

lot of clover that wanted cutting badly: "Oh! yes, that is all very well, but only think what a lot of work it will entail in making. Whereas, if it is left till the heads turn brown, it can be got into the barn the second day."

Clover, really, when made as we, in the neighbourhood of the most difficult of all markets to please, that is, London, make it, takes very little labour indeed. Meadow-hay takes labour enough, and we speak within bounds when we say that it is less work to get five acres of clover ready to carry than to prepare one acre of meadow. Meadow-hay has to be mown, broken out with the tedder, hacked into small rows with the hand-rake, the hacks turned, raked together, and the whole put into grass-cocks—very small ones—before the dew falls; and this is only the first day's work! Then, on the following day, the grass-cocks have to be shaken out, hacked, turned once or twice, and worried about all day, until put into larger cocks in the late afternoon; the third day, the same, and the fourth day it goes, not into the barn, but into stack.

Clover is treated in the very opposite way to this. The idea of all good farmers in England is, that the less you meddle with clover after it is cut, the better. It is simply cut, allowed to lie till it is a little wilted, then turned as gently as possible, generally with longish rods instead of forks, and never on any account shaken out; the third or fourth day, it is usually ready to be put into big cocks, which are very carefully made; it sweats a little, and is soon ready for stacking. Any stranger passing through an English stackyard a week after, would be surprised to see the new ricks of hay steaming away merrily; hay that does not create a good deal of heat in the stack is not considered to be worth much; the heat, no doubt, does some considerable amount of cooking, as it does in the silo.

Clover-hay, managed in this simple fashion, is the favourite on the London market. We asked Mr. Robert Ness, whom most of our readers know, if he had not been astonished at his first sight of such brown stuff! "Why," he replied, "it was more like a plug of chewing tobacco than anything else." And yet this queer looking sticky stuff invariably fetches, on the London market, five dollars the load of 2016 lbs. more than the best green meadow-hay! Horses get it, chaffed, with their oats and beans, but cows never see it by any chance, as it does not give the same delicious

flavour to the butter as meadow-hay, made from a score of different grasses all combining to impart their delicate zest to the gustatory nerve of the consumer.

And only think what a gain early cutting of clover is as regards the second crop. Put it off till the middle of July, as is the usual practice here, and the second cut will probably not be ready till September is well on its way, and September, as we all know, is generally a wet month, or if rain does not fall, the dews are so heavy, both morning and evening, that there is mighty little time left in the interim to get the clover dry enough to cock; the consequence is, that, in three cases out of five, the hay is put together damp, the first sweating takes place in the barn instead of in the cock, the clover is mouldy and dusty, and then people wonder at the number of horses that are met with touched in the wind.

This season, the clover was so early in flower, that we are certain that in all well cultivated farms two good crops of hay might be taken and a fair third cut ensiled or fed off by sheep; thus: first cut, June 13th; second cut, August 4th; third cut, September 22nd.

We mentioned, we believe, in our last, that the farmers in the neighbourhood of St. Johns, Sabrevois, and other circumjacent parts, had actually begun cutting their clover on the 13th June, and very right they were. Perhaps, the practice may prevail, and an improved method of managing this most valuable crop be the consequence.

Roots.—The root-crop, on this farm is very promising. There is a lovely plant of carrots, and though the mangels are left too thick in the rows, they can be thinned out a little at the second going over. Here and there, where the mangels failed, an attempt to fill up by transplanting was made; but the men were not accustomed to the work, and did not know that the great secret of transplanting anything successfully lies in the pressure applied to the thing transplanted. Did not a woman once write to Peter Henderson on transplanting roses, saying that hers had succeeded far better than usual that year, for her husband, whose duty it was to tread the roots of the set out roses firmly into the ground, had gained nearly a stone in weight since the previous season! A joke, of course, but the moral is good.