

# The Lehigh Register.

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## A PARABLE.

By James Russell Lowell.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see how the men, my brethren, believe in me." He passed not again through the gate of birth, but made himself the child of the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings, "Behold now the Giver of all good things! Go to, let us welcome with pomp and glad state, Him who is alone mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread, Thenceforth the Son of Man should tread, And in palace chambers, lofty and rare, The lodged him and served him with kindly care.

Great surges through arches awoke, Their jubilee, their gladness, their awe, And in a church, with judgment hall, He saw his high and great altar.

But still, where, his steps they led, The Lord in sorrow down his head; And from under their feet, the stones, The Son of Mary heartily groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall, He marked great figures that went the wall, And opened their eyes, and their hearts, And the living foundation he alighted.

"Have ye found your throne and stars, then, On the bodies and souls of living men? And with what kind building shall endure, Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold, Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold; I have heard the dropping of their tears, In Levee and these eighteen hundred years."

"In Heaven and Master, not ours the guilt, We built but as our fathers did, Behold these images how they stand, Sovereign and sole through all our land."

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame— To hold thy earth forever in thine name, And with thy crook shalt thou keep still, As thou lovest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan, A low-browed, stunted, haggard man, Pushed from her family want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them, And as they drew back their garments' hem, For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he, "The images ye have made of me."

## GERTRUDE'S WOOING.

"I really don't think that twenty ounces of brains have come into the world for the last twenty-five years," said Sir Guy, testily—"not twenty ounces of brains, madam," he repeated, his eyes falling on the old house-keeper as she entered the room for orders.

It was a cheerful scene, that old breakfast-room, with its dark oaken wainscoting and quaintly carved cornice, the richly-embroidered windows opening on a velvet lawn, and the table with its snowy damask and massive silver. Even old Sir Guy Denby himself, silver-haired and feeble, his gouty feet stretched on an embroidered stool, his head now and then coyness contracted into a true British frown, looked the "fine old English gentleman" to perfection.

"Nothing wrong with the young master, I hope, sir?" said Mrs. Conly, respectfully, as her glance rested on the open letter in Sir Guy's hand.

"The young master is well enough," replied Sir Guy, "too well, indeed. He is getting my word."

"Master Guy was always a dutiful lad," replied the old housekeeper, with an air of motherly pride.

"Dutiful, madam?" the old gentleman exclaimed, intently. "Very dutiful, indeed! Listen to this, madam," he continued, taking up a letter that rested in a bold manly hand. "This is a dutiful way to talk to his old grandfather about the marriage he has set his heart on for the last five years! I cannot think, my dear grandfather, that you speak seriously in allusion to my little cousin. From what you have written, I should judge her to be merely a child, to whom I will pledge myself to prove a tender, loving brother, but nothing more. For the last few years I have, as you wished, visited all the leading capitals in Europe, mingling with the noblest and most beautiful of both sexes. I have lingered delightful hours in the salons of Paris, where woman wields all-omnipotent sceptre, yet I am returning home heart free. But my ideal of a wife is a lofty one. No mere prettiness or dainty accomplishments will content me. She to whom I surrender my heart must be—

"A perfect woman, I should say."

"To warn, to comfort, and to command," a woman high-souled as well as high-bred, mentally my equal, morally my superior." I appeal to you, madam, as a woman of sound sense," continued old Sir Guy, folding the letter, "did you ever hear such a treacherous high-sounding tom-folery before? The young people of the present generation, madam, are mad—as mad as March hares—and Guy leads the race."

"I think, sir, when Guy sees your young mistress's sweet face he will come over to your way of thinking, for a lovelier young lady, or a kinder, wiser sister in the family before."

"Paradise, indeed," muttered Sir Guy, regarding of his humble friend's attempt at consolation. "I suppose the next thing they hear he will be bringing home some slighty wife, to chatter her confounded lingo in my old ears, and dine off frogs and garlic beneath my very nose. But no! he shall never do that while I am master of Denby. He shall go to Calcutta first—to Calcutta, madam!—and lose his liver there, as many a better man has done before him. A perfect woman indeed," continued the old gentleman, growing quite purple with indignation. "Twaddle—all twaddle! As if my violet-eyed little Gertrude were not good enough for a Prince Imperial!"

"But remember, sir," mildly interrupted good Mrs. Conly, "he has not seen her since she was thirteen—four years ago, sir."

"What of that, madame?" said Sir Guy, sharply. "He shall marry her nevertheless, or not one farthing of mine shall he touch. Let him take Denby and its barren acres and do what he can with them, but not one farthing of the few pounds I've managed to scrape together. I turned her mother out of doors, and broke her heart like the old brute that it was!—don't interrupt me, Conly: you know it is true!—and I am determined to make up to her daughter, Gertrude, my little blossom, shall be the lady of Denby. Go now, good Conly, and send her to me: no one else can make my coffee properly. Tell Gertrude I want her, but not a word of what I have said to you." And old Sir Guy quieted down a little, and proceeded with his morning letters.

But Sir Guy's cautious warning was useless: Gertrude had heard all, closely veiled by the drooping vines that festooned the window, she stood, her fair head bent, her eyes drooping, her bright cheek flushed, her whole slender form trembling, in an agony of wounded pride and delicacy. Gaily returning from an early ramble, she was just on the point of entering the breakfast-room with a bunch of bright wood-flowers to decorate the table, when her own name, coupled with her cousin's arrested attention, and almost involuntarily—she was as it were riveted to the spot—she had

heard it all: Guy's careless rejection of her, and her grandfather's angry threats at his heels. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" questioned the poor little fluttering heart. It was her first intimation of her grandfather's intentions, although now she could recall many of his actions, and words that seemed to point out to her the future master of her destiny. "Your cousin will like it," and the despised study was resumed forthwith, the difficult lesson mastered. Poor little Gertrude! Even the golden hair, knotted so simply at the back of her head, was arranged in the classical style that "Guy" would admire. And now this was what it all meant! How this unknown cousin would despise the poor simple little girl who was thus to be forced upon him! And then the proud Denby spirit that Gertrude had inherited from her mother rose in arms. "It shall never be! I will not stand between my cousin and his heritage. The wide world is before him, and he shall not be such a fate. Gertrude Wynn may not be a perfect woman, but she is proud enough to proud to be bought or sold for all Sir Guy's wealth." And Gertrude's tender lip compressed itself firmly, and her eyes glittered with a firm resolution, as she quietly entered the breakfast-room.

Sir Guy looked up from his papers once or twice, and wondered what change had come over his little blossom. He thought of that look again, a few days afterwards, when the pale servant announced to their damaged master, that Miss Gertrude had come. A few lines, tear-battered and almost illegible, told poor Sir Guy that his "little blossom" had fled—from the fate to which she had accidentally heard she was destined—fled in tears and sorrow, but with strong determination, from Denby, forever.

Five years had passed. Time had flung a thicker veil of yew on the time-darkened walls of Denby, and given a richer bloom to Mrs. Conly's matronly cheek. They had looked heavily on Sir Guy's stalwart form, weakening and disabling the sturdy veteran, that so long had stood the stocks of Time. The old gentleman's voice was weaker now than ten days of years, and his feet, pained and enfeebled, trembled beneath his attenuated form. Sir Guy, who once laughed at such complaints, was becoming nervous. Sometimes it was from anxiety about his grandson, fighting bravely at the head of his regiment among the India jungles; sometimes he lamented his own ill-health—"an old man tottering to the grave alone," he often said, he had grieved for his "little blossom," who went away from him "five years ago."

"If I had not taught her to fear my iron will, to believe me relentless and unyielding, she would never have left me as she did. My blossom, my poor little Gertrude, where is she now?"

Where was she? Far away where the dark blue of tropical skies sparkled with strange brilliant constellations—where fertile valleys glow with blossoms unnumbered in colder climes—in half-civilized India. Gertrude had found a home.

Faithful among the graceful villas that bordered the English settlement stood General Denby's last days peacefully amid the scenes of his stirring youth. Incapacitated by age and feebleness from taking an active part in the war, he had spent his days in the sheltered home, watched with eagerness the conflict from which he was excluded, and his experience, won on so many a hard-fought field, often aided materially the deliberations of younger and more active commanders. His hospitality had become proverbial; his doors were open to the stranger, the sick, but above all, to the soldier. The gayest reunions in all the East were held in his spacious saloons, and the fame of the General, and the beauty of the graceful niece who dispensed his hospitality, were discussed in many a camp and mess-room. The "General's niece" was the toast uttered with a suppressed sigh by many a youthful son of Mars, who had found that fair lady as cold as she was beautiful.

"I only hope you will be—The Lord bless us, sir, there's the carriage, sir!" ejaculated Mrs. Conly, making a rush toward the window. The old gentleman rose nervously. There was a sound of strange voices—a rush—a bustle, the door flew open, and Guy, pale, sunburnt, but hardly, entered with a lady—graceful, fearful, beautiful—a lady with masses of sunny hair and beaming azure eyes—a lady who gave one glance at the feeble, trembling old man standing by the fire, and then flung her fair arms about his neck, laid her beautiful head upon his shoulder, and sobbed out—

"Grandfather, it is your little Gertrude! Forgive her, and love her again!"

There were moments of joy of happiness—blissful words of explanation—smiling caresses from the old man to the beautiful being who clung to him. Guy, dashing the moisture from his eyes, left the room, and returned with General Ingoldby, a stalwart old veteran, and Gertrude looked pleadingly at the two old men, who shook hands with the earnest cordiality of those who only have a little while to stone for the misunderstandings of a lifetime. And then Mrs. Conly was thought of, and was discovered for the first and only time in her life in strong hysterics, which she diversified by going off in a dead faint.

Mrs. Conly Denby, with a charming little matronly air, quieted the excited old lady, who expressed her opinion that evening publicly to the servants, that they all ought to be glad that their benighted night and thank the Lord, for, to her thinking, they had an angel for a mistress! And Gertrude—seated between her husband and grandfather beneath the sweet Christmas chimneys peeling from the village spire, gazing at the dear familiar landscape of snow-clad hills and valleys—wondered, in thankful thankfulness, if there was one on earth so blessed.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

—Domestic Canibals—Back bites.  
—Music in the soul—a clog dance.  
—Behind time—The back of the clock.

earth, and I will not believe you would trifle with such a love as mine."

"Cousin Guy! Cousin Guy!" It was the low sweet tones of years ago that fell on the ears of Denby's astonished ears. It was the pleading glance of "little Gertrude" that beamed upon him with those tearful eyes. "My good, noble cousin, I am not worthy of you. Can you forgive me for deceiving you?"

"Gertrude! cried Miss Ingoldby, what does it mean?" said the colonel, in a perfect maze of bewilderment.

"Will you forgive me? Can you forgive the weak, foolish girl who fled from Denby—the cousin who broke your grandfather's heart—the woman who, under a false name, won your love?" she sobbed excitedly.

"Gertrude—my cousin!" and the grave tones calmed her inexpressibly. "I told you that my faith in you, my love for you, were not apparently trifled with. You were not unworthy. Trust me as well. Tell me why you have done this. I have been blind, but now that you are related to the Ingoldbys. But why did you not let us know where you were during those long, weary years?"

"Cousin Guy, I was weak, foolish, desperate. I heard that you were to be forced into marrying me—the colonel smiled—and I—fearful that I—meant consent; that—that—here the gentle belle of the Indian coast broke down blushing and stammering.

"Well?" pursued the relentless questioner, though a gentle smile played round his grave mouth.

"I knew that you did not care for me, and I—yes, cousin Guy, I feared that I would love you—that my heart would prove traitor—that I might be persecuted—that—"

"That, in short, my lordship might gradually come to know the secret flower on English soil—is that it? Gertrude, how little you knew me!"

"But I did know you," she interrupted, hastily. "I knew you from your letters, for I heard them all, even that last one," and she looked up archly.

"That last one," he repeated, flushing slightly; "was the one in which—"

"You rejected my hand," she replied demurely, "and told us your ideal of womanhood. Do you remember it, Cousin Guy? A perfect woman, nobly planned—"

"Hush! hush!" laughed the colonel. "That was boyish nonsense—unparalleled egotism. Well, we are quits, are we not, Gertrude?—only you should have told me, when we met, that it was my word, I believe that Denby is dead, and drew me back from death's door; why did you conceal it from me, Gertrude?"

"Because," and she bent her beautiful head to hide the blushes. "I wanted to meet you as a stranger, Cousin Guy. I wanted you to think of me without prejudice, without partiality. Besides, when I first fled to the uncle—the General was in London, and you know—"

"The General was in London, you know—"

"I have longed so for a glimpse of Denby! I have yearned so for England, for home! My heart has withered in this strange burning low sunshine! Take me home, cousin Guy—forgive me, and take me home!"

"Never in all my life have I heard anything like it!" said good Mrs. Conly, dropping her eyes, and looking up with a look of astonishment. "I am glad to hear that you are well, and without saying a word to any one! And without telling a body whether she be white or black, Christian, Jew, or heathen! The Lord save and protect us, that we should ever see a wild Indian woman mistress of Denby! And Miss Gertrude's room, that never has been touched since sweet angel left it! And the poor old master, to see you so gentle and quiet, bidding every one have the place ready for Master Guy's wife, that whoever she may be, he will receive her as his daughter—he that was so spirited and hot-tempered once! Well, well, well, and who knows but she may have a train of us! An' poor Mrs. Conly, in a perfect state of excitement, went off to superintend her equally agitated assistants.

Yes, Guy was coming. At last all was prepared. The old Hall was radiant in its Christmas garb of holly and ivy—the park and garden in their festal garb of newly-fallen snow. The yule log sparkled cheerfully on the hospitable hearth; old Sir Guy, in his arm-chair, gazed before the fire, listened eagerly, and Mrs. Conly's heart throbbled tumultuously beneath her staid garment of satin.

"It was not like Guy," remarked the old gentleman, for the fifty-first time—"Not like him, to marry without my consent; but well! say no more about it, Conly—we'll say no more about it. I will receive her as my wife should be received."

"Only hope you will be—The Lord bless us, sir, there's the carriage, sir!" ejaculated Mrs. Conly, making a rush toward the window. The old gentleman rose nervously. There was a sound of strange voices—a rush—a bustle, the door flew open, and Guy, pale, sunburnt, but hardly, entered with a lady—graceful, fearful, beautiful—a lady with masses of sunny hair and beaming azure eyes—a lady who gave one glance at the feeble, trembling old man standing by the fire, and then flung her fair arms about his neck, laid her beautiful head upon his shoulder, and sobbed out—

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## DEEP & SHALLOW PLOWING.

The Country Gentleman publishes the following synopsis of the Report of a Committee of Observation, of which Dr. Trimble of Newark, N. J., was chairman, who visited Salem county, one of the best Jersey counties bordering on the Delaware, which was recently read before the New York Farmers' Club, and accompanies it with some very correct remarks.

A principal object of the Committee was to examine the effects of shallow plowing or cultivation, which has been practiced with great success in that region. In the course of their visit to a large number of farmers, they found but one who was in the practice of plowing as deep as six inches; while many went down only four or five, and a few only two and a half or three inches. The visit was made in the wheat harvest; but the corn crop, during a time of severe drought which then prevailed was reported to be very luxuriant. Dr. Dickinson had a cornfield of thirty-seven acres which was plowed in the spring only three inches deep. The corn is reported to have been of "good size," the leaves not curled or rolling, but green down to the roots and apparently suffering from the dry weather. On examining nine-tenths of the roots were found within three inches of the surface, while a small portion went down as far as one foot. On the farm of Allen Wallace they found a fine example of improved cultivation, the entire products having been tripled since he obtained possession many years ago. His corn crop averaged for years past from sixty-two to hundred-shelled bushels to the acre. He stated that he succeeds better by plowing rather than over five inches having tried both. On the land of Aaron Lippincott, the corn was stated to be of "most magnificent growth." He said he never succeeded with corn until his field was plowed a foot and a half deep. The Committee visited the farm of Josiah Engle, who stated that on his shallow plowed ground (only three inches) the corn remained green and flourishing during the drought, while on much of that which was plowed deeply the leaves rolled badly. Some years ago several farmers had tried subsoiling with no apparent benefit and it had since been given up. David Peit subsoiled twenty acres for corn, leaving a strip a rod wide; the corn on that rod was the best. On the farm of Elisha Bassett, who plows only five inches deep, large crops of potatoes had been raised; in one case 700 bushels from two acres.

In the experiment of plowing at different depths has been fully and fairly tried, the subsoil in this district is obviously of the deep, deep, deep character, not often found elsewhere. No one can suppose that corn could remain unaffected in severe drought if planted on imperious silt flagging with only three or four inches of rich earth. The leaves of a dense crop of corn ten feet high, as some of the preceding are reported to have been, would pump off and dissipate the moisture so fast as to be severely affected in a few days. It is obvious, therefore, beyond dispute, that this subsoil was so porous as to admit water from below in large quantities to maintain the cold growth. This is a case of water table subsiding, which usually opens the soil below and makes it like a sponge, was of no apparent benefit. This subsoil also appears to be more sterile than the top soil—proved by the fact, that when thrown up, it lessened the crop. But we are not informed how it could have operated in rendering the white drier, as is sometimes claimed, for the soil is not so deep, but rather porous; nor why subsoiling, which merely loosens, but does not throw up the subsoil, should make the corn less than on the silt not thus treated. If there is no mistake there must have been some facts not understood and omitted.

There is no question that the corn crop will succeed well on silt so shallow that they are not broken up by subsoiling, but that they may obtain at once the benefit of the decayed vegetable mould. It may be also true that the growth is accelerated by keeping most of the roots rather near the surface, where according to experiments with the thermometer, the temperature of the soil is higher in summer than a foot or more below. Is not this particular point worthy of farther and careful experiment?

With regard to the general subject of deep and shallow cultivation, no invariable and unconditional rule can be given. We might as well ask a physician for some one medicine that will cure all diseases. If the subsoil is porous, like that which we suppose to exist in Salem county, N. J., admitting moisture from beneath as freely as it is broken up by subsoiling, this operation would be of course needless. If the subsoil is permanently sterile it may not be best to plow deep, but some subsoils, sterile at first, become fertile and enriching by a few years' exposure to the action of the air. Has any of the Salem county soil been gradually deepened in this way?

If, on the other hand, the subsoil is hard and impervious, like flagstone, a result partly from its natural condition, and partly from the long continued track of the plow-horses in the bottom of the furrows, it is of great importance that this crust be broken up by the subsoil plow. It is obvious that no such subsoil could be broken up by the ordinary plow. There is still another condition where the subsoil contains largely the elements of fertility. An extensive farmer said to us that he would be glad to have inches of his top soil entirely removed—far behind that his wheat was much better where the under soil was thrown up by ditching. By deepening the plowing in the furrows had been largely increased. If the hardness of the subsoil rendered the deep plowing difficult, the intermixture of the two is facilitated by first using the subsoil plow.

All these and other conditions should be carefully studied before adopting extensively, or rejecting any of the different modes of plowing connected with deep or shallow cultivation.

We would like to have the experience of some of our Lehigh county farmers on this important subject.—Eds. REGISTER.

—This epithet is found in a Western churchyard:—  
"Here lies the Mother of Children Dead,  
Two are dead and three are alive!  
The two that are dead preferring rather  
To die with the Mother than live with the Father."  
Heavy, thus, on the father.

—The cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

## PRINCIPLES OF BREEDING.

LECTURE BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, BY CHARLES L. FINE.

GENTLEMEN: Your studies in botany have taught you that, in the vegetable world, the growth and perpetuation of plants are governed by fixed law. This principle of fixed law runs through all nature, the animal as well as the vegetable kingdom. In the matter of farm stock, its perpetuation is controlled by certain fixed principles of breeding.

There is a great difference in the breeds of our stock, and in animals of the breeds. Some fatten easily, and come to maturity early, and others do not. Some possess remarkable milking qualities, while others yield milk sparingly. Some are noted for their butter qualities, and others are fine workers. Now, we want to search out and find the various qualities that govern the transmission of the various qualities, that we may be enabled to will to breed animals that possess the distinct characteristics we desire. The good old maxim that "like produces like" is a good one, and it is safe to follow. But there are individual cases in which it does not always hold. If an animal has the power to transmit his own qualities, it is because it possesses them of itself, and two animals that are dissimilar, the one having the strongest inherent transmitting power, or the strongest fixity of type, will give character to the offspring. A ram and ewe alike will produce a lamb possessing the qualities of both parents, but they will be intensified, and that lamb will possess more power to transmit his qualities than did either parent. But if the parents possess opposite qualities, the case is very different. You are familiar with the rules mathematics—let us apply them here to make this point plain. Take two animals similar in type; let 100 represent the quality of one and 75 the other; put these animals together, and the offspring will be represented by 100 plus 75, or 175. But let the parents be dissimilar, and the qualities of the one be represented by 100, and the other by 75, and the result will be 100-75, or 25. This may not be strictly and mathematically true in practice, but it is a fair illustration of the result of such breeding. A ram long bred in a certain line possesses long-legged powers, and will be likely to produce long-legged lambs, but if he is mated with a ewe of a different type, his lambs will be weakened in his progeny from a low-bred ewe. If he is very strong in his power of transmission, he may overcome the power of the ewe, and transmit his qualities, so that in outward appearance the offspring may appear like himself.

A marked case of this kind I have had under my eye the past year. I owned a flock of very good cows, but of no fixed breed or type. Into this flock I put a long and pure-bred Southdown buck, from the farm of Thomas Buffum, Esq., of Newport, R. I.—the same buck which you now have on your College farm. The result was, I obtained a lot of beautiful lambs nearly as strongly marked with the Southdown characteristics as are the pure-bred College flocks. They strongly resemble their mothers. But though they look nearly as well as your lambs, they will not compare with them in breeding purposes. This, then, may be taken as a lesson, that in breeding, long-bred animals have the most power to transmit their qualities, and if animals possessing this power in different degrees are put together, the one in which this power predominates will give the character of the progeny. Mate a Galloway bull, for instance, with a native cow, and the calf will be a Galloway, but the mother will be a native, and so on. This rule holds good generally in breeding, though, like all other rules, it has, of course, its exceptions. Hence, if this position be correct, the first principle which the good breeder should bear in mind, would be to select a bull from a breed most noted for the qualities he wishes to obtain in the greatest perfection, and especially if the sex is deficient in those qualities. A bull, for instance, of fine bone, and other good points in perfection, will make up for the deficiency of some of these points in the cow. Breed merely, but those possessing the best and strongest hereditary qualities. I have heard practical men say they did not care a fig for the blood of the animal, but wanted one that looked right to the eye. Don't be deceived by any such notion. Some animals may be excellent themselves, but destitute of the power to give their qualities to their descendants. The Oakes cow celebrated some years ago, is an instance in point. She was one of the most remarkable cows for milk and butter of her day. Where she obtained her powers was never known, and she never had a calf that possessed them. Blood is of the greatest importance, and the longer the ancestry the better, for the more perfect the type, and the stronger the transmitting power. It is essential to have a good male, for he transmits his qualities to more animals than the female, has usually more vigor, and power to transmit. The influence of the male is more generally to transmit the qualities of his mother; therefore, if you wish to breed milk-stock, use a bull whose mother was a good milk-er. There are three general points to be sought in breeding: First, milk; second, beef; third, labor. Milking qualities are not confined to any race or breed, but are a characteristic of the species as mammalia. All high milking qualities have been fixed in certain stock, by their being long-bred for that purpose. The milk cow has stronger powers of reproduction than when domesticated, and the power to produce milk is hereditary, but the power to give milk in large quantities and for a long time is the result of breeding. The Texas cow gives milk; but a heifer from one of those cows by a pure-bred bull would be destroyed by her milk in her young by the sudden change in her milking organizations; her system could not endure the strain, her udder would be incurably diseased, and she would die. As good dairy qualities have been bred in the cow, great care should be taken that they do not deteriorate, for they have a constant tendency to return to their wild state. A tendency to fatten lessens the milking qualities of a breed, as this tendency separates the particles from the blood which should be conveyed to mammary glands, and deposits them in the adipose tissue of the body, so that high milking and fattening qualities are rarely found in the same animal. The completeness of the separation of the fatty elements of the blood, and their deposit in the oily globules of the milk, determine the capacity of a cow to milk and fatten at the same time. This quality is sometimes desirable, as in the London dairies, where the animals are highly fed, so as to lay on fat, and

## when the yield of milk falls below four quarts per day, the animals sold to the butchers, and her place supplied from the country.

After the storing away of the fatty elements in the blood, it will depend on the structure and organism of the animal whether it is deposited as fat or milk. One makes more milk, and another less from the same material; it depends upon which preponderates in the organism, the adipose tissue or the mammary. Animals disposed to fatten possess the first conditions of milk-making—the power to take the fatty matters from their food and deposit them in the blood. The influence of partition is to excite the mammary gland to activity, if the animal is healthy, and thus to form all the deposited fatty matter into milk. Some animals consume the adipose tissue, so that cow milked until they become very poor are difficult to bring up again and fatten. For dairy purposes, it is our object to breed so as to stimulate the mammary gland to activity, and to prevent it to do this for any length of time, the animals become such poor milkers, so that they are unprofitable for dairy stock. —So, to breed for fat is against milk; milk and meat do not generally go together; yet the best milkers, who are the best fatteners, are those who are bred for the purpose of bringing up again and fatten. For dairy purposes, it is our object to breed so as to stimulate the mammary gland to activity, and to prevent it to do this for any length of time, the animals become such poor milkers, so that they are unprofitable for dairy stock. —So, to breed for fat is against milk; milk and meat do not generally go together; yet the best milkers, who are the best fatteners, are those who are bred for the purpose of bringing up again and fatten. 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