

of one grower will produce more food than many persons ought to consume—more than two men's labor would have done a century ago. Hence, the crowds of beggars which infest every office and crowd every street, wedging themselves together by the million on a few square miles of pavement, and thus belying their own pretence of wanting "Something to do."

Why *should* a man choose to be a hireling? Any man may own land who will—we mean any one who will evince reasonable energy, diligence and frugality. It is a libel on a bounteous Creator to say that there need be any such aggregate of suffering from want as is now experienced. Half the amount spent within the last three years for drink and narcotics, and fiddling and dancing, and on the gratification of lawless appetites, by the poor of this city, would lift them all above want in an instant. We do not mean that there are none among them who do not suffer without fault; we do mean that nine-tenths of the present sufferers might have been saved from abject need by proper forethought and thrift on their own part. Individuals suffer for others' sins; yet the general truth remains that there is work and sustenance for all who faithfully improve their opportunities. But all cannot live on one petty island, nor can all be petty hirelings. And instead of labor being oppressed by capital, as demagogues assert, it is capital alone that precludes general famine. Were not others more frugal and provident than those now in want, starvation must soon be the lots of hundreds of thousands.

A young man who begins the world with nothing but his hands must at first accept work wherever he can find it. If his board is all he can get, let him work joyfully and faithfully for that, till he can do better. If he can, at the same time, learn a trade, so much the better; at all events let him learn whatever he can. Whenever he can obtain wages, let him accept and earn them, but always with a fixed resolve to *work out* of dependance—not sit down contentedly in it. Let him resolve to be his own master—the director of his own labor—at the earliest possible day: let him strive and save to hasten that blissful consummation. He who sits down to live on wages to the end of his days—to have work only when some one else happens to need his service—is a very slave in soul. If only to get out of the way of those who will want his place a few years hence, he ought to resolve not long to remain a hireling.

We would not have every man a farmer. Other pursuits are useful and laudable, if not so absolutely necessary as is that of the tiller of the soil. But we would have every man the owner of his home and implements by the time he has attained the age of thirty years. And nearly every one who religiously rejects liquor, tobacco, and all forms of dissipation, surely may be. If he *must* work in a city, let him make his home in some suburb, where a lot of naked ground does not cost the price of a good farm. But it were better for nine-tenths of our mechanics to resolve to find or make

homes in the broad, fine healthful country. Let a shoemaker, a tailor, a blacksmith, a tinman, cooper, a wagon-maker, &c., to the number of thirty or forty, resolve to migrate together, and they may *make* a village on lands that cost but a trifle; nay, they might, by advertising, find landholders ready to *give* them all the land they need in some young village, in order to increase the value of the residue.

In one way or another, our cities should be depleted of their surplus population and the country blessed with a large increase of its agricultural and mechanical force. The nation would be vastly stronger and richer, its people would be permanently nobler and happier, if two or three millions of the population of our cities were transferred to localities where land is superabundant and people too few. And we trust the stern experience of the present winter will impel a very general movement from cities to the open country.

#### UP TO THE TIMES.

We have had a dry summer, followed by the driest autumn we have ever seen. The winter has been dry, and great scarcity has been felt in the country and city for the want of water. The last two weeks has been rain, rain, thaw, rain, and the reverse has been felt. Water is everywhere; bridges are swept away; houses in some parts are rendered tenant-less; cellars are deluged, and still while we write a poor soldier of the 53d regiment has to stand sentry at a pump to prevent citizens taking water. To get to the pump cordwood, planks and boards have to be crossed over water about two feet deep, but pad-a-pad day after day the poor sentry walks. Many poor farmers are like that sentry, or his commander not up to the times. It might have been necessary to protect the water in a scarce time, but what would people like water for, when at every place there is ten times too much. You might have sown seeds a year or two ago that would be ruinous to sow now. You may have been satisfied with the flail, but you have after years of prejudice been convinced of the superiority of the thrashing machine. It takes years to convince many people of the necessity of and advantages of new seeds, new implements and new management of our agricultural affairs generally. The foremost in such are often the most prosperous; the lagards are gradually falling behind. Where are you? Are you up to the times? Do you take the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, or are you like the poor sentry close by our window, having your energies and time wasted in injuring yourself, and striving to support something that is no advantage to you or any one else? Take the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, and be up to the times.

Every person sending in a club of 6 will receive a prize in seeds, &c., that will be worth all the trouble. Send 25c to pay parcel postage, & letter post.

#### CROWN PEAS.

A farmer from the Township of Westminster called at our office the other day, and offered us all the Crown Peas he had to spare, which were but a few bushels. He said they were all wanted by his neighbors, who had offered him \$1 50 per bushel. But he considered it would help us to have them. On looking at the sample we found it mixed with noxious weeds, and other grain. We appreciate his kindness, for we believe it was intended as such, being a person we highly esteem. We told him we would supply none to our applicants if we could not furnish clean seed. It would be an injury to the farmers. Still nine-tenths of them prefer getting some cheap kind of seed, and never consider the consequences of fowling their land, and bringing mixed seed to market. We regret that our supply is not equal to the demand, and that we can get no better than we have supplied. We hope to make a great improvement in our seed arrangements before the demand for Fall Midge Proof arrives.

We are already receiving orders for the Fall supply. Persons only wishing for two bushels grown on the Westwell farm can have it secured by paying 25c per bushel as deposit. Agricultural Societies supplied at a small advance on cost.

#### Does Young Clover or Timothy Cause Rust upon the Wheat?

This is a question that has for a long time agitated the minds of intelligent farmers, but it has been settled to my mind at least, by a series of experiments.

I am satisfied that it does in at least 95 cases out of a hundred.

I have sown the wheat with and without the grass seed, and have never seen rust when there was no grass; whilst in the same field the rust has affected the wheat. The grass holds the dampness at the roots of the wheat, and when the sun shines out very warm, produces the blight. Besides, the wheat standing alone will produce 5 bushels more to the acre than when the grass is sown. I mean, now, that this will be the average difference.

But the question arises: when shall the grass be sown? I answer; After the wheat harvest. Plough the field and prepare it smoothly and sow the grass seed of whatever kind you desire, and your crops of grass the coming season will be equally as good if not better than if sown with the wheat.

Farmers try the above, and, my word for it, the result will be satisfactory.—*Cor. Rural Gent.*

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarrelled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The best-natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with unction. She was the conqueror.