

ing rays of the glorious luminary of day. Had we, in the fulness of our human ignorance, the power of commencing time, of beginning our solar year, it would have been at a period when all things are as *verdant* as our precious *setes*—when nature in the redundant luxury of fruition makes this glorious world a paradise, a paragon of beauty and life. "But it is as it is, and can't be no 'tiser." So we must be content, and grub along with the best grace we may, on spare-rib and Johnny cake, leafless trees and cold toes. So let us turn over a new leaf; that is, all of us who are not so perfect as to be beyond amendment—for many of our old leaves are blotted and dirty, by bad acts, dog's-ears, and sins of omission and commission—and start *de novo* upon the improved knowledge and principles of a forever past year's experience.

Look over your books, and see how you stand with the world, in the Debit and Credit scale. Pay thy creditor while thou art in his way, lest he send the sheriff, and he send thee to prison; verily thou shalt not depart until thou hast paid the utmost farthing. But, thanks to our liberal legislators, who go about the world like roaring lions, doing good, we are out of that scrape—we can't be imprisoned for civil debt; but nevertheless, dear reader, if you can pay all of your indebtedness when you lay your head upon your pillow, an independent man, Santa Claus will fill your stocking and your store—nightmare and indigestion will vanish—your wife will be kind, your children obedient, and all mankind be brethren and friends.

Don't smoke, drink cider, and dream away these long evenings. Life is short enough, and time flies fast enough, without the adventitious aid of provocatives. Settle accounts—make calculations and estimates for future use—read and digest good and profitable books—overhaul the children's progress in school, and see that they make good use of that invaluable institution, the School Library—encourage social singing in the family, of sacred music and moral and patriotic sonnets, which is a much better recreation for young and old than the chequer-board, cards, &c.

Remember in laying down pork, that a little too much salt is just enough—that lean meat is a loss, and every ounce of bone decidedly injures the flavor of the meat. Rattle up the wood, and see that the wood house is supplied, for it is enough to make a horse break his bridle to see a woman out in the snow hacking wood, she does it so awkwardly.

Litter your stables and sheds freely, and if you have straw in plenty, cover the whole yard. Feed chaff in tubs or half barrels, or troughs; it saves half. If the milch cows fall off in milk with good feed, it is a sign they want salt—a gill every other day is none too much; but above all things, see that they get plenty of water, handily and when they want it.—Look well and often to sheep; see that they keep up; a few oats or small quantity of corn are wonderful assistants.

The first good sleighing, get your plaster home. Take good care of all the house ashes, for one bushel on most land, is worth two of plaster—except perhaps for clover. House and paint the wagons, sleighs, plows, harrows, &c. One gallon of boiled oil, and six pounds of Venetian red, will save twenty-five dollars a year.

Make farm gates, and make fence with the bars. Get out your rails and stakes. Look to your potatoes—do your duty to God and man. So doing, kind reader, we wish you a Happy New Year.

#### LIMING AND BRINING SEED WHEAT.

The following remarks are by a practical Farmer. The subject is an important one, and those of our readers who may happen to think that *steeping* and *liming* are of no use, are recommended to read them attentively:—

Messrs. Editors:—I regret to see that your correspondent, N. Simons, doubts the benefits of salt and lime to prevent smut. I am so well grounded in my belief of its efficacy, that it is almost as daring an innovation on a well settled principle, as to attack my belief in holy things. As far as my experience goes, together with a multitude of others, it is a *specific* for that disease, and the only one that never fails, and when properly and faithfully applied, prevents, in all cases, its propagation. I have been in the constant use of the practice for ten years past, without even an appearance of smut, and one of my neighbors who constantly *limes* and *brines* his seed, proclaims, that he will give one dollar each for every smut head that can be found on his farm.

A very careful experiment was made in England, at great expense, under the patronage of the National Agricultural Society, in which was thoroughly tested all the popular notions in use as a preventive, with the foulest seed, and with clean seed thoroughly impregnated with the fungus known as smut, in which it was conclusively proved, that it was not only propagated by the foul seed, but that clean seed wet and rubbed with the fungus, also produced it abundantly. The prevention that succeeded best was soaking in *stale urine*, and drying with quick lime; the next best was *strong brine* and *lime*. So that I cannot but suspect that there was something wanting in your correspondent's manner of preparing his seed, or it is one of those vicissitudes of nature, that sometimes defeats an almost unerring rule.

A strong case in point happened, a few years since, under my own view and knowledge. A father and son-in-law had each a summer fallow, side by side, of equal quality, exposure, and soil. Their own seed being rather objectionable on account of foul seeds, they procured a load of forty bushels from a distance of some fifteen miles. On arriving at their homes they divided the bags according to their several wants. The father, on looking at his discovered that it was considerably smutted and immediately salted and brined it; the son-in-law was a disbeliever and omitted it. They both sowed the same day, and under precisely the same circumstances. On harvesting, one was clean and the other was foul. The father got 94 cents per bushel, while the son-in-law could only get offered 69 cents, it was so excessively smutted.

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L. B. LOVELAND.

—*Genesee Farmer*.

#### THE RESPECTABILITY OF AGRICULTURE.

An elegant writer on the rural industry of Holland, in the last *Edinburgh Review* says, in relation to agriculture, "that the errors of practice are corrected, and causes of failure of crops made clear by the discoveries of modern chemistry. That by it alone the rocks and shoals that lie in the way of agricultural improvement are mapped out; deeper and more direct channels brought to light, and new methods suggested, by which not only are known ends to be attained, more completely and more economically than before, but objects also realized, which have hitherto been considered unattainable.

"The doctrine, economy, composition, preparation, and skilful use of manures—how wonderfully have all these points been illustrated and developed in late years! What the plant consists of—how and with what substances it is fed—what the soil naturally contains—how it is to be improved, so that what is present in it may be made readily available to the plant, and what it lacks be in the best way supplied—where the kinds of food necessary to the plants are to be obtained most abundantly and how applied most profitably to the soil—what effects climate, situation, and tillage exercise upon the fertility of the land, and upon the fertilizing virtues of whatever is laid upon or mixed with it. These, and hundreds of similar questions, all involving or suggesting peculiar modes of practice, are arising daily, where culture is prosecuted as an advancing art—and they are solved especially by chemical research. They are all included, therefore, under what we term the chemical division of agriculture.

"Let a farmer avail himself of this knowledge, and he is unconsciously raised into the intelligent cultivator of a most interesting branch of natural science."

A knowledge of chemistry sufficient to enable a farmer to work understandingly in Nature's laboratory, his own farm, requires only that he should study the nature of about thirteen substances.

—*Genesee Farmer*.

STEAMING FOOD—GROWING MUSTARD, &c.—At a late meeting of the Ross Agricultural Association, England, several very excellent speeches were delivered, and from the whole of the proceedings it would appear that in some parts of England at least, an increasing interest in agricultural improvement is perceptible. From some accounts we have lately seen, we feared there was danger of a retrograde movement. A Mr. Batson in the course of his speech made the following remarks:—

There are two matters of a practical nature which I should like to introduce to your notice. The first is the system of steaming food.