

I could see defects in both Mr. Drummond's and Mr. Hodge's that were not in Mr. Hutchison's, hence I concluded there was something on the minds of the Judges, which I could not account for, in awarding the prizes of this class; however, sir, it may be said that this is but an opinion of my own, and very possibly I am as likely to err as the Judges. But there is one thing I am now fully convinced of, and as a member of this excellent Society, I must insist upon being carried out in future on similar occasions, and that is, the Judges should not know who the ploughmen are; each man's work should be numbered and entered on the Secretary's books, and the Judges should be men chosen from a distance, and should not see the work until the day after the work is done.

Before concluding, permit me to suggest to the office bearers of the Agricultural Society to withdraw from future contests at ploughing matches Messrs. Hutchison, Drummond and Hodge, so as to give those who have not reaped so many laurels, an opportunity to carry off first prizes. I have just learned that Thomas Hodge has taken 3 first, 2 second and 2 third prizes; Matthew Hutchison has taken 3 first, 1 second and 1 third prize; James Drummond has taken 2 first, 1 second, 1 fourth, 1 fifth and 1 eighth prize.

From the above it will appear evident, I should think, that it is now high time that these three individuals should henceforth be disqualified for future contests at ploughing matches, at least in this county, unless, indeed, the Society might see fit to have what may be called a medal class, to those only who have taken one first prize at any State, Provincial, County or district ploughing match. This would give the young ploughmen still the benefit of their example, while it would not deprive them of the chance of taking the first prize. I think so well of this last idea, that I am willing to place in your hands \$10 towards the purchase of such a medal, provided one of suitable value be procured.

I was especially pleased with the arrangements of that excellent lady Mrs. Lunn, who, in the absence of Mr. Hutchison, took the responsibility of prohibiting the sale of strong drink on the field, and gave an excellent dinner on Temperance principles.—I had not the honor to be present, but understand that it was all that could be desired.

I hope, Sir, my motives and the design of these remarks will not be misunderstood, and that they may reach the eye of the proper authorities, so as to be acted upon on future similar occasions.

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

Poetry.

T. A.

(Total Abstinence.)

Why should we not the letters use?

We've taken our degrees—

The Temperance archives bear our names,

But these the world ne'er sees.

'Tis true, in sober conduct we,

Our dignity display,

But why not to each signature

Annex a bold 'T. A.

Advertisements might advertise

As well as goods, our cause;

Our cards the dignity might bear,

And bill-heads have the clause;

These little drops of dew-like pow'r,
Unceasing in their flow,
Would us refresh, and weaker plants
Endow with strength to grow.

Our numbers, sympathy would bind
In one sweet Brotherhood,
And Union yields us strength to swell
The "Universal Good."
And onward urge the glorious cause
"Impatient of delay,"
Till every man in every clime
Becomes a True T. A.

H. C.

Guernsey, July 1852.

(We readily insert the above suggestion of our esteemed correspondent, and commend it to the attention of our readers. The title of M. A., B. A., F. R. S., &c., &c., being so frequently used, why not have that of T. A. added to the list? Those who think that by so doing they shall help our good cause, can at once take the initiative and set an example to the rest. Ladies having taken degrees can of course adopt our honorable distinctive appellation.)—Ed. B. T. H.

"HOUSE AND HOME."

What's a house? You may buy it, or build it, or rent
It may be a mansion, a cottage, a tent;
Its furniture costly, or humble and mean;
High walls may surround it, or meadows of green;
Tall servants in livery stand in the hall,
Or but one little maiden may wait on you all;
The tables may groan with rich viands and rare,
Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare.
The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,
Or their raiment be homely and tattered and old.
'Tis a house, and no more, which vile money may buy;
It may ring with a laugh or but echo a sigh.

But a Home must be warmed with the embers of love,
Which none from its hearth-stone may ever remove;
And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,
Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may beguile.
A home must be "Home," for no words can express it,—
Unless you have known it, you never can guess it;
'Tis in vain to describe what it means to a heart
Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.
It may be a palace, it may be a cot,
It matters not which and it matters not what;
'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,
A beautiful type of the home that's above.

THE WILD OLD WOODS.

The wild old woods, where the shadows cling
To the greensward, fresh with dew;
Where the woodland bird, with its dusty wing,
Builds her nest on oaks that upward fling
Their arms to the sky so blue;
Where the pearly streams run sparkling on
With a pleasant melody,
And bathe with spray the mossy rocks;
Ay, the wild old woods for me!

The wild old woods; I love them well:
For, in boyhood's idle hours,
My heart in the groves with a magic spell
Was bound by a wreath of thoughts that tell
The language sweet of flowers.
Where the pearly streams run sparkling on
With a pleasant melody,
And bathe with spray the mossy rocks;
Ay, the wild old woods for me.