

HOW TO FARM PROFITABLY, PARTICULARLY ON STIFF HEAVY SOILS.

BY MR. SHERIFF MECCHI, LONDON.

We have read this pamphlet with much interest. Mr. Sheriff Mechi gives full particulars of his management, and shows that if good husbandry will not pay—then in Great Britain there is no husbandry that will. He concludes his pamphlet of about 40 pages, as follows:—

“Take my own case as an illustration of the principle which I am endeavouring to enforce. The original rental of my farm was a little over 20s. per acre. It is now more than double that sum, the excess being interest on improvements; now instead of £1 per acre difference in the crops as compared with what they used to be, 14 years experience has taught me that the difference is from £3 to £5 per acre, and in some crops £7 to £9 per acre. The average yield of the crops now and before the improvements may be represented as five to three at the very least. On comparing notes with an intelligent neighbour of mine, he admitted that my extra expenses of £2 per acre, as compared with his, were more than compensated in my increased crops. In conclusion, if I find a heavy land farm properly drained, free from unnecessary fences, with good covered yards centrally placed, and proper and modern machinery; if I find it free from weeds, and above all, if I know that on that arable farm at least 200 lbs. weight of meat is made per acre per annum, the result must be a certain profit. Nothing can prevent this but gross mismanagement or ignorance of the business. But how few such farms does merry England exhibit! Truth replies, how few!!! All my life it has been my habit, in order to arrive at truth, to examine and compare various systems, with a view to form a judgment on the facts. I am quite satisfied that the mass of mankind do not adopt my practice, else it would be impossible that such miserable and unprofitable discrepancies could exist in Agriculture. There are none so blind as those who will not see, and if self-interest will not prompt our landlords and tenants mutually to improve, nothing that I can say can have that desirable effect.

“The food question is an important one: a month’s holiday to the British stomach would settle all our manufactures, commerce and philosophy. We must make the acres we have yield up a large increase, as we cannot extend them. It is true we are enabled to get corn from our neighbors by paying for it, but meat we cannot get, and unless much more meat is produced per acre than at present the prices will naturally rise much higher, and cramp consumption. I can scarcely have patience, when asked ‘But where is the money to come from for all these improvements?’ when I see daily the tendency to invest in every new speculation, British or foreign, except ‘National Agricultural Improvement.’ In conclusion, having proved my case, and exposed my farm for many years to public inspection, it is now my intention to sit down quietly and enjoy the privacy of agricultural peace and plenty.”

The time is at hand when in Canada we shall have to depend upon improved farming, if we expect farming to pay.

A FLOWER IN YOUR ROOM.—A fire in winter, a flower in summer! If you can have a fine print or picture all the year round, so much the better; you will thus always have a bit of sunshine in your room, whether the sky be clear or not. But, above all, a flower in summer!

Most people have yet to learn the true enjoyment of life; it is not fine dresses, or large houses, or elegant furniture, or rich wines, or gay parties, that make homes happy. Really wealth cannot purchase blessings of a higher sort; these depend not on money, or money’s worth; it is the heart, and taste, and intellect, which determine the happiness of man; which give the seeing eye and sentient nature, and without which, man is little better than a kind of walking clothes-horse.

A snug and clean home, no matter how tiny it be, so that it be wholesome; windows, into which the sun can shine cheerily: a few good books and papers, (and who need be without them, in these days of universal cheapness?) no duns at the door, and the cupboard well supplied, and with a flower in your room!—and there is none so poor as not to have about him the elements of pleasure.

THE MIGHTY WEST.—The scream of the steamer’s whistle is now heard twenty-seven hundred miles above St. Louis, in the upper waters of the Missouri and Yellow Stone.