Agricultural.

The Farmer.

Full master of the liberal soil he treads,
With none to tithe, to crop, to third his beds
Of ripely-glowing fruit or yellow grain—
He knows what freedom is; undulled of pain
Looks on the sun and on the wheatfield looks,
Each glad and golden in the other's view;
Or, on the meadow, listening to the sky
That bids its grasses thrive with starry dew.

To him there come in such still places,
Undimmed, majestical, and fresh as life,
The elder forms, the antique mighty faces
Which shone in council, stood aloft in strife—
When rolled the dark and stormy battle past,
When high the standard to the sky was raised;
When rushed the horseman with the rushing blast,
And the red sword through shrouded valleys blazed.

When cities rising shake the Atlantic shore—
Thou mighty Island, calm with plenteous peace,
Oh temper and assuage the wild uproar,
And bring the sick, vexed masses balmy ease,
On their red vision like an angel gleam,
An angel-like be heard amid their cries,
Till they are stilled as is the summer's stream,
Majestical and still, as summer's skies.

When cloud-like whirling through the stormy State
Fierce Revolutions rush in wild-orbed haste,
On the still highway stay their darkling course,
And soothe with gentle airs their fiery breast,
Slaking the anger of their chariot-wheels
In the cool flowings of the mountain brook,
While from the cloud the heavenward prophet casts
His mantle's peace, and shines his better look.

Better to watch the live-long day
The clouds that come and go
Wearying the heaven they idle through,
And fretting out its everlasting blue—
Than prowl through streets and sleep in hungry dens
The best should own, though known and named as men's;
Though sadness on the woods may often lie,
And wither to a waste the meadowy land—
Pure blows the air—and purer shines the sky,
For nearer always to Heaven's gate ye stand!

Moral Consideration.

Before we turn from the plowed field which we have been contemplating, I have but one or two more remarks to make, which will not I hope, be deemed out of place. The ordinary operations of nature are, so familiar that we cease to look at them with surprise. We choose to wrap ourselves up in our own conceit, and, certain facts regularly occurring under certain conditions & circumstances, we satisfy ourselves with saying that it is according to the laws of nature, and think, therefore that we understand it. I do not see that we understand it any the better because it is according to the laws of nature, since these laws themselves, in their ultimate causes and operations, are utterly insoluble to the human understanding, and the frequency and uniformity of their results, so far from lessening, actually increases the miracle. I say *miracle*, for in no other light than as miraculous can we regard the changing scene which is now to pass before our eyes. The field, as we now look at it, presents but a naked surface of inert dust but there are powers and influences at work, within and around it, of the most subtle and amazing character. The earth has opened its bosom, and the children of men are to receive nourishments and life and bounty of their common mother. Man casts the dry seeds upon these naked furrows, and they are at once quickened into life. The earth, the air, the sun, the rain, all lend their combined aid, in exactly such measure, and at such time, as is needed for the perfection of the work. The plants rise out of the ground with a spirit and beauty which no human art can rival. The hand of an invisible artist is at work to expand the roots, to train the stem, to mould the leaves, to protect all with net work of the finest web, to throw the colors of exquisite beauty, and to fill the pendent seed vessels with bread, for the sustenance and nourishment of animal life. In a few weeks, or months, the field so lately naked and desolate, is laden with treasures far richer than gold, and for which all the glittering diamonds of Peru, and all the shining perals of orient climes, would be no substitute. Man gathers what, with strange presumption, he calls the products of *his* skill and labor, and fills his garner with the golden treasures of the fields. Now, because this happens so regularly and so frequently, shall it cease to excite its surprise and touch his heart? In my humble opinion, its frequency, and its comparative certainty, vastly expand the miracle; and if the rich fruits of beneficence, so entirely beyond his command and control, yet withal so constant, so faithful, so liberal, call out no aspirations of piety, if "harvest home" awakens no anthem of thanksgiving and reverence in his soul, he must not claim an equality even with animals which he drives, "for the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."—*Colman.*

Stone Wall.

A gentleman who subscribes himself "W." asks, in the last number of Farmer, information on the subject of "stone wall." Having myself been born bred in a part of the country where stones and stone-walls abound, I will venture to give an opinion on the subject.

Much will depend on the nature of the soil, and the quality of the stones. If the stones are long, flat, square, &c., as quarried stones usually are, the question will be one of less consequence. Even then, however, I would prefer to bank the wall, rather than to build it "on an embankment." If the soil is of a kind that heaves, we cannot prevent the heaving, but may prevent, in some measure, its effects, by banking the wall, or some other means. If the stones are such as are commonly called "boulders," i. e. common field stones of various shapes and sizes, (as I suppose them to be,) the best method of making them into a wall, is to dig a ditch or trench an inch or two wider than the wall is intended to be, and from six to twelve inches deep, (or even deeper, if the soil is very soft,) according to the nature of the soil; fill it with small stones, and build the wall upon them.—The writer has seen walls of various kinds, built in this way, that stood 10 or 15 years, and even more, in situations not very favorable to permanency, requiring but little occasional repair.

ORCHARDS.—Examine every tree in your orchard, cut off every limb which is actually dead; smooth off the wound and cover it with a plaster made of equal parts of cow-dung and clay. Then make a mixture in the proportion of 1 gallon of soft soap, to 1 lb. of flour of sulphur, and 1 pint of salt. With this paint each tree from the root, up the body as far as you can reach. If any of the trees have moss on them, let that be scraped off before you apply the mixture.

Apropos of Farmers.

I know a farmer who has but fifteen acres of land, off of which he supports his family—he continues to get 40 bushels of wheat from an acre, and from 50 to 70 bushels of Indian corn, besides corn fodder in abundance. Instead of impoverishing his lands by these heavy crops, such is his economy in saving, making, and applying his manures, that his farm grows richer. This farmer applies his knowledge of figures is his own calling. He says he cannot afford to grow half a crop, as the deterioration in fences, and the interest of money on hand is the same, crop or half-crop. It is needless to say that this man takes two agricultural papers.

I know another farmer who has 78 acres of land, a fine calcareous clay loam, ameliorated by quartz and limestone pebbles, with a sprinkling of small boulders. He barely subsists his family, in a very *primitive* way, on the avails of his 78 acres. His corn-field is plowed, or rather half plowed, late in the spring, the weeds run a race with the late planted corn, until late in June, when the hoe and the plow give the stunted plants the end of the race. Now comes a drought—the already enfeebled plants have no organic power to make the extra heat available; hence they are pinched by that very influence which gives fruition to the well-tended and early planted field. But the drouth has at least served this man with an excuse for his short crop of Indian corn; thus saving his pride at the expense of his pocket. His wheat fallow is a little better managed than his corn-field, but his crop is always foul, sometimes short, and the grains generally shrunken. To bring the year around without runing into debt, this man pinches his family in the ordinary comforts of civilization; go to his house in a winter's day, ten to one he is asleep on his bed, or sitting cosily by the fire. Ask him to subcribe for an agricultural paper and he is no longer cosy; all the Goth and Vandal in him is aroused. "I want no book to teach me how to farm. Look at my neighbor Progress—he is a book farmer. What use are his Durhams, and his Berkshires, and all his big crops? He spends it all; it only makes his family proud; how mad it makes me to see his children sent by every day to the village school." I do not retort upon this man the fact, that his district school cannot be respectably sustained, because the district contains too many such men as himself. I let him alone in his glory. I assail no man, who, like the hedgehog, is armed at all points.

I know a nother farmer a mild, quiet German, who seems instinctively to have that German love of the beautiful and true, which is only an acquired taste with us restless Americans. While we strain after the ultimate good, they quitely improve that which is within their reach. This man's farm gives an earnest of the industry and good sense of its proprietor. Not a thisle, nor a briar, no alder bound fences; all is neat, clean, and arrable. The house rather plain; if it displays no taste, neither is it like too many of our fine farm houses,—a caricature on all orders, and good taste to boot. The barn is large, well ventilated, with painted blinds; the fences permanent and strong; what is lacking about these premises in ornament, is amply made up in neatness, and the appearance of positive comfort. This man modestly says, "*Ich con night guth English lexen.*" Still he takes the papers, and the well thumbed leaves of last his year's Cultivator, shows that its contents have been understandingly read by him.

I know another farmer, a gentleman, a scholar, and a christian so far as the fashionable modification of christianity will admit. He complains that he cannot farm by book, because his hired men object to the druggery of the prescribed preparations. He speaks twice to his horse, where he condesecends to speak once to his men. Yet, strange to say, he boasts of the cleverness of his horses, while he complains of the intractability of his men!

I know yet another farmer, if you please, a new beginner, but an enthusiast in his caling.—He soon found that he could do nothing by way of improvement, without awakening in the mind of his head man, or factotum, an enthusiasm akin to is own. This man at first demurred to hauling swamp muck into the barn yard, lest it should spoil the manure. Now he has become an ardent student in vegetable economy, and in the philosophy of vegetable growth and nutrition, as it is taught in the agricultural papers of the day. Here is at least one laboring man, exalte from the character co-worker with the Chemist in his laboratory, and on a grander scale.—*Cultivator.* S. W.

WATERLOO, April 7th 1846.

Parsneps as Hog-feed.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I beg to add my testimony in favor of parsneps as hog-feed; I know no root, potatoes not excepted, that can be compared with them for this purpose. I have seen them thus used very largely in the old country and for many years, taking the lead of every thing, grain only excepted; while I have always considered the meat of hogs fed upon them and a small addition of meal, superior to corn-fed pork, and that in no small degree. Where the crop is grown for this purpose on a large scale, they are fed at first in their raw state, and without corn or grain. Presently the animals became dainty, and begin to eat only the heart of the root, rejecting the outer coatings, when the feeder begins to boil them and then they go down wholesale. And it is not until the animals have made considerable progress in feeding, that any meal is used, beginning with a small proportion, which however, never requires to be much augmented before the business is finished.

The kind of parsnips used for this purpose is the Guernsey variety, which do not grow large at the crown of the root, but continue full in size a considerable way taper pretty suddenly. These are taken up by the plough, first throwing a furrow from each side of the row, and then cutting them off at the root by a third furrow, leaving the small and useless part of the tap-root in the ground; a business, no longer of trouble or difficulty.

Parsneps are grown with much less labor than carrots, requiring less care in the management of the crop, and are absolutely invulnerable to the weather, whether in the ground or out of it. The crop is very large on well manured and throughly cultivated ground, amounting to 900 or 1000 bushels per acre, but it must be admitted they are great feeders in their way, returning, however all they have ever received and with interest too, into the pork barrel, as also in the shape of milk and butter of which I shall have to say a few words, on some future occasion.—*Boston Cultivator.*

JACOB DOWDNAY.

MORE OF THEM.—The Governor of Kentucky has appointed Thursday, the 26th of November, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving; and the Governor of New Jersey also.—This makes twelve States which will observe the same day as a day of thanksgiving.

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