

2. TENDENCY OF FARMERS' SONS TO LEAVE THE FARM.

At the last annual meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, Gen. Patrick made the following remarks in regard to the growing aversion among farmers' sons to farm work:—"Only a few of our children are following our footsteps. The old folks are left alone. With failing health and increasing years many are compelled to sell out the homestead and live in a village, where it is possible to live alone. Our young men are showing a great aversion to honest toil. Often, if they remain on the farm, they are more interested in fast horses than in training steers. Others engage in trifling, undignified occupations, such as selling maps, books, patent rights, or even clothes-pins. They are attracted by genteel ways and habits. At the best they seek commercial adventures, and through this means, sudden and great riches. Can they not read their fate by the wrecks of thousands in the city of New York who attempted the same thing. For able-bodied, strong young men to quit the farm and engage in such trifling pursuits as have been named, or to attempt, where thousands fail, in a city occupation, they should be ashamed. Whenever labour in any country is considered dishonorable, the doom of that nation is sealed. Until the idea prevails that labour is honorable there can be no bright hope before us. When we find a country divided into small estates, and each proprietor labours with his own hands, we have a happy people. Under small homesteads grew up those people before which the world trembled when they buckled on their swords—the ancient Romans. Look at the large plantations of the South, with degraded labourers, and you need not ask the result. Countries are cultivated, not according to their fertility, but according to their liberty. Agriculture is the basis of the happiness of a State, and it is the most honourable as well as the most ancient of all professions."

3. WHY LAND IS PLOUGHED.

I have fully conceded that deep ploughing is not everywhere requisite. Now let me show where and why it is needed.

1. It has been abundantly demonstrated that roots of plants are often found at a distance of several feet from the stem. Any of us may have seen that this is as true of Indian corn as of Canada thistles. With a microscope and due patience the roots of wheat may be traced from four to six feet. Of course these roots seek nourishment and find it. Nature, in the broad view, makes no abortive, at least no wanton effort. Roots wander in search of food not otherwise to be found.

2. Our subsoils are generally compact and repellant. Wherever a ditcher would naturally use a pick, there few roots can make their way except very slowly and by wasting effort. Few or no cereals or edible roots can feed and flourish on the penetration of such subsoils. And while our sands and looser gravels are more easily traversed, they seldom contain the plant-food whereof the roots are in search. They either remain unpenetrated, or the effort is unrewarded by any gain of nutrition of the plant.

3. Our summers and autumns are often persistently hot and dry. The continuously torrid suns, which this year destroyed half the later crops of Europe, are here encountered as often as every third year. Drought is one of the most frequent causes of the failure of our crops. Our ancestors mainly migrated hither from the British Isles, from Holland, and the coast of Northern and Western Europe, where humidity is the rule, protracted drought the exception. Sixteen inches of soil in our climate is hardly equal, as an antidote to drought, to six inches in Ireland and Holland. And yet the best farmers of those countries agreed in commending deeper ploughing.

4. What we advocate is not the burying of the vegetable mould or natural surface sod under several inches of cold, lifeless clay, sand or gravel. If the subsoil is not to be enriched, it may better remain a subsoil. But that does not prove that it ought to be lifted, stirred, aerated, pulverized. The right thing to do is to enrich, as well as mellow and aerate, the entire soil to the depth of fully eighteen inches, though twelve may answer as a beginning. Use a Michigan or a subsoil plough, if you will, and keep the various strata where nature placed them. But give your plants, like your cattle, a chance to reach food and drink it all times. Let down the bars that would keep them from the life giving springs.

5. Plants look to the soil for (1) anchorage; (2) moisture; (3) most of their food. If they cannot find these more certainly in 12 to 18 inches of soil than 6, then reason is a fool, mathematics a conjectural science, and a farmer should prefer a balance in bank to his credit of \$600 to one of \$1,000.

6. We are told that the roots prefer to run near the surface, loving the warmth of the sun. Let them run there, then: we do not hinder them. Make the soil rich as well as deep, and let them run near the surface for warmth and descend for moisture, or both, as

they shall see fit. We proffer them freedom of choice. If a wet season attracts them to the surface, a dry one must constrain them to dive for moisture. It is our duty so to provide that they may flourish, however wayward the season.

7. I have a steep hillside, which I choose to cultivate, the soil being warm and kind. Plough this six inches deep, and the first hard shower sweeps its soil by cart-loads into the brook below, where it is useless. Plough it twice as deep, and not a peck of soil will be flooded off in a lifetime.

8. In a wet season deep ploughing does, at the worst, no harm. In a dry season it doubles the crop.

9. Unless a small army is more effective than a large one, an empty pocket-book better than a full one, a lean crop preferable to a large one, then a deep soil must be more productive than a shallow one.—*Horace Greeley.*

4. LEAVING THE FARM—ITS EVIL EFFECTS.

We copy the following excellent article from the *Montreal Gazette*.

It portrays, in strong language, the evil effects of a too common practice among us of our Canadian farmers' sons leaving the farm and seeking employment in various ill requited, but, as they term it, "more genteel" callings. The results are, as might be expected, and as are fairly and justly put in the following article:—

We have for many years been aware of the fact that there is a very common desire felt amongst the young men of our agricultural districts, the sons of farmers, to leave the cheery, healthful occupations of the farm and seek for wealth in the close confinement of the store or the shop. We have not thought heretofore that it was any part of our duty to interfere in this bent of our young men, though we could not help regretting it; for we have hourly examples before us where the pallid cheek and hollowed chest are sad signs of disappointed hopes and health sacrificed in an ill-chosen profession. At the present moment we feel particularly called upon to warn our youth that there is not room in trade for the numbers who annually engage in it; and that of those who have made it the pursuit of life, not one in a hundred have achieved success. And even to begin life, we are sorry to have it to state as a fact that for every situation which becomes vacant there are ten applicants; which simply means that out of every ten who find employment, nine are doomed to disappointment after weeks or months of canvassing with all its dreary details of hope to-day and despair to-morrow—the hat-in-hand interview with the merchant already harassed with previous applications; the coldly polite answer; sometimes the brusque refusal.

There is no more vital move in the career of any man than the choice of a profession. On a good choice a man's whole happiness depends, yet we see, as a general belief, or general infatuation, that trade and commerce are supposed to be the only sure roads to wealth and consideration. They do lead that way, but the roads are hard, rough, and most devious. Nothing in the whole world is less certain than commercial success. It has been said in our city, by men in London and New York, everywhere, that out of any one hundred merchants we may take from a directory, it will be found that the majority have been at least once bankrupt. But even one prize in many blanks is not in the reach of many to throw for, since none can enter upon business without some capital. This must be made first and then exposed to the contingency of total loss ere a bare beginning is made. The young man of sterling worth, whose merit is recognized by his employers, is frequently rewarded by a share in an old established business and makes a fortune, because his industry and steadiness have stood him in place of capital. We need not allude to these instances; every young aspirant who leaves his father's home has heard of such cases, and hopes such a career may be his own, but he forgets that his fortune may be, and generally is, a seat on a high stool—incessant labour—bending over the desk from morn till night, and a salary, sometimes liberal enough, quite as often the reverse, and this for all his life's toil. Let us not be supposed to paint things worse than they really are. Our young, unemployed, anxious looking friends will confirm our testimony as to the difficulty of obtaining even a chance to set foot on the first round of the ladder which they think leads to fortune. Scrape the successive layers of paint from the doors where men show their names and peculiar trades, like geological deposits, they will prove that the occupations have been but temporary, that failure has obliterated name after name. With your penknife you may develop the successive strata of evil fortune, and with every disinterred name be sure there is a tale of hope, anxiety, industry, care, misfortune, perhaps despair. If proof is asked for our third category, there is not the occupier of a