

POETRY.

[FOR THE COLONIAL HERALD.]

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

When glorious Britain, long ago,
Her Conquering banner spread,
Which, o'er a dying Hero's brow,
A deathless lustre shed;

The Frenchmen left this Isle for France,
So loyal to their Crown,
Intending to return, perchance,
If Britain's flag came down.

But Britain's flag, in war or peace,
Floats highest on the breeze;
And long may she sustain her place,
As Empress of the seas!

But to my tale—Futurity
Of proves poor mortals blind;
The Frenchmen took themselves away,
But left their wealth behind.

Fearing some British Cruiser bold,
Or greedy Privateer,
Might ransack in the Frenchman's hold,
And find their treasure there;

So, deep beneath some granite stone,
Here scattered, strangely gray,
Old Parlez-vous, unseen, alone,
Hid many a pot away!

Or, where some weather-beaten tree,
With antique boughs o'erspread,
Has stood a second century,
And cast its frightful shade;

Or, near some spring, that always boils—
A mark forever sure—
They hid the fruit of all their toils,
But never saw it more.

For Britain's flag, with honour bright,
Still flutters on the breeze,
And still does she maintain her right,
As Empress of the seas.

In "unsunn'd heaps" these treasures lay,
While years on years roll round;
Near spring, or tree, or granite gray,
But never can be found.

Now endless are the stories told,
Of strange phenomena!
That, from the silver and the gold,
Scare Mammon's sons away.

Some say—at times, on old gray stones,
Strange forms appear to dance!
Suppos'd the shades of men whose bones
Are mouldering in France!

And uncouth lights are sometimes seen,
By cellar, stream, or bog,
As light from the uncertain gleam
Of light-house in a fog.

The daring wight who aims to dig,
A strange sensation feels,
Each conscious hair seems bristling big,
At something near his heels!

Despite of all—a blue-nosed band,
Moved by successive dreams,
Have reached our Isle, to dig its land,
And search about its streams;

With mineral rod, and purses broad,
Of most enormous size—
The first, to point the golden road,
The last, to hold the prize!

They fear no light that shines by night,
No meagre, dancing shade,
Their fathers never fled in flight,
From living Frenchman's blade!

If they succeed by Fortune's will,
We Islanders may say,
How do these Novuscientians still
Extract the cash away!

But when supplied is all their need,
If aught they have to spare,
May they remit the poet's meed—
He'll with the printer share!

Princeton Academy, August 26th, 1842.

* Wolfe.

(From the Bangor Courier.)

APPRENTICES.

We recommend the following remarks to the attention of our readers, and particularly to that class of them for whom it was particularly designed. The situation of an apprentice is one worthy and honorable: much more so than they are apt to imagine. The way to secure contentment and happiness during the years of apprenticeship is very clearly pointed out—it is by the apprentice manifesting a kind disposition and becoming interested in the welfare of his master, which for the time being should be considered his own. The moment an apprentice sets up an opposition to his master, and establishes an interest of his own, he becomes discontented and unhappy. He finds cause in the slightest circumstances for complaint. Nothing seems to satisfy him, until food, clothing, employment and treatment become unsatisfactory, and a pack of evil spirits are admitted into his heart and keep up their infernal orgies until his whole mind and disposition are poisoned, and his manner becomes disgusting and his example pestiferous. In this case he either leaves his master or grows up a morose, turbulent boy, and becomes an unhappy and uncomfortable man. We hope there are few such, and that the number is diminishing, especially under such appropriate suggestions as the following, from the Portland Tribune:—

"For a youth to look forward some five, six or seven years, before he shall be able to do much for himself, we confess, is rather discouraging, and would naturally lead to some other pursuit than learning the mysteries of a trade. Years of toil, of hardship, perhaps, and deprivation of many blessings which the youth has enjoyed beneath the parental roof, is apt at once to balance the mind in favour of a clerkship, or some other business which is thought to be less laborious but equally as profitable. This is only the dark side of the picture. Master mechanics are not all selfish, all tyrannical; with few exceptions, we believe them to be worthy and honorable men, and equally solicitous for the welfare of their apprentice—to inculcate precepts of morality—as they are to secure their labour. When a boy possesses a kind disposition, and is interested in his work, and uses his endeavours to promote the interests of his master, we shall never find such a youth discontented. His employer feels a deep interest in his welfare, and though it may not be made manifest to the apprentice, he is constantly studying his happiness. A youth so situated never need be unhappy, and consider himself deprived of more favours than those who are in different situations. If integrity of character and honesty of purpose have thus early begun to characterize him, he can in a great measure act his own pleasure: for his master will have no fears, whether present or absent, that every thing will go right. A confidence will be reposed in him that cannot be shaken, while love and kindness will be manifest in his actions.—Such an apprentice sees no unhappy days,—well provided for his comfort, time passes pleasantly away. When his term of apprenticeship expires, he has acquired that which will insure him a comfortable living, and by prudence and industry, may lead to wealth and independence. Above all, he has a good character, which must be his passport to favor,—a blessing which has never failed to bring to its possessor the richest inheritance conferred on man.

Of those young men who look upon the life of an apprentice as far beneath their dignity, we would inquire—Who have done the most for society and the world? Who are the first to undertake public improvements, and carry them out to perfection? Who are our most talented and influential, not to say most wealthy men? Generally those who were not too proud to learn trades, and to labour with their

hands. Where one man, who has served a regular apprenticeship, turns out a villain or a vagabond, you will find a dozen among those who had no regular employment, and whose hands were once considered too delicate to be soiled by labor. Who are now moping away their existence about our streets, with nothing to do, and yet are ashamed or are too lazy to work? Those who were once clerks or students—children of wealthy parents, perhaps, who have expended thousands on their follies, and tens of thousands on their vices; who have thereby become reduced themselves, and their children, unless taken pity upon by once poor but now independent mechanics, must be sent to the poor house, or actually die of starvation. We have in our mind's eye many an incorrigible loafer, and consummate sponger of working men's effects, who, brought up to look with disgust on labor, is now a pest to all who know him—a vagabond and a villain. We look upon many who are now just starting into the world, who think more of dress and appearance than the means of an honest livelihood, who, unless they change their track, will turn out little better than nuisances to society. They abhor work—they detest a good trade—while their pigmy minds revel on the surface of fashion, with no thought for the morrow, or a care for their future destiny. But there are others, whose honest countenances and noble hearts betray a loveliness of character which shall be their future honor and glory. They are apprentices. Though now looked upon with suspicion by the former, and passed by with contempt, they will by and by take a stand in society as far above these butterfly devotees of fashion, as they now seem in folly's eye to be beneath them. There is something so noble and generous in these youths—an active, high-minded purpose, that we cannot but respect and love them. We feel there is something in their natures highly commendable, and we are satisfied it will ere long shine forth in brilliancy and power. They will be the stay and support of our republic; the men of standing and independence, when the actors of the present generation have passed away. Let us cherish them with care, and implant in their minds the seeds of justice, of truth, and of honor, and when they come to act their part on the slippery stage of life, their deeds will redound to the glory and honor of those who trained them to virtue and glory.

THE BISHOP AND THE BLACKSMITH.—At the last ordination in Auckland Castle, one of the successful candidates was Mr. Blythe Hurst, till lately a blacksmith, in the village of Winkleton, Durham. How this humble artisan has come to be an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, will be best understood by the perusal of an extract from the *Gateshead Observer* of Saturday week. Our contemporary reports the proceedings of a dinner given at Stella, on the 12th inst. to M. W. Dunn, Esq., of Hedgefield, on his resignation of the office of agent to Peregrine Edward Townley, Esq., (both gentlemen being members of the Roman Catholic Church;) and in the report we find the following:—

"Mr. Joseph Laycock, of Winkleton, received a warm welcome in rising to propose 'The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Durham.' Many of them, he said, might conscientiously differ on the subject of bishops, and their large incomes, but he was sure they were all agreed that the Bishop of Durham faithfully discharged the duties of his stewardship; and however much some of them might dispute the propriety of a system which placed great wealth in the hands of the Church of England prelates, there was not one of them but would admit that Dr. Malby used his princely revenues as a sacred trust, to be applied in works of charity and religion. (Applause.) His desire, his sole desire, was to do good. There was now in the village of Winkleton a striking and interesting proof of the bishop's benevolence—a man whom the right rev. prelate had raised from the lowest rank of the workmen of the Church of England. (Applause.) The individual to whom he referred was a native of Winkleton, and was put to the trade of a blacksmith at the early age of seven years. At that time he had received little education. He could read the scriptures, but could write only imperfectly. After he went to trade he attended a Sunday-school, (Archdeacon Thorp's,) where he made some progress. Writing, however, was not taught in the school. When he had entered his teens his mind was directed to the study of languages, beginning with his own. Afterwards he acquired six others, viz: Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and French. A few years ago a missionary made his appearance in the village, to disseminate the damnable doctrines of Socialism, trusting, no doubt, to the well-known readiness of the villagers to patronise whatever was new and good. (Laughter.) The friends of the learned blacksmith, Mr. Blythe Hurst, pressed him to deliver lectures in reply to the Socialist. This he declined, but he wrote a book, entitled *Christianity no Priestcraft*, and had it printed and published. The worthy rector of Winkleton, Mr. Wardell, enclosed a copy of the pamphlet to the Bishop of Durham, as the work of a common man, a labouring blacksmith. The bishop wrote back, expressing the great satisfaction with which he had read the book, and observed that it might be written by a common man, but it was the production of no common mind, and he was anxious to receive some further particulars of the author's life. These were not mere words of compliment. The bishop was in earnest, and wrote to Mr. Douglas, the rector of Wickham, wishing him to see Mr. Hurst, and ascertain his ability to make a ready application of his acquirements. Mr. Douglas visited him, and found him toiling the whole day long to support his family. He pursued his studies while at work, having his lessons on his 'flame stone'—(a stone suspended before the eyes of the workman to protect them from the flames.) Mr. Douglas conversed with him, and subsequently made a report to the bishop. His lordship next wrote to Mr. Davis, the rector of Gateshead, on the subject of Mr. Hurst. Mr. Davis visited Mr. H. at Winkleton, and stated the result in a letter to the bishop. Dr. Malby afterwards corresponded with Mr. Hurst, and advised him as to his course of reading, recommending to his attention the most suitable books. His lordship (mark his liberality!) did more than this; he enclosed Mr. Hurst the means of following out his recommendations. (Loud applause.) He also wrote to Mr. Collinson, the late rector of Gateshead, who, like the 'Good Samaritan,' as he had always been, invited Mr. Hurst to his house, and also Mr. Hurst's daughter. Mr. Collinson saw that the blacksmith was about to rise from his obscure station, and he was kindly anxious to prepare both him and his family for the new sphere of life on which they were shortly to enter. Some time afterwards, the bishop having occasion to visit Newcastle, had a personal interview with Mr. Hurst, and arrangements were then made for his ordination. When the time for this ceremony was at hand, Mr. Hurst received a kind letter from Auckland Castle, intimating that apartments had been provided for his accommodation. His lordship also presented him with a silk gown, through Mr. Wardell. On Thursday the 7th inst. Mr. Hurst proceeded to Auckland; and he (Mr. Laycock) had received a letter, communicating some particulars of his reception. From this letter he would read an extract:—

"Mr. Hurst passed his examination with great credit to himself, and much to the satisfaction of his examiner. The bishop was particularly kind, and took especial notice of Mr. Hurst. On Saturday, as is customary, all those to be ordained dined with the Bishop. The Bishop, on looking round the drawing-room for Mr. H. found that he was at the opposite end. He asked him to come to him, and went and met him—took his arm—and introduced him to Mrs. Malby and all the ladies. When they met in the dining-room, he said, 'You must come and sit beside me.' Then he was sat with the bishop on one side, and Archdeacon Raymond on the other; and the same way on Sunday, at lunch."

"Thus honourably and pleasantly did Mr. Hurst pass his examination, and the bishop's kindness extended also to paying the fees. (Applause.) On this very day, (Tuesday,) Mr. Hurst had returned to his native village an ordained clergyman of the Church of England; and he would shortly, through the bishop's patronage, enter upon his ministerial duties as curate of Garrigill, near Alston. (Cheers.) The villagers, as a farewell token of their esteem and respect, were now providing a purse of gold, to be presented to Mr. Hurst on his removal to his curacy."

REWARD OF EDITORS.—The Editor of the Boston *Transcript*, an old and most approved good hand "at the bellows," talks like a book in relation to the many kicks and the few coppers the fraternity editorial get in their up-hill journey through life. Just hear him:—

We know of no class of the community from whom so much disinterested benevolence and thankless labour are expected as from editors of newspapers. They are expected to feel for every one but themselves; to correct public abuses and private ones also without regard to their own; to sustain the difficulties of others without regard to their own; to condemn improper measures of every one and no one, at the same time. They are expected to notice every thing that is important or extraordinary, notwithstanding the diversity of men's opinions—their notice must be calculated to please every one, to offend every one, and at the same time, no one. They are expected to guard and promote the interest of every one but themselves, and to live themselves upon air. They are expected to labour day and night for the promotion of the public interest; while they accord the promotion of others in opinion, a naked expression of approbation may be bestowed upon them, and even that poor consolation is often withheld from them. They are expected to be independent, and at the same time servile tools of every man they meet. They are expected to be honest and open in the expression of their opinion of public measures, and in the expression of their opinion of public measures, and of every thing. If they are industrious in their vocation, they are dangerous firebrands; if they write nothing, they are stupid drones, who are unworthy of support, and should be taken themselves to the shovel or hoe for a living. But take themselves to the shovel or hoe for a living. But should they be active and industrious, should their labours be approved of, and should they succeed in the promotion of a particular object, those who have been interested in the success of the object may rejoice in that success, but they must not reap any advantage from it. The benefits are all reserved for other hands, and others, too, who, if they have not at one time or other been engaged in doing every thing in their power to oppose or retard the accomplishment of that object, have at least done nothing to promote it. And after years of unabated toil and unceasing difficulty, if an editor should chance to err in the judgment of others, he meets no indulgence. His innocent expressions are carefully collected, and, after having been metamorphosed and transformed into a thousand shapes and figures which he never dreamed of, they are thrown into mountain clouds to threaten him with a tempest; and that, too, by men who wear towards him faces beaming with kindness; with honey and oil upon their tongues, and with lips apparently too soft for butter to melt upon them. Like Job, they inquire—"Art thou in health, my brother?" while a deadly dagger is concealed beneath the cloak.

WATERPROOF COMPOSITION.—A pint of linseed oil, two ounces of bees-wax, two ounces of turpentine, two ounces of good tar, and half an ounce of Burgundy pitch, slowly melted together, and applied to new boots, will render them waterproof, durable, and pliant.

BROAD CLOTH.—We hear that the gentleman who lead the *Ton* in Bond-street and other fashionable parts of the metropolis, have discarded the sacks and rugs that have so long disfigured their persons and injured trade, and that the true test of gentility is now fine broad cloth made to suit the varying seasons, and to give to the figure a polish and refinement that distinguishes a beau from a drayman.—*Leeds Mercury*.

COOKING BY REFLECTION.—At the Polytechnic Institution, London, may be witnessed the curious operation of cooking by reflection, by which means a mutton chop is cooked at a distance of 100 feet from the fire.

When you find another man doing more business than you are, and you are puzzled to know the reason, just look over his advertisements in the newspapers. That's all.—*American Paper*.

AGRICULTURAL.

(From the Colonial Farmer.)

SIR—I was gratified by reading a communication from Mr. N. A. Coster, of Parrsborough Rectory, in the Colonial Farmer for June, treating of the impoverishing effects of burning new land for the first crop. Many years ago I had thought on this subject. I see with regret large tracts of country, which I formerly witnessed covered with a luxuriant and heavy crop of timber, now reduced nearly to a barren soil, the soil of which will produce little else than stunted bushes and weeds. The cause of this desolating change is easy to account for, on philosophical principles. The portions of land here alluded to were exposed to the violent hurricanes which formerly visited this country, one in the year 1798, and another at a later period, which laid prostrate the whole of the timber thereon. Here were accumulated the vegetation of two or three hundred years, in the shape of timber, undergrowth, roots, moss, &c. Thus we may suppose that every particle of vegetable food, consisting either of carbon or salts of the various alkalies which form this food, were extracted to the depth to which the roots of the timber had formerly penetrated. The decay of this mass in a year renders it highly combustible in dry seasons, and when by accident or design it became ignited, the conflagration was dreadful, the intense heat of which changed the whole mass into an aerial form, lighter than the atmosphere; and was dispersed by the winds caused by the high temperature created in its locality. Not only the carbon is entirely gone, but the lime and potass, and other salts composing the ashes, were in some places altogether, and others nearly all dissipated by the intense heat; hence barrenness is the result.

Compare this with the present mode of clearing new land; and it will be seen that the process is similar; the only difference is, that the time between the cutting of the timber and the burning seldom exceeds six months, and it is of course much less combustible than that which has been prostrate for years; consequently the desolating effects will not be so great, as a small portion of the ashes and carbon will be left on the ground, which will produce one crop of grain, and if the land is good, two or three subsequent crops of hay, after which it can only be used as a scanty pasture. Now, as all vegetable matter contains the food of future plants, which it will furnish when properly reduced to its first elements by decay or combustion, so managed that there shall be no loss by evaporation, it will easily be perceived that there is an immense waste of useful matter in the common practice of burning wood lands. One acre of land clothed with original forest will contain 300 tons of vegetable matter, including timber, brush underwood, decayed wood, and moss, with the herbage that usually grows on forest lands.

Professor Leibig, the most popular and latest writer on organic chemistry, agriculture and physiology, now extant, shows clearly that all vegetable substances are composed of carbon, the constituents of water, which are hydrogen and oxygen, ammonia, lime, potass, and magnesia, and occasionally small portions of other salts, to produce the sweet, acid, acid, or bitter principle that vegetables may contain. Now, if the 300 tons of forest brushwood, &c. were reduced by some chemical process, either naturally or artificially, to an elementary state, without letting its constituents escape for one acre for 90 years. The proportion would be, as one is to fifteen or six to ninety, or in other words the vegetable matter contained on three and one-third rods square, or ten and a half square rods, of forest land, which according to this calculation would be 20 tons, would manure one acre of arable land, preparatory for a rotation of cropping for six years.

I am gratified that Mr. Coster has proposed two plans to obviate this wasteful process; I beg respectfully to make a remark or two on these propositions. I believe that the extra productiveness of land where potass has been manufactured is not caused by the abstracting of the ashes, for not only the lime and potass but also the other salts of wood are carried off; and there is also the loss of the carbon, which is dissipated during the combustion of the wood that the ashes are obtained from; but the wood which was not consumed in this process, as well as the moss, undergrowth, and stumps, which would form a large portion of the original mass, would be left in a proper state for decomposition; and

when this land comes under the action of the plow, its fertility would be far superior to that where the whole has been swept off by fire.—Respecting the ringing or girdling of the trees, the fertilizing principle would be the same, with the exception of the loss of carbon and ashes by the combustion of the former, and the removal of the latter. Decomposition by time would be the same in the one as in the other.

As the great utility of rendering the vegetable matter of Nova Scotia forests effective as manure will be evident to all, I hope by thus agitating the subject to call forth the talent of scientific individuals, both of the farming as well as the other classes, to give their views on this subject. The Chemist, the Philosopher, and the Agriculturist, will find sufficient here to amuse their talent of ingenuity as well as exercise their practical abilities. I now beg to propose a process which I know by experience to be effective, but time only, and repeated experiments by various individuals, can demonstrate its ultimate utility. It is well known that in England, Scotland, and various parts of the European Continent, burnt clay has been and now is in use as manure, and it has always been an undecided question what caused its fertility, some supposing one thing and some another, without giving any good reasons that their views were correct; but all seem to agree that the torrefaction of the clay is the cause. Leibig gives the most rational solution of the question; he states that the oxides of iron and alumina are distinguished from all other metallic oxides by their power of forming solid compounds with ammonia; this substance is indispensable to the production of wheat; its presence produces the gelatinous part of that seed, which renders it preferable to all others for bread. I have not the least doubt of Leibig's theory on this subject, but from repeated experience I have no doubt the burning of clay produces other effects, superior and independent of it.

I will now state my process for reducing the vegetable matter on the forest land to a consistence for manure, without the escape of any part. Take a piece of arable clay land, as near the forest as can be obtained, cut and split the timber of every description (clearing the land as you go) into cord-wood lengths, that is to say, timber, brushwood, decayed logs, &c. convey this to the arable land selected, pile it in the best form for drying and let it remain until dry; when dry, put it in piles similar to coal kilns, only much lower in proportion to their breadth; leave an opening to put in fire, cover all the remainder with green boards of fir or spruce, then cover the whole with clay thrown on loosely to a depth sufficient to retain the smoke, put fire into the aperture before mentioned, and when properly kindled, cover all with clay, that no smoke may escape, and if at any subsequent period the fire or smoke may be lost through, additional quantities must be thrown on to stop it, and so on until the whole of the vegetable matter is consumed, which of course will be absorbed by the clay; there will be some charcoal remaining unconsumed, but this contains qualities which, if not superior, are equal to any part of the produce of the matter consumed.

In this laboratory, if such it may be called, combustion changes the vegetable matter gradually into the gaseous form, which is absorbed and retained by the clay. If the process is properly conducted, not a particle of the matter is lost, but all retained. This manure may be either spread on the land in its vicinity or conveyed to other fields where it may be required.—The process, as far as the combustion of the wood and the retaining of its gasses are concerned, I have repeatedly practised with success, and have found the burnt clay, or more properly speaking, clay saturated with smoke, produce crops equal to my best barnyard manure; and the vegetation much more rapid.

Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL MOORE.
Gay's River, 2d June, 1842.

I have Wheat growing luxuriantly in pure powdered charcoal, within my view at the present moment.

Leibig says respecting charcoal, "plants thrive in powdered charcoal, and may be brought to bear fruit if exposed to the influence of the rain and atmosphere." He says again, "it is known to possess the power of condensing gasses within its pores, and particularly carbonic acid, and it is by virtue of this power that the roots of plants are supplied in charcoal, exactly as in burnt, with an atmosphere of carbonic acid and air, which is renewed as quickly as abstracted."

CHANGES OF MATTER.—The Gardener's Chronicle, in treating of the different kinds of manure, has this paragraph:—"Only a few years have elapsed, and what has become of all the bodies that strewed the field of Waterloo? Not a trace remains of them. Notwithstanding such changes as have been just described, they all have passed, till not even the bones remain to tell the tale of their destruction. They are not, however, lost; exactly as much matter as the world contained on the morning of the 18th of June, it contains now, but the charging squadrons are transformed to the corn that waves above the plains of Flanders, to the peasants that till them, to the cattle that they have reared, and to a thousand other peaceful shapes. In this manner, the same materials are from day to day converted from one thing into another. Man dies, decays, and his elements are set free, to be taken up into the body of a fruit or a grain of corn. The fruit ripens, the grain is converted into bread, man eats it, and thus recovers a part of what his predecessor had lost; so that, in reality, the doctrine of metempsychosis was scarcely a delusion; for a transmigration of souls, if by that name we meant the elements of life, is incessantly in action."

AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM.—The enterprising agriculturists in Boston and vicinity are about forming a measure to give a stimulus to the science of agriculture in New England, and the attention of our practical agriculturists, implement makers, and others, will be directed to the subject, and invitations will be given them to come forward with specimens of different articles, to which they have devoted their attention; such as the following:—wheat, barley, oats, rye, grapes, &c., together with other herbage and foreign plants; turnips, potatoes, carrots, mangel wurtzel, &c., plants cultivated for use in the arts and manufactures, specimens of the timber of the hardy trees grown in the United States; woods, foreign and home grown; cotton, silks &c.; manufactured produce in different stages, of any of the above named articles; seeds, fruits, or dried specimens from foreign countries; implements of husbandry, models, &c.; minerals, and in general, such other articles as may be considered interesting. The advantage of an institution of this kind are obvious—and the project will undoubtedly receive the approbation and aid of every one interested in agriculture.

Care of Farming Tools.—We believe it may safely be asserted, that the farmer in a course of years sustains as much loss, or is put to as much expense in procuring tools, by their decay in consequence of needless exposure, as by their actual wear on the farm. How many are the instances in which the farming implements, the ploughs, harrows, rollers, &c., instead of being carefully housed when their use for the year is over, are left in the fields, or perambulating, drawn up in battle array in front of the house, occupying a good portion of the road, and when covered with snow, forming most convenient places for breaking horses legs, tearing off shoes, &c., &c. Perhaps, in addition to these, are sundry wagons, carts, hay racks, and other necessary things, like the former, exposed to the decay which must result from exposure to the rains, the freezings, thaws and snows of winter. Now, one such season of exposure does not to weaken the wood of these implements, than their ordinary decay, and render new purchases needless, than their ordinary wear on the farm, with careful usage, and protection from the weather. As a general rule, it may be remarked, that should be secured from the weather during that time; and so with those not required during the summer season, as sleighs, sleds, &c. The skilful, thrifty farmer is known by his attention to the minor parts of agriculture, by his care to save, as well as to acquire; and he who neglects the lesser things, cannot fail to find the drawback on his profits large and constant.—*Genesee Farmer*.

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