

of stock he can raise; and without stock, 'no manure,' without manure 'no crops,' and without crops, 'no stock.' And it must be remembred that although much has been attained by the introduction of many most valuable auxiliaries to supply some of the important matter, still a large supply must come from the fold-yard and compost heap, to render the others as valuable as they should be.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the British farmer pays at a high rate for the land he operates upon, in rent and taxes, and oftentimes expends more in the purchase of manures than the fee simple of the land would cost in Canada.

The severity of our winter is much against the Canadian farmer, but his seed-time and harvest is not equalled in the British Isles, and the quality of the soil, taken acre for acre, will certainly not suffer in comparison with that of England.

#### EWES AND RAMS.

Many are the opinions and very diverse, as to the proper season for turning the Rams to the Ewes in this part of the Province; and as it is a matter of some importance, we would be glad to hear from some of our readers on the subject.—There are some few so careless as to let the Ram be at large at all times; some allow the intercourse as early as October and others as late as January, each having their different theories. Some few years since, when no shelter was prepared for the poor animal, and when the protection of the lee side of a barn or shed, or even fence, was denied them by the more powerful animals throughout the most inclement seasons, and when a scanty subsistence was procured by scratching through the snow, to reach the sour frozen herbage of the field; or the worst portion of the fodder of the yard, shared alike by cattle and young horses, and trodden under foot by the pigs, was thought sufficient for their support. And when root crops were not grown or stored to keep them in condition, then indeed it was necessary to have the lambs dropped before the beginning of June, when there might be subsistence for the dam and her offspring; but now that the turnip and carrot are or may be grown in abundance, and can be easily stored, there can be no occasion for such late lambing; which by keeping them so long on the mother before weaning, involves the farther difficulty of turning

the lamb off at a period when there is not sufficient herbage to supply the lack of the mother's milk,—and leaving the Ewe the very worst season to recruit her strength for another period of gestation,—this, we think the main cause for the deterioration in many of the flocks.

There is yet another objection to this practice: the flock should be shorn by the last of May, and in washing, prior to shearing, much danger is incurred in handling ewes before lambing.

Sheep should not be allowed to get out of condition; but they do so, a few thriving old crones excepted, and it cannot be conceived otherwise than that the Ewe, to do justice to her offspring, should be far removed from poverty; and we certainly think, that if the needful food and shelter be provided, lambs may with perfect safety and little loss be dropped to be remunerative by the first of April. If intended for the butcher, the earliest command the best price (such as it is), or if for home consumption, the fleece will be increased in weight and value; and if kept for stock, the wethers at least might be profitably shorn at the end of August.

**GOOD FARMING.**—Now, here is the secret of good farming—you cannot take from the land more than you restore to it, in some shape or other, without ruining it and so destroying your capital. Different soils may require different modes of treatment and cropping, but in every variety of soil these are the golden rules to attend to:—Drain until you find that the water that falls from heaven does not stagnate on the soil; but runs through it and off it freely. Turn up and till the land until your foot sinks into a loose powdery loam that the sun and air readily pass through. Let no weed occupy the space where a useful plant could possibly grow. Collect every particle of manure that you can, whether liquid or solid.—Let nothing on the farm go to waste. Put in your crops in that course which experience has shown to lead to success in their growth, and to an enrichment and not impoverishment of the land. Give every plant room to spread its roots in the soil, and leaves in the air. See that your house is as dry and airy as possible, and that you have not a dunghill or a stagnant pond before your door or window. Finally, encourage your family in habits of industry, and of preparing the food which you raise from the land, so as to produce the most wholesome and economical meals.—*Scottish Farmer.*

**EXCELLENT REPLY.**—When Marc Antony gave orders for doubling the taxes in Asia, an intimate friend told him he should "first order the land to yield a double harvest."

#### THE JOLLY WORKING FARMER.

BY STANLEY H. MCCLINTOCK, ESQ.

Air—"The Arethusa."

Come all you jolly farmers bold,  
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
Till Irish farming I unfold.

Oh, hurrah for the jolly farmer!  
He's an honest, sterling blade,  
As ever handled plough or spade;

His heart is true  
And his cares are few;  
And while the sweat falls off his brow,  
He cheers on the team of his good Scotch plough,  
And rejoices that he's a farmer.

In spring he works and tills his ground,  
And cleans the land till no weeds are found;  
And when harvest comes, the labour's crowned  
Of the jolly, working farmer.

He sows his corn and good green crops—  
Then comes the rain in genial drops—

And the turnips grow  
In a bright green row;  
And when winter comes, both man and beast  
Are each supplied with a wholesome feast—  
All supplied by the working farmer.

But some there are, I grieve to say,  
Who work their land another way—

Which we all know can never pay—  
Unworthy the name of farmer.

They crop their land till it yields no more,  
And wonder they have not of corn a store.

Poor souls of dust!  
Who in "Lumpers" trust!  
If they'd feed their cattle and make some dung,  
Their hearts, with care would never be wrung—  
Like a jovial, working farmer.

Look at the fields of turpits now,  
And look at your glorious short-horned cow,  
And look at your long-backed breeding sow—

My worthy, working farmer,  
Turnips are better than stubbles bare—  
While you feed with them the coat won't stare,  
And a greyhound pig  
Is not worth a fig.

Hurrah for the man who feeds his kine;  
With cash his pockets he soon will line.

Success to the working farmer!

In winter gather the dung in loads,  
And don't let the cattle be soiling the roads,  
Where you send them to graze from their proper  
abodes;

How very unlike a farmer!  
They let them eat the ditch-grown grass,  
Less like a cow than a tinler's ass,

I really declare!  
Such want of care,  
And such treatment to useful beasts is sad—  
It's enough to drive an agent mad;  
Oh, lazy, idle farmers.

Give me the man on improvement bent;  
He plods on his way with a heart content—  
With a cheerful face he pays his rent.

Oh, hurrah for the honest farmer!  
We'll drink his health with three times three,  
And wish him long life and prosperity;

Let each fill a glass  
As the wine we pass.  
Here's the health of the man who's Ireland's boast;  
So, fill your glasses, and drink to the toast  
Of the "Worthy, Working Farmer."

ONIONS, we admit, do not add to the sweetness of a lady's breath; though they certainly do add to the fragrance of flowers. Let one of our lady readers plant a large onion near a rose bush, so as to touch its root, and, our word for it, it will wonderfully increase the odour of the flowers. The water distilled from these roses, would be far superior to any other. This is strange but true.

DIARRHOEA is quite as common in young animals, while teething, as in children during the same period.