

Communications.

WHAT IS OUR DUTY TO THE FARMER?

BY SUPER PHOSPHATE.

THIRD LETTER.

To the Editor of the Journal of Agriculture.

SIR,—In my second letter to you on this subject, I proposed to make out a case for our upland farmers. On considering this subject, my sympathy for those brave but rash individuals who so nobly devote themselves to the destruction of our forests and the impoverishing of the soil on which they grow, became so intensely excited that in imitation and emulation of our greatest public men, I determined to stump a section of the country, in order to stimulate and encourage them, i.e. the farmers, by pointing out to them the utter hopelessness of their condition, and the sheer folly of persisting in preserving their stoical equanimity under such palpably disheartening circumstances—in a word to make them happy by proving to them that they ought to be thoroughly miserable. With this laudable motive in view, I provided myself with a suitable supply of cambric pocket handkerchiefs, to be handed round to my audience whenever a climax in my eloquence had brought on the time for the tears to come in. I like decorum, and I could not think of such fine fellows screwing out tears with their bare knuckles—but to proceed—I had selected the right spot and collected the right crowd. I had opened up the subject with my usual eloquence and ability, I portrayed the desolating scene of devastation they had been engaged in from the felling of the first tree to the last scramble among the bare hills for the last poor crop of brown top at the rate of five cwt. to the acre. When, just when they were in the melting mood and I was feeling for the cambrics, I was brought to a stand still by an individual squeaking out, with just enough of a nasal twang in his voice to excite my intense disgust,—“I say, skipper, how do you sell your bone-dust?” By some confusion of ideas this person had identified me with the manufacturer of bones. Now I think, Mr. Editor, that when individuals ask such absurd questions—in fact when parties want to know, you know, indeed if parties are tolerated in putting such preposterous questions to an orator, no matter at what elevation his eloquence is soaring with him, they will bring him down as dead as Icarus. When I want to make a speech, I want to be let alone, but here is a party as good as says to me, what is the use of all this jaw? that wont raise turnips, but bone-dust will. “Skipper” he said, methinks I see him now, “how do you sell your bone-dust?” he is

not a bad looking party and yet if they are all to ask such questions, I am into a pretty hornets' nest. I have it, I am off, these are some of the backwoodsmen that my Hon. friend Annapolis sung so sweetly about all last winter.

Bone dust indeed! And this to me Super Phosphate. Why, only the other day, in town I was accosted by two old darkie women, just too when I was feeling grand in company with two Hons. from the country; one said “Massa Super Possum, does you buy bones?”—well I said a friend of mine buys them, indeed I have a little to do with bones myself, the fact is I am just full of patriotism, bursting, “Lor massa Super I knows thats siffin good to eat,” I said no, its a fashionable complaint that is going about these days, a great many folks have it in various ways without knowing it, I think patriotism means buying bones, grinding them into powder and also into half-inch pieces, selling them to the farmers and thereby putting money into my pocket, yes that's patriotism, you feel it most in your pocket, that makes people feel grand—makes me feel like raising big turnips and causing the valleys to smile and the little hills to hop for joy. “Why, how nice Massa Super, I s'pose it makes you feels like giving us a shilling a hundred more for bones now.” Just then another darkie sung out “Massa Super does you buy old iron and broken glass, and cow's hoofs and sheep's trotters,” and I moved on musing on patriotism as connected with the bone trade—my hon. friends had also moved on. Now I dont just see what all this has to do with the meeting I had convened, so as hunters say I will hark back in the country. I thought over the matter of my defeat by that upland farmer, and after giving myself sun-dry pats on the back, I came to the conclusion that I had placed pearls before —, I will add the wanting word in capitals when I return to town, and I will dismiss the subject of that meeting when I have recorded my respect for the very substantial cow-hide boots worn by my brave and heroic fellow countrymen on that occasion.

Bone dust indeed. But my mission to the country has not ended, I have still a duty to perform. In my second letter to you I left the gentlemen farmers of Nova Scotia sticking in their own mud. I believe with my native delicacy, I said, I will leave them firmly planted in their alluvial soil until I approach them on their weak sides. I would fain recall the two last words; I was rash when I wrote them—it would take me fourteen days hard writing to approach them on their weak sides. I thought their weakness consisted in their admiration of fine animals, but I have learned better. However on an intimation that I wished to address them on that subject, about six

of the finest bovine specimens of bipeds assembled over a beef steak and a dozen or so of port, to hear what I had to say in relation to their weak sides,—the weakest side at that board was at least three inches on the rib, and I opened the subject by complimenting them on the strength of their understandings and the vigorous growth of their calves, eighteen inches at least. I then said, gentlemen I want you to see my improved breed of cattle, contrast my ox with the almost indigenous ox of Nova Scotia, look at the small horns and head, the fine neck, the round barrel, the strait broad back, the deep shoulders, the well spread dew lap, and the large development of twist with just enough bone to sustain all these good qualities. Now look on that picture and on this, the large horns with head to match, the hollow back, the deep narrow shoulders, the heavy fore quarters, the slab sides, with a development of bone interesting to the maker of super phosphates and disgusting to Pater familias, whose money has paid for it; and look at his hind quarters, why there is no more development of twist there, than there is in the hind quarters of a rabbit. The same general rules will apply to sheep and swine, the same conformation that gives a good rib of beef, gives a good mutton chop, the same form that gives a good round of beef gives a good leg of mutton. Why, a leg of your old racing, fence clearing sheep resembles a giant's club with an attenuated handle much more than it resembles a leg of mutton taken from a well shaped animal, but, what is more to the purpose, my animals weigh more in proportion to the food they consume, and sell more readily at a higher price—this is because science has been at work, she has culled the desirable qualities of various animals and by judiciously blending them, by crossing she has produced the “multum in parvo,” the most muscle and fat on the least food.

Indeed, examples are not wanting amongst bipeds as well as quadrupeds of gaunt long legged narrow chested specimens, that no feeding will fatten and on which, if weight carries value, good food is thrown away.—I was getting on swimmingly when I was interrupted by one of the party singing out, “why, Mr. Super, this is all piper's news you are giving us.” I could only get out something about hoping that it would soon be piper's news over the whole length and breadth of the land. However, with great good feeling and after a complacent survey of their waistcoats they good naturedly admitted there was something in it, they then began to enlighten me with my own ideas and subsequently they crammed me with my own words, after which they began to chaff me immoderately—“pass the wine, Mr. Super, its with you—how did your experiments with dry earth succeed? were