

member, about eight or ten hogheads and fifty or sixty barrels of cider of different ages—the oldest was best; nor did he think any was fit to drink until it was at least a year old. That which I drank was three years old, and it was excellent. His oldest cider I did not taste, as he intends it as a treat for his executors. He complains that his stock was too small to drink it of the age he wished, but intended to fill another cellar. I here copy Mr. Nall's recipe, as he gave it to me in writing:

All apples fit to be eaten will make good cider. The grand secret is in cleansing it from the filth and dregs as early as possible. Each sort of apples are to be crushed and pressed by themselves. Two kinds of juice, both good, would if mixed, often make bad cider. Throw out all imperfect, sorry and sunburnt apples, as well as dust and trash. Crush your apples before much mellowed, as they lose their strength, soundness and spirit, if too mellow. Let them stand half a day after being crushed, before putting into the press; then press them slowly; discontinue it as soon as the juice appears thin and watery, the advantage of slow pressure is in making the liquor run pure.

Let your cask, previously well cleansed, be filled quite full, to permit the froth and pumice to discharge itself at the bung. When the fermentation abates, cover the bung closely with something that may be lifted by the fixed air that escapes during the future fermentation.

In a week rack off the cider carefully, ceasing the moment you observe it to run muddy; now stop the case more firmly. In ten days rack it off a second time, and in fifteen days a third time. In every instance the cask is to be cleaned and perfectly filled; and when filled for the last time, to be bunged close in a deep, dry cellar, never to be moved, until drawn for use.

Late cider need not be racked until March, and then one racking, or at the most two, will be sufficient.

Be very careful that no water, not even the little that will adhere after rinsing the cask, is with the cider. The smallest quantity of rain water will render cider unfit to keep. The addition of any quantity of distilled spirits is not only useless but injurious.

Mr. Nall's method is the result of long experience, and its success justifies me in recommending it to the public. I hope it will be tried.

I ought to have mentioned that Mr. Nall told me he had for many years tried various plans for clarifying cider, to prevent its souring by means of milk, isinglass, scalding and skimming, filtering through sand, &c., and found all useful, but is satisfied that frequent racking or drawing is far preferable to any other method he has attempted.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Farming a Business

Farming is not only a regular business, to be understood according to commercial principles, but it is a complex business, and for its best success requires the highest business talents. The farmer is both a manufacturer and a merchant. In either capacity he requires the method, knowledge, exact calculation, economy, and shrewdness which make a successful business man. In determining what crops or stock his farm shall bear, the farmer is a merchant. He must know the market, and raise that which will sell at a profit. Having ascertained what the market needs and will pay for, the farmer becomes a manufacturer, and sets about fashioning the goods which are to be sold. The cloth manufacturer uses his spindles and looms to make marketable commodities, the chemist uses his laboratory, and the farmer uses his soil. It is his workshop and his laboratory for manufacturing goods for the market. The first step in good farming must be taken in the direction of knowledge and skill; and the second in the direction of economy. To know the nature of soils, and how best to handle them, the knowledge of the requirements of various crops, and how to meet them, the knowledge of the use of machinery—that is, of labor-force and labor-implements—including men, horses, oxen, harness, wagons, plows, &c., is indispensable to good farming. But economy is hardly second to knowledge. A Chemist who sells for 10 cents, a pound of articles which cost him 11 cents to manufacture, the manufacturer who gets 50 cents for carpets which cost him 55 at the loom, will soon shut up shop. The farmer must get his goods to market at a cost to himself much below the market price, or he will soon enjoy the luxuries and amenities of the Poor-House. It is at this point that fancy farming fails. It is not hard to raise prodigious

crops if one manure his land with dollars. But to produce large harvest, cheaply, and at the same time to keep the soil in good heart, requires no mean order of business talent.

A man that is not smart enough to run a store is not smart enough to run a farm. Farmers are not to be made out of what is left after lawyers, doctors, ministers, and merchants are sorted and picked out. And if a man fails on a good farm, it is not likely that he will succeed in a store, for it requires more talent to be a thriving farmer than to be an average merchant. The one cause of greatest failure is the disproportion between a man's farm and his capital. A farmer's capital is his skilled labor and his money. If he has little cash, he must have no more land than he can thoroughly well manage by his own personal labor. Every acre beyond that is an incubus. One acre well worked is more profitable than 20 acres skimmed over. It is this greed of land by farmers that have not capital enough to work it that keeps so many poor. Small farms are better than large ones, simply because they are better suited to the average capital of common farmers. Large farms, with large capital, are better than small ones. But 200 acres of land in the possession of a man who has only enough capital to stock and develop 10 acres, leads us to one of two things, either that he pays taxes on 190 acres which he does not use, or, as is more commonly the case, that he spreads his small capital out over the whole 200 acres; and so thin is it that it is like a spoonful of guano on Grand Prairie. If a Lowell man was to build a factory capable of holding 10,000 spindles, leaving the rest of the space vacant, useless, a mere waste of capital invested, he would resemble farmers who buy hundreds and hundreds of acres and let them lie unworked and unproductive. If the manufacturer were to spread out his 500 spindles over the building capable of containing 10,000, he would resemble the farmer who puts upon 200 acres the labor and manure which would barely suffice for 10.

Farming is a good business for all men who conduct it on business principles and have capital according to the size of their farms. If a man attempts to run a mine, a manufactory, a bank, or a farm without capital, he will fail alike in all or any of them, but no sooner in one than another of them.

Farming for amusement is another and entirely different thing. Some men prefer dogs and horses; some men landscape gardens and fancy green-houses, and other fancy farms, as a means of agreeably spending their money and occupying their leisure. A farm may be a rich man's plaything. He does not live from his ground. His ground lives from him.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Cultivation of the Soil.

In order to obtain the greatest degree of success in the cultivation of the soil, and to reap the richest harvest, skilled labor must be employed. The popular idea has been that any man, with a fair intellect, could manage a farm and make it produce to its fullest extent, without any study of principles, and with the smallest degree of experience. But in order to excel in any branch of business in general, and farming in particular, he must become a thorough master of that particular branch of business.

The prominent evil of our population, under a free government, is that of self conceit, under the influence of which the feeling is engendered that we "know it all," without real theory or practice. It is a fact well understood among good farmers, that the soil yields returns in proportion to the skill with which it is cultivated. Ten acres of land, under the skillful culture of an accomplished farmer, are frequently made to produce more than a hundred, when badly managed and but imperfectly cultivated.

Many who engage in farming, labor under the impression that while most occupations require a preparatory apprenticeship, training and education, that of farming can be successfully pursued without such preparation. The fact is, there are few branches of business in which a thorough training and practical education is of more utility than in that of cultivating the soil. Practice and experience are essential, and yet these will not warrant success without systematically arranged and well matured plans, in the arrangement of which there is ample room for exercising the best and most cultivated judgement. Nor will "practice make perfect" in farming, unless we render ourselves familiar with the experience of others, as the term of man's existence in this life is too limited to allow him to

conduct a sufficient number of experiments to arrive at correct conclusions upon all subjects which come to him for consideration and decision.

The farmer should thoroughly understand the subject of draining, which is at the foundation; the most economical and efficient method of enriching and otherwise fertilizing the soil, as decided by the experience of others; carefully study the subjects of breeding and managing all kinds of farm stock; the relative merits of different kinds of stock, and the comparative profits that may be derived from keeping them; the advantages of a change of seeds, and the cultivation of different varieties of grain, root crops, and garden vegetables; the most modern and improved farm implements; farm buildings and rural architecture; the subject of small fruits and orchards; and the best mode and depth of plowing and otherwise disintegrating the soil. No branch of business gives a wider scope to the active powers of the mind, or demands closer and more exact thought.

We clip the above from the *National Agriculturist*, and as we have frequently advocated the views which the writer holds, call the attention of our readers to it and also request that some of them would give us their views on the subject of successful farming, and the requirements necessary to follow it out with profit.

Witches in the Cream.

Through all the long, long winter's day,
And half the dreary night,
We churned, and yet no butter came;
The cream looked thin and white.

Next morning, with our hopes renewed,
The task began again;
We churned and churned till back and arms
And head did ache with pain.

The cream rose up, then sulking fell,
Grew thick, and then grew thin;
It splashed and splattered in our eyes,
On clothes and nose and chin.

We churned it fast, and churned it slow,
And stirred it round and round;
Yet all the livelong weary day
Was heard the dasher's sound.

The sun sank in the gloomy west,
The moon rose ghastly pale;
And still we churned, with courage low,
And hopes about to fail;

When in walked Granny Dean, who heard,
With wonder and amaze,
Our troubles. As she crossed herself,
And in the fire did gaze.

"Lord help us all," she quickly said,
And covered up her face;
"Lord help us all, for, as you live,
There's witches in the place!"

"There's witches here within this churn,
That have possessed the cream;
Go bring the horse-shoe that I saw
Hang on the cellar-beam."

The shoe was brought, when round and round
She twirled it o'er her head;
"Go drive the witches from that cream,"
In solemn voice she said.

Then tossed it in the fire, till red
With heat it soon did turn,
And dropped it 'mong the witches' tread
That hid within the churn.

Once more the dasher's sound was heard—
Have patience with my rhyme—
For, sure enough, the butter came
In twenty minutes' time.

Some say the temperature was changed
With horse-shoe glowing red;
But when we ask old Granny Dean,
She only shakes her head.

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Address, W. WELD,
LONDON.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

From Australia.

SIR,—I get an occasional FARMER'S ADVOCATE through a friend, and look over its pages with interest, having once lived in what is now called the Dominion of Canada myself. I often think had we a paper similar to yours here, what different subjects it would have to discuss for the benefit of farmers, or rather squatters, to those which your paper treats on. You earnestly invite any and every one so inclined to make use of your columns with anything in which farmers are interested, and as people are continually changing, ever seeking for some Eldorado (farmers especially) where the earth will bring forth her fruits with the least amount of labor and expense, I think that perhaps a correspondence from the antipodes will not be unacceptable to your readers.

It is as much in the province of a Canadian agricultural editor, I think, to keep his readers informed of the advantages, or otherwise, attendant upon farming operations carried on here or in any other British possession, as it is to tell them what crops to grow and how to grow them, in Canada.

For the last few years we have been passing through a series of hard times, brought about by different causes, but principally, I think, by over speculation, by people seeking to get rich too fast, by ignoring the fact that prosperity, to be permanent, must have for its basis the wealth derived from the soil in some shape or other. Now, our Government are seeking to remedy this evil, and have passed a pretty liberal land law, giving everyone a chance to get on to a piece of land should he not have money enough to stock his twenty square miles as of old. Eighty acres of a homestead can be secured now by paying six pence an acre for five years, and improve one-tenth—either cultivated, fenced, or a house put up. The land offered now is free for relation—first applicant first served—and is what is known here as scrub land, suitable for coffee, tobacco, cotton, or any similar crop. Sugar growing is gradually coming into favor, and I think will prove a surer crop than cotton, though materially a more expensive one to put into a marketable shape than either of the others.

I have started a coffee plantation from the berries, and already see in prospective lots of things which are to be done with the proceeds of the bright scarlet berries, when matured. I have also added to my stock of tropical fruits, etc., one, a novelty here, from India, called the laca fruit. I saw the first one fruited here in the Botanical Gardens (the manager of which, by the way, was a Hamilton gardener). It had about fifty well-developed fruit upon it, of the size of a large Canteloupe melon, resembling in appearance very much the pine apple, without the tough, scaly outside. The fruit are scattered about all over the tree, and from their immense size, present a very striking appearance.

Grapes known in Canada as foreign varieties, that is, Mucats of different kinds, Hamburgs, Chasselas, in variety, fruit splendidly, and make an immensity of wood.

John Chinaman, who, I see, has made his advent into some of the eastern cities of the United States, has proved his ability here also to undersell everyone at market gardening.

We are supplied with European fruit trees of nearly all kinds from Sydney, but the stock is evidently refuse, such as cannot well be disposed of there.

This is rather a rambling kind of communication, but if you see anything in it of interest, make the most of it in your own shape. It may contain something looked for by some of your readers.

Yours, &c.,

QUEENSLANDER.

Ipswich, Queensland,
Australia, May 15, 1870.

*—Messrs. Thurston & Denison, of the Beaver Mutual Insurance Company, have paid claims for losses by fire, near Ottawa, to the amount of about \$15,000. It is believed the liabilities will not exceed \$55,000.

—A Canadian gentleman tells the story of a young girl who, having become insane from the conduct of a stranger who had betrayed her, exhumed the body of her dead child, and used to carry the skeleton around with her for years.

—The boy Mercer, convicted of the murder of Mr. Dean, of Goderich, seems rather weak in intellect, and is so ignorant that he can hardly read or write. Some years ago he received an injury in the head from the kick of a horse.