

if you can that you have more respect for the bankrupt's parlour than the farmer's garden. Have you ever felt the pleasure of seeing a useless waste converted into a profitable field, or an old worn out meadow fertilized and made rich by your skill and labor? If not try the experiment, and see if it has not a more lasting pleasure than the enjoyment of an expensive or splendid equipage.

The soil of New Brunswick, so far from disappointing the careful cultivator has generally exceeded his anticipations, owing partly to its inherent capabilities, and partly to its local advantages, combining with a very healthy climate immense resources and a geographical position superior to most other countries on the globe.

Its surrounding and internal navigation, its extensive and productive forests, its immense beds of gypsum, lime, and various valuable kinds of stone with which the shores of its bays and harbors abound, its extensive alluvial plains and beautiful undulating uplands, all unite in inviting the attention of the ingenious, the industrious, and the enterprising as a desirable residence, and a suitable place for the investment of capital.

Let me then once more, my dear countrymen, intreat you to lay fast hold of the soil, before it slides from under your feet, and if you will not concur with me in opinion, learn by the practice of some of your European neighbours, who have had sufficient experience, of the great value of a deep furrow and a good compost heap to

A FARMER.

LETTER XIII.

Having observed in the early part of the summer an account of destroying young grasshoppers by means of a brush harrow, and observing many of their little bunches of froth on a small piece of my meadow, I thought the experiment worth trying; but not having a brush harrow at hand, I had recourse to the roller, which completely banished the bunches of froth, and I thought my object was accomplished; however, in a few days I discovered the froth appeared on the same grass again, and in some other places in the meadow—always increasing in dry weather, and vanishing with a heavy shower. This led me to a further investigation of the matter, and I find that the seed adheres closely to the plant, and rises from the ground with it. When it is hatched into life, the first breath causes a bubble from the dew or other moisture, and the bunches of froth are nothing but an accumulation of bubbles, which become sufficiently tenacious and adhesive to shield the insect in embryo from ordinary danger until it has sufficient strength to extricate itself from this cradle provided by an all-wise Providence.

Although I doubt the practicability of preventing grasshoppers from accumulating in poor meadows or pastures, yet I am happily able to acquaint you with a sure method of preventing them from injuring the meadows.

Apply an abundant top-dressing of good composted manure, and you will see few grasshoppers on the meadow. It is only the poorer meadows and the pasture land where grasshoppers increase and become troublesome. They prefer an open space, free from a heavy burthen of grass, for their revels.

I hope our Agriculturists will improve this fine season for preparing their compost heaps, without waiting for the expected arrival of the cargoes of *Guano*—they may go to another port—and it is best to encourage domestic manufacture.

This is the best and most suitable season for accumulating manure to enrich the farm, and there

is no kind of earthy or vegetable matter about our farms which will not make an excellent rich manure, with the aid of the excrementitious and urinary matter too frequently wasted about our barn-yards.

Turnip Fly.—Having found in the early part of this summer that my turnips were dwindling away, and those that remained were much perforated with the turnip fly. I had the field sowed over with dry ashes. Soon after, I had the satisfaction of seeing the turnips revive and produce free leaves without the little holes in them, and they now look very promising.

The quantity of ashes used, was about five or six bushels to the acre, but the more ashes sowed, the better for

A FARMER.

THE FARMER'S ODE.

Let Commerce spread her flowing sails
And Trade her path pursue;
Without the Farmer what avails,
Or what without him can they do?

Let learned Divines and Lawyers boast,
Let Physic follow in her train,
The Farmer's skill is valued most
In making golden sheaves of Grain.

Let Statesmen rack their brains with care
Some mighty project to fulfill;
The Farmer's wiser projects are
His flocks to feed, his grounds to till.

His orisons at early dawn,
'To the Almighty Power he makes,
'Then treads the dew-bespangled lawn,
Or pleasure in light labour takes.

He hears the robin's early song,
And rude note of cheerful swans,
While heedful of his crops, along
He travels o'er his own domains.

A stranger he's to fretful care;
No busy scenes perplex his life,
Contented with his homely fare,
His children and a prudent wife.

He labours to improve his soil,
While Ceres shows him her regard,
And blesses all his careful toil,
In fruitful crops for his reward.

No prodigal nor careless waste
On his domain is ever found;
With open hand he yet will haste
'To help the poor till they abound.

And now his earthly labour's past,
And old in virtue he has grown,
To crown his well-spent life at last
Kind heaven shall claim him for its own.

GUANO A PRESERVATIVE OF FLOWERS.—Those who are lovers of flowers, and delight in having them constantly in their rooms, may continue to keep them fresh for a very considerable time, by putting into the water a pinch of Peruvian guano, which is rendered immediately soluble and taken up by the cuttings. Guano is essentially different from all other manures: possesses most of the constituents of plants and contains a great portion of salt and other antiseptics, and yet the most fertilising ingredients.—*Gardiner's Chronicle.*