

Agricultural Knowledge.

It is impossible to pass through some of our rural districts in time of seed sowing without being struck with the woful deficiency of elementary agricultural knowledge which prevails, and the signs of general bad management of land which meets the eye. In some parts the land is literally exhausted and effete from constant straining of its utmost strength, without proper chemical food, to meet the necessities of the hour. Crop after crop of the same cereal, vegetable or root is wrung from the bosom of the soil till it is rendered useless. If it does not then, after some random manuring (with substance which, from want of care, is little richer than itself), satisfy the exorbitant demands of its taskmaster, it is pronounced unworthy of cultivation and Canada is stigmatised as an unprolific country.

Draining, also, is much neglected. We have seen whole fields of excellent soil ruined, at least temporarily, through want of attention to this prime and obvious necessity of farming. The proper distribution of water, and proper desiccation are of immense importance, and render the agriculturist independent, to a great extent, of meteorological changes.

There is also, among the ordinary run of farmers, much ignorance as to the kind of soil suitable to the production of certain crops. A farmer working thus, without any chemical knowledge, with nothing to guide him but his own perhaps unsuccessful experience, and a burden of conflicting traditions, labors under a disadvantage only surmountable by rare instinctive appreciation of the relations of cause and effect.

The plowing is, moreover, in many cases, like beauty, only skin deep, though very far from beautiful to the scientific farmer. And where this happens, we have generally seen it in land which requires the most profound disruption.

It is impossible also, not to note occasionally, the exceeding slovenliness with which some farms are kept. Nothing is in its place. Fences are broken down. Pasture and tilled land are all one common, and cattle have a look of homeliness and discomfort pitiable to contemplate.

The mansion is in keeping with the field, and the out-houses with the mansion. There is nothing of neatness or order no ambition to make them look fresh and tidy and attractive; but, on the contrary, often much to repel. The yard is beset with accumulations of broken wagons, utensils, implements, troughs and lumber of all kinds. The pigs seem to be the lords of the soil, which, indeed, they cultivate better than their master, and to have everything their own dirty way. The manure is so distributed as to retain little of its vitalizing, renovating qualities.—The complaint of the soil, subjected to the treatment of some Canadian farmers, is the opposite to that of the ancient Israelites in Egypt. They wanted straw to make bricks; the poor soil is expected with "straw, all straw, and nothing but straw," to develop nourishment for man and beast.

We will not intrude on the privacy of the farmer and his family, although we have been often in his house, and could suggest some improvements in domestic economy. Be it remembered that we are speaking of a class only of Canadian farmers, and of some sections only of Lower Canada. Happily we have amongst us agriculturists of whom any country may be proud, whose farms are models of neatness, whose households are "joys for ever" to regard.—[Montreal Gazette.

We copy the above from the Montreal Witness, which copied it from the Montreal Gazette. We think it only right to give the proper credit. The remarks are too true, and too applicable to many farmers even in Ontario. It would perfectly

astonish any Middlesex farmer, however backward he might be, to go into Lower Canada and see the extent of really good land they have there, and compare the circumstances of the poor farmers in that part of the dominion. They hardly know what an agricultural paper is. The implements are of the most primitive description. Stock, grain and management the same. They do not appear to belong to Canada. Progress and improvement are but little known, and from our observation they appear a century behind the age; and at their present rate of agricultural progression we think they will not catch up in a thousand years. Where the fault or misfortune lays it is not our province to say, but a great change is required, or emigrants will not remain in that portion of the dominion.

The Danger of the Time.

There has grown up of late years a class of men who make politics their business for the simple purpose of making money out of it. They gain control of party machinery by dexterity, and then sell the honors and advantages which they control. Men of political ambition recognize their power and seek their support. The men elected to office through their influence must submit in their official acts to the dictation of the power that made and can unmake them. Those who in this way own legislators and governors sell their wares to whoever will buy.

The buyers form another class. The course of things in business, especially the business of transportation, has been to accumulate immense wealth in the hands of a few financiers. Their schemes are frequently in need of help from governmental authority. There is a short and easy way to obtain this under such a state of things as we have described. It is not necessary to buy up a legislature man by man. A much easier bargain can be made with the small clique in the background who largely control the legislature. They stand ready to sell the votes of their puppets by wholesale.

So the business is carried on. With its great profits comes increasing power to the few central political operators. Their influence widens, and draws under its control not only politicians and office holders, but newspapers, judges, financial concerns. They gain wider power within their party, and come to control nominations to the highest public positions. By natural affiliation they unite with knots of kindred spirits in other sections, and combine their power for joint action.

As their original and main stock in trade consists in the control of voters of the lower class, they humer these by the lowest demagoguism. They even shield notorious criminals, and extend a wide protection over the most disorderly and dangerous element in our cities. Men of personal ambition, on the other hand, whose position and character are above corruption, submit to the dictation of a power which they fear to disregard, and wink at what they would be ashamed to openly countenance. So the poison eats its way everywhere, into the highest ranks of society and the lowest; into our courts of justice which it corrupts; among the deus whose infamy it protects; along the broadest thoroughfares which it renders insecure. into business, spreading fraud; into the Church, drying up the manliness and honor which are the springs of Christian life.

The state of things which we have sketched is but too familiar to those whose business it is to watch the broad aspect of national life. But it is not enough real-

ized among the mass of conscientious men in private life, on whose intelligence and fidelity the salvation of the nation always rests. These cannot too soon be aroused to the evil and danger of the situation.—There is a grave present mischief, and a worse danger impending. For, as we have said, it is the nature of this bad power to grow stronger and make constantly wider conquests. Already there are ominous signs that the national government itself may fall under its control. Suppose such a clique as we have described already in control of a great state: suppose that by corrupt legislation millions of money lie in its hand, available for a political campaign; let there be other millions within easy reach, in the treasury of railroad corporations, whose controlling chiefs have immense interests at stake on the favor of the national government. At the same time let there exist a great political party, the mass of its members honestly attached to certain principles, but well under the control of their leaders, those leaders bent on success; the enormous financial and political resources of the clique at hand as a powerful instrument in a doubtful contest. Under such circumstances is it improbable that this knot of men should dictate a Presidential nomination? With the country pretty evenly divided on purely political grounds, and gigantic bribery thrown into the scale in two or three great doubtful states, is the success of such a candidate an absurd supposition?

The picture is not an imaginary one.—Would that it were! And be it noted, such a catastrophe would be worse than any mere political change that ever befel or can befall. The triumph of no political principle, however unsound, would approach the misfortune of having the administration under the control of a set of thieves. The disgrace abroad would be less than the injury at home. Squandered revenues would be the least of the evils inflicted. No public interest, no private rights would be safe. And worse than all the harm to material interests would be the moral debasement wrought through the community were the central government with its myriad arms and its conspicuous action, controlled directly by shameless greed. Before now there have been frauds and dishonesty in connection with the general government, but never has there been anything like the direct and absolute control of it by the inviolable corruption that is now threatened.—[Beecher on Christian Union.

We give the above to our readers. They may select or discard as much as their different opinions may judge to be applicable to Canadian affairs.

The Potato Bug.

The Potato Bug is surely and firmly established in Canada, marching and flying eastward. Some of you at the east may think we are alarmists, but we cannot caution you too much to be on the watch and kill the advance guard. Hand-picking is practicable on their first appearance, but as soon as the second or third crop appears, Paris Green is the most reliable destroyer yet known. From two to four pounds per acre is sufficient, mixed in the proportion of one pound of Paris Green to about ten pounds of Plaster of Paris.

You may see the spotted slug in the engraving. We took the very gentleman from which our engraving was made, and placed him in a bottle, corked it, and gave him neither food nor water; this was nearly three weeks ago, and he is yet alive. We have heard of their having been corked up for two months and being still alive.

We noticed in one of our exchange papers an account of the bad effects of a bit of worm one of them. There is no necessity

for letting them bite; and perhaps it was a hoax. They may be handled and destroyed with the naked hand, but there should be no wound or raw flesh. We think the danger of being poisoned by them is a myth, and may be made an excuse for those indolent and ignorant farmers who allow them to breed on their farms to the loss of the whole community. We are waging a deadly conflict with them, and thus far we are the conqueror. Watch, kill and destroy them by every means, is our advice to you.

Mr. Couse, of St. Thomas, gives his boys a penny for every potato bug they find on his two acres of potatoes; and the same price for every leaf having eggs on it.—The children run up the rows every day, and have as yet only earned about fifty cents, but his potatoes are kept quite free from the second crop. We say, give the boys and girls a chance to make a little money for themselves, and a larger sum for you. What would be the value of your potato crop? Would it be dear if you saved it at half its cost?

We would further suggest as a check to the spread of them, that in sections where they have not yet been seen, that each farmer would give his boys or girls 50 cents or \$1 for the first bug; 10 cents per dozen for the first dozen; 20 cents for the first fifty; 50 cents per hundred for the first five hundred; \$1 per thousand for the first thousand. When more than that are found use Paris green.

Paris Green will not poison the crop of potatoes, as some suppose, and is the only sure destroyer of them when they are too numerous to pick by hand. Many think the small potato bug, or miller bug, is the Colorado bug, and consequently they look upon the warnings as unnecessary. They will find the genuine Colorado bug too soon. Look at the engraving in this paper—and you will know them when they arrive on your farm.

Mr. Moore's Rural New Yorker, of the 17th June, makes an extract from this journal, but says they do not understand the allusion. We will explain:—The government or conservative party in this city have been guilty of such acts that exposure ought to cause shame in any living man.—The existing government has acted with these persons, and have attempted to interfere and curtail the power of the Provincial board of agricultural managers who are elected by the people. Public agricultural affairs will be better looked after in future, and the time is approaching when farmers will have more to say and less to pay in comparison with others than they now have.

TO DESTROY THE CURRANT WORM.—Procure carbolate of lime and dust the bushes; it is cheaper and more effectual than hellebore. It is certain death to the worm, and does not injure the fruit.

A music teacher once said that the art of playing the violin requires the most perception and the most delicate sense of any art in the world. We say the art, of publishing an agricultural paper to please every body beats fiddles higher than a kite.

We republish the most important matter that was in our last Supplement—as we fear many of them would not be delivered at some of the Post Offices.