

manure and team, horse power, outter, and seed. The 2½ arpents gave me 34 tons of ensilage, counting two tons worth one ton of hay this gave me 17 tons of hay.

This mode of preserving corn fodder, in my opinion, is of great advantage to the farmer: it makes him master of the seasons. If he finds that by the previous droughts or hard winter that his crop of hay is likely to be short, he can make up the deficiency by putting more corn fodder into the silo. If he wishes to increase the number of his stock he can do so and thereby increase the fertility of his farm, the contents of his purse, the number of his luxuries, &c., &c.

I was talking with a Mr. Swett (who is a foreman, and is keeping 300 cows, on ensilage, for Governor Smith, of St. Albans), and in comparing notes with him, I asked him if he had ever fed any animal on ensilage alone, for any length of time. He answered me that he had, and said "I bought a pair of two year old steers this fall, and have fed them on nothing but ensilage this winter, and have weighed them, at different times, during the winter, and their greatest gain at any one time was 156 lbs. in 33 days. They consumed 70 lbs. each per day of ensilage"; and he also said that they could not keep one half of the stock on the farms, if they had no silos.

I cut the hay on a piece of meadow, gave it a top dressing of manure, turned it over, dropped corn with a drill at every second furrow, on the 18th of July harrowed the piece well to cover corn, and had a nice growth as thick as it could stand 4 feet high, for fall feed.

Hoping that other Canadians will give the journal the benefit of their experience in ensilaging. I remain yours &c.
N. C. FISK.

Abbotsford, P. Q., March 12th 1883.

Growing Potatoes

HERE is my experience in potato growing the last two years: I plow the ground deep in October, using a jointer on the plow and turning all the sod under, and then in winter the manure is hauled on and spread. As soon as the soil is dry and the weather warm enough—in March or about the first of April—the ground is well stirred up with the double-shovel plow and thoroughly harrowed until it is as fine and smooth as the onion beds of most people. Then I run furrows, using a two-horse plow, throwing the furrows out each way. I set the plow shallow and don't let it go too deep. In using the shovel-plow the soil falls in behind the plow and is not left nice for covering with the harrow. I cut the seed potatoes some two or three weeks before I expect to plant, spread them in a thin layer, and sift plaster or lime over them. Thus treated, they will come up stronger, and also earlier. I always plant as soon as the weather will admit; for late-planted potatoes do not thrive in this section on account of insect pests, and if there happens to be a drought they are generally injured more than the early ones.

The potatoes are cut to one eye in a piece, and the furrows are three feet wide, the "seed" being dropped about 18 inches apart; but when I want to grow something extra, I plant about 2½ feet in the row. When all are dropped they are covered with the harrow, which can be done very easily as the ground is thrown up on each side of the furrow, and when the earth is completely levelled they are all nicely covered, and as soon as they begin to come up I put on the harrow. There is no danger of tearing them out. Then, in three or four days I put the double-shovel plow to work, and work once a week until the tops fall over. They are never worked after that, but the hoe is used in keeping out the weeds, as potatoes and weeds were never made to grow together. I cultivate as nearly level as possible, as I consider it the height of foolishness to ridge up potatoes.

The past season I had an experimental plot on which 21 varieties were tested, half a pound of each having been planted on the same day. All received the same cultivation, but the results were quite different. Some of the old and degenerate varieties, such as the Fluke, Cow-horn, Blue Neshannock, Peachblow, etc., didn't yield one-tenth as much as some of later date. Below I will give the results from half a pound of cut "seed" planted in each case:

Mammoth Pearl, 137	Chicago Market,	73
Grange, 130	Ontario,	85
White Elephant, 121	Compton's Surprise,	17
B. of Hebron, 109	Blue Victor,	65
Belle, 105	B. Neshannock	7
St. Patrick, 101	Watson's Seedling,	35
Clark's No 1, 92	Peerless,	55
Snowflake, 42	Dunmore,	64
Magnum Bonum, 70	Early Ohio,	62
Early Rose, 48	White Star,	80

The plot was fertilized with 30 bushels of wood ashes and 15 bushels of hen droppings to the acre. Some will ask what would be my choice of all the leading varieties for the main crop. To all such I would say, give me for early the Beauty of Hebron, Ontario and White Star; for second early, the White Elephant, Grange and St. Patrick; and next, Mammoth Pearl, Belle and Blue Victor; but if I were to be restricted to four only, give me the Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, White Star and Mammoth Pearl for the main crops. We have potatoes that possess really finer qualities than any of these; but they are poor yielders, so that they are desirable only for family use.

I exhibited 25 varieties of potatoes at the West Virginia State Fair at Wheeling, where I secured the red ribbon on the White Elephant over all other competitors, and was also successful in carrying off the first premium on several other varieties.

Probably, no vegetable is of more importance, the world over, than the potato. Therefore, whatever can be done to increase its productiveness or to improve its quality, should be taken advantage of by all who are interested in its cultivation. There is no disguising the fact that the potato, when propagated year after year from tubers in the usual manner, is subject to deterioration, degeneration or a continual "running out" of its productive capacities. There are our Flukes, Cow-horns, Mercers, Neshannocks, Peach-blows, and other standard varieties of 25 years ago! Meagre indeed are the returns from our old favorites. Their day has passed, and others have taken their places, and these in turn must give way to others when they become unproductive, as they certainly will; but yet there are farmers in my neighborhood who still cling to some of those old varieties, apparently through "contrariness."

Belmont Co., Ohio.
New-Yorker.

THEODORE NEFF.—*Rural*

VINEYARDS.

The winter of 1881-82 will always be reckoned among the most disastrous seasons in regard to its effects on the cultivation of the vine. The alternations of frost and thaw, its characteristics, have sorely tried, not only the vines, but in a still greater degree, the half-hardy plants and trees. Many a garden has entirely lost its gooseberries, raspberries, &c.

Nor was the spring of 1882 more favourable. The vines which had escaped, though in a weakened condition, the murderous attacks of the frost, in vain attempted to set the sparse flowers they put forth; the plums, pears, and apples, suffered in like manner from the late frosts, the chilly rains, and the absence of sun: in fact, the season was as unproductive of fruit, as it well could be.