

Stock Department.

The following extract will be read with interest, as it shows different modes and customs to our own:

A CATTLE SALE IN A SOUTH AMERICAN TOWN.

A tropero, or cattle-dealer, arrives at the Estancia, and all is at once bustle and preparation for the morrow, during which from four to five hundred fat bullocks must be made up in a troop or drove, and handed over to him. The first warning of the approach of dawn is sounded by the clear note of the cock, the shrill scream of the ever-wakeful tero-tero, or South American lap-wing, and the hoarse boom of the mandu, aveztruz, or ostrich, as he leads forth his young to their early meal of thistle-heads and coarse pasturage. Every one promptly answers the summons to be up and stirring.

The not very elaborate toilet of the camp is quickly performed. The dress usually worn in the camp consists of a pair of very wide cotton drawers, over which is worn a piece of gaudily-colored cloth about four feet square, one end of which is fastened behind, and the other in front, by a brown silk sash.

Round the waist is worn a broad belt, in which are various pockets, and which supports the indispensable knife. Add to this a light poncho, or cloak, thrown over the shoulders, a broad-brimmed felt hat, a pair of long boots reaching to the knee, on the heels of which are fastened a pair of spurs, with rowels of about five inches in diameter, and you can picture a camp-man prepared for his morning's work.

All now congregate round the kitchen-fire to wait for the first streak of day. Here one is engaged in reasting a bit of meat on an iron spit; another is deftly rolling up a supply of paper cigars; some are by means of a tube, industriously sucking the fragrant juice of the yerba mate from the little gourd which serves for a tea-pot, while one and all are busily chatting, either in the soft and flowing language of old Castile, or in the guttural language of the Pampa Indian. Soon, however, the capataz, or foreman, announces the approach of day in the east, and all are immediately engaged in saddling up.

This process is rather more complicated than the adjustment of a few light straps and girths necessary for holding on an English saddle. A thick rug or horse-cloth is first placed on the back of the animal, over which is laid a caronaa, which is a large square piece of dressed leather, or of raw hide, as the case may be; then comes a heavy demi-peak saddle, which is secured by a broad girth of cincha or raw-hide; over this is a thick, soft rug, called a pillon, or cojinillo, covered by a small piece of nicely dressed hide, and secured by a single, or sobrecincha; the whole is called a recado, and weighs about 40 lbs.

It is, in many respects, more clumsy and unmanageable than the English saddle, but should not be taken over by a traveler in the camp, one the proud possessor of a neat English racing saddle, the other with a common recado, the advantage of the latter over the former becomes very apparent. The man with the English saddle, after picking his horse, selects a dry tuft of grass on which to sit, and, with his saddle on his head, and his head on his knees, dozes and shivers in wretchedness till dawn. Many a longing and covetous glance does he cast at his companion, who, having spread out his various trips on the ground, stretches himself comfortably on a soft bed, impervious to the dampness of the ground, and, with his head on his saddle and a thick horse-cloth around him, sleeps soundly and uninterruptedly till morning.

The horses have been tied up all night; and, wearied by this unwonted restraint, one or two show a decided unwillingness to submit to be mounted. This, however, is a mere matter of amusement to the swarthy savage, who lightly vaults into the saddle, and the air resounds with shouts and yells of encouragement or derision as the cruel spur is sunk, and, with the nose to the ground and back arched, the buck-jumper bounds off over the soft turf. The horses soon settle to the work; the men scatter themselves along the boundaries of the Estancia, and, when a complete cordon has been formed of from six to seven miles in length, all begin to close in towards a common centre.

From every quarter of the compass may be heard the loud yells and shrill Indian war whoops of the men as they rouse the cattle from their lairs in the tall grass. Away in the

distance are seen long lines of cattle, coming at a steady, swinging gallop, while behind them are half a dozen natives, dashing along on their active horses, waving their brightly-colored ponchos, and shouting like excited maniacs. As the various lines converge, there may be seen troops of scud ostriches, and small groups of roe-deer, confused and terrified, with, perhaps, a stray stag among the general mob.

All are at last surrounded on a certain spot of ground, always used for the same purpose, and called the rodeo, (from "rodear," to surround) the blown and foaming horses are let go, fresh ones caught and saddled, and the work of the day commences.

The tame working oxen are first parted off, and kept at a spot about five hundred yards off, to act as a sort of decoy to the wild ones. The tropero rides in among the cattle and points out those which he considers fat enough for the market. The selected novillo, or bullock, is taken by three men, who, one on each side and one behind, drive him at full gallop, confused and terrified by the frantic shouts and cracking of whips, up to where the tame oxen stand, where he is left, and they return for another.

Sometimes, in spite of whip and shout, he suddenly stops, and when the horsemen have shot past, gallops back, thinking his escape accomplished. Not so easily, however, are his dusky pursuers to be baffled. One or two lassos are speedily uncoiled, the noose of tough green hide drops over the horns of the fugitive, and the hardy little horse, though not half his weight, pulls him struggling, bellowing, and half-choked, up to the required spot. Here a second lasso is adroitly thrown, so that the bullock puts his hind legs into the noose, when it is immediately pulled tight, and he falls heavily to the ground. The first horseman now dismounts, removes his lasso from the horns, and when he has remounted, the lasso on the legs is slackened, the bullock gets up, steps out of the hoop, and walks sulkily in among his doomed brethren.

Thus does the work of the day progress, the monotony being relieved by occasional accidents and casualties. Here comes a man, dashing along with a slackened rein and busy spur, when suddenly his horse comes down; not, indeed, after the manner of an English horse performing the same feat, but planting his forehead on the ground he turns a complete somersault like a practised acrobat. The rider, however, alights on his feet, runs clear of his horse's heels, and joining in the peal of laughter which his contemporaries has elicited from his dusky companions, jumps on his erring steed, and is soon galloping on as reckless as before.

Perhaps, too, the girth or cincha, to which the lasso is fastened, gives way, when the whole trappings are suddenly and rudely snatched from underneath the astonished rider, who falls prone to the earth. The lasso itself, when kept at its fullest tension by a horse at one end and a bullock at the other, suddenly parts in the middle, and the end comes back in the face of the rider with such force as to leave an ineffaceable scar across his swart brow. These slight accidents only serve, however, to make the work of the day less monotonous, and afford food for gossip while sucking the never-failing mate or tea over the evening fire.

The required number of cattle having been parted off, they are all shut up in a large corral, or yard for the night. A bullock is killed, and cut up in convenient pieces without removing the hide. Fires are lit, at which each man roasts his own allowance, generally about five or six pounds in weight. Kettles of hot water are prepared for mate, and the dusky Indians are happy. After supper, cigars, cards, and guitars are produced, and amid smoking, playing and dancing, the evening quickly passes away, till one after another spreads out his saddle, and, rolling himself in his poncho, betakes himself to rest for the night. The fires are left in charge of the dogs, and silence reigns over all until the freshening cold which is felt shortly before dawn rouses all to a renewal of their labors.

Next morning the troop is driven to the boundaries of the Estancia, where they are counted over as they run past between two lines of men. The dealer pays down his money, and with the help of his hired peons or servants, marches for the saladero or slaughter-house in town. The price usually paid for fat three-year old oxen, weighing paid for fat three-year old oxen, weighing paid for fat three-year old oxen, is about £1 from four to five hundred pounds, is about £1 15s.; and for fat cows, about £1 5s. In the saladeros from six to seven hundred cattle are killed before 10 a. m., the flesh of which is converted into charque, better known as

jecked beef, and the bones are steamed for the grease which they yield, and afterwards burnt for bone ash, which forms an important item in the exports of the country.

A STOCK FARM IN AUSTRALIA.

The following description of a stock farm in the Colony of Victoria is taken from the Melbourne Argus:

This pretty station—the cream of the Colony of Victoria it may be called without fear of contradiction—is about four miles from Colac, on the western road. The homestead is prettily situated on the side of a hill, which is tastefully and naturally studded with blackwood trees, and commands a view of the township of Colac, and lake also of the same name, with Mount Gellibrand in the background—one of the prettiest views conceivable. The station comprises some 30,000 acres of rich black and chocolate soil country, sub-divided into twenty-three different paddocks, securely fenced, all of which are extensively furnished with splendid and costly tanks, dams, and wide springs for the use of the stock during severe droughts, or else by large, deep, and natural lakes of water; as well as some of them having large cow-sheds on improved principles for the housing and feeding of stock during a severe winter. To give a good idea of the magnitude of this establishment, and the expense the owner has gone to in improving this property, it may be necessary to mention that the improvements alone as they stand, represent some \$350,000, and the cost of clearing the place of rabbits up to the present time is estimated at something like between \$65,000 and \$70,000; and it is a strange fact, but nevertheless a true one, that some years back, at a station not far remote, an individual posted notices up on his property threatening to take proceedings against any person or persons found interfering with the propagation of these pests. The cattle on this property number between 8,500 and 9,000, about 6,000 of which are Mr. Robertson's own breeding, the balance store cattle fattening for market. In one paddock are to be seen 190 pure shorthorn cows, the pick of the main herd of that strain of blood, especially reserved to breed bulls from to keep the herd up, and supply casual customers. They consist chiefly of first prize animals at leading shows in England, and their progeny by first prize bulls in the Old Country as well, and are now being served by a few choice bulls bred from imported stock. The pedigrees of these cows and of the bulls are undeniable. The owner, while purchasing in England, never trusted to his own judgment, but bought first prize takers, having a view to breeding bulls in course of time, knowing the value attached to the colonies to the stock that has passed faultless among such judges as are to be met with at first-class shows in England, Ireland and Scotland. Another paddock contains the Hereford strain of blood, equally as pure, and reserved for the same particular purpose, all being imported for their progeny. Some cows among the above lots have cost their owner over \$2,000 at home. Next we come to the main breeding herd of cows, each different strains of blood in their respective paddocks, all of which are carefully culled yearly, any aged or otherwise objectionable beasts being thrown out, sprayed and placed in the fattening paddocks. First, we take 900 shorthorn cows, from which the 100 cows of similar blood are picked for breeding bulls. They form a really magnificent lot, and impress a person at once with the amount of care and judgment displayed in their selection, &c., every animal showing the rich color and peculiar points that this particular breed possesses, as well as a docile, fattening disposition. Adjoining these are to be seen the Hereford herd of cows—some 900 head—also evidently as carefully selected and cared for, and the more noticeable on account of their particular rich red color and white faces, and as being the only herd of pure Hereford cows in the colony. The greater part of the cows in each of these paddocks have splendid calves at foot, and in a majority of instances, especially amongst the Shorthorns, the colonial-bred cattle are better grown than either their imported sires or dams. In fact, taking these two different herds of breeding cows, comprising some 1,800, as a whole, that is, taking numbers and quality into consideration, they are, without doubt, not only the finest in the colonies, but probably the best in the universe, as well. The same regularity and good management seems to exist with regard to the remainder of the herd. Each different class, and age of each breed have their separate inclosures, which thereby enables the proprietors to work

them to advantage. The heifers are not put to the bull until three years old, and the number of paddocks enables the breeder to guard against in-and-in breeding, not a very easy nor important matter either. The steers are all kept until a proper age, when they are fattened and sent into market, principally the Melbourne one, where they are greatly admired, and generally make very long prices. Two thousand five hundred head of prime cattle were forwarded to market from the station last year, and there are some 3,500 ready now for the coming of 1871. Only a few bulls have as yet been sold out of this herd, but those already disposed of have given such satisfaction that, to meet the increasing demand, it has been found necessary to increase the number usually kept for sale two-fold.

FALL FEEDING HOGS.

Every farmer should commence to feed his hogs in September, as it is much easier to fatten them in warm weather than in cold, besides early pork mostly brings the highest prices in market. From the present indications pork will command as high prices this fall as last, therefore every farmer should use all the facilities in his power to fatten them as soon as possible.

The growth of hogs should be made as rapid as possible during warm weather. It should be remembered by every pork raiser, that a given amount of feed will produce larger results in summer than in winter. In winter a large amount of vitality is expended in resisting the cold, and therefore an increase of feed is required just to sustain the system in a healthy condition.

At first feed lightly of grain. Give them all the pumpkins, squashes and roots they will eat. If other food is scarce, let the farmer commence cutting up green corn for his hogs by the first of August, or even earlier. It will be economy to do so, rather than to let them go without till it is ripe and then feed it to them.

If you wish to fatten your pork rapidly, do not give great quantities of rich food, grain, &c., at once, but give a regular feed of a small quantity until you give what you think they will eat up clean; but as soon as they leave any feed in their troughs, you should not feed them again until they have finished eating up their breakfast or dinner, as the case may be, when you may give them a rather diminished supply, leaving them sufficiently hungry at meal time to eat with relish what is given to them. Too much feed at the commencement of fattening is as bad for swine as improper food, a stunted growth being the noticeable result in both, and any breeder of experience knows that it is worth almost as much, if not more, to fatten a stunted hog than it is worth.

The fattening process should be commenced in good earnest, and the work completed before severe cold weather sets in. As a rule, we believe that where hogs are kept in open lots without shelter, as most are, two bushels of corn will lay on more fat in October than three bushels will in January.

If you feed corn on the ear, be sure and have a good dry pen or lot to feed it in. Many farmers will throw corn to their hogs in a wet, filthy pen, where they stand in mud up to their knees. It is more than half wasted before they eat it, and what they do eat, does not do them much good if they do not have a comfortable place to sleep in.

It will scarcely be credited how much is gained by cooking the food of fattening hogs; and if that cannot well be done, the food may be greatly improved by being soaked in milk or water, whether it be first ground or used whole. By so doing, if the soaking process continues long enough, the food will become fermented, and then the animals will eat more of it, and fatten more readily than on the raw article. English farmers not only feed their hogs a variety of food, but have it cooked, or soaked till fermented, and finish up by giving raw meal for the last few days to harden up the fat.

It will not cost much to rig up a new apparatus for cooking feed, and we know that it will repay many times the cost. A writer in the Country Gentleman states that he tried the experiment of feeding on raw whole corn and on corn ground and boiled, and as the result of his experiment, he found that every pound of pork made with the raw food cost 22 cents, while every pound made by feeding cooked meal costs but 41 cents.

Another point should not be forgotten, and that is, that the hog can only be profitably fed up to a certain point—that is, it will only pay to continue the fattening process so long as the animal will eat enough to lay on flesh and fat rapidly. —Live Stock Journal.

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