

New Potatoes.

Sir Joseph Banks states that the potato was probably introduced into England by the colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh to Virginia, in the year 1586. Be this as it may, ever since the potato famine in Ireland, many years ago, this excellent has had a tendency to rot wherever it has been grown all over the world. And it has been so ever since the varieties, after a few years' success, have, for some cause, but principally from the rot which appeared, and have become altogether lost. This will be evident to any one who will call to remembrance those kinds which were common in this country fifteen or twenty years ago, such as the "Copper Coat," "Pink Eye," "Cups," "Bluenose," &c. These have all had their day, and have been superseded by the "Tomsonian Ohio," &c, now becoming extinct from the same cause, and the gap is again being filled by the more recent "Carnet Chili," and its seedling, the "Early Rose." In the old country, the most successful originator of new kinds of this vegetable, was Mr. William Paterson, of Dundee, Scotland, and his marvellous success has made his name celebrated. Amongst the prizes carried off by this gentleman we may mention the diploma of honor and prize medal at the Erfurt (Hanover) Universal Exhibition; the Society's prize medal of the Liverpool and Manchester Agricultural Exhibition, at Oldham and Wigan (England); the chief prize at the Dublin International Exhibition; and in 1869, the Highland and Agricultural Society awarded Mr. Paterson their Gold Medal for his "Report on Experiments in Propagating New and Superior Varieties of the Potato Plant."

Since his death which took place in 1870, Mrs. Paterson has been carrying on his work, and has received the prize medal for samples of Paterson's "Bovina," at the Show of the Manchester and Birmingham Agricultural Society, held at Wigan, in Sept., 1870; and the first cup ever given for potatoes was presented by Sutton & Sons, for seventeen varieties of Paterson's seedling potatoes, exhibited at the Royal Berkshire Show, Nov., 1870, also twenty-six varieties of the same at the Manchester and Birmingham Show, held at Liverpool, Nov. 17, 1870. One of these was the "Bovina," a kind most valuable for feeding to cattle, being the largest sized and heaviest cropper in the known world. Twenty of these potatoes have been known to weigh eighty pounds, and as many as sixteen hundred bushels have been grown on a single acre of extra good soil, with special cultivation and manures, in Scotland. It is to be regretted that though the "Bovina" has been tried by Bruce, of Hamilton, Mather and others, at Ottawa, and by some gentlemen in the eastern townships below Montreal, it has not been found to succeed in this country, the season apparently not being of sufficient duration for its growth. Two highly enterprising gentlemen of Ottawa, however, at great expense, imported several others of Paterson's potatoes in 1871, and they have proved themselves very much superior, both as croppers and otherwise, to either the Garnet Chili, the Early Rose, or the Tomsonian. They are floury from the peel to the heart, and have, to a high degree, that nut-like potato flavor so much prized by epicures. The writer of this notice has no interest whatever of a pecuniary sort in the dissemination of these potatoes, but would like to see them generally cultivated as a very superior species for the reasons stated. The three varieties imported are the New White Kidney, the Victoria (white), and Prince Albert, (dark purple skin, white fleshed). These are all, so far, perfectly disease-proof, never having been known to rot in the slightest degree. The growing of them has never been forced beyond good cultivation, and they have at all times been propagated from whole potatoes. Cutting into sets was supposed by Paterson to be one of the causes of so much dis-

ease. It is known by potato growers that the Garnet Chili yields from three to five large tubers to a root, the Early Rose somewhat more, but the Prince Albert has frequently yielded forty-six eatable potatoes of fair average size, and a medium root will turn out thirty-six, and will exceed in weight, one with another, the Tomsonian.

We look with interest upon every endeavor to renew the potato stock of the world. The more really good varieties we can have the better. Our farmers generally are now supplied with the Early Gooderich, Early Rose, and other American varieties recently introduced; and we hope the same enterprising spirit will secure the diffusion of such English kinds as those referred to above. A little extra outlay thus invested, will bring a remunerative return, and be of public as well as individual benefit.

Crossing Wheat.

Amel B. Jones, Minnesota, writes to the *Farmer's Union*.—"The reason wheat does not mix when several kinds are sown together, is because the pollen discharges in the chaff and cannot get out until it is dead, and can act only on its own pistils, which die soon after being fertilized."

The above shows that wheat is subject to in-and-in breeding, which no doubt causes wheat to run out or degenerate. In-breeding, in wheat, the same as in animals, decreases its good qualities—slowly at first, while health and vigor last; when diseases commence, then it degenerates fast. Then the straw becomes each year more brittle, and is more liable to straw fall. There will be less pollen in the blow, and less vitality in it, which causes a great many of the small blows to fail to fill their chaff with grain. If a variety of wheat is run out, there is no use to try to improve it by change of climate, soil, or any other means. You might just as well try to make an old horse young by extra care and feed.

The longer we continue to sow Scotch Fife, the more care and better farming will be needed to get an average crop.

Wheat's not crossing also prevents its not acclimatizing. A few may differ and want proof. And they can easily see if they will take the best ear of corn they can get from any large field and plant each grain separate with equal chance, and they may not get two grains that will grow and raise corn exactly alike.

If you take a head of wheat and plant each grain separate, they will produce heads that are alike, and no choice head will do any better, but you can select from the ear of corn, early and late kinds, and by choosing the qualities wanted, can be made to adapt itself to climate or soil, and will never degenerate, because it is continually producing new varieties by crossing while blooming. I don't believe wholesale crossing is any advantage, because if done artificially, a higher state of improvement can be obtained, because the best variety can be kept pure.

All will admit that it would be a great advantage if the best horse in the world could be made to get his equal every time but that cannot be, because the horse and the mare are not exactly alike, and therefore no offspring from them are exactly like each other or either parent.

The same laws hold good in the vegetable kingdom, and as wheat is a self-impregnating hermaphrodite and both parents are one and must be alike, therefore they must produce alike, which makes it capable of the highest state of improvement by hybridizing.

If any one doubts it, one look at my new hybrids will convince him.

I have a new hybrid that will head sooner than spring barley, if sown same time as barley. I believe my new hybrids are far ahead of any spring wheat in the world, and will give the Western wheat growers advantages they never expected.

Stay on the Farm.

Look at an American home, and see what can be done by cultivation. When I look at one of our village homes, extending over a half acre, with house in the middle, fruit trees back, shade trees in front and flowers scattered everywhere, I feel like wishing that all of God's broad acres were made to blossom as the rose. Look at a flower bed and consider how much beauty we manage to sprinkle into a square rod of ground when we choose.

Let no tiller of the ground be ashamed of his brawny arm, sunburnt face, and hard, cracked hands. They are marks of noble industry, elevating and

refining labor. If it is elevating and refining to paint God's fields on canvas, or praise them in song, why not elevating and refining to tend them, make their fragrance, and draw inspiration from their very touch. The sweet-scented clover field, the waving grain, the rustling corn; have they no charms except to the painter and the poet? Some men have the same warm passion for ploughing that others have for preaching. It is their gift, and one not to be despised. No, to be honored rather. A creative genius lies in it. Some hold that, in order to make farming a success, one must think only of what gets his scythe and keeping the rails up. Or, if he admires a cow or a pig, it must be only from a moneyed point of view. I have no such theory. I can see no reason why it does not relax the mind, and sit a man for better labor on the farm, to listen to the larks in the morning, and the whip-poor-wills at night, as well as in any other profession. Then the farmer stands knee-deep in a clover field. A true one will think of something besides crowding the hiring just ahead with the point of his scythe to get an over-day's work. Let him swing his scythe gracefully, steadily; and, if it pleases him, let him watch the clover heads as they fall, and thank God that He made them grow so large, and smell so sweet, and look so beautiful. Just that thought will rest him. If you have a passion for farming, let no false pride deter you from it. If you belong to a family of six boys, and all of the rest take to professions, it is no reason why you should. Someone of you ought to stay on the farm. If you are the hardest, you are the one.

I am in a farm-house now—a still old homestead—which once was filled with the merry laughter of childhood. Gradually it settled down into the mature thoughtfulness of manhood and womanhood. And now it has died out altogether. The children have gone, one by one, and the old folks are alone. Any place seems terribly still and solemn after a gay party has just gone out. To father and mother it seems but yesterday that the children left for good, and the stillness grows stiller as years go by. Each yesterday seems sadder than the one before it. In this old homestead I have romped with the children, talked of ribbons and bows with the grown-up girls, and had a finger in all of the wedding cakes. Why did not one stay? The house is well furnished; everything looks comfortable and tidy. Yes, too tidily it looks. Everything is set back against the wall. There is no confusion in the dressing-rooms. Every book in the library is placed where it belongs, every paper folded, and not even a noise in the whole house. The chambers—how orderly they are! They were never so when the girls and I rummaged them. There is not even a rag sticking out of the bureau drawers. I wouldn't stay in this house alone for any thing. Let me down stairs quick! There is aunty in the garden, gathering sunflower seeds, and uncle in the woodshed shaving kindlings. How lonesome they look. I don't wonder. For six weeks not even a letter has come to break in upon this dreadful stillness. Well, I must go too, I can't stay if their own could not. The fields are lying waste, the fences and roots falling, and that old couple going to their graves, as it were, childless, because the boys all took to professions, and the girls to professional men.—Mrs. B. C. RUDE in *Rural New Yorker*.

Sugar from the Soft Maple.

Editor *Canada Farmer*:

Sir, — In looking over a little book, by a Canadian authoress, Mrs. Traill, the other day, I came across a statement, that the sap of the soft maple does not yield sugar. When this lady wrote these words she only expressed a belief shared in by nearly the whole of the rural population of Canada, as I find that her view is held by all with whom I have conversed on the subject; some even go so far as to maintain that good sugar cannot be extracted, under any circumstances, from the sap of the soft maple. Until very lately I held that opinion, also; but last spring a friend of mine, who lives on a new bush farm where maples of that kind are very plentiful, tapped over two hundred of them; he did not tap a single hard maple, for the excellent reason that there were none to tap within easy distance of his camp. The reward of his labor was 250 lbs. of really the finest maple sugar—and I have seen a good deal—that I ever saw. The only feature connected with the manufacture of it that he noted was, that it required a little more sap to yield a certain quantity than of the sap of the hard maple. He intends to tap 100 additional soft maples next spring, and is confident of a good yield and a first-class sample.

SACCHARUM.

Chatham Township, Nov. 4th, 1873.