

8. CANADIAN STANDARD WEIGHTS TO THE BUSHEL.

Wheat.....	60 lbs.	Hungarian Grass.....	48 lbs.
Peas	60 "	Millet.....	48 "
Beans.....	60 "	Red Top Grass.....	8 "
Indian Corn.....	56 "	Potatoes	60 "
Rye.....	56 "	Parsnips	60 "
Barley.....	48 "	Carrots	60 "
Buckwheat.....	48 "	Turnips.....	60 "
Oats.....	34 "	Beets and Onions ..	60 "
Clover Seed.....	60 "	Salt.....	56 "
Flax Seed.....	50 "	Malt	36 "
Timothy Seed	50 "	Dried Peaches	33 "
Hemp Seed	44 "	Dried Apples.....	22 "
Blue Grass Seed	14 "		

9. READING FOR FARMERS.

When the long evenings for reading come, and the question will come up to every intelligent farmer—How best to employ them? Of course, there are evenings in which pressing in-door work is to be done; there are evenings when the club or the lyceum must be attended, and evenings when friends and neighbours are to be visited or entertained at home. But it is well to have some suitable books always on the table, for your own reading and that of your family, so that the hours between dark and bed-time pass not unimproved. The books need not all treat of the farm, though it is desirable to have a few standard works on subjects relating thereto, in addition to the agricultural newspaper. Books of travel, of which there are now so many, liberalize, as well as instruct the mind, and have a charm for the young and the old. Such a work as the *Journey in Brazil*, by Agassiz, not only gives us sketches of the natural scenery, and of the manners and customs of the people of the country, but on account of its products, animal and vegetable, with their management and cultivation. The fund of information thus accumulated, if it be of no immediate practical use, will enlarge the views, and strengthen the intellect of the reader, and make him acquainted with other lands, and other practices, besides those in which he has been born and bred.

Farmers lead a life comparatively so isolated, they need the mental stimulus of reading to keep them from rusting. They have no Exchange, as merchants have, to sharpen their faculties by intercourse with others. They have the newspapers to tell them the events of the day, but too often they are read with such haste and carelessness as to make on the mind no lasting impression. From our newspapers, more perhaps than for any other source, we are in danger of becoming a nation of superficial readers, knowing a little of everything, but not much of anything.

Is it not desirable that you as a farmer, should know at least all about your own occupation, not only how best to conduct it, but the reasons for pursuing its varied practices, the why and the wherefore? Have you not some curiosity to study into the great laws of nature, which govern all animal and vegetable life, so that you may have a broader and more intelligent comprehension of your daily work? Have you not a secret desire to enlarge the horizon of your views, by reading what others have written of distant countries and peoples, giving you the benefit of their experiences, and to search diligently the volume of nature that is constantly opened to your study, filled with a myriad of wonders, enough, and more than enough, to reward your noblest aspirations?

A certain French writer once stood upon the balcony of a window that opened into his garden, looking out on the scene before him, and bitterly lamenting his scanty fortune, that would not permit him to travel. The sun was setting. At first his eye, and afterwards his soul, were enthralled by the magnificent sight. He thus soliloquized:—

"What! shall I be always like that poor goat which I see fastened to a post in a field yonder? She has already cropped all the grass which grew within the circle her cord allowed her to traverse, and she must recommence by nibbling the herbage which she has already eaten down close as velvet? Then I reflected that no traveller could possibly behold a more splendid spectacle than that which was spread before my eyes. And I thought of all the riches God has given to the poor; of the earth with its mossy and verdant carpets, its trees, its flowers, its perfumes, of the heavens, with aspects so various and so magnificent; and of all those eternal splendors which the rich man has no power to augment, and which so far transcends all he is able to buy. I thought of the exquisite delicacy of my senses, which enables me to enjoy these noble and pure delights, in all their plenitude."

So may the thoughtful farmer reflect, and say to himself as he ponders the great Book of Nature, or the books which wise and good men have written for his perusal.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

10. ORNAMENTAL TREES.

We believe after all that has been said and done, shade and other ornamental trees are not sufficiently appreciated. We hear one and another talk of cutting down this oak or that maple that have been many years grown, just as though they were like a building that could be replaced whenever desired. And then, again, there is not one shade tree planted where there should be hundreds, if not thousands. Those who settle our country, and it is true of those who spread all over the United States, felt it their duty to level the forest and clear up the land, no great matter what became of it afterwards, and so we find in the more thickly settled parts of the country very few of the old trees. There are miles of roads and streets that have not a single tree by their side, that should have them for shade and ornament their whole length. There are tens of thousands of acres of land good enough to grow wood, that are now nearly barren as the Desert of Sahara, that should be planted with trees, or, what might be better in some cases, sown or planted with the seeds of fruit trees. In some sections of the country, attention has been given to, and premiums awarded for, plantations of forest trees. This work should go on until a large part of the rough, stony lands of New England, to say the least, should be restored to their former glory and beauty, and, we should also add, profitableness.

VI. Miscellaneous.

1. THE COMING OF SPRING.

The winter time is past and gone,
The time of silent death
And the grateful earth is quiet,
With the south wind's gentle breath.
In the half-shaded woods, and on
The sunny banks, again
The primrose buds are wakening
To the soft call of the rain:
And 'mid the pale palm-willow bloom
The bees' continuous hum,
And the thrush's song from out the copse,
Tell that the Spring is come.

Beautiful Spring! beneath her smile
The air grows warm and bright,
And rivulets through cowslip fields
Run laughing to the light;
In shady meadows, day by day,
The delicate cuckoo-flowers
Open their silvery cups to catch
The mild descending showers.
And deep within the budding hedge
His nest the goldfinch weaves,
Where the honeysuckle's winding sprays
Are set with tender leaves,

By cottage-doors the butterfly,
The earliest of Spring,
Above the golden crocus-beds
Stayeth his trembling wing;
And by old ponds the daffodil
Is bowing to the breeze,
That stirs in grassy lanes the boughs
Of clustering hazel trees;
And on the lonely mountain side,
By wood-paths mossed and gray,
And far up on the pasture slopes,
Gleameth the daisy's ray.

And now in gardens spreading far
Round antiquated halls,
With broad clear moats reflecting back
Smoothed turf and terraced walls,
The dark yews wear a fresher green,
And sweet at early dawn
The scent of hyacinths float forth
O'er walk and dewy lawn;
And cool winds, that at even-time
Down the long alleys pass,
Lay the blossoms of the almond tree
In crowds upon the grass.

Bright, blessed Spring! thy coming bids
A thousand thoughts arise,
Beautiful as the pearly light
Of thine own changing skies.
We pluck thy wild up-glancing flowers,
And wander by thy streams,