

printed pamphlets, called Reports, which have been published from time to time by the Legislature. Why should we not, by this time, have a volume or two, with diagrams, maps, &c. illustrating and explaining the Geological structure of our country as far as the survey has developed it? If a young Canadian wishes to study the formations of his own country, he must pick up his knowledge from stray pamphlets and musty Reports. The State of New York has published several splendid volumes, which exhibit, in the light of modern science, all its underground mysteries to its own people and to the world.

In the absence of such a work as we have referred to, the Geological student cannot do better than take in the Magazine of Mr. Billings. Even with a well-digested, well-illustrated publication of the materials collected by the Geological survey, such a periodical as that before us will prove interesting and useful.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS.—Albany: L. Tucker. Toronto: A. H. Armour & Co.

This excellent little work has already had a notice in our columns. It would be out of place to do more than again recommend our readers to purchase a copy for their perusal.

FRUIT.—We beg to direct the attention of those who desire to obtain good Fruit Trees, to the advertisement of L. Crosby & Co., Markham, whose assortment is large and well grown.

DEFERRED.—We are under the necessity of deferring, until our next issue, the publication of an interesting discussion on Galloway Cattle, held by the Hamilton Township Farmers' Club. This, with other interesting deferred matter, shall certainly appear in the May number.

For the Agriculturist.

SUCCESS TO THE FARMER.

Success attend the farmer bold:
I love to hear his name;
His eye so bright, his heart so light,
So honest is his fame.

I love to hear him talk of cows,
Of oxen and of grain;
His soul so free, so full of glee,
In sunshine and in rain.

I love to see him turn the sod:
I love to hear him sing
Of olden times, in golden rhymes,
Of winter and of spring.

I love to see his waving corn,
His horses, and his sheep;
Their fleeces white, their lambkins bright,
To see them skip and leap.

I love to see his harvest ripe,
And see his cradle swing,
His arm so strong, his strokes so long;
He's happier than a king.

I love to see his harvest home;
His wheat, his oats, his hay;
All safe and sound, laid close around,
In his capacious bay.

I love to see his thrifty wife,
So busy and so kind;
She takes due care his toil to share
Of body and of mind.

I love to taste her new milk cheese,
So good, so rich, so mellow;
I love to eat her bread and meat;
Her butter clean and yellow.

I love to see his children grow;
Their parents joy and pride;
His girls so neat, his boys complete,
In union side by side.

Who would not wish the farmer well?
The soul of all the rest,
In peace and health, in joy and wealth,
Who would not wish him bless'd?

WILLIAM PETHERICK.

Sparta, March 10th, 1856.

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