

infinite ill to the crops. On the Sorel sand, the potatoes in many places are *set*, and the grass is all withered away. Some of the hay has been at a stand-still, or worse, for a fortnight—there are very few roots grown, and they don't look likely to yield much. I have kept the horse-hoe going every week—to the astonishment of my neighbours, who can't conceive what it can be for—and, in consequence, my crops are most flourishing.

Cabbages seem to be a failure. I have only 3,000 planted, but, I am happy to say, they are looking as well as I could wish, as, indeed, do the carrots, mangels, and swedes. The oats, fortunately sown on rather damp-bottomed land, are better than I could have hoped for—there is no hay, so to speak.

My lectures at Lincoln College were attended regularly by fourteen pupils. I cannot speak too highly of the attention with which they were listened to, and I only hope that, in the coming year, I may be fortunate enough to secure such an intelligent and well behaved class. Cicero, I think it is, says that the power of the orator lies in the audience—I am sure it is so with the lecturer; for if I had met with inattention or rudeness, I could have done nothing.

People have begun to borrow my implements, and I can discern an intention to plant root-crops another year, particularly cabbages. I am afraid I shall appear egotistic—I am sure I shall to many,—but I must say it: "We plant our cabbages in the evening, we shade them and water them—they die! You plant yours in broad sunshine; you neither shade them nor water them—they all live! Why?"

To this question—one I am continually asked—I can only reply by describing my system of planting:

Sow the seed *thinly* and as early as possible—mine was sown (no glass) on the 24th April, —prepare the land by the tenth of June; draw the drills, dung, split, and roll them as wanted—they may lie unplanted for a week or so without injury. After a shower—and there is always a little rain in June—draw your plants *by the handful*, inserting a spade under them and gently raising them so that each plant may have a few bits of earth sticking to the roots. A few small ones may be wasted in this way, but that is a mere trifle. I treat the plants as tenderly as children, until they are in the ground, but then press the earth round them as hard as possible. I and my planters make the holes with the index finger of the left hand, insert the cabbage with the right hand, and press the earth with both hands. As soon as the plants have taken, pass the horse-hoe between the drills, shallowly at first, but deepening each time until four or five inches of mould—soft as velvet to the tread—are gained, hand-hoeing twice along the drills, and pulling them down, until, what with the depression caused by the hand-hoe, and the elevation caused by the horse-hoe, the cabbages appear to float on a sea of finely pulverised mould. The most important points, however, are the drawing of the plants with adherent mould, and the pressure after setting.

People *will* earth up corn. I found out the mistake as long ago as 1867. The roots meet in the middle of three feet drills, and earthing up confines them to, at most, 18 inches of space instead of the whole three feet. As for the wind scrawling the stems about, I would risk that, rather than confine the range of the roots.

My neighbour, M. Lavallée, tells me he grew last year 610 bushels of potatoes on two acres and a tenth of land—equal to seven and a half tons per acre! A good crop for any place, but, then, the piece had been four consecutive years in potatoes, and two years previously in corn, manured each year. However, 300 bushels at 30 cents = \$90.00, must pay. I only wish the rest of his farm was cultivated as well,

but the idea of a systematic course of cropping never seems to enter his head.

I don't see what reason the vendors of artificial manures have to complain of want of custom. I have applied to one of them for dried blood and for Kaimit, and all I can get is bone-superphosphate at \$30.00 a ton, too dear by six dollars, considering how cheap bones are.

What little tobacco has been planted looks very weak and backward. Apples, not much grown on these sandy lands, are very poor, but wild fruit, such as strawberries and raspberries, are abundant.

Does any one know of a good, cheap machine for sowing artificial manures broadcast? I have been sowing a mixture of bones and ashes with superphosphate by hand, and after waiting a week for a calm day, it drove me crazy to see the fine pulverised stuff floating over the fence on to my neighbour's land. Haying has just begun, but only round the fences and ditches—next week will see every one at work, though, and I wish the crop was better. There is a good deal of old hay left.

Rye, I see a few acres of, and a wretched show it makes, the dry weather having brought it on too suddenly. The straw is short, and the ears too. Every one is sowing white turnips, as the fly took the few swedes that were put in early. They all sow on drills—a mistake, I think, on this dry land, as the crop would be better on the flat, and at six and twenty inches apart, the horse-hoe (which is not in use much here) could clean the land as well as on drill-work. Swedes and mangels are different, as to produce the greatest possible crop of those roots, the earth should be pulled away from them until they are left as bare as can be.

I see no flax round here! The town of Sorel used to be the entrepôt for linseed, and as I need at least 40 bushels for consumption this autumn and winter, I am rather in a funk about it. I do not intend to grow it myself, as it is too troublesome to manage, unless one has a man who understands how to *ret* the straw; and, after all, I think the profits on its cultivation are dubious.

Average yield of cows in butter in the Sorel district under four pounds a week!

ARTHUR R. JENNER FUST.

FURTHER TESTIMONY ABOUT ENSILAGE.

Experience with a Small Silo.

We observe the following letter from our associate editor, Mr J. J. THOMAS of Union Springs, to E. W. Ross & Co., Fulton, N. Y., published in the pamphlet on *Ensilage* just issued by that firm and noticed in our last issue:

I have used ensilage for some years by way of experiment and for a small family. The silo occupies one end of a barn basement, and will hold about thirty tons; it was made at a cost of less than thirty dollars, by merely plastering lined outside with building paper. On the other two sides, the cow stalls are on the same level, and the animals are easily supplied through the plank door. The fresh stalks are drawn to the floor above, cut half an inch long with a two-horse Ross power cutter and a few tons filled in each day. It is better to fill moderately so as to promote some fermentation, which cooks the ensilage and makes it better, than if converted to vinegar at a lower temperature. The silo is weighted as usual with stone on plank, half a ton or more to a square yard. For removing the ensilage, the stones are easily placed on a broad, solid shelf surrounding the silo; this I find much simpler, easier, and better than any other kind of pressure. I do all the work with a two-horse team and the labor of two men. They cut the stalk in the field with sickles, placing them