

THE PLOUGHMAN.

BY "XENETTE" OF CANADA WEST.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Trudging, drudging, toiling, mowing,
Hands and feet and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet there's lustre in his eye,
Borrowed from yon glowing sky,
And there's something in his glances
That betrays no dreamer's fancies—
For his mind has precious lore,
Gleaned from nature's sacred store.

Toiling up yon weary hill,
He has worked since early morning,
Ease and rest, and pleasure scorning,
And he's at his labor still—
Though the slanting western beam,
Quivering on the grassy stream,
And yon old elm's lengthened shadow
Flung athwart the verdant meadow,
Tell that shadowy twilight ray
Cannot now be far away.

See he stops and wipes his brow—
Marks the rapid sun's descending—
Marks his shadow far extending—
Deems it time to quit the plough.
Weary man and weary steed
Welcome food and respite need;
'Tis the hour when bird and bee
Sick repose—and why not he?
Nature loves the twilight blest,
Let the toil-worn ploughman rest?

Ye who nursed upon the breast
Of ease and pleasure enervating,
Ever new delights creating,
Which not long retain their zest—
Ere upon your taste they pall,
What avail your pleasures all?
In his hard, but pleasant labor,
He, your useful, healthful neighbor,
Finds enjoyment, real, true—
Vainly sought by such as you.

Nature's open volume lies,
Richly tinted, brightly beaming,
With its various lessons teeming,
All outspread before his eyes,
Dewy blades and opening flowers,
Emerald meadows, vernal bowers,
Sun and shade and bird and bee,
Fount and forest hill and lea—
All things beautiful and fair,
His benignant teachers are.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Trudging, drudging, toiling, mowing,
Hands and feet, and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet 'tis health and wealth to him,
Strength of nerve and strength of limb,
Light and fervor in his glances,
Life and beauty in his fancies;
Learned and happy, brave and free,
Who so proud and blest as he?

TEA AT HALF PRICE.—Laysol, a French Chemist, asserts that if tea is ground like coffee, before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

THE TURNIP FLY.

A correspondent of the *North British Agriculturist*, gives the following as a remedy against this troublesome insect:

Let the seed be put into a glazed pan, or any open vessel and put to it as much rapeseed oil as will, when stirred together with a stick, be sufficient to make the seed moist. Next add sulphur as will, when again stirred together, cause the seed to separate. When properly mixed, all the seeds will have a coat of sulphur adhering to it; and it will be found that the ingredients, in addition to keeping off the insects in question, will be a great stimulant to the growth of the crop. The seed thus managed may be sown or drilled with the same convenience as if it were clean. Should more seed be prepared than is found necessary to be sown at one time, it will keep well and not germinate for twelve months to come. This simple remedy I have never known to fail, and has only to be tried to be appreciated.

STANDARD WEIGHT OF GRAINS IN CANADA.—The following table shows the weight of a bushel of the different grains, &c., as fixed by Parliament:

Wheat,.....	60 pounds
Indian Corn,.....	56 pounds
Rye,.....	56 pounds
Peas,.....	60 pounds
Barley,.....	48 pounds
Oats,.....	34 pounds
Beans,.....	60 pounds
Clover Seed.....	60 pounds
Timothy Seed,.....	48 pounds
Buckwheat,.....	48 pounds

AN ENGLISHMAN'S APPROVAL OF THE MICHIGAN DOUBLE PLOUGH.—A correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express*, residing in Canada West, says:—We would recommend to the attention of English farmers an American plough, which we here now use to great advantage. It is wide on the sole, and has, preceding the ordinary mould board, a smaller one mortised into the beam and regulated in hold by a screw; this turns a thin paring of say two to three inches from the surface into the bottom of the furrow, and is invaluable in clover leys or dirty stubble. In spring, after it, you will see no grassy, stubbly strip marking each furrow; but all is a clean fallow-like surface, ready to work with the cultivator or grubber into a most beautiful seed-bed for peas or spring grain, giving thereby the advantage of the frost-mellowed surface soil, without danger of a foul tilage. A pair of stout horses work this plough readily, and where the land has been previously subsoiled can go to a great depth."

Manures and Fertilizers, and their application to the soil, are topics upon which the progressive farmer is generally well informed. His maxim is to so feed the soil that, notwithstanding the large crops produced, its strength and fertility shall annually be increased rather than diminished. Knowing it requires the same elements to produce a bushel of wheat in the middle of the nineteenth century that it did when Joseph was sold into Egypt, he takes especial pains to return to the soil the items requisite to the growth and perfection of the cereal and other crops taken therefrom. Hence he always makes compost before constructing a granary—knowing that, unless his is a rich, virgin soil, there will be little or no use for the latter without first applying the former liberally to the land cultivated.