

object of all these precautions is in order to prevent the potatoes from exhausting their strength or juices previous to planting.

The prospects of the farmer at this moment are so far encouraging that we shall be again able to grow good crops of wheat in Canada. Wheat at five shillings the bushel in the Montreal market would pay better than any other produce, with a fair crop. The rot in potatoes may be only accidental and produced by a particular state of the weather in the month of August, when the crop was in a most luxuriant stage of its growth, and the late planted potatoes have suffered the most as they were the softest and most tender. The price of produce is low now, and with the exception of potatoes, not likely to be high this winter. We do not know to what extent the curing of beef and pork for the English market may go, but we are confident that any intended for that market must be of good quality, and well put up, or it will not pay the farmer or merchant. We think the curing of bacon and hams for the British markets would pay, as the prices of these articles in England is generally from 56s. to 70s. the cwt. It would be very desirable we should have spare produce to export to enable us to pay for what we require to import.

Coté St. Paul, October 31, 1844.

We have received the following letter and song from an unknown friend, and we return our best thanks for it. We shall always prefer giving insertion to Canadian original matter, to copying from other publications.

WILLIAM EVANS, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed song was suggested to me by reading your article, on the first page of your October number. It is only a repetition of the strong truisms you have therein stated; the air is old and popular, and should you think it worthy of your pages it is at your service. We require great exertions to put in us an "esprit du corps"—something to kindle up the latent flame and keep it burning, and every man that owns a furrow should feel that he owes you much. With best wishes for the success of the work in which you are so earnestly engaged, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
W. M.

SONG.

ARR.—"For a' That."

This apathy to farm affairs,
And cattle, sheep, and a' that,
Is a crying sin to our city squires,
And gentry fine, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Tho' we dress not fine, and a' that,
Our life's no artificial life,
We're hale and strong for a' that.

What though we have not houses fine,
Nor coaches gilt, and a' that,
Nor dainties sweet, nor foreign wine,
Nor slunkies drest, and a' that,
And a' that, and a' that,
Nor jewelled breasts, and a' that,
Our trade we took from the hand divine;
We till the earth, and a' that.

Foul fa' the honest farmer's son
That slights his bame and a' that,
Gives his acres braid for a yard of town,
To dress him fine, and a' that,
And a' that, and a' that,
To strut and quiz and a' that,
Gives a mailen good a' to the wind
For a counter, desk, and a' that.

Think well my youth before you've done,
Thy bank is good and a' that,
Let it not go for a phantom show
Of paper rags, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Thy discount's sure and a' that,
Go sow thy land, and hold thy hand
From pens and ink and a' that.

The time will come when city men
Will change their views and a' that,
The best of banks's a bank of land,
No shaving Jew in a' that,
And a' that and a' that,
Directors good and a' that,
our labour does the town support,
So doubt it not 'tis true that.

Then be not you misguided, man,
Stick to thy farm and a' that,
Tho' yon labour hard thy sleep is sound,
And thy bread is sure and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Thy homespun garb and a' that,
A farmer's life the world roun'
Is an honoured life, for a' that.

THE DISEASES OF WHEAT—PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

—In his excellent report, as Commissioner of Patents, Mr. Ellsworth alludes to the methods of preventing the diseases and attacks to which the wheat crop is exposed. He says that the time when the field is struck with rust, seems to be just at the time of ripening. A remarkable fact on this subject is stated in a report to the New Jersey Agricultural Society. An extraordinary field of wheat, supposed to be out of danger, on a hot day became drenched by a sudden shower, which came on between one and three o'clock p. m. All was still; and on the passing away of the shower, the sun came out intensely hot. The owner went into his field to examine his wheat, which he found much pressed down by the shower: he immediately perceived a continued ticking or snapping noise, in every direction. The straw was fine and bright; but on examining it, he found it bursting in small slits one quarter of an inch long, and the sap exuding from it. A day or two after, the whole field was darkened with rust, and the wheat nearly ruined. Another instance of the same kind is also related. The conclu-