

Stock Raising.

VERMONT HORSE STOCK COMPANY.

Owing to the recent drawing for the chances of service of the several horses, no doubt many of the stockholders, particularly those drawing prizes, would know something more of the relative merits of each, as they are called upon to decide immediately to make their choice.

Wallkill Chief, at the farm in Shelburn, by Ryslyk's Old Hambletonian; dam by American Star; by Henry, a thoroughbred. This cross, Hambletonian with the Star, has proved to be a wonderful cross, as it has produced the most celebrated horses of Hambletonian stock.

Claybrino, now at Barre, was by Relf's Mambrino Pilot, who has a record of 2:27 1/2 to saddle; dam Mollie Harrison, by Strader's Cassius M. Clay, Jr., who has a record also of 2:27. This horse, Claybrino, has remarkable trotting stock on both sides, and no doubt will be, in time, as celebrated for producing fine stock as Dr. Herr's Mambrino Patchen, of Lexington, Kentucky, a horse which he closely resembles in color, size and action. Mambrino Patchen referred to, is the sire of the three-years colt, Mambrino Bertie, recently purchased by Mr. Bonner.

Woodburn Pilot, at Bradford, by Pilot Jr.; dam by Mambrino Chief, (and is full brother in blood to Relf's Mambrino Pilot, the horse referred to as having a record of 2:27 1/2) has wonderful speed. We cannot speak understandingly of the speed of Pilot, Jr., or Old Mambrino Chief, only that they are two leading families in the south and west, including the Clays as the producers of the most famous stock.

Yorkshire Lexington at the farm in Shelburne, is perhaps as finely a bred thoroughbred as there is in this country, and has himself good trotting action. His stock is generally bay, good size and have fine action, many of them show speed. The thoroughbreds are more popular in the south and west, where the race horses are sought after. There is one or two features in regard to the thoroughbred stock worthy of mention. We think it is not generally understood in this section, that those purely thoroughbred, strongly resemble our old Morgan horses to a great extent. They have full, heavy tails, and are more compact in their build, than is generally supposed, varying in this particular, more rangy, longer necks and finer heads. In selecting these horses, the committee paid quite as much attention to the stock of the several horses. As to the horses themselves, there is no doubt they will do our Vermonters good, as they not only possess fine breeding, but have fine size, bone and color, and must give us good sized stock, for the carriage, coach or plough.—*Free Press.*

HOW FATHER CURED HIS HORSE.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he has so far to go to attend weddings and funerals, and visit schools you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, 'that's a handsome horse you are driving. I should like to own such a horse myself.' 'What will you give for him?' said the man. 'Do you want to sell?' says father. 'Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too,' says he. 'Oh well,' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with.' 'Make me an offer,' says he. 'Well, just to put an end to the

talk,' father says, 'I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse.' 'You may have him,' says the man as quick as a flash, 'but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.' 'Why, what ails the horse?' says father. 'Ails him? He's got the Old Nick in him, that's what ails him,' says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat run off me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him, I might have beat him to death and roasted him alive before he'd have budged an inch.' 'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?' 'George,' says the man. 'I shall call him Georgie,' says father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, 'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.' So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning, father harnessed him and got into the wagon to go. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say, 'Get up, Georgie,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by, he says, 'This is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I, so he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons—'

"Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiringly. "Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when they are off walking or riding, or hoeing in the garden."

"Well, father sat full two hours, before the horse was ready to start; but when he did there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner. All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him and fussing over him and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way, and the third morning, when he had fed and curried and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove tell what you said to Georgie, that morning.

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly 'edious for him to act so, that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody, that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good 'sample to all the other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on the nose.' 'And what did Georgie do?' 'Why he heard every word I said, and when I got through, he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it, till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheep."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him as plain as a horse could speak that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up to father ever since, for the trouble he made him. When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the bars and call his name, and he walks up as quiet as an old

sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats everything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him. "He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove, "it makes him think he's a folks."

BREEDING SWINE.

The present rage among American pig breeders to possess animals of pure blood, whether it be Berkshire, Essex, Suffolk or any other breed, while likely to prove ultimately of general benefit to the stock of swine in the country, is far from being the end which breeders should aim at. At a general thing, very few pigs are really thoroughbred, and from the now, in England, well-known tendency of the hog to degenerate and become enfeebled in constitution, the moment the refining process through in-and-in breeding is carried beyond a limited point, it will be well for breeders to consider if it is not more to their advantage rather to breed for feeding purposes, than to aim at getting fancy prices for fancy animals of a certain fixed type. It has been proved time and again in Britain, that the cross-bred pig is the one for profit in the pen. What is wanted is to have good blood in the males, with sufficient refinement of bone and smallness of offal, to ensure early maturity and quick feeding. Cross these males on sows of a larger and coarser frame with sound, healthy constitution, and we obtain a pig that is a good way ahead of the common sort. By keeping to the use of well bred males, selected with a view to possessing the points that go to make up a fine pig, without regard to color or fancy points in markings, we get healthy, thrifty pigs that will readily attain fair weights at an early age, on a moderate amount of feeding.

My experience in pig breeding teaches that it is better to use small but thoroughly well formed boars that are quick, easy feeders of their breed, rather than larger ones, and never to use the same boar more than one year. The boar in all cases should be smaller and finer than the sows to which he is put. A cross between an Essex boar and a Berkshire sow will bring pigs that for early maturity, good size and quick feeding, will beat either parent breed. So of a cross between a Suffolk boar and a Chester White or Cheshire sow. The losses suffered by those who stick to one breed and breed closely for the sake of an imaginary benefit supposed to reside in fixity of type, would drive them into a more sensible course were it not that the present rage for fancy animals keep up prices to a point that makes it pay, even at the heavy cost of losing many litters every year through want of stamina in the sows.—*J. M. in Country Gentleman.*

HOG WISDOM.

A Chester county, Pa., correspondent of the *Southern Planter* says: No animals deteriorate faster than swine. The trough is a great element in the character of a hog; he is amazingly like a dandy. To keep him in first rate trim, he soon eats his head off, yet if he has to hunt his food, even with the slightest effort, he soon becomes too enterprising to be a fine specimen. As soon as a pig becomes enterprising, he ceases to be a "Chester County White." Dame Nature soon fits him to his "new order of things;" his nose lengthens, his legs grow longer, his sides flatten, his hams lose their plumpness, and in one or two generations he is a match for any ordinary hog. If you want to keep up the breed of good hogs, keep no more than you can keep so lazy that they will not grunt.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD COWS.

To-day—26th May—in conversation with one of our subscribers, who is also one of the best farmers in Kennebec county, he remarked, "I feed my cows now, every day, on hay and meal." It was not necessary to ask if his cows were in good condition, and if they gave good yields of milk; this was a matter of course. Any farmer who, after his cows have been at pasture three weeks, still continues a daily feed of hay and meal, will not be disappointed at the result. As the pastures come to their height of feed it can be discontinued, and the flow of milk kept up until fodder corn comes into play again as the dry weather of midsummer scorches the natural herbage. How different this course from that of the farmer (?) who pinches his cows through the winter to prevent buying hay, and turns them to pasture as soon as there is a spire of grass to be seen; his cows, we venture, don't pay. But feeding well pays anywhere, and good feed makes good cows.—*Maine Farmer.*

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

EXPLANATIONS.—The cloudiness is expressed according to a scale in which 0 is entire clearness and 10 entire cloudiness, intermediate numbers so many tenths of the sky covered with clouds. The strength of the wind is estimated on a similar scale, 1 representing a light breeze of two miles per hour, and 10 a most violent hurricane of 100 miles an hour, intermediate numbers standing for intermediate degrees of force.

An abstract of meteorological observations taken at South Troy, Vt., for the month of June, 1871.

Latitude, 44 deg., 54 min., 35 sec., north.
Longitude, 4 deg., 25 min., 41 sec., east.
Mean temperature for the month, 65.88°.
Maximum temperature, (2d,) 89.0°.
Minimum temperature, (22d,) 51.0°.
Mean of warmest day, (2d,) 81.46°.
Mean of coldest day, (46th,) 54.90°.
Mean per centage of cloudiness, 5.77.
Mean per centage of cloudiness, (7 A. M.,) 5.16.
Mean per centage of cloudiness, (2 P. M.,) 6.33.
Mean per centage of cloudiness, (9 P. M.,) 5.83.

Amount of rain in gauge, in inches, 1.90.
Mean force of winds, (7 A. M.,) 0.90.
Mean force of winds, (2 P. M.,) 2.26.
Mean force of winds, (9 P. M.,) 1.20.
Direction and mean force of winds: From N. to E., 1.00; E. to S., 1.46; S. to W., 2.33; W. to N., 2.00.

Wind at 21 observations from S. to W.
Wind at 21 observations from W. to N.
Direction and force of wind, 8th and 20th, 9 P. M., W., 4; 11th and 16th, 2 P. M., S. W. and N. W., 4.

Lunar halo, 30th.
Number of days during which rain fell, 10.
Snow yet visible upon Jay Peak, 1st.

Temperature of springs and brook.—June 8th, No. 1, 46.5°; No. 2, 51.0°; No. 3, 49.0°; No. 4, 48.0°; Brook, 65.0°; Open air, 76.7°.
June 26th, No. 1, 47.2°; No. 2, 55.5°; No. 3, 50.0°; No. 4, 48.2°; Brook, 71.0°; Open air, 82.5°.

Temperature of soil, two feet below surface, June 26th, 58.0°; Open air, 67.0°.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF FLOWERS.

High Blackberry, *Rubus Villosus*, 12th.
Twin-flower, *Linnæa Borealis*, 8th.
Ox-eyed Daisy, *Crysanthemum Leucanthemum*, 14th.
Cow-parsley, *Hieracium Lanatum*, 15th.
Bush Honeysuckle, *Dicentra Humilis*, 19th.
Flowering Raspberry, (Mulberry) *Rubus Odoratus*, 20th.
Indian Hemp, *Apocynum Canabinum*, 30th.

A lazy chap has found out that working between meals is unhealthy for him.