

To be in debt
Brings out the sweat.

No half cooked meat
Is fit to eat.

A woman who sneezes
Ought not to make cheeses;
Put her hands in a muff,
Or ever take snuff.

When the wind is east and turkeys gobble,
It is no time a horse to hobble;
But let him range to catch the breeze—
Should he be troubled with the heaves.

An ox with broad horns and short glossy hair,
Is good for the team, the market, or fair.

On white foot is bad, and two are too many,
That horse is best that does not have any.

A farmer without hogs,
But an army of dogs,
Will have more puppies than pork;
For the swill will be lost,
To the husbandman's cost,—
A dog's good for nothing to work.

The slackest farmer, strange to say,
Is known for being out of hay.

It does not pay in any way,
To milk a cow three times a day.

When chickens roost above the mow,
It spoils the hay for horse or cow.

The well-bred daughter for a farmer,
A prudent helpmeet and a charmer.

It is no place to set poles,
Where moles or mice have dug their holes.

Cobs make no food for kine to eat,
But they are good for smoking meat.

Pork and beans make muscles strong—
Something farmers seek;
It is a dish to make life long,
When cooked but once a week.

A slovenly dress, a shabby pate,
The fences down, a broken gate,
Pigs in the garden, weeds very high,
Children unwashed—no bacon to fry—
Lots of great dogs and yawling tom cats,
Windows repaired with a dozen old hats,
An empty barn—not a spear of hay,
Cows in the clover, horse run away,
Things sold by guess without being weighed,
Bills coming in and taxes unpaid—
Pipes and tobacco—whisky—neglect,
Drag in their train, as we might expect,
All sorts of trouble to fret away life—
But worst of the whole, an unhappy wife.

Many estates are lost in the getting,
Since men have forsaken hewing and splitting,
And women their sewing and knitting.

A mackerel sky—
The wind will be high,
Then bring in the grain,
Close by there is rain.

A smoky chimney may be cured,
A scolding woman not endured,
A farmer's wife, like cream or curd—
Is to be seen but seldom heard.

If you would thrive,
Be up by five;
For there is health
And certain wealth,
When at the plough,
Or milking cow.

A farmer at home should be found,
And often looking at his ground—
Inspecting fields, repairing fence—
For dollars come by saving pence.

Clear the soil from moles and slugs,
Prune the trees—keep off the bugs,
Then fruits and melons, rich and fair,
Will recompense for all your care.

Rutabaga, carrots and beets,
Improve the character of meats;
They make good beef, and quicker too,
Than any other feed will do.

At the farmer's cost
Is an early frost.
Exercise reason—
Harvest in season.

Of all the crops a farmer raises,
Or capital employs,
None brings such comforts and such praises,
As a crop of girls and boys.

Toronto, 10th March, 1869.

To the Editor of the ONTARIO FARMER.

SIR,—When I wrote you last (February, 1868,) enclosing a very discouraging balance sheet for 1867, I promised, if spared to reap another harvest, to send you the results. That promise I now beg to redeem, and herewith forward you my balance sheet for 1868. I also send you my minute details of the gross amount of farm produce raised and acreage cultivated by me in the past year.

As you are aware, 1868 has on the whole been a very unfavorable year for farmers. At any rate, on the heavy undrained clay soils the extreme drought of last summer told most unfavorably, especially when the crops were sown late. In addition to the deficient yield, we had, with the exception of barley, low prices for all our produce, at least, those of us who did not sell until the year turned, realized poor prices. Those who sold in the fall, averaged fully 20 cents, (twenty cents) per bushel more, yet, notwithstanding these very serious drawbacks, my balance sheet shows \$260 68 to the credit, not a large profit certainly, but still under the circumstances as much as I expected.

I summer-fallowed 10 acres last year and have it now in fall wheat, of which 2½ acres are in English wheat, from seed that I imported last year. I hope it will escape being winter-killed, if so, taking all into account, won't I have good reason to thank God and take courage?