

likely to stop, and finally left a note at the hotel, stating that it would be impossible for him to meet us at his place, but at some other time would be very happy to have us make him a visit. The cause of the difficulty we could imagine very readily. We could not remove the impression that he was unwilling we should see the clear evidence that he disregarded his own teaching.

The present season a friend invited us to see his young stock—horses and cattle—in the meadow, and at the same time drove some of the younger ones that had been in the yard, down the lane that took us to the field where we were to find the principal part of the animals. Soon we came to a set of bars. Three or four rails were taken off and they had to make their way over the rest, which they did remarkably well, considering their age and size. Opening directly into the meadow was a gate, and this was opened a little way, and the young animals left to crowd their way through, which they seemed quite pleased to do. The older of the young animals we noticed were ornamented with ugly pokes, a species of jewelry that we very much dislike. On inquiring the reason we were informed that his stock had a good deal of life and were more unruly than those of his neighbors. We suggested that he gave them very good lessons by compelling them to jump bars and crowd through gates; but he declared he had not patience to take down every bar when they could just as well get over without.

We need not a little patience in making our plans. Lay out no more work than can be well done with the help at command, making all due allowance for interruptions from weather, &c., and when the time comes for putting these plans into operation, let nothing divert, but pursue them with that industry and patience that knows no defeat. A little more patience in mending the fence will preserve crops from depredation; a little more in repairing barns and sheds and providing more shelter will make stock far more comfortable and thriving; more patience in preparing the ground and in putting in crops, in destroying weeds, and mellowing the soil, will give you better crops and add materially to your wealth; a good deal more patience will make you a better farmer, a better and happier man, and add to the peace and comfort of all with whom you have to do.

OLD FOGY FARMERS.

My father is a farmer; I am my father's son; ergo (the inference may not be a necessary one, although it is true,) I am a farmer. I read several of the Agricultural journals, but I confess it does me very little practical good, except the satisfaction I receive in knowing that other people are pushing on the car of progress and lifting up the profession of Agriculture to its natural level, so that it is no disgrace for a man to say in any society, "I am a Farmer."

You will, perhaps, ask why I am not benefited by my reading. Because I have no opportunity of putting the ideas of which I thus become master in practice. My father (I mean no irreverence) is an old fogy. He adheres to the traditions of the fathers. He farmed it twenty, thirty, forty years ago just as he does

now, and prospered—paid for his own farm of nearly two hundred acres, and bought and paid for farms upon which he has comfortably settled all his boys, except your humble correspondent. He got on well in the years gone by, farming in the old way; therefore the old way is a good way. But the old way is destined never to purchase any more farms. "Luck" in raising crops is no longer invariably or even generally good. Chance—the deity which presides over the operations of old fogy farmers—now and then gives us an abundant harvest, but at intervals, which I can perceive, increase in length with the march of time.

Such a thing as making improvements which would take results out of the hands of chance, render success certain and invariable. Pshaw! That would be flinging insults right into the face of Providence. We *must* have our ups and our downs. We *must* have our hard times, and our good times, and our indifferent times, and these must depend on our good crops, our poor crops and our medium crops. I sadly fear the ups, the good times and the good crops will soon be altogether among the "things that were, but are not," to all these traditionary farmers. But it will make no difference in their professional opinions. Their confidence in the soundness of their inherited dogmas and whims can never be shaken.—never. As long as they live and control operations on the soil of their deteriorated acres, they will do it just as their fathers did, and just as they have always done, though nothing but starvation to the soil and to themselves ever comes of it.

No system of underdraining on their farms. It would cost as much as they paid for their farms in the outset. No fine cattle in their pastures. Do you think they would pay twenty-five, fifty or a hundred dollars for a blooded calf to improve their stock, when their own half-starved creatures will hardly bring fifteen dollars at two years old? No, indeed! They will keep their short-cropped pastures overrun with poor half-starved cattle and sheep of the real dung-hill sort, and pens full of squealing, bony creatures which they call hogs, but which look the personification of—but I forbear; "it's no use talking." Go you on, good old RURAL! Continue your efforts to diffuse liberal ideas, and we will hope that their influence will be perceptible in the old fogies' children, if not in themselves.

A STEAM FIRE ENGINE FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

A committee from the city of St. John, New Brunswick, recently arrived in Boston, for the purpose of purchasing a steam fire engine. The committee visited the house of steamer No. 10 in Charles street and witnessed her working qualities. In four minutes from the time of starting the fire she had on 10lbs. of steam; 20 lbs. of steam in 5½ minutes—playing two streams of 1½ and 1-inch. She played two streams vertically 150 feet; and one stream, through an inch-pipe, 170 feet vertically. The committee were so well pleased with what they saw that they left for Manchester to order a similar one from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, of Manchester, N. H.