

not enough practical farmers; you might, with the distance between Toronto and Halifax in your favor, ship more cattle for the English market, and make more money out of it, than Ontario men can possibly do. Here you have a good port for shipment within a few miles of your land, plenty of idle land to keep all your men hard at work raising feed for cattle, and yet you let Ontario walk right past you and ship her cattle at your door."

It is a hopeful sign of a Country when the country papers begin to advocate the cause of Agriculture in a vigorous way, instead of merely recording big beets and calves with two heads. The *Colchester Sun* has for some years set a good example; the *Liverpool Advance* has not been backward. The *Annapolis Farmer* we have occasionally heard of. Now the *Eastern Chronicle*, after filling several columns with Mr. Bray's Thanksgiving Sermon, comes forward, with a bold front, to advocate Agricultural Education, as follows:—

"Beyond the rudimentary branches, the tuition in both common and high schools is such as to afford good preliminary training for any avocation in life except farming. This is a strange state of affairs for a country where the farmers support a greater number of schools than any other class. Though in many sections of this Province the farmers take pride in maintaining schools in a high state of efficiency so far as the degree of tuition is concerned, yet in these very schools, for the support of which they pay liberally, the branches which it would be in the highest interest of agriculture to have taught are, with very rare exceptions entirely excluded. An essayist at the National Grange of the United States remarked, 'More than half the farmers' sons who seek a livelihood in the cities go to a baser calling and harder labor than they would submit to on the farm,' because as he further remarked, at school they have been taught in 'the knowledge and methods of salesmen, agents, and merchants, without even one text book specially adapted to any part of rural life.' This is just as true of this country as of the United States. It amounts to this, that the school, which should fit farmers' sons for the intelligent prosecution of their fathers' occupation, in reality tends to draw them away to the over-crowded towns and cities. A New England paper concludes an article on this subject in the following sentences. By reading 'Nova Scotia' for 'Massachusetts,' our readers will obtain a true statement of the relations between agriculture and the schools here:—'The boy who has graduated at a Massachusetts high school finds himself much better qualified for the position of book-keeper or agent, or occu-

pation of merchant, teacher, or surveyor, than he is for that of farmer. So it happens that the educated boys leave the farm, to enter callings which are already crowded, and where the prospect of success is small. They ought to have been so educated that they would have known something of the application of scientific principles to practical agriculture, and gladly chosen farming as their work in life. It is high time that farmers should insist upon a change of studies in our country schools. They pay for educating their boys, and they should have the right to say in what special branches this education shall be given.' This is a matter which should engage the prompt and earnest attention of the farmers of this Province. They are numerous enough in comparison with other classes to secure the needed reform with little more trouble than that of asking the Council of Public Instruction for it. Let the farmers of Pictou county assert their justly-reputed intelligence by taking the lead. The subject is one that, in the meantime, presents a fair field of labor to the newly introduced order of Patrons of Husbandry. On our part, we promise all the assistance that our press can give to a movement in favor of an improved course of instruction—one better adapted than the present to the necessities of an agricultural country."

It appears that there still remains in the Duke of Buccleugh's grounds, Dulkeith Park, near Edinburgh, a genuine remnant of the ancient Forest of Caledonia, to which a visit was paid on 8th October last by the Scottish Arboricultural Society. The following is from an account of the third excursion of the Society reprinted from the *Journal of Forestry*, and forwarded to us by the Secretary:—

Crossing the bridge over the South Esk, the party found themselves in the far-famed old Caledonian Forest, the hoary and gnarled giants of which appear to have braved the storms of many centuries, and are still fresh and full of vigorous life, and likely to endure for as many centuries to come. This substantial remnant of the Caledonian Forest, which in the early ages stretched across the whole of the centre of Scotland, extends to about 160 acres, and has been most carefully preserved for several generations. The preservation of this interesting relic of the ancient Scotch forest is, it was mentioned, all the more to be prized, seeing that at one time, about 150 years ago, the then possessor of the dual property had determined that the trees should be cut down, and that most of the old trees still standing had accordingly been marked for the axe, but providentially escaped destruction. The mark, or

"blaze," then put on the trees healed over in course of time, but its position is still distinctly visible upon the rugged bark of these hoary monarchs, after the lapse of a century and a half. It was stated that the figures scribed on the "blaze," in numbering the trees, were still perfectly legible when the superimposed wood was removed from a specimen that was recently blown down. Time would not permit of a close examination of this very remarkable and picturesque collection of ancient oaks, the venerable appearance of which leads the thoughts far away back into dim antiquity, and calls to mind the celebration of the mystical rites of the early Druids, beneath the leafy canopy of the primeval oaks, on days of high festival. The numerous herds of antlered deer browsing amid the tall fern, or bounding away beneath the shade of the rugged oaks, vividly recall the days of yore, when—

"Lords and ladies gay, with hound and horn,
Went forth to hunt the stag in early morn,
Beneath the greenwood tree."

In the course of a rapid ramble through these remarkable trees, many curious and notable specimens were observed and admired, especially towards the upper part near the Steel park, where they attain their greatest size and most majestic appearance.

"Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards,
We're in debt to the forest trees."

The finest specimen—The King of the Forest—grows on the top of a high steep bank overhanging the North Esk, and measures eighteen feet two inches in girth at two feet up, and fifteen feet three inches at five feet up; the clear bole being about twenty feet high, and the total height of the tree about ninety feet—truly a magnificent tree! Many other oaks closely approach the dimensions of this giant; some with straight clean stems, others with no stem to speak of, and mostly with rugged, swollen, curiously knotted stems, and branches fantastically twisted, gnarled, and contorted in every imaginable form. One gigantic knot, or "growth," upon the under side of a large limb overhanging the bank of the river, was estimated to contain nearly a ton of solid matter. It need scarcely be added that the timber of these oaks is remarkably rich and beautiful in the grain, and it was stated that even wind-falls—nothing else is obtainable—bring almost a fabulous price in the market, and are eagerly sought after by cabinet-makers for the manufacture of high-class oak furniture.

A CALF has been found in Cape Breton with two mouths. The increase of this breed will tend to raise the market price of hay.