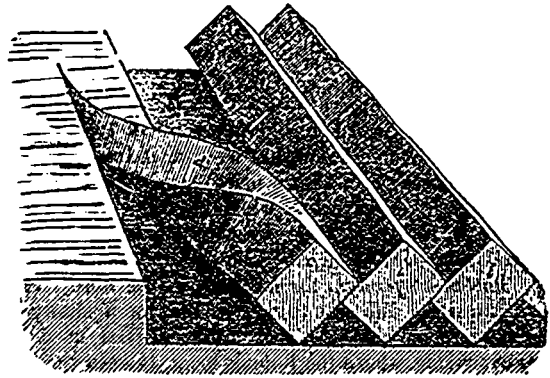


"For oats I should plough in the fall. This I would cultivate well, and would sow two bushels an acre, broadcast, and harrow with a good harrow. I would sow as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and the land dry enough to work well." I do not quite see how the seed is to be covered deep enough if the land is to be cultivated—with a grubber I presume,—unless the sowing is followed by the grubber, or done with a machine with grubber-teeth on behind, to let the seed into the ground. Two bushels of oats are about half enough, and it is no wonder we hear of such small crops of grain in the States if the farmers persist in using such small quantities of seed. But to proceed: "It would make a good farmer groan to see some of our Western men go out in the spring and sow their oats in a field of corn-stalks, that has been trodden all the winter by stock; then take a cultivator, and scratch the seed in!" Without ploughing of course; but that is nothing, compared with Mr. F. D. Curtis' plan of sowing oat on unploughed land and letting them lie at the mercy of crows, blackbirds, mice, &c., and take their chance of finding an interstice here and there for their roots to thrust themselves into; these Western men (Minnesota-men?) do cultivate, whereas Mr. Curtis does nothing of the sort. "I would cut," continues the writer, "after the grain begins to harden out of the dough state. If the crop is cut then, the grain is not injured, while the straw is more valuable for food." Very good, Mr. F. S. White, of Polk Co., Iowa: you have the root of the matter in you, and I hope your neighbours in the other Western States will profit by your teaching.

New oats.—Professor Storer calls attention to the fact that newly harvested oats are not fit to give horses. They loosen the bowels, and cause the horses to sweat profusely. True, enough, but not new. In England, a reserve of the oats of the previous season is generally kept to serve up to November, by which time the new oats have sweated in the stack, and have become more "full of proof," as our men say. Hunters and racers always have oats a twelvemonth old given them. These cost a shilling a bushel more than new oats, but are well worth it when hard and fast work is required. Oatmeal, too, for mixing with boiled horse-flesh for hounds, is also kept twelve months before using. Some beneficial change must be undergone by the kernel of the grain in these cases, but what that change is no one has, as yet, explained, any more than the reason why new barley never malts kindly before December. There must be something more involved than the evaporation of the water. Old hay, both of clover and meadow grass, is always worth a pound a ton in England more than new hay.

Sparrows.—The *passer domesticus*, or English sparrow, has become a great nuisance here. To get rid of him, take a small teaspoonful of strychnine, which dissolved in a teacupful of strong vinegar. To this, mixed with a gallon of water, add as much wheat, barley, or rye, as will soak the whole up. This will soon thin the pestiferous flock, if it is scattered in different places every day. Unfortunately, like poisoned eggs for magpies and jays, the birds will, sooner or later, discover the plot, and shun the treacherous feast. In or about 1847, our gamekeepers at Wenvoe Castle, in the rough country in Glamorganshire, South Wales, began to poison vermin with strychnine in eggs. Very shortly afterwards, 120 pies and jays were picked up dead, but in less than two months after the plan was tried, it was common enough to see one of the crafty brutes go up to an egg, look at it, study a little time, and then fly away. In six months from the commencement, the scheme was given up, as the birds were no longer deceivable. How on earth did they know?

Movement and position of the furrow slices.—The accompanying engraving, taken from Stephen's Book of the Farm, shows the way in which the furrow slices are turned over, and the position in which they should lie after the operation is concluded. Each slice is supposed to be 10 inches broad by 7 inches deep, and the angle at which these parallelopeds are laid is half a right angle=45 degrees. It needs only a glance at the cut to convince any unprejudiced person that it is far easier for the harrows to take hold of the crests of furrows in this position and of this shape, than when a



A VIEW AT THE MOVEMENT OF THE FURROW-SLICE.

slice is taken of fourteen inches wide by seven deep, as recommended by those who use the American *chilled* plough. The latter furrow is flat enough, to start with, and the rains of early winter and spring must beat it still flatter, which, no doubt, is one of the reasons why we sometimes hear of men who "don't hold with fall-ploughing."

Preparation of land.—I hope that all those who are intending to put in their seed with one of the numerous kinds of broadcast seeders will prepare their land properly before sowing. These implements do their work well, but they are not intended to do more than sow and bury the seed at a fair depth. The land should be harrowed both before and after the seeder, and no one should leave off until the ground treads equally underfoot all over the piece. Believe me, my dear friends, the expense of an extra stroke or two of the harrows is invariably repaid you at harvest-time. Do not omit the rolling.

The Old Style.—To-day is the 2nd March, old style, our present 13th. To this date the proverb refers: "March comes in like a lion," and this year there no mistake about it. On Sunday morning the snow began to fall in thick, flocky flakes, and kept on in that fashion, with a thaw and Easterly wind all day and all night; early on Monday the wind was round at the West, and the snow was still falling in fine powder, and drifting as it fell; there was, fortunately, but little wind. It kept on thus all day and night, until Tuesday morning,—to-day—when, at ten o'clock, the snow ceased, and the raging wind, which had been travelling towards us from the N. West ever since Friday, began with full force. I have been thirty years in Canada, and this is the worst specimen of the weather I have yet seen. Well, I hope "March will go out like a lamb," that is that by the twelfth of April—the first, old style—we shall have spring. I have not seen a crow yet, though there are, I am told, plenty round the Montreal Mountain; but they are, probably, crafty beggars that have passed the winter in the bush close by. I never want to see a crow before the 20th. If they arrive from the South before that date, the early part of