

## Agricultural.

## FIFTY ACRES ENOUGH.

"Ten Acres" devoted to vegetable culture near a city may be a miracle of plenty, but in the outlying rural districts it is not quiet "Enough," though infinitely better than nothing. A man with ten acres of anywise decent land need never fear the poor-house, if he works it well. His family may outnumber the nine digits, but there will be corn in Egypt for all that.

Now we hold that fifty acres of good land, or that which can be made good, is enough, unless a man wishes to slave out his whole life in toil—digging till his old back is as crooked as a rainbow—till his muscles crack with the rheumatism, and his joints snap with ankylosis. Some penetrating genius has discovered that man has but one life to live on earth—why toil incessantly for the bread that perisheth? In the sweat of our brows are we to get our bread, but don't let us sweat immoderately for mammon. Enough is all we can use.

We know of a snug little farm of thirty-four acres of cultivated land, and seventeen of rocky pasture, which yields a profit much larger than any one hundred and fifty acres we know of. It upholds a snug little cottage of eight rooms, a large barn with modern useful improvements, three acres of splendid orchard of all valuable fruits, half an acre of excellent garden, an acre and a half more devoted to carrots, turnips, and onions—the fences are all post and rail, bushes and weeds are in eternal exile, and the whole place is exceedingly fair to look upon, and to live on. This man is getting rich by being thorough in everything. His hen-house is perfect, his hens lay, and no droppings are lost. His pigsty is well supplied with muck and the house slops run into it. After taking the first premium he puts about six acres of corn into pork, which makes manure—his carrots and turnips he puts into beef, which makes more manure. Manure and thorough tillage are the grand secrets of all farming—in New England at least. This man lives well—no pork diet for him—he eats turkeys, eats eggs, eats lamb, and the first of his fruits and herds. He dresses well, rides in a carriage, has a good pew in church, and sends his children to the first institution of learning. His wife isn't worked to death, and has a piano in the parlor. He pays about fifty dollars a year for help—visits his neighbors and knows how to fish. No rich uncle ever left him any property—he began life by owning about half of his farm, without any buildings upon it, and five thousand dollars would not buy his real estate to-day. This farmer is no myth; we know him, and more minute statistics might be given to show that fifty acres is enough—enough unless a man desires to dig and scrub over a large farm of half-tilled acres, and perhaps not be any better off in the end than my easy friend with a small farm.

It is a fact that a two-hundred acre farm might be made equally good, but it is another fact that they seldom are. Thorough tillage in New England cannot extend over a multitude of acres. Fifty acres of rich land (it can be made rich if poor now) with a snug house in a spacious yard, with an abundant fruitage, and everything as perfect as a man can make around it, is a workingman's paradise. There is his vine-wreathed arbor in which to read his papers of a summer Sunday eve, and behold the sun sink down through the golden gateways of the west the while—there is everything beautiful and bright around him in the house and out of doors, and why is it not all the paradise earth can give?

We hold that the man who makes an acre of this earth more beautiful or productive is doing Heaven service, and if he has not over fifty acres, he can make it shine with fruition and beauty, and never ask discount besides.

—[Country Gentleman.

C.

## NIGHT SOIL—"LIQUIDS AND SOLIDS."

In the last number of the *Country Gentleman*, E. M., of Geneva, inquires how to prepare night soil for fertilization—"liquids and solids."

A full answer to this would be, "mix them." The true way is to have privies built without a vault beneath. The "seat plank" should be hung on hinges, and stout buckets placed as receptacles. Into the buckets the solid excrements fall, and into them too should all the chamber vessels of the family be emptied. By pursuing this plan, when the buckets are full, about one-fourth will be "solid" and three-fourths

"liquid," and giving forth little if any other smell than that of ammonia. When the bucket is lifted out the contents should be thoroughly stirred, and the whole become as a rich liquid manure. It is one of the very best fertilizers for fruit trees that can be applied. It may be scattered on the surface of the soil around trees, or what is better, small conical heaps of barnyard manure, or road scrapings, or muck, may be made ready under the trees to receive this rich liquid addition. In this latitude I prefer making these conical heaps in the fall, and have the same saturated with the "liquid manure" two or three times during the fall and winter; and then in the spring level the heaps down by scattering it over the entire surface. Where varieties of apples are cultivated that incline to be great bearers, the orchard ought to be well manured as often as every second or third year. It is folly to expect large and continued returns from fruit trees without they are fed. I believe the use of this "liquid manure" has a great tendency to clear an orchard from insects.

Six Smith's Cider apple trees in my orchard, netted me last season sixty dollars. Most orchards in my neighborhood, and around Cincinnati, did poorly, but mine never did better. I attributed my success very much to the "feeding" which my trees got.

What an "uncivilized" procedure it is to dig vaults under privies, in which may accumulate year after year this most offensive and health-destroying substance. It is the fruitful source of yellow and typhoid fever, and in cities it so saturates the soil beneath us that the plague and pestilence must some day burst forth, demanding the just penalty of this criminal infraction of the laws of health. When properly applied the substance referred to is the richest and most welcome food for plants; but it is a virulent poison to all animal life. If our entire country would adopt the plan above suggested, during the next half century, as many lives would be saved, and as much increase would be given to our national wealth as would make up for the havoc on life and property which this great rebellion war has occasioned.

B. F. S.

Latonia Springs, Ky., Feb. 7, 1865.

LOW-HEADED FRUIT TREES.—There are some good hints in the following: In trimming fruit-trees we should always be careful to secure the trunk from the rays of the Summer sun. Solar heat, by being long permitted to come in contact with the bark, is said to scald the circulating fluids, and thus cause many of the diseases which affect fruit trees in this climate. The foliage only should be fully exposed to the influences of heat, for that is capable of bearing it unharmed, and even to profit by it, when most intense. It has been asserted by distinguished terraculturists that trees which are permitted to branch out low—say three or four feet from the ground—[better two or three feet, and oftener less—ED. NEWS,] are rarely attacked by "fire blight," "frozen sap-blight," black spots, or other diseases of the bark or limbs.

There is also another advantage attending this practice. The soil is kept lighter, looser and more free from weeds. The high winds pass almost harmless over the trees and have not power to twist, rack and break the branches, or to detach the fruit, as they do where the branches aspire and are exposed. A writer on this subject says: "The trees will be much longer-lived, more prolific, beautiful and profitable. They are more easily rid of destructive insects, the fruit is much less damaged by falling, and the facilities for gathering it are much greater; there is much less danger of breaking the limbs. The trees require less pruning, scraping and washing—and the roots are protected from the scourge of the plow, which is too often allowed to tear and mutilate them."—[*American Institute, Farmers Club and other sources.*

LADY BUGS.—Whatever else you destroy in the insect line, never injure a lady bug; for in its larvæ, its pupa, (two stages of its metamorphoses,) and its insect states, it feeds upon the aphids, (the plant-louse or "vine fretter,") that is so pestilent in gardens and green-houses, and even in window-gardening among parlor plants. Every child knows the laydbird as well as the zoologist, who calls it "cleopterous," that is, sheath-winged—having its wings under cover of a pair of shells running longitudinally. The wings are of various brilliant colors, generally between orange and deep red. It belongs to the same genus of insects as the beautiful cochineal.—[*Genesee Farmer.*

SCRATCHING POSTS, LUXURIES FOR

CATTLE.—Sidney Smith used to say:—"I am for all cheap luxuries, even for animals; now all animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Even the *Edinburg Reviewer* can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

KEEPING EGGS.—A subscriber, says the *Boston Cultivator*, writes that eggs may be kept a year in pickle made as follows:—One pound of unslacked lime, one pound of rock salt, and six quarts of soft water. It should stand one night to settle and cool, then stirred and turned on the eggs, which should be packed the small end down. Care should be taken to select those with thick shells, and which are fresh. They must be kept in wood or stone. I have kept them one year, perfectly good." Another subscriber recommends lime-water for keeping eggs. Use a peck of unslacked lime to forty gallons of water. Draw off the clear water and add to it two quarts of salt. Keep the eggs in the water, in a cool place.

## THE LEGACY.

"I never in my life knew any people so lucky as George Andrews and his wife," observed Mrs. Henderson one evening to her husband, in a tone which bordered strongly on complaint.

"What has happened to them now, Sophia?" inquired he, suspending his pen, and looking up with a stronger sense of interest in his wife's feelings, however, than in his neighbor's fortunes.

"Have you not heard, Philip, that a cousin of his has died in India, and left him six or seven thousand pounds? Only think of receiving such a legacy from a person one has never seen, and scarcely ever heard of!"

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mr. Henderson. "One may congratulate him on his accession of wealth without fear of giving rise to painful regrets. Six thousand pounds would not console one for the loss of a very dear friend."

"Six thousand pounds would be very pleasant to inherit, Philip," replied the lady in a tone which seemed to imply that it would console her for a great deal. "I wish somebody would leave as much to you; how happy it would make us!"

"I am not so sure of that; such an addition to our income might possibly make us neither happier nor richer than we are at present."

"Not richer! Why, Philip, you are joking. Would not three hundred a year—and, if properly managed, it would produce that—make us a great deal richer? What an advantage it would be!"

"What do you need, Sophia, that you do not at present possess, that you are so extremely desirous of a larger income?"

"Oh, a dozen things at least; we would put Edward to a first-rate school, and have a capital governess for the others. What a pleasure that would be! I should be no more tied to teaching, as I am now, but should be as independent of the nursery as Mrs. Andrews; and then, perhaps you would indulge me with a week in London; and I am dying to hear an opera? I am sure you could afford that once in a while."

"I hope we shall manage to put Edward to a good school, my dear," said her husband rather gravely; "though as to the tuition of the girls, I think you must still be contented to act the part of a mother towards them. And permit me to say, that I trust your desire of going to London is as visionary as your expectation of a legacy. Your happiness does not depend on either event, I should imagine; certainly not nearly so much as on the cultivation of a cheerful and contented spirit, such as you have always hitherto exhibited."

No more was said on the subject, and Mr. Henderson trusted that, as the excitement of this intelligence subsided, his wife's inclination to discontent would likewise die away, and that she would gradually resume the use of her reason and her habits of active usefulness.

The inheritor of this unexpected legacy, meantime, did not view the affair in the bright colors that dazzled Mrs. Henderson. On the contrary, he had many and serious thoughts on the subject. He was at the first moment, it is true, much pleased with this sudden accession of property, but when he came to consider the matter, he experienced a great revulsion of feeling; and he be-

gan to doubt whether he was so lucky a man as his acquaintances universally denominated him. It was, after all so small a sum—only six thousand pounds—it would hardly add to his income or increase his credit. Why had it not been ten thousand? He would, he thought, have been quite satisfied with that; that would have been a handsome legacy, a something worth talking about—a gift to be thankful for. Perhaps, had it been ten thousand, he might have risen a step in the world, and from the senior clerk in the extensive firm to which he belonged, he might have been admitted as partner; a change which he had ardently desired. Why could not his cousin have made the legacy larger? How provoking that either from want of interest in his welfare, or from any other cause, he had stopped short of a sum which would certainly have procured him, as he imagined, perfect happiness.

The gloom which overspread his brow was not unmarked by his affectionate wife; and supposing that he was over-wearied with his work, and standing in need of relaxation, she one day proposed that he should beg a short holiday from the office, and spend it with them at the sea-side.

"I cannot afford any such extravagant pleasures," was his reply, somewhat impatiently to her suggestion.

"I thought this legacy you have received would have enabled you?" replied she rather timidly—then paused.

"Legacy!" repeated he; "I am sick of the legacy. After all the congratulations with which I am pestered, as if I had inherited half the Indies, to be owner of but six thousand pounds—it is too bad!"

"Nay, dear George, I cannot agree with you; six thousand pounds is a most comfortable addition to our income. I am sure I feel grateful for it."

"Grateful—pooh! If Edward Davis wished me to be grateful, he should have left me something worth naming. Upon my word I was ashamed to own that this legacy, which has made so much noise, was only six thousand pounds when the eldest Walker asked me about it to-day. How contemptible it must appear to him, who makes more than that clear profit every year!"

"But these things are all by comparison, George; and a sum which would be nothing to your employers may be very important to you. You would not, I am sure, like to lose this six thousand again, although you speak of it now so slightly?"

He did not answer, and she, after waiting a moment, ventured to continue:—"You are tempted to take this gloomy view of matters George, because you feel more than usually harassed with business. I am certain that is the only reason. Pray, for once take my advice, and try if the change of scene and little holiday I propose would not give you renewed strength and vigor for your work."

She spoke in the gentlest and most persuasive accents, but they were lost on a mind which listened only to the whispers of a newly-awakened avarice.

Mr. Andrews, after pacing the room for some minutes, seated himself again by his wife, and tried to make her understand the ambitious projects he had formed, and the great promotion he believed he had so narrowly missed. But she was too clear-sighted and well-principled to encourage visionary projects, which tended only to disquiet his mind and prevent his enjoying the blessings which were lawfully his. To his plan of laying by the whole of this addition to their income she did not of course object, if it was to enable her husband at some future day to retire from business; but his wish to become proprietor of the concern to which he belonged made her sigh, as she thought of the increased responsibility he desired for himself; and she dreaded lest the sudden passion for accumulation which had now seized him, might lead him further in the road of covetousness than he had at all anticipated. But his project was fixed, and he resolved at all events to become possessor of ten thousand pounds, a preliminary step, as he imagined, to his great advancement; and seeing that she must submit, she wisely submitted with a good grace, and resigned her hopes of change of air for herself and children without a murmur.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The rigor of the past winter in Russia was almost unprecedented. The *Telegraph* of Kieff says: "The villages are literally buried in snow, and the frost is becoming daily more intense."

—Men look at the faults of others with a telescope—at their own with the same instrument reversed, or else not at all.