



"THE EARTH BEING MAN'S INHERITANCE, IT BEHOVETH HIM TO CULTIVATE IT PROPERLY."

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THE FARMER'S MANUAL,

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THE FARMER'S MANUAL.

NOTHING NEED BE WASTED.

Among the many significant injunctions of the Great Teacher when he was on earth, is to be found the command:—"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." This command was given immediately after the exertion of a miraculous power of production, as wonderful as it was benevolent, and is therefore evidently intended to teach us that boundless resources and overflowing abundance by no means release us from the obligation of practising the cardinal virtue of frugality.

The language of the Divine Being in creation, is equally unequivocal. Though He scatters his bounties with a liberal hand, yet He observes the most exact frugality in the midst of profusion, and in the whole economy of nature, appears to say—"let nothing be lost." Take a tree as an example; the various materials which contribute to its growth, are drawn from the earth and the air, and, by means of a singularly beautiful organization, are diffused through the root, the stem, the branches and the leaves; every particle thus absorbed, appears in some fresh form of strength or beauty. The tree, when full grown, furnishes a habitation for birds, conduces to the salubrity of the atmosphere, refreshes the eye by its grateful verdure, and sometimes produces delicious fruit; if felled in its prime, the

bark, the trunk, the branches, are all of signal utility; or, if suffered to decay, the same tree, when crumbled to dust, enriches the soil on which it formerly flourished.

The ingenuity of man has discovered a usefulness in the seemingly worthless parts of many animals. Not only is the wool of the sheep of essential service, but its skin, when made into parchment, is an invaluable commodity; not only is the hide of the ox of great use, but even its hoofs can be converted into glue, an indispensable article of consumption in a civilized country; not only is the flesh of these animals good for food, but even their refuse fat is wrought into a taper to cheer the darkness of the night; and in some countries, even the mere dry bones are ground to powder, and spread on the land for manure. Nothing need be wasted, not even worn out articles of dress, the ragged remains of a cotton gown can be transformed by the magic power of intelligent skill, into a delicate fabric, which is an absolute necessary in the literary world, and it is impossible to divine what may have been the former fate of the very paper on which this journal is printed. There is not a thing which may not be rendered useful for some purpose or other, by a wise and careful man.

But if this be so, why should the capabilities of the soil be wasted? Granted that land is abundant and cheap, is that a valid reason for neglecting to raise as large a crop as the most careful and skilful husbandry can produce? Suppose there is a large tract of country to be brought under cultivation, does that exonerate any one from making the land already enclosed, as fruitful as possible? If, as we have seen, every thing in nature is used up, is it fit to allow of waste in that portion of the earth's surface which we profess to have subdued? Is it wise to suffer the rich drops of rain to fall without making full use of them? Is it right to take but sparing advantage of the gold producing rays of the sun? If the farmer's self-interest does not impel him to repudiate wastefulness, does the community demand nothing at his hands? Does