

NATHAN AND THE CHEMIST.

A shrewd chemist, devoting himself to the missionary work of building up farming by the aid of his science, pays a parochial visit to one of the backsliders whom he counts most needful of reformation. The backslider—I will call him Nathan—is breaking up a field, and is, applying the manure in an unfermented and unctuous state—the very act of sinning, according to the particular theory of our chemist, perhaps, who urges that manure should be applied only after thorough fermentation.

He approaches our plowing farmer with a "Good morning."

"Morning," returns Nathan (who never wastes words in compliment.)

"I see you use your manure unfermented."

"Waal, d'n'know—guess it's all right; smells pooty good, doan't it?"

"Yes, but don't you lose something in the smell?"

"Waal, d'n'know; kinder hard to bottle much of a smell, aint' it?"

"But why don't you compost it?—pack up your long manure with turf and muck, so that they will absorb the ammonia."

"The what?—(Gee Bright!)"

"Ammonia; precisely what makes the Guano act so quickly."

"Ammony is it? Waal, guanner has a pooty good smell tew; my opinion is, that manure ought to have a pooty strong smell, or 'tain't good for nuthin'."

Scientific gentleman a little on the hip; but revives under the pungency of the manure.

"But if you were to incorporate your long manure with turf and other material, you would make the turf good manure, and put all in a better state for plant food."

"Waal (considering) I've made conpo's afore now; dooz pooty well for garden sass and sich like, but it seems to me kinder like puttin' water to half a glass o'spirit; it makes a drink a plaguey sight stronger'n water; no doubt o'that; but arter all's said and dun, 'tain't as strong as the whiskey. (Haw Buck; why don't ye haw!)"

Scientific gentleman wipes his spectacles, but follows after the plow

"Do you think, neighbor, you're plowing this sod as deeply as it should be?"

"Waal (Gee Bright) its as folks think; I doan't like myself to turn up much of the yaller; it's a kind o' cold sile."

"Yes; but if you expose it to the air and light, wouldn't it change character, and so add to the depth of your land?"

"Don't know but it might; but I ha'n't much opinion o' yaller dirt, no how; I kinder like to put my corn and potatoes into a good black sile, if I can get it."

"But color is a mere accidental circumstance, and has no relation to the quality of the soil." ("Gee Bright! Gee!")

"There are a great many mineral elements of food lying below, which plants seek after; don't you find your clover roots running down into the yellow soil?"

"Waal clover's a kind of tap-rooted thing—nateral for it to run down; but if it runs down arter the yaller, what's the use o' bringing on it up?"

The scientific gentleman sees his chance for a dig. "But if you can make the progress of the roots easier by loosening the subsoil, or incorporating a portion of it with the upper soil, you increase the facilities for growth, and enlarge your crops."

"Waal that's kinder rash'nal; and ef I could find a man that could undertake to do a little of the stirrin' of the yaller, without bringing much on't up, and board himself, I'd furnish half the team and let him go ahead."

"But wouldn't the increased product pay for all the additional labor?"

"Doant b'lieve it would, nohow, between you and I. You see, you gentleman with you pockets

full o' money (scientific gentleman coughs—slightly), talk about diggin' there and turnin' up the yaller, and making conpo's, but all that takes a thunderin' sight o' work. (Gee Bright! g'lang Buck!)"

The scientific gentleman wipes his spectacles, and tries a new entering wedge.

"How do you feed your cattle, neighbor?"

"Waal, good English hay; now and then a bit o' oats, 'cordin' as the work is."

"But do you make no beeves?"

"Heh?"

"Do you fatten no cattle?"

"Yaas, long in the fall o' year I put up four or five head, about the time turnips are comin' in."

"And have you ever paid any attention to their food with reference to its fat-producing qualities, or its albuminoids?"

"(Gee Bright!)—Bumy—what?"

"Albuminoids—name given to flesh produced, in distinction from oily food."

"Oh! never used 'em. Much of a feed? (G'lang Buck!)"

"They are constituted parts of a good many varieties of food; but they go only to make muscle; it isn't desirable, you know, to lay on too much fatty matter."

"Hey? Keep of the fat do they? (Gee Bright!) Durn poor feed, then, in my opinion."

By this time, the end of the farrow is reached, and the scientific gentleman walks pensively towards the fence; while Nathan's dog, that has been sleeping under a tree, wakes up, and sniffs sharply at the bottom of the strangers pantaloons.

I have written thus much in this vein to show the defensible position of many of the old style farmers, crusted over with their prejudices, many of them well based it must be admitted, and armed with an inextinguishable shrewdness. The only way to prick through the rind is to show them a big crop grown at small cost, and an orderly and profitable method gradually outranking their slatternly husbandry. *My Farm of Edgewood.*

This is the paper that asked the Government to allow Seeds to pass through the Post Office as cheaply as newspapers.

DITCHING.

At the Malahide ploughing match, two Ditching machines were entered for competition, viz., Carter's and Dr. Vanbuskirk's; both machines being something novel in their way, where the objects of much attention. Almost at the start something unfortunately went wrong with Dr. Vanbuskirk's machine, and it was withdrawn for repairs. That of Mr. Carter, however, went four or five rounds, and did its work well, cutting a drain some thirty or forty rods in length, and about fifteen inches in depth, and of course taking the first prize. The farmers present were highly delighted with the working of the machine, and all hope that it will be brought into general use, for every intelligent practical farmer fully understands the value of good draining. The president of the Society, Charles Ross, Esq., and three of the directors, Messrs. Wilmot, Lyon and Teeple were present, together with many of the leading farmers of the township, and unhesitatingly gave it their unqualified approval, expressing at the same time their regret that the other machine was not able to compete on account of being out of repair. The day is not far distant, when the Ditcher will be added to the list of farming implements.

We are indebted to Messrs H. A. King & Co., for the cut of the Bee tree which they had engraved for their paper, *The Bee-Keeper's Journal*. It furnishes the fullest accounts about the treatment and management of bees. It is published at 37 Park Row, New York. They will send you a specimen copy free, if you apply to them.

This is the paper that first suggested a general trial of implements.

A WARM BED FOR PIGS.

We very well remember a saying of an old gentleman, an excellent farmer, that if you would make a hog profitable, you should never let him see a winter; and we think we have satisfied ourselves that spring pigs well kept and nursed, are far less expensive, and yield more for their keep than those which are fifteen or eighteen months old. But there is one thing quite certain; if we prefer our store hogs to come in the fall, we ought to be careful to keep them through our long, cold winters, both warm and dry. Every observant farmer knows that if his cattle are not sheltered from the cold weather and storms, they will require much more food to keep them in tolerable order, than if they are kept warm and comfortable. Just so it is with pigs—if they are suffered to run over your premises in the snow and sleet, with their legs and snout as red as the gill of your gobbler, without a warm and dry bed of clean straw to go to when they choose, they will not only, in all probability, come out with "mange" in spring, but every grunt they give will convince you that all the food they have devoured, has been thrown away; for shoats that have a cold, damp, comfortless bed, will get mangy, and mangy pigs cannot grow.

Let any one who has a mind to try the experiment, take two pigs of the same litter, suffering the one to run as above, and let the other be well housed and well fed, and it will be found that the superior growth of the latter will pay for the care bestowed upon him, with good interest. Hogs that are confined and cannot get to the earth, will frequently be benefitted by having a little charcoal, soft brickbats, or soft rotten wood thrown into them; and a trifling quantity of brimstone mixed in their food, occasionally, is an excellent thing. The hog has the credit of being a dirty fellow—but we should remember that he likes to be dirty in his own way, and for his own pleasure; he neither prefers to live in cold nor in filth; still less does he choose to be half fed. Dr. Franklin's man said the hog was the only gentleman in Ireland, because he alone was exonerated from labor. If this be so, surely he ought to be fed and well housed in America. We entirely believe that the same amount of food that will barely carry a pig through winter with bad management, will, with good, prudent treatment, keep him growing, and in the spring you have something to build upon that will by-and-by make you a solid porker who will do credit to your sty.—EXCHANGE.

This is the paper that caused the exposition of the old Agricultural Board.

IN DANGER.—"Mother! I shouldn't be surprised if Susan gets choked some day." "Why, Charley?" "Because John Wipsy twisted his arm round her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him to let go, he would have strangled her."

FAILURE.—A Paris paper apologises to its readers for being compelled to make an erratum, having placed four marriages under the mercantile heading of "declaration of failures."

What bird is that which it is always necessary we should have at dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up?—A swallow.