

dug the land, and so keep the top-soil on the surface, without bringing the hungry subsoil into play, till after it has been subjected to the operations of a regular rotation.

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black sin may nestle below a crest,
And crime below a crown,
As good hearts beat 'neath a fustian vest
As under a silken gown.
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold
Their sinews to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard
Of the men who reap and till?
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng
Who greet the young morn with toil;
And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—The Kings of the Soil;
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand;
But ships would rot and be valued not
Were there none to till the land.
The wildest heath and the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest fleet,
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,
And give them food to eat.
And with willing hand, to the spade and plough,
The gladdening hour shall come.
When that which is called the "waste land" now,
Shall ring with the "Harvest Home."
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
No Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

I value him whose foot can tread
By the corn his hand hath sown;
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed
It is more than Music's tone.
There are prophet-sounds that stir the grain,
When its golden stalks shoot up—
Voices that tell how a world of men
Shall daily dine and sup.
Then shame, oh shame, on the miser's creed,
Which holds back his praise or pay
From the men whose hands make rich the lands,
For who earn it more than they?
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

The poet hath gladdened with song the past,
And still sweetly he striketh the string,
But a brighter light on him is cast
Who can plough as well as sing.
The wand of Burns had a double power
To soften the common heart,
Since with harp and spade, in a double trade,
He shared a common part.
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

REAPING MACHINES.

THE Subscriber has on hand three REAPING MACHINES of the latest and most improved construction, capable of cutting twenty-two acres per day. Being manufactured by himself, he is prepared to warrant both material and workmanship as of the best order. PRICE—MODERATE.

MATTHEW MOODY, *Manufacturer.*
Terrebonne, July, 1848.

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THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and Customers that he has, under the patronage of the Lower Canada Agricultural Society,

OPENED HIS SEED STORE,

At No. 25, Notre Dame Street, Opposite the City Hall, Where he will keep an extensive assortment of AGRICULTURAL and GARDEN SEEDS and PLANTS of the best quality, which he will dispose of on as favourable terms as any person in the Trade. From his obtaining a large portion of his Seeds from Lawson & Sons, of Edinburgh, who are Seedsmen to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, he expects to be able to give general satisfaction to his Patrons and Customers. He has also made arrangements for the exhibition of samples of Grain, &c., for Members of the Society, on much the same principle as the Corn Exchanges in the British Isles. He has a large variety of Cabbage Plants, raised from French seed, which he will dispose of to Members of the Society, at one fourth less than to other customers.

GEORGE SHEPHERD.

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Montreal, May 30, 1848.

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