

Modes of Education for Farmers' Sons.

I saw the other day some editorial advice given a farmer to send his sons to college for the sake of the mental discipline they would receive, and which would fit them for the duties of every-day life. I think the writer was correct as to the immense good derived in accurate methods of thought and thoroughness of investigation from a collegiate course. But there is at least one very objectionable feature in nearly all our collegiate courses. They are studies of books rather than of things. They form habits of study incompatible with active life.

The studies of an ordinary college course comprise a large percentage of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, in which the student confines himself to his room and text-book, with the addition of dictionaries, grammars, &c. The study may be lightened up and vivified by historical allusions and by tracing them up, by archaeological and etymological research, so far as the languages are concerned, but it is mainly a verbal, or at least a literary pursuit. Mathematics, though esteemed a more practical study, are equally a study of texts. The study of both the classics and of mathematics, require a sedentary life, and form, or confirm, sedentary habits; so much so that many, perhaps most, students after the discipline of a college course, will prefer an in-door rather than an out-door life.

These, to my mind, are the two very grave faults of our ordinary college courses in the education of young men for lives of active habits and observation, such as the farmer must often lead. I find too much tendency in the college-bred farmer to seek his library rather than his fields, and to depend too much upon book authorities and too little upon facts of his own observation. I even find him unwilling to observe. He has the habit of reading text-books, but no skill in reading the book of nature.

I might go further, and say that our ordinary collegiate studies are not so practical as the young farmer should desire; that the natural sciences, and especially botany, are neglected, and when studied are studied too much by means of text-books, and too little by examining the things themselves.

The present collegiate system, let us admit, has many and great merits as a school for the logician, the rhetorician, the linguist, the metaphysician, and the mathematician. It is to a considerable degree a good scholastic training for the future divine, or lawyer, or teacher. But to adapt it to the wants of the farmer, the fruit-grower, and the mechanic and engineer, it should be considerably changed.

Whilst the study and use of text-books evidently cannot be dispensed with, at least for reference, I think it evident that a different one must be sought for the student who expects to lead an active life in his more mature years. Hence, we want for him more study of things and less study of text-books; more natural science and fewer languages. He should work in the chemical laboratory, examine cabinets of minerals, and go out to the hills to seek them; analyze and study the flora of his neighborhood, and examine its varied insect tribes. His mathematics should take him a-field as surveyor and engineer, and his study of machinery into the manufacturing establishments of the adjacent country. Further than this, he should have at least sufficient manual labor to give him practical skill; and, where he needs it, to give him means of subsistence. The custom of manual labor also leads the student to content himself less; and this, in a democratic country, where the aristocracy of intellect, so called, has not yet learned the uses of manual labor, even as a means of culture, is no slight argument for its introduction. The student should not deem himself above any work; yet there are enough foolish fellows who think so until their own hands are blistered by partaking of the common lot of labor. —*Hearth and Home.*

That Grape Vine.

We say that grape vine, because it is likely that the majority of our readers who live in towns and villages are obliged to content themselves with only one vine. What will apply to one vine will serve for a dozen, or a whole vineyard; but this is written for those—and unfortunately it is a large class—who have no vine at all, never grew a vine, and are more likely to go wrong than to go right. In the first place, you cannot have fruit within a few days after the vine is planted. Some jobbing gardener may come along with a clump of a vine two inches through, and promise it to bear the same season. It may bear a few poor bunches, but the vine will never be a satisfactory one. Get a young vine, at most two years old, with good roots. If the vine comes with two or three feet of stem to it, cut it nearly all off, leaving only a short portion with three buds upon it. Set it in a sunny place if at command; but if it must be put in some particular place in order to cover a trellis, give it the best possible chance. A vine will stand almost any kind of abuse, except giving it a wet spot to grow in. If the ground is wet, make a large and deep excavation, and throw in stones, bricks, or other rubbish for drainage. See that the roots are placed in good soil; it need not be over rich, but it should not be worn out and impoverished. When the buds push, and the shoots have grown a few inches, rub off the two weaker ones and leave but one shoot. It will be hard for most persons to do this, the young shoots all look so promising; but the future success of the vine depends upon its being done. The first season after planting, the whole business of the vine should be to grow one strong and vigorous shoot. We shall be expected to name some varieties, and for every body we think that the Concord is best adapted. There are vastly better grapes, but it is so hardy and so reliable that the novice had better make his first essay with the Concord. Among the newer varieties there is none of greater promise than the Eumelan, which is a new black grape, of most excellent quality. —*American Agriculturist.*

We endorse the first part of the above article, especially as regards the cutting, or pruning; but for our northern latitude we have found nothing so hardy as the Clinton. It is true that the fruit is not equal to the fruit of the Concord; but it will stand more hard usage, bear more regularly, and is not so liable to be killed by the frost. We would say to the farmers of Canada, first plant a Clinton; if you can manage that well, you may take choicer varieties afterward. We do not know much about the Eumelan.

The Grain Exchange of the World.

No two syllables are more familiar in every grain-growing country of the four continents than Mark Lane. They head a column of all British newspapers; are quoted in French, German, Spanish and American journals. The corn exchange takes the name of the street in which it stands. It is the only market in London for corn, grain and seed. England is always a buyer of grain. The 7,000,000 of acres in the United Kingdom never produce a sufficiency of cereals in the most abundant harvest to fill the mouths of the 32,000,000 people throughout the year. Hence the price that England pays for grain, settled tri-weekly at the corn exchange in Mark Lane, rules the prices not only at home, but slightly decreasing in the ratio of distance, all over the world. Mark Lane stands in the heart of mercantile London. It is close upon the Thames. On every side are vast warehouses, crammed with the freights borne in by every tide. Pendulous bales swing from fifty feet aloft. Casks plunge and duck headlong into cellars. The street is jammed with loaded

wains. The wayfarer dives beneath nose-bags, and rubs shoulders with dripping tires of broad-wheeled wagons.

The Corn Exchange stands in the centre of Mark Lane, on the eastern side. It was built soon after 1747, when the present system of factorage commenced. In an open Doric colonnade, sheltered, well lighted, roofed in from the weather, and covered by a large and handsome dome, stand before stalls filled with samples of every variety of grain and pulse productive of food for man and beast, factors and millers, lightermen and granary keepers, bluff country gentlemen and Kentish farmers. There are more than seven hundred independent places of business. The counters are polished by the friction of grain. They are covered with open canvas bags containing samples. All responsibility rests with the principals, who, if they do not deliver goods according to the sample, must abide the disagreeable consequences. Grain lies in heaps everywhere. It is under the stalls, on the seats, over the counter, and ankle deep covering the floor. The ever moving crowd are grinding it under foot. A hundred hands are taking samples from the bags, rubbing and comparing, and "palming" them, and then throwing them upon the floor. "Why is the grain not returned to the bag?" was the question put to a friend. "That would never answer," he replied. "Suppose I were buying oats. I take a sample, try its dampness or dryness in my hand; shift it to my other, move it about, and examine its color, smell and taste. It has lost its dryness or dampness, is no longer a sample; and to return it to the bag would be to deceive the next comer. Of course I throw it on the floor. It is somebody's perquisite.—Ex.

How Little Land will keep a Cow

A correspondent of the *American Stock Journal* makes this statement:—"On the 1st day of June last I commenced cutting clover for one cow, confined by a high tight board fence, in which she had been fed. She had no feed but freshly cut clover from the 1st of June to the 15th of October, and taken from one fourth of an acre of ground. She had averaged eighteen quarts of strained milk per day, from which my wife made eight pounds of butter per week during the four and a half months. The cow is five years old, and a cross of the Ayrshire and Durham. She has given more milk, more butter and of better quality than she has ever done on pasture. On another fourth of an acre by mowing four times, I have secured two tons of good hay. On one-eighth of an acre I have raised 150 bushels of sugar beets and carrots, which with the two tons of hay, will keep her handsomely through the balance of the year. The labour for cutting clover for the cow is less than that of driving her three-fourths of a mile to pasture; besides the manure is saved quite an item. In the dairy districts the usual estimate is four acres to the cow, on the hay and pasture system; whereas, by soiling and raising roots, five-eighths of an acre is found to be sufficient. I will state further, what I believe from nearly thirty years' experience in farming, that there is no crop so valuable for selling as clover; no crop so many pounds of which, and of equal value for milk and butter, can be produced from an acre of ground. Sweet corn is a good crop for late feeding; where clover will grow; but not profitable for winter feeding."

MORE STOCK FOR MIDDLESEX.—Colonel Taylor of London, has just purchased from Mr. Ashworth of Ottawa, the two prize cows, "Lilla Languish," bred by Mr. Alexander of Kentucky (her portrait is in the Canada Herd Book), and "Sovenir of Thorndale," got by "2nd Grand Duke," who was imported at 1000 guineas; her dam was "Daphne," imported by Mr. Stone. Both cows have calves by their sides, got by imported "Sweetmeat."

For the great 80 lb. Cabbage, and all other Cabbage and Celery plants, apply to J. Campbell, gardener, Petersville; or to the Canadian Agricultural Emporium.

The Value of Accomplishments.

In the active struggle for competence and wealth, men of affairs are very apt to underrate the real value of those attainments which are styled accomplishments. Accustomed to rate men according to their working power and pursuits, according to the money-return they bring, these persons look down upon these things which seem to have little practical value, because their office is to throw light on many of the dark places in life's journey, and to make the overburdened forget for a time their oppressing cares. A life that is all labor or one continued round of pleasure, becomes monotonous; the true mean is healthful labor for a good part of each day, with sensible relaxation and harmless amusements when the day's work is done, and we gather with the dear ones who nestle about the family hearth. A laboring man may be proud of his capability to accomplish great tasks day after day for a long period, but his working force would be in no way lessened had he some accomplishment with which to beguile his hours of ease. As a general thing, however, we find that the workers each day make use of all their powers until they are compelled to seek rest in sleep from sheer exhaustion, while the butterflies and crickets flit and chirp in the sunshine without many serious thoughts about any thing save how they may best enjoy themselves.

It is no easy matter to know exactly how to combine work and play, labor and recreation, and we Americans have not yet solved the problem. Our German brethren seem to understand the matter better. They are frugal and industrious, and yet seem never to lose an opportunity of enjoying themselves, always including their families with them in their merry-making. We would not, however, advocate an increased number of lager-beer saloons, and other German institutions, but we would see more music in the family circle, and more of an effort on the part of each member to contribute to the happiness of every other one. We may be assured that those homes to which grown-up children look back with the fondest remembrance, are those where music and mirth most abounded, and not those where the old Puritanic spirit held sway, and where a good hearty laugh was unknown.

A home without some musical instrument, and somebody to play on it, is a dull place indeed. Even though the performer be no great artist, and the tunes none of the liveliest, the music is still acceptable. If the instrument be mute all the week, and is only heard on Sunday evening, as an accompaniment to well-known psalms and hymns, it is of great value. The children may not thoroughly appreciate it at the time, but many a sad moment in after life will be cheered by the humming of some of these familiar airs, and even in old age we may take pleasure in crouching over the tunes learned in childhood.

Music is one of the most common accomplishments, and what has been said of it will serve to illustrate the entire class. Whatever will make those about us happier and better, is worth cultivating, if only for the sake of the pleasure it gives. In an ordinary gathering of educated men, it is an easy matter to select a number of persons who can and will make speeches on large variety of subjects, but the number who can entertain the rest by narrating some humorous incident, or by vocal or instrumental music, is comparatively small. Yet these are just the men who ought to be able to contribute somewhat to the pleasure of the others, and would be able to do so were it not for the false idea about the worthlessness of mere accomplishments, imbibed in early youth. It is desirable that men should be workers, but not dull, heavy plodders—mere cart-horses. Martial music and warlike sports make soldiers fight better; and a due regard for pleasing accomplishments, will not detract in the least from the working force or ultimate success of the most eager aspirant of wealth, honor, or influence.