less than 150 head of horned stock on the Dawes' farms.

By the bye, I considerably underrated the extent of the land in the occupation of the firm. Besides 300 acres of their own land, they rent about the same quantity of land from other proprietors.

Skim-plough.—Mr. Tuck laments, with me, the absence on these farms of what Kent men call *knives*, Hertfordshire men call skimmers, but the proper name of which is the *skim-coulter*. It is like a tiny mould-board and share in one piece, placed on the beam in front of the coulter, properly so called, and its office is to peel off a piece, about an inch and a half wide by an inch deep, from the land-side of the furrow slice, which, rolling over and over as the plough pursues its route, is finally cast into the open furrow and buried out of sight. If the plough is in the hands of a fair workman the operation of this skim coulter completely prevents every particle of grass from poking its nose out from between the crests of the furrows. A representation of one of these skim coulters may be seen in the engraving of Howard's plough, p. 140, vol. VI, of this Journal.

The grain on this soil gets laid, almost invariably, before harvest. The same thing, I was told by Mr. West, happens on the farms at Georgeville, on Lake Memphremagog. I am asked to suggest a cure. Well, I would if I could, but I cannot. All I can say is: sow deeper, and use a heavier roller; if that will not do the fault must lie in the soil, and as the strengthener of the straw, *soluble silicic acid*, is useless as an application, we must grin and bear the loss. It is a very curious thing, is this question of grain standing or falling when all but ripe. In Kent, if barley goes down in this way, the grain is fit for nothing but chickens' victuals; in Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Hertfordshire—on real malt-