

our favourite for wild as well as for other land—*raps*. Only fancy the yield of a crop of grain on these unaccustomed hills after the sheep-fold ! Mutton is very much sought after in the States, more than it ever was, and we do believe that there, in Stow, Sudbury, and Marlboro—why the very names smell of sheep, for the old county Stow, Sudbury, and Marlboro, respectively, in Buckinghamshire, Suffolk, and Wiltshire, are all on the chalk hills—these three places, we say cannot help, their situation being what it is, bringing in a good income to a careful man who will invest his capital there in a good, useful flock of sheep.

*The crops.*—A very peculiar season this, and one that we do not hope to see repeated. If there were a little sun now and then, it is possible that the very heavy crops of oats and pease might ripen, but scrawled all about as they are, they look more ready to rot than to ripen. A queer idea we heard the other day: the pease, in what the French call *goudriole* in some parts and *gabourage* in others, that is, the mixed crops of grain and pulse, act as a support to the oats ! If our friend, who told us this, could see the field that lies—at least the crop does—recumbent just outside our window !

The maize is very fine, though, owing to the persistent rainfall, there is more couch grass in it than there ought to be. Is anything gained by over-manuring light land for grain-crops ? A heavy dressing of dung, after a field has lain for 5 or 6 years in pasture, cannot be necessary. In the mean time, fields that lie a little out of the way never feel the dung-cart, and this is, we regret to say, too common in sight in this district.

The hay-crop was of course very light as well as very late, only finishing to-day, August 3rd. The quality too will turn out but poor, as there was no *top*-grass, all that there was being a sort of second crop, with a few heads of dead timothy among it. We should prefer good oat straw, cut pretty green, which, as there is a vast mass of clover this season with it, must make pretty good fodder. Is it wise to feed down closely the after-grass in places exposed to be left bare all the latter winter by the wind drifting off the snow ? We trow not.

The root crop, as we mentioned in our last, is in a parlous state ! The grass completely hid the mangels, until one looked down upon them, and yesterday there were two girls—endowed with

ineffable patience, we should hope—busily engaged in pulling up the “water grass” (not couch) by the roots. What the cost of this will be goodness knows ; there cannot be a quarter of a crop anyhow, and the labour expended must be enormous.

To-morrow I hope to look over Mr. Referd’s farm, when I expect to see something very different to the above.

An experiment in the preservation of brewers’ grains was tried some years ago by Mr. Henry Alleopp, the “India Pale-Ale” brewer of Burton-upon Trent, which seems to have answered capitally. Grains, as every one who uses them knows, are much cheaper in the summer, when every kind of grain-fodder is plentiful, than in winter, when, except where siloes are in vogue, succulent cattle-food is hard to come by. As for the ontory of some inexperienced people against the feeding of cows on grains, the experience of countless thousands, we might without much or any exaggeration, say millions of the English people, knocks that absurdity on the head.

Well, the plan pursued by Mr. Allsopp was, as nearly as we can describe it, something like this : a number of large, worn out butts were taken and filled with grain, hot from the mash tub ; these, as they were filled up were well trodden down by men, a sprinkling of salt being scattered over them every few inches. Over the grains, when the butts were full, was put a layer of spent hops, and a top of all, a well beaten layer of moistened clay. At the end of twelve months, the butts were opened and the grains was found to be as sweet and free from mould as they when put in.

*Pig-food.*—“Curiously enough,” said Mr. Grisdale, in his lecture on pig-feeding for bacon, last December, at St. Jérôme, “we found at the Guelph Agricultural College, that pigs did better on sour skim-milk than on sweet skim-milk.” Curiously enough, Arthur Young, “a plain Suffolk farmer” as Macaulay calls him somewhere, whose “Travels through France,” with its clear and wonderfully concise description of the agricultural practice of the north of France I have the good fortune to possess, this very Arthur Young made the discovery that pigs do better on sour than on sound food more than a hundred years ago, somewhere about 1784. He relates, in one