

Miscellaneous.

The Agriculturist's Education.

At a recent meeting of the Bridport Farmers' Club, Mr Cox is reported to have said: "Why has not every farmer his own thatcher? There is nothing so difficult in the art but that it may be easily learnt, but 'tis not every one who likes to find reed and spars with which a novice might practice, and they depend on the district thatcher. Again, how useful on a farm is a man who has a knowledge of rough carpentry, and how many pounds a year might he save his master? But you may say—'It is very well to talk of the utility of such men, but how are we to get them? Why you must begin with the young children; you must educate them. But you may say, what have reading, writing and arithmetic to do with thatching, carpentry, hoeing, drilling, ploughing, and the host of other things on the farm? True, they have very little to do with them, but every boy should learn them, and whilst he is obtaining a knowledge of these he should likewise study the various agricultural labours as well. Your village schools are not yet what they should be; but we are going on, on, on, towards what I suppose we shall have them in time, and that is, industrial schools. A philanthropic lady of Bridport, whose name will live for ages, though she now sleeps with the departed, some years since established an industrial school for girls in this town. Now, these girls are taught all the work of the house—cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, baking, and a host of et-ceteras, besides a good English education. At fifteen or sixteen they are fitted for a situation as house servants, and many people have already obtained from that establishment what is now rare to be had—a good domestic servant. Now, we want similar institutions in country villages, for children of both sexes; and I am happy to say that there are many in England already, viz., at Henley-on-Thames, at Northampton, Gloucestershire, in Herefordshire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire. I cannot find time to tell you exactly how these schools are worked, but I would refer you to vol. vi. of the *Bath and West of England Society's Journal*, where, in a paper written by the "Spender and Isaac," the schools are fully described. It is all very well, gentlemen, to teach children to be moral, virtuous and good Christians, but you must teach them something more—how to be good and expert workmen, and how best to do their duty in the sphere of life in which they may hereafter be placed."

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I hold that a man haz just az much rite tew spel a word az it iz pronounced, az he haz tew pronounse it the way it ain t spelt. Earthly glory iz smm like potatoze on very ritch sile—top plenty—tater skarse. It ain't so much trouble tew git rich, az it iz to tell when we have got rich. The most bitter sarkasm sleeps in silent words. Hope iz everybody's handmaid, she iz a sli coquette and promises menny favors, but grants only a fu, and them are badly diskounted. If you want tew git at the circumference ov a man, examine him among men—but if you want tew git at hiz aktual diameter meazure him at hiz fireside. There iz nothing so difficult tew hide az our folls. There iz but few men who have karakter enuff tew lead a lfo or idleness. Tru Love iz spelt jist the same in Chocktaw az it iz in English. Buty that don't make a woman vain, makes her very butiful. A puppy plays with every pup he meets, but old doggs have but fu associates. He who buys what he kant want, will, ear long want what he kant buy. It kosts a good deal tew be wise, but it don't kost enny tew be happy. Necessity begot Invenshun, Invenshun begot Convenience, Convenience begot Pleasure, Pleasure begot Luxury, Luxury begot Riot and Disease, between them, begot Poverty, and Poverty begot Necessity again—this iz the revolushen of man, and iz about awl he brags on. There iz no such thing az flattery—if commendashun iz deserved it iz not flattery but truth, if commendashun iz undeserved it iz not flattery but slander. "The luxury ov grief!"—this, i take it, means to have yuro old unkle die and leave yu \$9,000, and yu cry.—*Poughkeepsie Press.*

Hints to Farmers.

LITTLE GRIS, the funny lecturer on Hunkadora perpetrates the following Hints to farmers, through the *Cincinnati Times*:
What Hoes to Use—In planting or hoeing corn use the ordinary hoes in common use. Neither India rubber hose nor cotton hose would be of account in a corn field; no more would one of *Hoe's* eight-cylinder presses.
Hoes to Hold the Plough—Don't try to hold it out at arms length. You can't do it.
 If you hain't a plough of your own, get out an attachment on your neighbour's who owes you. Any Justice can tell you whether you can hold it or not.
The Best Time to Put in Rye—I asked an old farmer once what was the best time to put in rye? He looked at his watch and—replied:
 "This is about my hour."
 The rye was immediately put in.
 All seasons ara the same for putting in rye.
How to Keep Corn—The best place to keep corn is in a good corn house, though some prefer to keep it in their system—in the juice. If they don't keep corn they keep corn'd.
Fences and Fencing—Good fencing is essential on a farm. Get a good "fencing-master" to learn you. A rail fence is better than an imaginary one. You can't repair a worm fence by taking vermifuge. Neither can you cut good whitewash brushes out of brush fences. Mintzer can tell you that.
To Make Your Stables Warm in Winter—Set fire to them.
To Drain Lands—Drink whiskey, and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all your land in a very short time.
Easy Way to Draw Saw-logs—Draw them with a crayon pencil. After a little practice you will be able to draw the largest kinds of saw-logs with ease.

An Irishman, in describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said:—"If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go round selling maps to the inhabitants."

Rest on Iron—Paint—Every particle of rust on iron may be removed by first softening it with petrolium and then rubbing well with coarse sand-paper. To paint iron take lampblack sufficient for two coats, and mix with equal quantities of Japan varnish and boiled linseed oil.—*Rural N. Y.*

Our Common Schools—The common schools give to the mass of the people the key of knowledge. I think it may with truth be said, that the branches of knowledge taught therein, when taught in a masterly manner—reading, in which I include the spelling of our language, a firm, legible handwriting, and the elemental rules of arithmetic—are of greater value than all the rest which is taught in our district schools; for the young person who brings these from school, can himself, in his winter evenings, range over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of the municipal organization, which is a characteristic feature of our social system, they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence, which like mortal life, pervades the country. From the humblest village school, there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt—with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets—with Franklin, grasp the lightning.—*Edward Everett.*

LUCIFER MATCHES—"Says the *Working Man*:—"The insignificant-looking lucifer match has become one of the indispensable adjuncts of modern civilisation. Unknown to the public thirty years ago, it has risen with unprecedented rapidity into popular favour, effectually superseding the flint, steel, and tinder-box. The sedan chair, and the oil-lamp, have become things of the past, never to be revived in these days of express trains, ocean steamers, and electric telegraphs. The contrast between the tiny splint and the ungainly form of its predecessor, the common brimstone match, is eminently suggestive of the difference existing between the past and the present. Yet, common as the lucifer match is, there are few who really know anything of the manner in which it is produced. Like the pin, the lucifer match forms one of the curiosities of modern manufacturing industry. Although its manufacture only dates from 1833, yet whole forests have already been cut down to supply the immense and increasing demand for the wood of which the matches are made, to say nothing of the many tons of chemical matter likewise required; and when we come to consider that at present the trade is, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, the probable extent of its future requirements becomes sufficiently starting."

Poetry.

Kitchen Hobbies.

"We find in *Gleanings of the East*, the following announcement:—"The first market for the sale of horseflesh will be opened on Monday next, at No. 3, Boulevard d'Italie. The price will be about two-thirds cheaper than beef."—*Sporting Life*, July 4

Gently stir and blow the fire,
 Put the sirlion down to roast;
 Vegetarians curb your ire,
 "Horseflesh!" is the reigning toast;
 Here, at last, a fish I find,
 Meet for men of stable mind.

On the dresser see it lie,
 Oh the luscious white and red!
 Finer meat no'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest oats it fed,
 Now horse-rash scraped with skill,
 Its true mission can fulfil.

'Cute receipts I have in shoals
 For each part from tongue to croup;
 Mother of a dozen foals
 Makes good stock for gravy soup—
 Dearly loves a Ring becler,
 'Corp-ex' full of pencil fever."

Cutlets from the cookson stud
 Prophets' brain and hearts will stir,
 Horse laughs show the puro "blue blood,"
 Duto a "Horse godmother;"
 Horse-leech you may swim at ease,
 And smile at all the similes!

Cabbag' drags the soul to earth,
 Forkers have the measles ban,
 As of old in Centaur birth,
 Horse "assimilates" with man,
 Fach man bears, so Huxley said,
 A Hippocampus in his head.

Why is horse-flesh held in fee
 By Remus, Baijwood, and Guider,
 Gtee them beef, and leave to me
 Round of tough and "rank out-older"
 But the fillet for my spit
 Is "Tommy's yearling" favourite.

Colour don't affect the meat,
 Bay or chestnut, grey or brown,
 Stallion steaks are quite a treat,
 When "he's thickened and let down;
 Still I don't despise" a weed
 Of a lilly" incensed!

Both lore "Trojan horse," I know,
 And, though hardly of a feather,
 William Gladston and Bob Lowe
 Shall hippophagists together;
 With good Bess and Bordeaux wine,
 Epicurus' how we'll dine!

H. H. D. in *Mark Lane Express.*

Advertisements.

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