



THE FARMER A MANUFACTURER.

 VERY farmer, great or small, is a manufacturer. In the manufactory which he superintends, is made butter, cheese, beef, pork, corn, wheat and potatoes—in fact, all the real necessities of life. No other manufacturer is engaged in a work of so much importance. We could get along without manufactories of silk, cotton, or woollen goods, but let the factories that make our bread and meat cease to work, and ruin—death in its most horrid form—would stare us in the face. There is no work that requires more thought and care—none that makes greater calls for the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind, than farming. To no man, in any position of life, is a general knowledge of the wonderful lays of nature of more importance than it is to the farmer. Cotton, it is well known, can be made into cotton cloth, and wool into blankets and broadcloths; but the great question with the manufacturer, is, how this can be done by a judicious selection of materials, and skill in their manufacture, as to afford a profit over cost. On his wisdom in this respect, depends the all-important question, whether his business is a success or a failure. Manure and labor will manufacture crops to an almost unlimited extent; but on the cost of this manure, and the way and purpose for which it is used, depends the success or failure of the farmer—the fact whether or not he makes these crops at a profit over cost.

The farmer, like the manufacturer, pursues his business to earn a livelihood for himself and family, and to accumulate a small store for a rainy day. No manufacturer would boast of his large productions, or think that he was doing a business that he had reason to be proud of, if what he made, cost all it was worth in its production. The farmer may grow sixty or seventy bushels of wheat to the acre, and proclaim the fact all over the country—obtain the first premium for the largest crop grown in the State or nation, and the wonderful performance be heralded through all the papers in the land; yet, this large crop cost more in its manufacture than it would bring in the market, what has been gained, and who would like to follow such an example for a living? The farmer that raises thirty bushels, at a price that would allow him a fair profit over cost, would be far more worthy of praise and imitation. He that can make corn and wheat at the lowest possible price, and meat and butter cheaper than his neigh-

bors, is the best farmer; it being always understood that he is not using up his capital—the fertility of his soil.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

EDUCATION OF THE FARMER.

 I propose, in a free and easy way, to express some of our views on this important subject. And we respectfully ask our brethren of the plow to give the considerations we shall present, their candid and earnest attention. We promise to keep within the bounds of propriety as we understand them, and to say nothing that shall do our friends any hurt. We may amuse, if we do no other good—we shall try to do more. Will our readers do us the favor—and may it be a favor to them also—to walk along with us in this discussion, and hear what we have to say.

The first and leading idea in the word Education, is to *draw out* the powers of the mind, and thus invigorate them, give them form and shape, and ability for accomplishing any mental labor to which the mind may be called. The business of education therefore, is properly not to impart a knowledge of facts, but to teach men to think, to investigate, to reason. A man may treasure up facts on any and every subject, till his mind becomes a perfect storehouse of materials for thought and investigation, and yet be a perfect baby in real useful knowledge, because his facts are unclassified, undigested, and therefore unavailable. He is like a man who would gather up tools of every art, profession, and business, and lay them in a promiscuous heap, or scatter them around without order or system. He has the tools to work with, but they are useless, for he never knows where to find them, whether they are in order, or how to use them. For all practical, useful ends, he might as well be without them.

A man possessed of such a storehouse of facts, may astonish the ignorant, with what seems to them marvellous displays of learning, while his mind is a perfect chaos of ambiguity, uncertainty and error. He makes a good story teller, but a worthless reasoner.

This discipline of mind—which is almost the sum total of education, without which, most of what is called education nearly amounts to just nothing at all.

These remarks apply not merely to farmers, but to every body. They are as true of one class as of another. That man can