

properly done. If there is any danger of its running too much to leaf and stalk, which would be a rare occurrence, plant a smaller variety, and allow a larger number of stalks to grow. The succeeding barley, oats or peas, will receive a decided help from it—especially if the soil has a sufficient quantity of clay to hold the manure; and in good wheat districts, its effects will be sufficient to obviate anything further than a top-dressing. But if the soil is of moderate fertility, or if a heavy crop of oats precede the wheat (these two contingencies should never unite) an application before a shallow ploughing, with thorough intermixture by the harrow, may prove advantageous, in addition to the top-dressing at or near the time the wheat is sown.

We have not yet met the farmer who could make enough manure to obviate the necessity of using clover as a fertilizer, and a combination of the two generally gives excellent results. Manure spread on clover sod in autumn, as we frequently had occasion to urge, is the best practicable or profitable preparation of ground for inverting the following spring for the reception of seed corn. It is worth double and sometimes triple an equal application in spring just before ploughing under. Spreading the manure over such a clover sod, as it accumulates in winter, is greatly superior to spring application, although not equal to autumn manuring on the sod.

As a general outline of directions, we would therefore recommend—

1. To draw out and spread in winter all manure short enough to turn under for corn.
2. To heap up for rotting down all that is too coarse or long for spring.
3. To apply these heaps to sod intended for corn the next year, or to wheat fields after the last ploughing, doing the work in portions at a time, as the last ploughing progresses, so as not to tread the mellow soil with the teams or the wagons.
4. If applied in spring, break the manure and intermix it with the soil by harrowing and then ploughing in. Ground intended for ruta bagas may be thus prepared well, as plenty of time is allowed for intermixture and preparation.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE HUMOUR OF FARMING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is some humour connected with farming. The newspapers inform me that I own a model farm, and that I derive a large profit from farming. So I do. But it is profit in the higher faculties, and not in the pocket. A gentleman from Baltimore wrote to me as follows:—

“Dear Sir—I see by the papers that your farm netted you last year thirty-six thousand dollars. Will you tell me what crops you raise, and what is your method? I have a farm of 200 acres near this city, and I have never yet been

able to make it pay expenses. Will you tell me how I can make it as profitable as yours?”

My reply was (though I never sent it), “Dear Sir: Don’t change a particle. Keep on just as you have done, and your farm and mine will be as like as two peas. Your farm is already just as profitable as mine. Truly yours.”

It is a matter of surprise how much money may be buried in a small piece of ground. Indeed, many gentlemen are surprised. Simple as a smiling piece of ground looks, as it lies before your contemplative eyes, it will prove a match for your cunning. To drain it (and every piece of ground, wet or dry, should be underlaid with drain tile), to deepen it (and no farm except mere sand is well ploughed that has not been mellowed eighteen inches deep), to gather off the stones, to dig out boulders and blast the rocks, to lay boundary walls, to enrich the whole with abundance of manure; but, above all, to do a goodly amount of grading, will prevent any man hoarding his money.

Then one must take account of work done twice and thrice over, because you did not know how to do it right the first time. Drains two feet deep, that must go down four feet; trees set where you don’t want them and moved to where you don’t want them either, and moved again; fancy crops, by which I mean crops from seed for which you pay extravagant prices, whose yield is in an inverse ratio to the descriptions upon which you bought—these, together with experimental manure, and new machines for saving labor, and newer machines, and machines still newer, will give one an agreeable relaxation if he is fond of spending his money.

But if a man is conceited, and desires to be brought to a realizing sense of his proper place in creation, I advise him to attempt grading. Grading is the art of recreating the world. It makes valleys where nature made hills. It makes hills where the ages have made valleys. It changes a northern slope into a southern one. It smooths off the undulating face of grounds, as a flat-iron takes out the wrinkles and creases of a sheet or table-cloth. One has no idea how thoroughly the world was made until he undertakes to remake it. I never admired hills as much as since I made a small one. I got it up about four feet high, and stopped. It was a good lesson. I now look with an increased respect upon the neighbouring hills. I had before no conception of what it cost to make them.

[NOTE BY ED. O. F.]—We had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Beecher at his farm in September of last year, and of course asked many questions about his agricultural operations, among the rest, whether his farming paid. He replied not yet pecuniarily, though he could see the two ends of the string, and hoped to bring them together before long. He added with a sigh, it was astonishing how much money a man