

plan which is productive of the best cattle, though not the least extensive. A second mode recommended by Dr. Deane, is to take the calf from the cow the next day after it is calved, and let it have only two teats of the cow to suck during the first week, three during the second, and all during the third and fourth; and in this way, he says they will be fatter in the end than if they had all at first. The teats which are not given them should be previously milked.

Mowbray says "the calf may be sold (or taken away from the cow) as soon as it has drawn off the beatings, or first milk, unless any coring or defect in the cow's udder or teats may render it desirable for the calf to suck a few days, in order that the action may clear off any obstructions, for which the *butting* of the calf's head is generally the best remedy. If intended to be fattened for the butcher, it must be kept in a pen, particularly dry and clean, suckled twice a day at regular hours, always have the first, which is the thinnest of the milk, and not be permitted to overcharge its stomach. Lumps of soft chalk are usually placed for the calf to lick, as an absorbent to neutralize those acidities engendered in the stomach from feeding on milk. It seldom pays to fatten a calf beyond ten or twelve weeks.

Weaning and rearing Calves.—A calf may be weaned by being gradually accustomed to suck milk in a pail through the fingers. Many are reared on very little milk mixed with hay-tea, linseed or other tops; fed on straw in the winter, and in summer on the common—such cannot be expected to turn to much account. The best cattle are reared from the teats well watered in good shelter, and full fed, until they attain their proper growth.—Warmth and dry lodging are of the utmost consequence to the improvement of all young animals. Calves may, however, be reared to good profit by being suffered to suck a very moderate quantity daily, the bulk of their food consisting of skimmed milk thickened with oat or wheat-milk; their winter food being carrots or Swedish-turnips sliced, and oat-straw, with a small quantity of hay daily.

Tommy Buck was brought up to take care of seventeen cows, belonging to his father; to drive a four ox team with Tib, the old mare, at the end of it; cut wood in the winter, and raise grain in the summer. At last! at the perilous age of sixteen a dancing master came into the village, and Tommy by dint of persuading, persuaded an honest old father to permit him to subscribe, and instead of chanting obsolete ball tunes in the chimney corner upon a water's evening, pumps, ruffles and a fiducial, reigned in their stead." In lieu of all, pigeon wings and "right and left" were heard on the barn-floor, and the ox-

en and Tib were left to "chew the cud" of supperlless loneliness. Tommy's ideas were raised, and his wits outright descended from his head to his heels, leaving his upper story to let. Straightway a ball was had, and Tommy shipped the shell of a fashionable, and wore gloves, and fell in love. True, he was rather awkward in mannerisms at first; but then he sported a smart toe, and acquired ease and impudence—and eventually, by activity and toe and heel exertion, capered into the good graces of Molly Reed, who could weave sixteen yards of shirting per diem. Tommy then set up for a beau after ladies' own hearts, and went to town to sell gown patterns as apprentice. [Being above driving the oxen in partnership with Tib,] determined to become a *merchant*. And so he did—and his father died, leaving him the bulk of his fortune, when Tommy determined to do two things, viz. cut Molly and keep a curriole. The first was the most difficult, but he had learned "a thing or two," and after a due quantity of tears on her part, the separation was effected and the curriole purchased. Tib, the only mare, the cows and oxen, were translated into two greys, and Tommy from a ploughboy to a fine gentleman. The farm, milking pails, pigs, hens and ducks, were changed to cash and style, and the balance over this necessary expenditure invested in the house of Tommy Buck, Landshark, & Co. And then Tommy went to the Springs and gammed, to the theatre and drank, to his counting house and whistled, and these were beautiful times. Tommy's credit was good, and he used it; his cash was plenty, and he spent it; his health fine, and he gave it a trial. Who like Tommy? He made love anew to a city belle, but the sly old fox of a father said nay. He asked a poet to write doleful ditties, and he said yea, and he paid him.—The sonnets were full of darts and cruels—and the girl married another. Tommy sighed and drank, and gammed and whistled, "to drive dull care away," and then failed. Tib kicks up her heels in scorn at him. Molly sends four chubby children to school, and loves her husband. His lady-love of sonnet reading memory does not notice him in the street, and Tommy has shipped to go to India at ten dollars per month in the forecaste of a ship.

Moral.—Pigs and cows and ducks and hens and old Tib with a good farm and money at interest, are better than greys and currioles, and gaming, and theatres, and style; unless one prefers to go to India at ten dollars per month before the mast—and so ends our story.

COLONIAL.

From the *New York Albion*.

In the absence of English advices we revert to the never ending subject of Canadian politics.

The late session of the Legislature has terminated in the usual unsatisfactory manner. The concessions of the King's Government have been invariably met with new demands, and these new demands have not only conceded to make way for others still more exorbitant and unreasonable, until it became apparent to all the world that it was not reform, but revolution, that was aimed at by the agitators. Still the agitators kept up a show of loyalty and attachment to the British constitution as by law established, and to pacify them, Crown revenues were given up, Judges suspended, Members of Parliament expelled, and Attornies General dismissed. At last when little more could be obtained, the grand dénouement took place and accordingly an attempt was made during the last session to subvert the constitution, by calling on Great Britain to make the Legislative Council elective. Now, the Legislative Council is analogous to the House of Lords a branch of the Legislature which was by our ancestors wisely placed midway between the people and the Crown, to resist licentiousness on the one side, and tyranny on the other. On this happy equipose hangs the great charm of the British constitution—it is the preservative principle which, by its wholesome and salutary action, saves from decay, and renders the harmony of the system perpetual. Yet this beautiful system must be changed! At whose instigation forsooth! Why the descendants of a few French settlers on the banks of the River St. Lawrence, in North America—men who are for the most part ignorant of the English language—men who are victims of the worst prejudices—who will expel a member from their own body without form or trial; or even a hearing—and who voted a gentleman out of a public office which he filled with great credit, because he had an English name. It is also a fact that one of the members of this body cannot write his own name, and when he took his seat as a Senator and a Lawgiver, actually made his cross at the Speaker's table! This, gentle reader, happened at Quebec, anno domini 1833. Yet those are the men who now seek to mend the Constitution of England, that stupendous fabric of human intellect which Mr. Fox pronounced to be the aggregated wisdom of ten centuries.

The object of the advocates of the elective system—a system which, however necessary in a republican form of government is directly hostile to that of a monarchy—is sufficiently obvious. The great bulk of Lower Canada proper, consists of French inhabitants, and as a matter of course, elect French Deputies: the Legislative Council, on the contrary, being appointed by the Crown, becomes a body of a different nature, and therefore checks the anomalies and extravagancies of the other