

# AGRICULTURAL.

## At Husking Time.

At husking time the tassel fades  
To brown above the yellow blades,  
Whose rustling sheath enwraps the corn  
That bursts its chrysalis in scorn  
Longer to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids  
The cracking-cox cart slowly wades  
Twixt stalks and stubble, sucked, and torn  
At husking time.

The prying pilot crew persuades  
The flock to join in thieving raids;  
The sly rascal with craft inborn  
His portion steals—from plenty's horn  
His pouch the sassy chipmunk lades  
At husking time.

Brantford, Ontario. E. Pauline Johnson.

## Side Issues of Cattle Raising.

Not only is the raising of cattle now reduced to an exact science, but the utilization of the various parts of the animal which the butcher rejects is carried to a point of the greatest nicety. No portion of the steer is allowed to go to waste. The hair is used for plaster, the hoofs are converted into gelatine, the horns are steamed and rolled out for various purposes, the tongues are canned and the shreds of meat about the head are scraped off and utilized. The hide is cured, the skull is burned for bone ash, the tail appears in ox-tail soup, the blood is used in making rare and expensive dyes and chemicals, and the waste is used for fertilizers. This exact and scientific method of feeding and slaughter has had the effect of driving the small feeders and butchers out of competition in the West, and they can only afford to handle the poorer grades of beef, which are neglected by the larger firms.

## Some Points on Feeding.

At an Eastern experiment station, Prof. E. W. Stewart has formulated rations for milk as follows:

1. Eighteen pounds of oat straw, five pounds bean straw, six pounds cottonseed meal.
2. Twenty pounds barley straw, five pounds pea straw, two pounds wheat bran, five pounds linseed meal.
3. Twenty pounds poor hay, five pounds cottonseed meal.
4. Twenty pounds wheat straw, five pounds wheat bran, three pounds corn meal, four pounds linseed meal.
5. Twenty pounds fresh marsh hay, five pounds of maize meal, five pounds cottonseed meal.
6. Ten pounds good meadow hay, ten pounds rye straw, three pounds wheat bran, five pounds linseed meal.

Now as a matter of interest compare this theory with the practical work done at the mountain side farm. Mr. Havemeyer has been making careful tests of various rations, and so far he has found nothing to pay better for winter than the following given in three feeds during the day:

Corn meal.....	8 lbs.
Wheat bran.....	2 "
Ground oats.....	4 "
Linseed meal.....	2 "
Silage.....	25 "
Hay.....	7 "

The summer ration is:

Corn meal.....	4 lbs.
Bran.....	2 "
Ground oats.....	6 "
Linseed meal.....	2 "
Silage.....	20 "

Dry cows and bulls are fed:

Ground oats.....	6 lbs.
Bran.....	2 "
Hay.....	7 "
Silage.....	20 "

They are at pasture for three months in summer. Heifers are fed in winter:

Ground oats.....	4 lbs.
Bran.....	2 "
Silage.....	10 "
May.....	5 "

The average milk per head per day for 500 milking cows during 1890 was 162 pounds. The average milk to a pound of butter, 15 pounds. The average quantity of milk to a quart of cream, 15 pounds. The labor of attendance cost 5 1/45 cents per head a day.

It will be noticed that ensilage forms a prominent article of food. So far as we can learn, the feeding of ensilage is steadily on the increase among farmers. The number who have built silos and then abandoned them is so small as to be practically none. The silo has come to stay, although many things about the chemistry of ensilage are yet to be learned. Ensilage supplies nutritive elements and succulent palatability at the same time. The importance of the latter is often overlooked.

The chemists have done much toward dissuading farmers from raising roots for stock, showing that their feeding value is very small compared with that of good hay, corn, oil-cake and the small grains. The estimate of the value of roots made by chemists is made in a laboratory and not in the stomach of an animal. Intelligent feeders have become convinced of the value of roots for animals. They state that roots keep them from becoming constipated, aid digestion and keep up the appetite. Most say that they promote the secretion of and produce milk that is rich in sugar and caseous matter.

The results of an experiment in feeding milk cows for quality in milk are summarized as follows: Quality of milk so far as measured by its percentage of fat, was changed by feed to a much greater degree than was quantity. Two-thirds of the increase in average gross yield of butter fat was due to improved quality of milk, and only one-third to increased milk flow.

While on this feeding question it may be profitable to our readers to quote the following from J. L. Hills in the Vermont experiment station report: "In general it may be said that the limit of ability to assimilate a heavy grain feed and to respond in milk product is dependent upon the individual, physical constitution and nervous temperament of the animal. Up to this limit there appears to be no unfavorable effect upon the animal or its products. The financial effects of such methods must depend largely upon the make-up of the animal and the relative cost of concentrated feeds."

Following is a summary of the deductions made in an experiment on calf feeding at an American experiment station:

1. A ration of skim-milk and ground flaxseed compares favorably with a new milk ration for young calves.
2. The large gain came from the whole

## AN ESTIMATE OF PARNELL.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

Singular indeed is the decree of destiny which on the same day struck down two of the three foremost men in the Imperial House of Commons. Mr. W. H. Smith was his actual leader, Mr. Parnell has proved himself its master; and whatever may be said of his position at the moment of his death, the record of the last ten years cannot be blotted out, and that record may almost be summed up in a sentence. This one man, an Irishman, at first without a following and at the last with only a minority of one-eighth of the whole body, set himself to defy to degrade and to overmaster the most ancient and powerful and dignified legislative body in the world. And he succeeded. He forced Parliament to tolerate him, to listen to him, to give up its time, to do the work he wanted done, to register his policy in many and many an act to treat with him as an equal, to accept whatever humiliation he chose to put upon this august assembly, and finally almost to pass a bill for the disunion of the Kingdom it exists to protect. He entered in 1881 upon a struggle with the most powerful party leader of modern times, who had not only a party, but the whole force of English public opinion behind him in his effort to maintain the union of these kingdoms and to put down rebellion. In five years he had beaten him, forced him to capitulate, imposed his own policy upon him, imposed himself upon him, and become his leader and the real leader of what was left of a proud party with a splendid history. He had been, during this same period and after, the true author of the agrarian and social revolution which has transformed the Ireland of 1880 into the Ireland of to-day. There could not be a better measure of this man's transcendent ability than the difference between the two.

It would be difficult to name any ruler or leader in history who has accomplished so much with such slender means. In the first place, it is Mr. Parnell's work, and his alone. He has had no colleagues. He has had no domestics. There were among the eighty-five Irish Members half a dozen who have shown signs of capacity for particular kinds of work, agitators, rhetoricians, smart attorneys, and the like, but not one with one single gift of leadership or of statesmanship, Mr. Parnell alone excepted. He treated them like domestics. He appointed them and removed them and paid them. They were put to whatever work he thought useful. They did what they were told. None of them was in his confidence. They resented it, but submitted. They were aware of his superiority. When their chance came they turned on him.

What, then, was his mental and moral equipment? The second will not detain us long. His morals consisted in not having any. To him, scruples of conscience were so many political obstacles, and he swept them away. One of those Liberals whom force of circumstances made his ally, himself a man who could on occasion override punctilios, was wont to describe Mr. Parnell, as a man "sans toi loi." He stuck at nothing. He would tell the truth when the truth was useful, and the other thing when that was useful. He was a master of intrigue and of all the baser arts of public life. For human nature he had a sovereign contempt, and he believed that men were to be ruled by appeals to what is worst in them; and to that he appealed accordingly. The whole Home Rule agitation was based on that—the appeal, primarily, to selfishness, to covetousness, to what Mr. Parnell thought the natural desire of everybody to possess what did not belong to him. He succeeded. What other test could any political leader desire? He conferred in this way great material advantage upon great bodies of his countrymen, and he demoralized and debauched the Irish conscience. Is any material or political advantage great enough to repay a nation for its moral deterioration? When Mr. Parnell's services to Ireland are summed up, that, too, is a question that will have to be considered.

Probably Mr. Parnell had no liking for crime, but neither had he any detestation of the criminal. If outrages in Ireland and dynamite in London helped on the cause of Irish independence, he welcomed the aid of the men who employed either or both. The Phoenix Park murders seem to have shocked him. To all other crimes he showed a callous indifference, and some of his latest public efforts were in behalf of the unhanged scoundrels who tried to blow up London and assassinate Members of Parliament by wholesale. He will always be remembered as an Irish patriot. Yet the supreme passion of his life was not so much love of Ireland as hatred to England. It is not likely that he ever deluded himself as to the injury Home Rule would do England. He wanted Home Rule, and much more than Home Rule, for Ireland's sake, and wanted it all the more because it would impair English prestige and disintegrate the English Empire.

His abilities are best judged by his work. When you reckon up what Mr. Parnell has done, you have reckoned up the man. His natural aptitudes for public life seemed few; of the showier kind he had almost none. He was no orator, but as he had to speak he taught himself the art of saying with precision and perfect clearness what he wished to convey to his audience. He could calculate political forces with a precision not less remarkable. His study of politics was purely scientific. In his long contest with the House there was nothing which other men respected. He used the Irish peasants as Napoleon used the French peasants, and the conception was hardly a more terrible instrument than the evictions which Mr. Parnell compelled his confiding countrymen to undergo. Mr. Gladstone said they were sentences of death. If they were, Mr. Parnell pronounced them.

If his aim was not rebellion, it was revolution, and he announced his motto in his earliest speech: "All or any means" to compass his ends. If he did not join the Physical Force party, it was because he thought it easier to destroy the Constitution from within than from without. It was his plan to make himself master of the English citadel and to turn their own guns against the Saxons; for he declared that he would make the Government of Ireland impossible, and so he did, till M. Balfour appeared on the scene. He first conceived, or first put in practice on a great scale, the idea of making the Irish abroad support the Irish war at home. He opposed the Plan of Campaign, not because it was dishonest and immoral, but because he saw clearly that it must fail.

Every one of these incidents in his history are an indication of his intellectual character.

He could organize, he could administer, he could govern. Had he lived, he was the best argument for Home Rule. The man who ruled Ireland without the machinery of government, and against the Government who held it for so many years, in the hollow of his hand, could surely have ruled it with law and authority on his side. Or, rather, he could have ruled one Ireland. Whether he could have ruled the other, with wealth, intelligence, energy and most of the forces which are most potent in life, against him, is another question. It is doubtful whether he had any genius for war or for armed conduct.

Mr. Parnell's success in proving the Pigott letters forgeries was complete enough to blind those who wished to be blinded to the gravity of the judgment against him on other points. The judgment of this tribunal will, nevertheless, stand, and Mr. Parnell must go down to posterity convicted of complicity in a criminal conspiracy. He was, moreover, convicted out of his own mouth of duplicity, of wilfully deceiving the House of Commons by stating what he knew to be untrue. But the policy of the Liberal party at that time required that Mr. Parnell should be whitewashed, just as it has since required that he should be blackened. Each operation was performed with equal thoroughness and equal lack of scruple. The iniquities of the Land League were condoned or condemned, according to political exigencies. So were the iniquities of the Divorce Court.

The history of the divorce court proceedings, must like that of the Special Commission, remain to some extent a mystery. On one point, however, Mr. Parnell's fame may be cleared. He never told Mr. Davitt, or Mr. Gladstone, or any go-between who sought his confidence, that he was innocent. What he did say was that he should come out all right. And that he believed. There are others who believed it, for various reasons, good or bad. It is probable enough that if Mr. Parnell had left himself in Mr. Lewis's hands he would have been cleared. But Mrs. O'Shea intervened. This lady preferred that there should be a divorce. Her ascendancy over Mr. Parnell was, as it had long been, complete, and she prevailed. Mr. Parnell took himself and his defence elsewhere, and finally, as all the world knows, declined to appear.

His relations with Mrs. O'Shea had of course long been notorious. They were known to everybody who knew anything about him. They were beyond doubt known for years to those Liberal leaders who afterward renounced and deserted him because, as they said, of his adultery. It was not the adultery which shocked the moral consciousness of these sensitive natures; it was the legal proof of it in open court which roused them to the enormity of the offense committed by the leader to whom they had surrendered. Nay, it was not even that; it was the revolt of the Nonconformist conscience. I speak of the Nonconformist conscience now, as ever, with respect. If one cannot always think its judgments enlightened, its sincerity is beyond dispute, and sincerity in public life is admirable in proportion to its rarity. It was the conviction, the reluctant conviction, of Mr. Gladstone that he must choose between Mr. Parnell and the great body of his Nonconformist supporters. It was the reports of the agents of Mr. Schnadhorst from over the country, and from constituencies of every shade, that the Dissenters of England would make Mr. Parnell's retirement the absolute condition of their continued allegiance to Mr. Gladstone. Those are the true reasons for Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Morley, and the interval between the dates of the decree of divorce and the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's ultimatum cannot be filled up in any other way.

What happened on the other side of the Irish Channel proves that more sinister influences there got the upper hand. The priests saw their chance. There had been a long struggle between them and Mr. Parnell, and he had come off victor in every important contest. He had forced the priests and the whole Episcopal hierarchy to be his obedient servants. He had taken Ireland—political Ireland—out of the hands of Rome. But Rome has a long arm, and knows how to bide her time. She had beaten Prince Bismarck; she was not likely to give in to Mr. Parnell. Her hour came when the decree was pronounced in the divorce court. She struck remorselessly, and the blow was fatal. She deposed the Uncrowned King, and she resumed that political control which she has never admitted and never will admit to be separable from her spiritual ascendancy.

There was to be seen the most astonishing spectacle of modern times, a close political co-operation between the Romish priesthood in Ireland and the Puritans of England. It is unwieldy, but it is none the less real and at the head of it stands the one Englishman to whom Popery and dissent are alike most hateful. Never was there a more appalling instance of the lengths to which political ambition will lead a scrupulously conscientious soul.

It is idle to predict the course of Irish politics, or of English either, for they turn on the Irish. Mr. Gladstone may regard Mr. Parnell's death as a direct Providential interposition in his own behalf. It may prove so, or it may prove the contrary. But the chances are that the Irish party, as always before Mr. Parnell's time, will again split into factions, dissolve before the temptations of office, and become again the tool of English politicians. Mr. Parnell kept it perfectly independent and used it to one single end. It is not merely that the only leader is gone. The one man is gone who knew the whole Irish question. The others know bits and pieces of it. Mr. Parnell was a master of business, a master of details as well as of general policy. He knew the historical, the political, the economical and the social sides of the Irish question, all of them, and all of them thoroughly.

To talk of replacing him by any of his subordinates is to give up half the battle. Mr. Dillon, perhaps the best of them, perhaps the most honest, is a creature of impulse and rashness. Mr. O'Brien is a hysterical egotist. Mr. Healy, with all his lawyer-like cleverness and knowledge of parliamentary forms, and sharpness of mind, is just fitted to lead a party of street ruffians in a street scrowdism. The keynote of his character is riddicism. Mr. McCarthy is a man of letters, honorable, honest, able for many kinds of good work, and totally unfit for the responsibilities he nominally bears. Mr. Sexton is a fluent speaker, but volubility is the cheapest of Irish talents. Who else is there? The mantle of Mr. Parnell is not to be divided, or if it is, the future of Irish politics and of Home Rule can never be what he would have made it. His life and work

became at the end a wreck. He went to his grave in gloom. He might have recovered his hold on Ireland, or might not; but to say that any other, or any group of others, can take his place and play his part, is to say that a committee of third-rate incapables can do the work of a great leader who, whatever his faults, had at least as much political genius as any man of his time.

## Is Drunkenness Curable.

Is drunkenness curable? is the question discussed in the September number of the *North American Review*, by four of America's most distinguished physicians—Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. T. D. Crothers, Dr. Elton N. Carpenter, and Dr. Cyrus Edson. While all admit that the habit of drunkenness is curable, and that the appetite for alcohol can be abolished, they are unanimous in asserting that the only effectual method of cure is for the drunkard not to touch anything that can intoxicate, when in process of time nature will restore the tissues of the body to their normal condition and thus gradually cure the habit and abolish the appetite. As to drunkenness being curable by medicine Dr. Hammond is most positive in his denial that drugs can do any good. Dr. Carpenter speaks hesitatingly, while the remaining two do not express an opinion either way. Says Dr. Hammond: "There is no medicine or combination of medicines that will cure a person of the habit of drunkenness—that will destroy his or her habit or appetite for alcoholic liquors. Appetites and habits are not under the control of medicines." This is theory, and no doubt is science as science exists to-day. But theory has before now been obliged to stand aside for clearly demonstrated fact; and it would seem that this will yet be the fate of the view that drugs are of no value in treating inebriety. Dr. Hammond's emphatic statement is evidently intended as a denial of the claim of Dr. Keeley of Dwight, Illinois, that by means of a certain compound of bi-chloride of gold which he had discovered, he has succeeded in curing hundreds of inebriates of the appetite for intoxicants and in the space of a few days only. In this controversy Dr. Keeley has the advantage of having the living witnesses to testify in his favor. One who was himself cured by the Keeley method writing to the *New York Sun* recently stated that almost every day while he was there (at Dwight) men who had been cured years ago came to see the place again saying that they would rather see dear little Dwight than the scenes of their childhood, for they had been born again at Dwight. Whether the cure in these cases is permanent is yet to be demonstrated for, of course, the men are not dead yet. But that it has continued for years in certain cases is indisputable, and nearly all of those who have undergone the treatment are themselves satisfied that the disease has been overcome in them finally and forever. And this to a victim of intemperance who longs to be free will weigh all the criticism and skepticism of the physicians who proclaim the theory that a cure by such means is impossible.

## Snoring and Sausages.

An item of news in the morning papers the other day gave a glimpse of the skeleton in the closet of a certain home in a certain city. A man marries a pretty girl, and is glad. But the pretty girl is one of the seven sleepers. She sleeps when she should be cooking sausages for her husband's breakfast, and snores at that. "I did not think such sounds could come from such a pretty nose," exclaims the disenchanted swain. And finally the poor man, his affections overborne by the gnawings of his stomach, insists that his wife shall stay awake long enough to cook something for his repast. Whereupon she quits him in a rage and her father and brother beat him until he is covered with bruises. If this be just treatment what are the rights of married men and who is to enforce them? In matrimony most women, and men too, find their highest pleasure. But who shall say that wedlock is delightful when the wife snores in the presence of the raw sausages that she should be cooking for her hungry husband's meal? And who will enter into wedlock when he knows that resentment of such snoring will bring upon him painful physical chastisement at the hands of his father-in-law and brother-in-law? Such experiences as those of the victim of snoring sleepiness have filled literature with a cynicism that all women resent. Both the Arabs and the French likened marriage to a besieged fortress, because those who were within wished to get out and those who were without wished to get in. Montaigne likened it to a birdcage for a similar reason, while old Sir John Davies sang:

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been  
To public feasts where meet a public rout;  
Where they that are without would fain go in,  
And they that are within would fain go out.

Even the gentle and optimistic Emerson asked the question: "Is not marriage an open question when it is alleged from the beginning of the world that such as are in the institution wish to get out and such as are out wish to get in?" And now comes the snoring woman with the pretty but resonant nose that, despite the thousands who testify to the contrary, sounds a note in harmony with the poets and philosophers of distrust. But perhaps it were not well to push this complaint too far. It is recorded in the annals of matrimony that a good many husbands snore frightfully, too.

There are a thousand annoyances and petty aggravations about housework that are inseparable from it, and that only the serene nature is capable of rising above. The girl in the kitchen has no one to bear these things with her, and she has no way of escaping from them. The shop girl lays aside her work at 6 o'clock and no matter how trying it has been she may turn her back on it till to-morrow, but the house girl eats and sleeps in the consciousness of servitude. It is not pleasant. It is contrary to the spirit of our race, and we cannot wonder if they prefer a possibly less comfortable position under less refining influences if it offers them at the same time a few moments of independence.

The day when "old maid" was an epithet of contempt, has, thanks to sane humanity, gone by. Married women are no doubt happier as a rule than single women, but in the matter of "choices" and freedom—freedom to think, to act, to work, to realize ambitions or to be amused—the latter have an undeniable advantage. In "the age of woman" there are several years of quiet blessedness set aside for the maid, young, middle-aged or old. The single woman is free to cast her destiny in what molds she may select.