

Emigration.

We quote the following as a reminder to all in Canada of the great blessings we enjoy. By far the majority of immigrants who came here were not first-prize men at anything, and were or would have been in no better position had they remained, than the one below alluded to. Here, thousands of the poor that were, now drive their carriages, have good frame and brick houses, and valuable freehold estates. Thousands of them have given a professional education to some of their children, and some of these very children and even their parents are ruling powers in their several localities. Now, with all these blessings and their increased wealth, will they ever contemplate the use that might perhaps be justly said to be due from them, that is, to aid poor suffering humanity? See the accounts in another part of this paper of the awful fires in our own country, near Ottawa, whereby hundreds are rendered homeless, destitute, and in a starving condition. Charity begins at home. If your own family are fed and clad, look to your poor countrymen, and aid them from your flowing treasures. The following sketch is from *Good Words* for July:—

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LABORER.—Altogether, the village seems an "idyllic" kind of place to live in; but let us hear how its inhabitants do live in it. At another public-house, laborers are taking their mid-day rest and beer. One of them is picked out by his fellows to give the information required, as being most familiar with all kinds of agricultural labor. He has scanty iron-grey hair, moistly wiped down on his weather-beaten forehead, and white stubble on his chin. He wears corduroy trousers and a bone-buttoned fustian jacket, and his brick-dust-colored throat is bare. This is what he says spontaneously, and in reply to questions:—"Yes, Sir, I can do any o' hagricultural labor. Ast anybody that knows me—I don't care who ye ast. I've worked for Mr. — and Mr. —, close by; an' you can goo to them when you've done talkin' to me. I'll goo from the plough even to the buildin' and thetchin', and that takes it all through. I've been a prizeman at the buildin' an' thetchin'.—Law bless ye, sir, it ain't confined to this parish. Men comes from 30 and 40 miles round—t'other side a long way o' the Chilterns; 15s. is the first prize, and 12s. 6d. the second. I can't say what the thrid is. I never got so low as that. I gets 5s. the square naked work, a-techin', and 3s. 6d. the other. Praps I'm better off than some—more so than many be.—The work's in my hands, an' I know how to do it, an' so they can't take it out. A ploughman hereabouts may get 14s. a week, an' a shepherd the same, but take it all round, wages is 10s. or 11s. Some of the farmers let out their work at hay time and harvest, and then you may get more. But then you're days an' days out o' work in the year. I reckon I don't get more than eight months out of the 12, an' my boys don't get that. Yes, you may call me old man, if you like—I'll turn my hand to anything. An' so'll my boys.—One of em's 16, and the other's quite growed up. An' I've had to keep them two great boys all winter—an' will, if I can. Yes, all the winter I have—cept when there comes a machine, an' they got 2s. or 1s. 6d. a day for taking away the straw and chaff. They'll go crow-keeping—sixpence they'll push in for; and what's more, they'll bring it home. That'll buy a loaf o' bread. Half a loaf, we say, is better than none—much more a whole un'. If they could but earn a shillin' a week each! certain, that 'ud be summut.—Sometimes my youngest son gets a job pig-driving to Aylesbury, but the soldiers

is alays at him, an' that makes him rusty, and he swears. He don't want to be forced to go for a soldier. He's a great tall chap, and so's his brother. You see, sir, he aint eighteen yet, an' so his time wouldn't count, would it, sir? I want him to try for the police, but he says, 'No, father, I'll never be a bobby—not if I starve.' I'm six in family, sir—four gals, youngest is eight. All on'em plait, but that's like throwing one penny arter another. You buy sixpenn'orth o' straw, an' you gets 9d. for it when it's done, an' it takes you four or five hours to do it.—Some, p'rhaps, can do the thirty yards in three and a half; that's according to quickness. Two pence a week is what's paid at the plaitin' schools. If I'd to pay that for my gals now, it would pull me all to pieces. There'd be 8d. a week goin' out—see how that would muddle me. A 1d. a week, I think, is what they pay at the parish school. I's no wish to speak ill o' hanybody, but my opinion o' parsons is, that what they've got they'll keep. There's no lacemakin' just here. They may be about Buckingham—I never was so far. No, you won't see women workin' in the fields here, 'cept, p'raps, a wife reapin' with her husband at harvest. No, sir, I've no wish to hemigate—not as I knows of. Of course, if I could get such wages as them you tells on in—where was it?—an' house and food, too—I'd take 'em if I could get to 'em. There's people here that get out-door relief, but I can't tell you much about that. I don't suppose I could get so much as a parish doctor to come to me. Yes, we've a club, it's held here—sixteenpence a month. Whit-Monday's our club-day. Live, sir? We live as we can, and not as we would. I've had turnip-tops, an' nothing else, an' them begged. Bless you, we've no garden ground—not so much as we could put a plant in. Pigs! There ain't many pigs about here. If we could keep 'em, we wouldn't be able to get 'em. There was a good deal of distress here last winter. For four days I'd nothing to eat—next to nothin', though I was in work—I was clearin' off a score. If we'd had sickness, God Almighty only knows where we should ha' been. Arter all, the Lord always provides somehow. If He hadn't put that there gift o' mine to do anything, into my hands, how would my poor children ha' got on? I don't know who you are, sir, or what ye are, but I've told you more about myself than I ever told any man afore. If I was to tell ye all, it would fill that there black book you are writin' in."

Them Good Old Daze.

How I long (once in a while) for them good old daze.

Them daze when thar was more for 30 cents thar is now in 7 dollars and a half.

Them daze when a man married 145 lbs. of woman, and less than 9 lbs. (awl told) of ennything else.

How I dew long for them good old daze when edekashun consisted in what did well.

Them daze when deacons were as austere as hoss radish, and minister's preached to men's souls instead of their pockets.

Them daze when polytics was the exception and honesty the roole.

Them daze when lap dogs wurnt known, and when brown bread and baked goose made a good dinner.

Them daze when a man who wasn't bizzzy was watched, and when women spun yarn to make stockings.

How I do long for the good old daze when now and then a gal baby was called Jerusha, and a boy wasn't spilt if he was named Jerrymer.

And ye who have the fethers and fuss of life, who have codfish of wealth without sence under yure nose, cum beneath this tree and long for an hour with me for the good old daze when men were ashamed to be fools and winamen were afraid to be firts.—Josh Billings.

Communications.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Preserving Woodlands.

SIR,—I noticed the other day an excellent suggestion, in the address of the President of the late successful fair in London, viz., that farmers should begin to plant trees for fire-wood, and he suggested the white willow as a good one for that purpose. I fear, however, that in a country like this, where labor is so expensive, and the means of farmers so limited, few will act upon his suggestion; but where farmers have a fair proportion of their farms in "bush," they can secure fire-wood for their own use, and their descendants' for generation after generation.

A friend of mine, John Ball, Esq., of Niagara, has not allowed his cattle, or horses, or sheep to run in his bush for many years past; and he told me last week that thousands and thousands of young trees are growing up in his bush to the height of twenty feet, which will replace those trees that will be cut down, when they cease growing, for the use of the house. In this way he expects, and I think with reason, that his bush will be continually replenished, as the seeds of the old trees strike root, and send up young ones every year.

It is true Mr. Ball loses a little pasture about the skirts of his bush; but that loss is nothing to what he gains by keeping his animals out of his bush, who would destroy the young shoots by browsing if he allowed them, as most farmers do, the run of it. I might say that Mr. Ball mentioned his plan to me several years ago; and when traveling through the country I have often regretted that the fine wood lots which I passed, and which were evidently growing thinner and thinner every year, had not been treated as Mr. Ball's have been.

I have often thought of writing to the public papers on the subject, but did not like to do so until I had learned from Mr. Ball how his plan worked. Having now obtained full information on the subject, I feel it my duty to give it to the public; for though it may be somewhat out of my line to write on such a subject, I believe it to be the duty of every patriot to do what he can to benefit his country.

The preservation of timber is well known to have a beneficial climatic influence, by drawing down more rain from the skies, as proved most incontrovertibly by the late very extensive experiments in planting trees by the Pasha of Egypt; and as we suffer, many years, from excessive droughts in Ontario, it should be the object of all farmers to secure more moisture by maintaining as great an extent of forest as possible in the country. Trusting that those farmers who can do so, will follow the excellent example of Mr. Ball,

I am, sir, your obdt. servant,

T. B. FULLER.

The Rectory St. George's Church,
Toronto, 4th October, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Substitutes for Tiles.

SIR,—As you invite your subscribers to write for your paper upon any subject that is to the interest of Agriculture, I thought perhaps a few lines on draining might be useful to the plain, hard-working farmer who has had the misfortune, like myself, to settle down on a lot of wet land. I am almost like the Roman criminal: I have to either dig or drown; so I have resolved to dig some good drains, which I consider to be the first step up the hill of improvement in farming. In the greater part of Ontario, the season will be past for digging drains by the time this reaches your subscribers. I shall not give my views on digging them, only what I consider the cheapest, the readiest and best material that can be got to put in them. Now, tiles is the best material that can be got. I am like many more; not within reach of tiles; so I started with the next best—at least in my

opinion. I have some pine and hemlock. I took the roughest logs to the saw-mill, and had them cut in 2+3-in. scantling for the small drains; 2+4 for the next size, and 2x5 for the outfalls. I set them 2, 3, or 4 inches apart, according to the quantity of water they have to take. I cover them with slabs, which make a read-cover. Being short of slabs one season, I had to devise some other means. I got some logs that was pretty straight, and cross-cutted 7, 8 or 9 inches of the end to correspond to the width of the scantling. Lay the piece down, and with a frow split it into pieces 1½ inches thick, which makes excellent cover. Cedar, basswood or oak will do as well where there is no pine or hemlock. This material can be prepared in winter, and laid near where it is wanted, which will be found a great saving of time in our short summers.

Another good way which a friend of mine adopted, who has about thirty miles of drains on his farm. He had neither pine nor cedar, so he digged his drains about three feet deep, and very narrow at the bottom. He then put stones in the bottom about the size of goose-eggs in a double row, in this way . . . and split his basswoods into rails any length they would make, so there would be no waste, and laid 3 or 4 pieces on the stones, and covered them with straw or tough sods to keep the earth from falling in among the rails before it become properly solidified, and they work well, having been done about 13 years.

Another good plan is that adopted by Mr. Garnett, only he should have stated that one board should be cut 1 inch wider than the other, to work to advantage, as new beginners always want to know the exact size of everything belonging to a drain, or else they will condemn all writings on the subject.

The plans published in your paper are from two eminent practical drainers, on which I shall make no comment.

Those having none of the above material perhaps have a lot of black ash, basswood or cedar; cut them into suitable lengths, say 6 or 8 feet; split them through the centre, and take the heart out, and turn them down in your drain. You will then have a lasting drain. A man that is handy with an axe would make a long piece in a day.

All this material is for clay land. I shall now add a few words to those of your subscribers who have got to drain in sand. They will require a box which might be made about the size of the scantling mentioned above, and will be large enough. The box must be made so that the bottom board of the first box must be a foot longer than the top and sides; the top and sides of the next box must project the same length, so it can rest on the bottom board of the first box, and so on in succession. That will prevent them sinking at the joints, which would render the drain useless.

I must now draw to a close, before my letter gets too long—although it is of the most vital importance to the farmers of Ontario.

Yours respectfully,

OLD SCRATCHLAND.

Elma, Oct. 18, 1870.

You need not have been in any hurry about closing your letter, when filled with such useful facts. We hope you will take your pen again, ere long. You need not be afraid or ashamed to attach your name to such as the above.

LAMP CHIMNEYS.—Most people in cleaning lamp chimneys use either a brush made of bristles twisted into wire, or a rag on the point of scissors. Both of these are bad, for without great care the wire or scissors will scratch the glass as a diamond does, and under the expansive power of heat the chimney soon breaks, as all scratched glass will. If you want a neat thing that costs but little and will save your glass, tie a piece of soft sponge, the size of your chimney, on a pine stick.