



The Farm and the Fireside.

Adaptation of Crops to Market.

The farmer who is wide awake to his business should watch, as well as follow, the market. He should know what crops will sell well. So far as he can form a probable or approximate opinion on this point, he should conform his cultivation to it. In some places, he can produce milk to advantage; in others, butter or cheese. Again, he may be so situated that neither of these articles will pay so good a profit as some others. Here his main crop will be, there fruit; here potatoes, there squashes and other vegetables.

A Farmer in Beverly, last year, raised on two and a half acres of land 18,000 cabbages per acre, the net receipts of which averaged him \$450. Another farmer, in Danvers, cultivated an acre of land with sage, and realized the handsome profit of \$400. The cultivation of the onion in this latter town gives employment to many hands, and is the source of large profits.

Other examples might be cited to illustrate the importance of adapting crops to the market, such as the products of the smaller fruits in the neighborhood of cities. It is the crop on which the farmer himself sets the highest value that should be raised by him, but the crops he can produce at the least expense, and sell to the greatest profit.

Some farmers are fearful of loss, if they diverge from the beaten track. They go therefore, cultivating the same products, and often on the same fields, as did their fathers. Other farmers seem to entertain the opinion that unless they raise the heaviest products—corn, potatoes, and grain, and hay—they are no longer farmers, but a sort of market gardeners.

But away with such idle fears and foolish notions! Let our farmers study their true interests. Let them not stand still while others are going ahead. Let them be up and doing something to supply the wants of the towns and cities in their vicinity; and not the necessities only, but the wants also.

Let them raise flowers, even, if it will pay a profit! Why not? The taste for flowers is an innocent and rational one; why should it not be gratified.

There are many articles not yet cultivated to any extent among us, that may doubtless be raised to advantage. For example, some vegetable product, such as the castor oil bean might be introduced and raised, to afford oil for a domestic light, or, for mechanical purposes. Whale oil cannot be produced fast enough to supply the demand. Some substitute drawn from mother earth, will doubtless be soon introduced. Sunflower seed might, perhaps, be found to answer.

But we must leave the subject for the present hoping soon to resume it.

What I have Learned.

I have learned that it is not good economy for the farmer to allow his cattle to eat very close, the aftermath on the meadows.

I have learned that it is better to stable the cattle, in the beginning of the cold and frosty nights of autumn, than to allow Jack Frost to remove the larger portion of the summer's increase, in fact, by pinching them with his cold fingers, as they were gathered behind the hill or stonewall for protection.

I have learned that it is of great utility to have a large box or pile of saw-dust at hand, for the purpose of spreading over the stable floor, in order to benefit the stock and save wood.

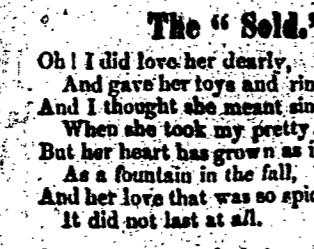
I have learned that it is indispensable, in securing the health and good condition of the stock, that the mangers should be cleaned of all refuse matter every day, and that the cattle should have no more at a time, or at one feeding, than they will eat such refuse matter.

When I have been exposed to the winter, come out pods in the spring, and consequently remain engaged was as a boy at Canterbury, when with a school-fellow, now a gallant major famed for deeds of arms, he entered a Quaker's meeting house and looking around at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said, solemnly! "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie!" Go thy way answered a dark-colored gentleman rising, a little every day, by a few handfuls of either carrots, beets, potatoes or turnips, and thus prepared, in the spring to give milk, instead of requiring the best part of the milk season to regain the necessary condition for a proper and profitable supply.

PROPER CULTIVATION OF LAND.—There is one fact which cannot be too deeply impressed upon the farming community. It is that it costs a man labor to cultivate a piece of land which brings about half a crop, as it does one bringing a full yield. Whenever finances will permit, therefore, money should be spent freely to improve the land, in the purchase of suitable fertilizers. It is better than sowing away money at 6 per cent, and leaving the farm to suffer. Farmers will be poorly paid for their labor, as long as they do not put their land in a condition to bring good crops. The latter effected; his fortune is made—slowly, compared with some speculative enterprises, it is true—but surely. Better cultivate less land, and cultivate it well, than merely skin a large amount. This sowing process is the greatest folly in the world. The land must be fed or it cannot produce well, and it wants more feeding in many sections we might point out. We hope the farmers market will continue good, and furnish abundant "change" to buy fertilizers, which so many farmers need.

HOW TO MAKE LIGHT BREAD.—Take a pint of milk and let it come to a boil; put in enough cold water to make it a little more than milk warm; put in one tea-spoonful of salt, two tea-spoonfuls of corn meal, and enough flour to make it as thick as you can conveniently get it. Keep it over the fire, stir it, and if it does not begin to rise in five or six hours, stir in a little more meal. When your yeast rises, sift your flour, put in a little salt, and a piece of butter half as big as your egg; mix up with warm water; grease your pans and warm them, and fill them half full, and when the dough rises to the top of the pan, put it to bake. Bake to a light brown, then take it out of the pan and wrap it up. Bread ought not to be cut under twelve hours after baking.

"I shall die like a hero" and the coal, when it was being consumed, for I shall mix with the ashes of the grave.



The "Sold."

Oh! I did love her dearly.
And gave her toys and rings,
And I thought she meant sincerely;
When she took my pretty things;
But I never told her that, for fear
She would be angry with me,
And her love that was so spicy.
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,
Which I had filled with my own hair;
And she put it in her pocket.
With very special care;
But a jeweler has got it;
He offered it to me,
And another that is not it
Broke her neck I see.

For my coolings and my billings,
I do not now complain;
But my dollars and my shillings
Will never come again;

They are gone with the wind and sorrow,

But I have got that,

And now I have to borrow,

And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,
How I have lost my wos,

And know my bad intentions,

That this last made it so.

See, see my beaver rusty,

Look, look upon this hole,

This coat is dim and dusty,

O, let rend thy soul!

Before the gates of fashion

I daily bent my knee,

But I sought the sun of passion,

And found my idol—thine;

Though never love intense,

Had bowed a soul before it,

Thine eye was on the center,

And not the hand that bore it.

Spiritual rappings.

The following is another parody of Poe's imitable song, "The Raven".

Once upon a midnight stormy, a lone bachelor attorney pondered many a curious unease of his heart's forgotten love—while he nodded, nearly napping, as of some one gently rapping, rapping at his chamber door.

"Is the spirit?" Oh! he started, "rapping at my chamber door! Oh, for help, I'm frightened sore!"

Then into his chamber flitting (not avan once permitting him to fly into the closet or to get behind the door) came the ghosts of fond hearts broken (with many a ring and other token) and they set them down beside him on the dusty, book-strewn floor—act them down amidst the volumes of most venerable lore. Quoth the lawyer, "What a bore!"

It must be something serious; this is certainly something quite an advent of the spirit—resurrection can come! But I understand them mostly! Here there came a rap so ghostly that he could no more discernible as he had done before; and his face grew pale and paler, as he started for the door down he flung upon the floor.

Then there came a clatter, and his teeth began to chattering, as the spirits gathered round him, and accused him very sore, how with hansom face all smiling, and with wavy words beginning, he had charmed the senses of fair maidens it was he, he did adorne. Quoth the lawyer, "Nevermore!"

Started at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken—for the answer, strange enough relevance bore—they began a noisy rapping, sort of spiritual clapping, which the lawyer thought would be a fashionable *esorte*; and again, as his soul was in that tone he would outpour, did he groan out, "Nevermore!"

Presently his soul grew stronger; he laid then no longer, "Oh," said he, "sweet spirit, it's thy forgiveness I implore; on my knees, to every ghost who to love has played the hostess, I will promise to recall the many faults things I've said! Will you promise then to leave me?" Here he pointed to the door. Rapped the spirit, "Nevermore!"

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