

THE disappearance of snow and ice suggests an inspection of gardens, and especially of trees and bushes, with a view to repairing damage done during the winter. A seasonable communication on Pruning will be found in another column, from a correspondent who remarks in a private letter accompanying his communication:—"There appears to be an increasing interest about Fruit Growing in some Counties of the Province, and much valuable information might be sent abroad by means of the *Journal of Agriculture*." We are most anxious to send abroad throughout the whole Province all the valuable information we can, and the communication of E. C. will, we hope, show our young farmers how much more valuable the information is that is furnished by themselves, knowing, as they do, our soils and climate and circumstances, than anything that can possibly be obtained from writers, however learned and experienced they may be, who know only the peculiarities and wants of other countries and other climes. We hope that E. C. will continue his communications, and extend them to other branches of a subject with which he is obviously so familiar, and it is not unreasonable to hope that others will give us the opportunity to present our readers with the results of their observations and experiments.

It is a good sign to see the newspapers of a country devoting some portion of their space to the discussion of agricultural improvements. It shows that there is a demand for agricultural information, and that agriculturists in general are moving in the direction of enquiry. Ten years ago an agricultural article in a Nova Scotian newspaper was a rarity, and the circumstance we thought a remarkable one, especially when we reflected upon the wide-spread interest in agricultural subjects that had been excited at a former time by the classical letters of Agricola, in which the soundest practical wisdom was couched in the most chaste and elegant language. It was possible, indeed, that the hopelessness of successfully imitating Agricola had had some effect in bringing about the subsequent dearth in Agricultural literature. But a change has taken place, and now an agricultural article or communication seems to be quite at home in a newspaper. Within the last few months we have been tempted to quote several such from the *Truro Sun*, the *North Sydney Herald*, and the *Amherst Gazette*, not to speak of the city papers, the energy of which in reporting the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition of 1874 was beyond all praise. We have been led into these remarks by the publication of a letter in the *Christian Messenger*, addressed by "A Friend of the Farmer" to the "Farmers of Nova

Scotia," which we take the liberty to transfer to our columns, believing that its suggestions may be profitable to some of our readers:—

By permission of the Editor of the *Christian Messenger*, who, I have observed, exhibits much zeal in promoting your interests, by publishing weekly a very choice and valuable selection of items gleaned elsewhere, I propose to offer a few suggestions intended to benefit you especially as a class, and indirectly our common country.

In earlier life, I was trained to agricultural pursuits. My father was a farmer, and a good deal more. But he was a farmer, and stood at the head of his profession, for such I treat it, and was looked up to as a skilful practical tiller of the ground by all who knew him. His advice was often sought, and cheerfully given to all who had applied, for his farm and fields were the envy and admiration of all who visited the neighbourhood.

His example and influence, it is not too much to say, changed the face and complexion of a large portion of the country side where he dwelt, and that all within a very few years. Dyke lands, sunken and sour, were drained, ploughed, and cropped, and the finest wheat the climate was ever known to produce, rewarded his labor and skill. From two, to two hundred and fifty bushels of clean yellow wheat, 60 lbs. to the bushel, I have known him reap in a single season.

The wild heather, with its blue blossoms, he plucked up acre after acre, and converted these wild sheepwalks into wealth producing grain fields and meadows. So much for a revered parent, now no more. A successful practical farmer however.

We had no mowing machines, no raking machines, no pitching machines, no thrashing machines, it was all manual labour of the simplest, hardest kind. The scythe, the sickle, the spade, the flail and the plough were our agricultural instruments; and by the sweat of the brow early and late, we toiled, a large family of us, and the earth in return responded bountifully.

Arriving at manhood, I left for other pursuits, but not until I was master of the Art. I, though I say it, can and could trace a furrow, with any of the ploughmen of the village. I could chop, could mow, reap, and perform every kind of labour required on a farm. I am therefore no mere amateur farmer. From one to two hundred tons of hay were no unusual crop to make and cure and house. But my ambition took another turn, and I aspired to other pursuits, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, wisely or not, is another matter.

Recently my present avocation has given me an opportunity of visiting many of the country portions of the Province, indeed I might say the whole of it—and perhaps owing to the early training I had, I have always taken a decided interest in the success of farmers. I make it a practice, whenever opportunity offers, to inquire into the success they are having, and their prospects.

But there is one subject, and after so long a preface to it, to which I invite particular attention. There is one subject, upon which I have for the last two years found the best class of farmers in all parts of the Province, bearing uniform testimony; and it is this:—They say, the wheat crops have become as safe and certain again as ever they were in former times. That the weevil or fly, or

whatever the destructive insect is, that committed such havoc has disappeared, and many of the best of them are preparing to lay down larger fields this coming season for wheat.

Every one of us knows what an enormous amount of money leaves the country annually for flour. And how the farmer is put to it, to pay for his bread, and largely, because for years past he could not, and he is still under the impression that he cannot, raise it. But it appears to be a mistake. I know and can name quite a number of farmers in different parts of Nova Scotia who last summer raised all their bread and have wheat to spare.

Winter wheat too, is proving a success in many localities and is likely to come into much larger use than heretofore. But farmers every one of you, put in a few bushels of wheat this spring. Give it a fair trial. See if you can't raise your own bread and save the enormous drainage of gold required to pay for it. Times are going to be hard. Money is very scarce and interest high. If it indeed be the case that the wheat producing qualities of the country are now, what they were forty years ago, and the measures for raising it, are prosecuted, Nova Scotia will presently become the first Province in this Confederation. Fish, hay, beef, pork, oats, lumber, timber, cordwood, coal, freestone,—everything necessary to secure prosperity already abounds. Try farmers and give us our wheat-flour for 1875-6 and we shall say—"It is enough." Ours is the best Province in the group. Get good seed. Wash it clean—lime it freely. Sow early, having selected the drier and the newer portions of your farms, well drained, and where the silex required for good healthy straw abounds.

Suppose the farmers can only bread the country portions, leaving the city to buy from abroad, what a relief our finances would experience!

Fifteen from one, was no unusual return last year, and twenty bushels from the sowing of one. I know in several instances were secured.

Ontario itself does not beat that. But if every farmer will only determine to put one or two acres or more, under wheat, some hundreds of thousands of dollars, may I not say, would remain in the country next season, which will otherwise inevitably go abroad. Shipping is depressed, and exchange from abroad as many know, is all but dried up for the present. Cease ship-building for a little, good folk, and cultivate your broad acres freely, and thus bread your own families at least.

THE following appears as a communication from Mr. N. W. Blackmore, North River, Onslow, in a recent issue of the *Truro Sun*:—

I notice in a late number of the *Sun* an editorial on the proposed Exhibition Building, and in it some very striking remarks showing the importance of Agriculture and the bearing it has upon business of every kind. But, on noticing the doings of many of our farmers, especially in the back parts of our county, one is led to suppose that farming is considered by them as a mere irksome task, to be hurried through and got over in some kind of a way, without much regard to beauty or profit.

Lumbering seems to be the pet job of too many of our farmers, much to the hindrance of successful farming in nearly every case. How many of these farmer lumbermen hurry