

## SIGNS OF A POOR FARMER.

He grazes his mowing land late in the fall, and his pastures early in the spring, and consequently runs both. Some of his cows are much past their prime. He neglects to keep the dung and the ground from the sills of his buildings; and it costs him twenty dollars to make repairs, when one dollar's worth of work would have been sufficient if performed at leisure time, ten years before. He sows and plants his land until it is exhausted before he thinks of the manuring. He has generally too much stock, and many of them unruly. He is almost sure to have a good deal of stake and pole fence. He says that he cannot farm it for want of money: this is frequently the case with good farmers, but you may know a sloven by his inattention to small things—his children's shoes are spoiled for want of shoe-strings to tie them, or for want of a little tallow to supple them—his door hinges comes off for want of a nail, and the floor is destroyed for want of a hinge, and his mow is trampled on and cattle gored for want of a door, and all this loss is occasioned by not timely driving and clenching a single nail. Nothing is in order—he has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. If he wants a gimblet, a chisel, or a hammer, he hunts up the chamber, out at the barn and corn house, in the cupboard, and lastly when he has spent more time in pursuit than it takes him to do the job, he finds it in the cellar. He keeps no stock of the smallest things: if a button or a nail to a peil gives way, or a key to a yoke, or a pin to a sled, or helve to an axe, a string or a swingle to a flail, or even a tooth to a rake, he has none to replace them. He seldom does anything in stormy weather, or in an evening, and is sure to keep no memorandum of little jobs that are to be done. You will perhaps hear of his groaning about the hardness of the times frequently in a bar-room. Death and the tax gatherer he knows must come; yet he makes no provision for either of them. Although he has been on a piece of good land for twenty years, ask him for a grafted apple, and he will tell you that he could not raise them for he never had no luck. His indolence and carelessness subjects him to many accidents. He loses soap or cider for want of a hoop—in the midst of his busy ploughing, his plough breaks because it was not housed; and when he is employed away from home, his hogs break into his garden for want of an additional board. He does not take the advantage of his business by driving it when he can, and consequently he is like the old woman's son, "so busy that he never does any thing," or at least he seldom finishes one thing before he begins another, and therefore brings little to pass, and is often seen in a great hurry. He is seldom neat in his person, and will sit down to table without combing his hair, and suffers his children to do so without washing their hands and faces. He frequently drives his cattle with a club, and is generally late to public worship. His children are also apt to be late to school,

and their books are torn and dirty. He is careless; his children and domestics are so too. As he has no enterprise, so he is sure to have no money. If he must have money, he frequently makes great sacrifices to get it; and as he is slack in his payments, and buys altogether on credit, he pays through the nose for every thing. His want of forethought, economy, and exertion makes him poor, and his poverty tendeth to poverty. You will generally see the smoke begin to come out of his chimney long after daylight in winter. His horse stable is not daily cleaned out, or his horses littered and curried. Boards, shingles and clapboards are to be seen off his buildings month after month without being replaced. He feeds his hogs with hole grain, and suffers them to be much injured for want of a warm bed and warm pen; he seems to live without thinking; if his lambs die, or the wool comes off his sheep, he does not seem to think that it is for want of care and food.

He is generally a troublesome borrower, and frequently forgets to return the thing which he has borrowed.

In a word, a poor farmer in the strict sense of the word, is a poor creature—he is a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor and a poor citizen. A good farmer may be poor, but a poor farmer cannot act his part well; in other words, he cannot be good as a man or as a christian.—*Farmers' Messenger.*

## THE BEE MOTH.

The bee moth in most parts of the United States is very destructive to bees, while in other sections it is unknown. It is supposed to be imported from Europe with bees. This moth in its perfect state resembles some of the varieties of millers that are often flying into a light on a warm summer evening. It is usually less than three-fourths of an inch in length.

The female is larger than the male. They lay their eggs from the latter part of April to the close of August. In the evening they are active and lay their eggs; and in day lie quiet in cracks and crevices of the hive and bee-house. If a hive be not well guarded they will enter it and deposite their eggs in joints or cracks of the hive, where the young on being hatched finds a supply of wax which is its natural food. When the moth cannot gain access to the inside, she lays her eggs on the outside in the cracks or joints, and when the worm is hatched he eats his way through wax, or under the edge of the hive to the inside, and there he takes up his residence, and lives on the comb.—He throws around him a web, or silken tube, which protects him from the bees, and he moves about among the comb, carrying destruction in his course, filling the hive with webs and filth.

The bees become discouraged from the constant encroachments of an enemy against whom they have no means of defence. These worms or caterpillars in about twenty days from hatching attain their full size, which is about an inch in length. Then like the silk worm they spin