



The Field.

A Valuable, but Neglected Manure.

Both chemical analysis and actual experiment have demonstrated, over and over again, that human excrement is the richest and most potent of all manures, exceeding in its fertilizing properties the far-famed Peruvian guano. Yet, the only nations that have learnt how to utilize it in the operations of husbandry, are the half-civilized Chinese and Japanese. Their small fields, tilled wholly by hand, are maintained in high productiveness, and made to support a teeming population, by the conservation and use of a manure, which more enlightened countries, with a strange oversight of their true interest, allow to waste. Nor is this all. Not only is this valuable fertilizer wasted, but it is treated in so unwise a manner, that it is a constant source of annoyance and a frequent cause of disease. In town and country, the privy is a nuisance and a plague spot; an eye sore; a punishment to the olfactories; a pollution to the soil; and an endless occasion of trouble. Now it is full, and must either be emptied at a cost of much suffering, or a new receptacle dug, and the old one filled up, its contents being left gradually to soak into the soil, or to reek in the air. Anon, in the winter time, it is frozen up, necessitating an unpleasant job in thawing or chopping away the flinty mass of congealed filth. Neither economy, nor cleanliness, neither decency, nor comfort, have any place in the ordinary arrangements by which mankind dispose of their excrement.

Meantime, from every farm and field all over the land, comes a loud outcry for manure. Exhaustion has taken hold of once fertile soils, for want of manure. The meadows languish, the cattle grow lank, the grain crops are light, and the root cellars are but half-filled, all for want of manure. If, by some means, privies could be abolished on every farm, and their loathsome contents transformed into an inoffensive fertilizer, spread out upon the land; and if every village, town, and city were made in a similar manner, by municipal regulation, grand sources of manure supply to the surrounding country, a great want would be supplied, a great nuisance would be abated, and a great gain to public decency, comfort, and health would be secured.

Nothing is easier than to accomplish all this. Dry earth has the power of absorbing urine, crumbling down and assimilating hard fecal matter, and depriving both of all offensive odour. In other words, you have only to cover each deposit of human excrement with a small quantity of dry dirt, to secure its being speedily changed into dirt, the only result being that a rich fertilizing property is thus added to the soil so used. Dry earth may be used several times in this way, it is said as many as *ten times*, before its power of absorption and deodorization is exhausted

And when it can be used no more to absorb and deodorize, it is the most valuable manure that can be applied to land.

On the basis of this important fact, what is called the "Earth Closet" system, has been introduced in many places, with the best results. A mechanical contrivance for storing dry earth, and spreading it by the pull of a handle, over every deposit of excrement, has been patented. The originator of this plan is an English clergyman, the Rev. H. Moule, who has done much by his writings, and invention, to revolutionize the habits of society in regard to this matter. The mechanical contrivance just referred to is not costly. Ten or twelve dollars will pay for it. The wooden frame-work, and boxing, can be made by anyone who is handy with carpenters' tools. To have the "earth closet" system in the most complete, and convenient shape, it is no doubt advisable to get Mr. Moule's very simple and effective machinery. But there is also a "rough and ready" plan on which there is no patent, and which will only cost a little trouble. Any ordinary privy can easily be converted into an earth closet. All that is required, is to fill up and floor over the usual hole in the ground, providing space in the rear for the accumulation. It is best to have the floor a little higher than the adjacent ground level, so as to preserve the material from all drainage, or in-coming moisture. A spacious box, accessible at the rear, for occasional mixing, and emptying, is all that is needed. A box of dry earth with a scoop, or small shovel for spreading, must be added, and the arrangements are complete.

Any kind of soil, except light sand, or gravel, will do, though clay, with enough sand in it to prevent caking, is best. The dirt must be sifted, as the finer it is, the better it works. It will dry sufficiently in an open shed, during warm summer weather, but it can be more thoroughly dried at any period of the year, in an oven, furnace, or under a hot stove. If soil can be got at, as it usually can in some way, the establishment of an earth closet, can be made a winter job. Any quantity of earth can be dried in a shallow box, placed under the cooking-stove. Can any of our readers devise a more useful winter job than this? "A word to the wise is enough."

Better Farming.

My text is *better farming*. My brother farmers will say, why not advocate *good farming*? First, because I wish to advocate what is practically within the reach of every farmer, no matter what his situation. He need not wait until next month or another year, or for more means, or something to turn up—but may commence to-day to farm better. Good farming generally is in the far distant future; it is a work of years. We need not give ourselves any trouble about good farming; if we only persist in *better farming*, we shall arrive most certainly at that in time.

One great reason why we do not have better farming, is, because farmers are satisfied with measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing

themselves among their neighbors, they do not go forward. I should like to write what would make farmers dissatisfied, not with farming, but with the manner in which they are farming. A farmer who is satisfied is of no benefit to the farming community by his example. When a man is satisfied we need not look for improvement. I would say, for the encouragement of those who desire to become good farmers, that by being *better* farmers is the only way to attain to the high position of *good* farmers. To those who do not, I have nothing to say, as they are not worth talking to as farmers; they may be as good men as there are in the world, but as farmers they are of *no good* to the cause.

I wish to tell my brother farmers that there is no mean calling, but a high one and worthy of as good talent as there is in the land. Much is said about low prices; they are a certain indication of high ones; none but the good farmer will receive the full benefit of them, and the others in proportion as they have farmed better. Much is said about high wages, increasing family expenses; they will never be any less or wages any lower. All that can be done is to farm better, raise better crops, better beef, better pork, better mutton, and in this way get better prices and by so doing be enabled to meet these increasing expenses. Then let our motto be, *farm better and go forward*, that others seeing our good works may become dissatisfied with present attainments and stimulated with a desire for improvement. I am not a good farmer myself, but I wish to become one. There are weeds to kill, draining to be done, stones to be made into wall; I might have better sheep, better cows, better horses, take better care of them, feed them better. Above all, if you wish to farm better, do not let your farm, thinking to get some one else to do it for you, you will certainly be disappointed. — *Cor. Country Gentleman*.

Hedges for Cold Climates.

In the *Furmer's Advocate* is a prize essay on hedges, in which the writer recommends the honey locust, *Gleditsia triacanthus*, as a hedge plant for northern localities. He is—"Convinced from experience and observation that for a hedge plant suitable to the requirements of Canada, there is none superior to the honey locust. The following are a few of its superior qualities:

"1. That it will stand the severest winters of this latitude uninjured. 2. There is no hedge plant that will grow with us and make a hedge in so short a time. 3. When it once becomes a fence, it will with little care remain so, not like some plants, in which, when kept constantly pruned, the lower branches die out, and thus make an ineffectual hedge. Some may imagine it to be only the common locust growing here as an ornamental tree. It belongs, in fact, to a family of plants which do not sprout, and upon which the borer never works. The red bud and Kentucky coffee tree belong to the same order as the so-called honey locust. There is a honey locust hedge at Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, over forty years old. It is one mile in length and has always been tight and strong, and it is at this time known to be the best hedge on the continent. The hedges of J. L. Budd, of Benton County, Iowa, some four miles in length, are also beautiful, symmetrical and a perfect protection against all farm stock. I mention these two instances because the one is in the rich prairie of the West and the other in the sterile soil of the East."