

June, attest the severity of the trials to which vegetable life has been exposed. The question presents itself whether we are ever likely to get just the sort of season to suit us. We should not object to a regular old fashioned winter and a full dyke February, provided we could in turn enjoy a dry March, a warm, weeping April, a showery, genial, frostless May and June, a hot but sloppy July, and a hot and dry August, with succeeding weather fitted for the ingathering of the crops and the prosecution of autumn work. This is what we should call a good season. Are we ever to see such a thing again? And yet the characteristic of each month to the popular mind is just what we have sketched.

Our readers will find in another column a letter from Mr. D. Blackwood, in which he calls attention to experiments made at Washington, D. C., on the extraction of syrup and sugar from mature corn stalks, after the ripe grain has been gathered. If our correspondent can teach our farmers to get their meal and syrup and sugar for their families, and fodder for their cattle, all from the same plant, he will deserve to rank above the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before.

THE FERNERY AT ROSEVILLE, LISMORE, CO. WATERFORD,

The descriptive touches, reflective sentiments, and graceful cadence, of the following lines on "The Fernery at Roseville" are sufficient to justify the reproduction of them in this distant part of the world; but when we mention that Mr. Richard Power, the talented Superintendent of our Public Gardens, received his early inspiration from the author of the lines, (Mr. W. H. Baldwin, at Lismore Castle), they acquire a local colouring that will heighten their interest to our gardening readers:-

A few short years—it may be less—
And he who formed this curious grot
Must pass to other scenes away:
Say, stranger, shall he be forgot?

Will this cool cave, with ferns made green,
And rocks with softest moss o'ergrown,
Recall to mind the head that planned,
The hand that claims this work its own?

How many an hour from early dawn,
Till eve with crimson flushed the sky,
With labour love these cells he formed,
Or reared the trembling arch on high.

Here when soft sleep its influence sheds
Alike on youth and tottering age—
Here still he lingered thinking o'er
What work the morrow should engage.

So, day by day, he snatched betimes
An hour from morn, an hour from night;
And, slow but sure, each stone he laid,
Nor left it till he fixed it tight.

And thus, while patience and while zeal
Together in one business run,
All difficulties disappear,
And now his work of love is done.

Perhaps some few, with artist eye,
Will kindly view and closely scan
Each tiny arch, each hall and nook,
And ask, Was all done by one man?

Yet many more—the young, the gay—
With lightsome hearts, won't stop to view,
Nor dwell on this, nor value that,
But, thoughtless, hurry quickly through.

And be it so. Let each esteem
Whatever he sees, as best he may;
The work itself will still be here
When he and I have passed away.

But others will, on other days,
A visit pay to this quaint spot
And kindly say before they leave
"The builder should not be forgot."

Thus trifles over, such as these,
Our thoughts will fill and seize the mind,
And self conceit will whisper, too
That we should leave a name behind.

But oh! may all, whatever the lot
To them on this frail earth is given,
Build up, while here, a lasting home—
An everlasting home in Heaven.

W. H. B.

We have frequent enquiries as to the peculiarities and merits of the respective breeds of Pigs. The following article from Professor Sheldon's *Dairy Farming* embraces almost everything that can be profitably said on the subject:

Most writers agree that the different varieties of domesticated swine in this and other countries have been derived from the common wild swine of the ancient forests. Ages ago, these animals roamed at large in Britain, where they formed common, and often dangerous, objects of the chase for the nobles of the land. Reminiscences of the wild boar still remain in the names of places in some parts of the country, as, for instance, in the moorlands of Staffordshire, "Boar's Grove" and "Wild-boar-clough" are to this day the names of farms or localities in which, so far even as present aspect goes, it is very probable the wild boar was common in the olden times. The wild boar, it is true, long ago became extinct in these islands, except in a few remote localities, yet to this day he is hunted in the forests and mountains of France and Germany, while in various other countries of Europe and Asia he is not at all uncommon. In these olden times a large portion of England was covered with forests, in which the oak was, it is said, more general than any kind of tree, and acorns formed, in the autumn and early winter, a sumptuous feast, on which the wild boar fattened; the beech-tree flourished, too, in those ancient forests on the limestone, as the oak did on the clays, and beechnuts served the boar for food; grasses and the roots of plants he fed on in other parts of the year. His keen scent told him where the latter were, and his long and powerful snout soon brought them up to light. The snout of the domestic pig, though still powerful for mischief, is much less vigorous than that of his wild progenitor; domestication, removing the need for so prominent an organ, has already reduced it much in length, if not in width, and, along with the need for work in search of food, it has lost its pristine

usefulness. The pig of to-day has no need to "root" for food; he is fed regularly in the yards and sheds, his rambles at large being confined to the stubbles in autumn and to a pleasant hunt for acorns near the hedgerows, so that in some of the more cultivated breeds the snout has an absurdly helpless look, nearly hidden as it is by a prominent forehead and well-developed chops, and it is next to impossible to root with it.

By many of the ancient nations the pig was held in abhorrence, and to this day the feeling prevails among the Brahmans and Buddhists of India, and the Mohammedans everywhere. The Mosaic Law declared the pig to be an unclean animal, and the Jews were forbidden to eat of it. The ancient Egyptians had a still stronger antipathy against it, according to Herodotus, who tells us that if a man touched one, even by accident, he presently hastened to the river, and, without undressing, plunged himself into the water to be purified. Unclean himself, the pig promotes cleanliness in others. The Egyptians were forbidden to sacrifice him to any deity than Bacchus, and to the moon when at the full, at which time they were permitted to eat of his flesh. But the ancient Greeks and Romans thought highly of the pig, and the Chinese of the present day use it largely as an article of food. Modern notions commonly agree with the ancient one that the pig is an unclean animal—in his habits of life, that is, but not unclean to eat. We hardly think he merits all the abuse and contempt that are thrown at him. It may be true that in habits he is scarcely decent at times, as in feeding he has no delicacy, yet he is a very useful member of the community, and he provides us with many a dainty dish. The truth is, the typical pig is the victim of conditions, and is regarded as a sort of hereditary scapegrace in the community of domesticated animals; consequently, self-respect with him is at a low ebb, and though thinner-skinned than he used to be, he still has a rebellious disposition, and goes in for a good deal of unseemly conduct. His propensity to root, we suspect, will remain in force so long as he has a snout that is fit for the duty, and he will wallow in the mire still longer when he gets the chance; yet, despite all his delinquencies, we could ill afford to do without him.

In the British Islands there are many varieties of pigs, and these, again, are locally divided into sub-varieties, but with many of the latter the differences are so slight as to be scarcely worth notice. As a rule, the pigs of Scotland and the north of England are white in colour; those of the midland counties and in Wales black-and-white, red-and-black, or red-and-white, commonly enough white, or red, or black, though the two latter are not so numerous as the white; and in the southern counties they are most commonly black. Of the white ones in the north there are three tolerably distinct varieties: the large, the medium, and the small; in the south the black pigs may be similarly classed, though perhaps the varieties are somewhat less distinct as to size; while in the midlands they are of the mixed and indistinct character that might be expected in a neutral zone. We are not aware that the origin of these differences in colour has been, or can be, determined so as to exclude doubt on the matter, but the positive colours found in the southern and midland counties are supposed to be owing to foreign