

strong enough to float an egg; skim off small grains that come to the top; dry in gypsum, and sow.

I'm going to thrash next week. I'm going to have a separator that is the "bully" about here, and a ten horse-power that isn't as good as a five-horse donkey engine.

This horse-power thrashing is a disgrace to Canada. A good engine and separator, such as they use in England, should do twice the amount of work in the day, and would assuredly make a far cleaner job of it than any two of our present Canadian travelling separators. Here is the way it has been with me: Machine runs for twenty minutes, bang goes a belt; stop the horses; start again, smash goes something; stop again, and off to the machine shop. And then I am expected to pay them so much a bushel for thrashing, keep a lot of extra hands sitting in all sorts of comfortable attitudes about the mow, and feed them like fighting cocks as long as it pleases them to remain smashing down in my barn. Thrashing is a nuisance. As soon as any farmer can afford it, he should buy a steam-power, and have a stationary separator in the barn.

If you express yourself interested in the doings of my farm, I shall be happy to write you again; in the meantime soliciting criticism and kind advice on the part of the CANADA FARMER and its numerous readers.

I cannot leave you without expressing the gratitude that I feel for the rain we had to-day. Not only am I grateful for the rain as rain, but I, being out of wood, got a lot up, and I expect to spend some time to come without ever hearing the word "firewood" uttered in the house.

AN OLD COUNTRYMAN.

Sept. 16, 1871.

Music for the Farm.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I am a farmer's daughter, and one that reads your paper, and am especially interested in that part that gives us some hope that our long-cherished wish for a piano will at last be realized and fulfilled. We are quite willing to work and do all that we can to make home what it ought to be, namely, a happy place for our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, and, as we sometimes hope, in future for some one else; but we must and do feel the absolute necessity of something more to raise the standard of our homes. Music, above all, is wanted. If we can compass the piano, we can manage a teacher and the music, and then see what delightful dances we can have. I confess I do love dancing and music, and there is no harm in it after all. City people dance often enough in the winter, and do you think we farmers' daughters do not love it as well as city girls do? Your delightful correspondent C. seems to understand the farmer's nature better. I wish he was here now to tell us all about the piano—where to get one, how we are to pay for it, and above all, how we

are to be sure we are not going to be cheated in buying some rubbishy Yankee article. We bought some American apple trees, and they all turned out bad fruit, and father would not buy anything made in the States that he could buy in Canada.

By giving this an insertion you will serve the cause of

A MADOC FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SILVER BEET SEED.—Enquirers on this subject are informed that though the plant produces an enormous quantity of seed, we have appropriated to it but a small plot of land. The seed is not yet ready for distribution, and indeed as it cannot be sown before next spring it will probably not be distributed before the beginning of the year.

WILD OATS.—The specimen of oats sent from East Wawanosh is a panicle of that most troublesome of all farm weeds, "wild oats." Our correspondent cannot be too careful to avoid disseminating the pest.

INSECTS ON BEET ROOT LEAVES.—"Sarawak" complains of insects eating the leaves of his beets. The leaves of the beet root are often slightly affected by some insect that eats holes in them; but hitherto, so far as we are aware, the injury has never been felt, and no enquiries have been necessary. Continental growers of beet sugar never mention, and do not seem to fear, any insect enemy as affecting that crop, and we trust that Canada will not be the first country in the world to produce a beet root destroyer. We both hope and believe that the destruction of our correspondent's beets has been by some accidental interloping insect, who is as much a stranger to the root as we are strangers to the insect as a beet eater, and that it will amount to nothing.

The Canada Farmer.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCT. 16, 1871.

The Bountiful Harvest of 1871.

The crops of the present season are now so far saved, and the results ascertained, that the harvest may safely be pronounced the most plentiful that has blessed the labours of the husbandman in Canada during the last ten years, if not for a longer period.

Fall wheat averages, over a large extent of country, more than double what it has done for many years past. Peas and oats have been a noble crop, and barley has yielded well. Every grain has given a rich return for the labour bestowed on it. Farmers regard this as a sign of returning prosperity, and they have taken advantage of it by doubling the breadth of wheat sown this fall, and making preparations for more than usually extended spring operations.

To what is all this to be attributed? Doubtless, in the first place, to the goodness

of an over-ruling Providence, which has sent us such a season, that even Canadian bad farming has not been able to keep the produce of the soil down to its usual average, or prevent our barns from overflowing. But it is to be doubted whether our agriculturists deserve any credit whatever for this unwonted prosperity. The great mass of Canadian farmers have farmed as badly as usual. The land is no better drained; no more than the usual quantity of green crops have been raised; the weeds are in as great number and rife as ever; and, taken as a whole, the seed has been no better than in former years. We can, therefore, take no credit for our success; but nevertheless a great lesson is to be learned from it. We have been in the habit of saying that the seed is "run out." The present season shows us to the contrary; for not only have the new sorts of seed yielded well, but the old sorts also. That excuse, therefore, fails us. We have blamed the land; but the land is no better this year than last, and yet the crops are excellent. Our second great excuse is clearly not available.

We may therefore conclude that the fault has been in great measure our own. We have all seen, and we see every day, that some farmers' crops are better than others. This year's crops, however, do not show the usual difference. Good farming has not produced a correspondingly better crop, while bad farming has produced far more than it deserved. Let us not, however, allow ourselves to become negligent or careless on this account. For after all, the good farmer and a sound system of agriculture can command a paying crop, and generally a good one, and it is a constant series of moderate successes that ensures the farmer's fortune and independence. We must do more for the land by manuring and deep culture; we must induce extra fertility; and by drainage and well chosen crops we may contrive or make ourselves, as it were, masters of the season.

More intelligence must be thrown into the work of the farmer, and his every-day life—more industry of mind, for we fully allow that there is plenty of industry of body, perhaps even too much, for a weary body makes a sluggish mind. Our farmers as a class must read, study, and become well informed. Educating the mind on any subject opens the door to knowledge on many more.

We see around us matters that used to be considered entirely out of human control, now brought within the comprehension of all; and so will it be with agriculture for those who study, and keep up with the progress of the time. Formerly all we thought of doing in epidemics, either of man or beast, was to oppose a hardened front to fate, and submit blindly to what was supposed to be a special judgment of heaven. Now science and modern lights show us that all these several plagues have their causes, by avoiding which we may escape the effect. Till very lately we could form no reliable prog-