

THE FARMER. TO FARMERS.

Of all pursuits by men invented,
The ploughman is the best contented;
His calling's good, his profits high,
And on his labors all rely.
Mechanics all by him are fed,
Of him the merchants seek their bread;
His hand gives meat to every thing,
Up from the beggar to the king.
The milk and honey, corn and wheat,
Are by his labors made complete.
Our clothes from him must first arise,
To deck the fop, to dress the wise;
We then by vote may justly state,
The ploughman's rank among the great.
More independent, too, than all,
That dwell upon this earthly ball.
All hail, ye farmers, young and old!
Push on your plough with courage bold;
Your wealth arises from the clod,
Your independence from your God.
If then the plough supports the nation,
And men of rank in every station,
Let kings to farmers make a bow,
And every man procure a plough.

Am. Far.

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

INDEPENDENCE OF THE FARMER.

The merchant or manufacturer may be robbed of the reward of his labor, by changes in the foreign or domestic market, entirely beyond his control, and may wind up a year, in which he has done everything which intelligence and industry could do to insure success, not only without profit, but with an actual diminution of capital. The strong arm of mechanic industry may be enfeebled or paralyzed by the prostration of those manufacturing or commercial interests to whose existence it so essentially contributes, and on whom, in turn, it so essentially depends. But what has the industrious farmer to fear? His capital is invested in the solid ground; he draws on a fund which, from time immemorial, has never failed to honor all just demands. His profits may be diminished, indeed, but never wholly suspended; his success depends on no mere earthly guarantee, but on the assurance of that great and beneficent Being, who has declared that, while the earth endureth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease.

VALUE OF TREES.—Mr. Sheldon, of Wilmington, remarked, at a Legislative Agricultural Meeting, that a good tree, set one year, is worth a dollar; it will increase a dollar a year for the next nine years, and, in the next twenty years, it will pay the interest of that ten dollars and the principal also.

TRIMMING TREES.—A practical farmer says, "Large limbs should be cut off in August; this is a better time than June."

HENS, it is well known, when kept shut up, are very apt to eat their eggs. The best preventive is to keep them well supplied with lime and gravel, and with meat in some form. The nest should be so deep in the boxes, that they cannot reach them while standing on the edge.—Farmer.

The following is copied from that excellent journal, the *New England Farmer*:
Neat be your farms; 'tis long confessed
The neatest farmer is the best.
Each bog and marsh industrious drain,
Nor let vile barks deform the plain,
Nor bushes on your headland grow,
For briars a sloven's culture show.
Neat be your barns, your houses neat,
Your paths be clean, your door-yards neat,
No moss the sheltering roof enshroud,
Nor wooden panes the window cloud;
No sink-drains should above ground flow,
Nor weeds with rankling poison grow;
But flowers expand, and fruit-trees bloom,
And fragrant shrubs exhale perfume.
Neatly inclose your garden round,
Smooth, enrich and clean the ground;
For if to taste and profit you incline,
Beauty and use you always should combine.