

THE HAW-THORN.

All ye wha pride in Adam's trade,
Wha swing the scyth, or wield the spade,
Or ply the crooked pruning blade
The trees amang;
Listen, O brither o' the trade,
And hear his sang.

And ye wha broke in Buck and Bright,
To haul the logs together right,
And fit them sae to burn up right,
And clear the land;
Come, also hear a brither wight,
Won't keep you long.

And ye wha's got your farms a' clear
From trees and log heaps, stumps an' gear,
And in your pocket snugly thare
Your free clear deed,
And hate to see a neighbor near
In ony need.

You are the chaps I want to tell,
That I have good Thoru Plants to sell,
From six inch high unto an ell
Of good Scotch measure,
And raised from haws I grewed mysel,
With pride and pleasure.

But as I have but little room
To grow so many things upon,
You will oblige by coming on
To help to clear
A piece to plant potatoes on,
In this same year.

True Scotchman will remember well
The bonnie nawthorn o' the vale,
And trysting thorn far in the dale,
Where he met Maggie,
And there his tale of love did tell—
Ca'ed her his lady!

I've seen my ain Meg's cheek most burn,
When looking at the flowering thorn,
I raised to dry her hippens on
At log-house door.
We've left that place, and sair she mourns,
Its bonnie flower.

She says 'tis lovely green in May,
In June 'tis white, in July gray,
In autumn red, with haws so gay,

The birds sing in it,
The mavis and the blackbirds lay,
Aye, and the linnet.

And now I'll tell you what I mourn
Is, you care little for that thorn;
But hark ye, lads, you'll take a turn,
And wish that had ye
Ta'en advice and had not spurned
The thorn so hardy.

If you will plant out twenty trees,
In some snug spot, 'twill please your bees,
Your wife and daughters, and will ease
Your lugs from ringing,
When they on them with looks that's pleased
The hippens flinging.

Plant twenty trees one rod apart,
In twenty years with little art,
With twenty thousand you may start,
To fence your farm;
In seven years more no bull nor brute
Could do it harm.

I sowed some seeds in '33,
And from the produce of one tree,
I've fifteen thousand, you may see—
Fine thriving plants;
Now that is hint enough to gie
To them who wants.

I will spare twenty for one dollar;
And if your mistress grudge the siller,
Look back to Maggie's colour,
Then ask your wife,
And then as soon as come good weather
I'll see you baith.

And mair than that, they're acclimated,
Although its hard to get it stated,
Folks won't believe, and *hac me rated*
Oft and again,
Because I say they're over-mated
Canadian.

They're not so apt for to get lousie;
Fifty for one I can grow easy,
Tried all the sorts, nor am I lazy;
But try again
A maxim is with old and prosy
John Williamson.

PRESERVING EGGS.—I am convinced from numerous experiments, that eggs may be preserved in corn meal or bran than in any thing else. Mrs. ———, the lady knitting in the other corner there, last fall put down some twenty dozen, small end down, and only two came out worse for resting. To this present sitting, some four months, they are "good as new." Salt does not do as well.

HORSES AND OXEN FOR FARM LABOR.—The Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, have offered a premium of two hundred and fifty dollars "for the best practical essay on the comparative economy of horses and oxen for farming purposes in Massachusetts,—the offer of said premium to remain open until the first of January, 1858, and the premium not to be awarded for any essay which shall not be considered by the Trustees of sufficient practical value to be worthy of publication in the Transactions of the Society."