

a two year old steer, and the rent would have been considered exorbitant, if over four dollars a year.

He has since added two acres of rocky bush pasture, but with better soil than his first purchase, and in addition to the crops raised in both, he annually hires \$15 worth of pasturing, and buys \$25 worth of hay.

Last year with his first purchase and one acre of his last under cultivation, he raised (actual measure) of potatoes, one hundred and ten bushels; of corn, eighty five bushels of ears; of beans, three bushels and three pecks; of cabbages, seven hundred heads; besides twenty one bushels of oats, and a little over one ton and a half of clover hay.

He fattened two hogs, one of which sold for 14½ cents a pound, and weighed three hundred and four pounds, the other, salted for himself weighed three hundred and one pounds. His dairy now increased to two cows brought him a little over \$99 in cash for the butter sold, and \$21.43 for the two calves.

His dozen hens (average) bought nearly all the store supplies for a family of three, besides paying for their food. And, in addition to all this, he raised a calf which a neighbor gave him, that enters upon its second summer, worth at least \$18.

All this labor of a man quite advanced in years, and physically incapable of doing much more than half a man's work.

He bought the house and land mostly on credit; has his debts now nearly paid; has doubled the value of both his purchases, and when his labor is over, will leave his wife and daughter quite a little estate worked out of this sterile, root-bound and rock-bound soil in ten years.

He commences this year with a light heart, at least fifty loads of manure, two cows and the calf, two wintered pigs, twenty hens, and the promise of raising more on his five acres than half of the poor farmers in the country will raise on fifty.—*Hearth and Home.*

#### MANAGEMENT OF WORK.

There is one fault among farmers which should be re-proved in strong terms. It is laying out more work than can be done by the force on the farm timely and properly. If work cannot be done as it should be, much better not meddle with it at all. This fault is the most observable in putting in the crops of the season; for some cultivated plants will not mature unless the seeds are sown or planted in the ground at a particular time. And some farmers, in excuse for their negligence, make an assumed trust in Providence for their tardiness in being weeks behind the proper time in getting in the seed. Indian corn may serve as an example of a crop's not being put in at the proper season, as well as oats, wheat, and other crops. If the sowing of them is delayed beyond the proper time, the grain will prove light, and the danger from blight or rust greatly increase.

Farm work cannot go on successfully, unless the farmer gives it his personal supervision, and as a rule in country parlance, will say to his workmen, "come boys," instead of "go boys!" or follow sage Benny's maxim of poor Richard that "He who by the plough would thrive, must either hold or drive." Workmen may be good and faithful, but they seldom

enter into all the plans of the farmer, and he must be the directing head himself or much effort will be mis-spent. There should be no hap-hazard work. Every movement should be the result of reflection and well-matured arrangement, directed to a certain and definite end. If this were so, there would be fewer failures in farming, which are generally the result of bad calculation and poor management.—*Journal of the Farm.*

#### THE EARLY ROSE POTATO.

EDITOR ONTARIO FARMER.

DEAR SIR,—

As all the world is more or less excited over one thing or another, I have caught the contagion (in a slight form, over that most wonderful potato called the "Early Rose."

If you remember, you very kindly gave me one in the Spring of 1869, wishing me to try it in my garden. As it was considered so very choice, I determined to make the most of it, and therefore cut it into nine slices, each piece having an eye, and placed them singly in a line. Out of those nine lines, I actually dug *sixty pounds* of the finest potatoes I ever saw. Having had such good success last year, I determined to try them this, more especially as an early variety, and they have far more than fulfilled my most sanguine expectations. On the 27th April I planted a few lines, and on the 2nd July dug half-a-peck out of three lines, some of them being the largest ever seen in this part of the country (*Vide Daily Mercury*), and quite mealy for so early in the season. The remainder I planted on the 10th May, and on the 16th July, on digging one of the lines, was astonished to find two enormous ones roll out, that I had the curiosity to weigh, and found them of the respective weight of one and a quarter and one and a half pounds. I gave one to a friend, and he declared it to be the finest he had ever beheld, and so large that himself and wife eat all they wished, and left some for another day—(not on the principle of the boarding-house goose, however.)

I have found them, whether large or small, the finest flavored and whitest, soundest and mealiest, potato for an early variety, I ever knew; and as to their keeping qualities, too much cannot be said in their praise. I did not lose one pound out of the sixty last winter. They are the most prolific potato I ever saw, being ahead of the "Early Gooderich, and far surpassing it in flavor. In conclusion, I would recommend every one to give it a trial next year; for, as I heard a man say, "they lay as thick in a line as cobble stones in a well-paved street."

Yours truly,

G. A. OXNARD.

GUELPH, Aug. 8. 1870.