

well in getting a living on a farm. Their industry, good sense and economy insure a measure of success, and entitle them to much credit. Every intelligent farmer, however, bears testimony that there is no occupation of man that demands more good judgement, sound and comprehensive education, and preparation than his; and no business gives stronger evidence of advancement, as a result of improved and enlarged thought than farming.

More knowledge and a higher degree of skill are requisite for what may be called systematic farming, in which the selection, raising and fattening of stock, the management of the dairy, the planting, grafting, and culture of orchards, the succession of crops, husbandry of the soil, the manufacture and use of manures, under-draining and the keeping accounts correct with individual animals, with fields under cultivation, and a journal of every transaction on the farm, all shall be conducted with intelligent method, or in accordance with established principles of science.

It is time to wake up fully to the importance of this subject, and the use of those means which may be expected to promote agricultural education in our Province, and a higher and better system of farm management.

Some speakers on this great subject only view the poetic side of farm life. I don't wish to follow their example and put stramonium in barren fields where it never grew, and make the female birds chant a gay carol, which they never do. Mr. Mitchell, popularly known as "Ik Marvel," thus comments on amateur farmers:

"The misfortune about this farm rhetoric is the notable fact, that it is most persistently and persuasively indulged in by those who know very little about the practical drift and intent of farm life. They do not have kicking cows to milk, or corn to replant after the crows, or the bar posts to reset after an Irish teamster. They never reach to the core of the matter."

"It is extraordinary, indeed, how a man of fine imagination can make a dazzling and fascinating thing out of only earthly material. Goldsmith stewing in London Chambers, strolling out of the dirty Strand for a steak, greasy and savory with onions, at his chop-house, can yet spin for us pretty and dext rhyme, about "the loveliest valley of the plain, and honest rustics, as one could wish for." And yet, if Goldsmith had lived among them, they would have fleeced him just as surely as the landlady in the Strand. Not because they were worse people, but because they were people, and not shepherds and shepherdesses with pretty crooks and rosettes on their shoes; not because rogues, but because struggling for such livelihood as their wits and work would earn them; and because country pursuits are, after all, no sufficient panoply against the devices of the devil."

Oaks are fine things, and rivers are fine things, and so are sun sets and morning glories, and new mown hay, and fresh curds and spotted calves; but, after all, a farm and farming do not absorb all the romance of life, or all its stateliest heroes. There is width, and beauty, and independence, indeed; but there is also sweat and anxiety, and horny hands, and a great deal of hay dust in the hair."

"For a man who is thoroughly in earnest, farming offers a grand field for effort; but the man who is only half in earnest, who thinks

that costly barns, imported stock, and a nicely rolled lawn are the great objects of attainment, may accomplish pretty results; but they will be small ones. So the dilettant farmer, who has a smattering of science, whose head is filled with nostrums, who thinks his salts will do it all, who doses his crops now to feebleness and now to an unnatural exuberance; who dawdles over his fermentations while the neighbor's oxen are breaking into his rye-field; who has no managing capacity, no breadth of vision, who sends two men to accomplish the work of one, let such a man give up all hope of making farming a lucrative pursuit. But if a man, as we said, be thoroughly in earnest, if he have the sagacity to see all over his farm—to systematize his labour, to carry out his plans punctually and thoroughly, if he is not above economy, nor heedless of the teachings of science, nor unobtrusively of progress elsewhere, nor neglectful of such opportunities for improvement as the Onslow Agricultural Society, the Farmer's Club, and the Agricultural Journals of the day place within his reach—let him work, for he will have his reward.

And let our young farmers bestir themselves. They must be men of thought and men of action. In the older settled sections, as here in Onslow, we have blacksmiths, and wheelwrights, and carpenters, and bricklayers, and it is no longer necessary for a farmer to be a "Jack of all trades." His business is to cultivate the land, to look well to the state of his flocks and herds; to attend to the thousand little details of his establishment. He must have a trained mind and skilled hands—must be able to work himself and direct others.—He must plan work for all kinds of weather, and not do in summer what should be done in winter—should not work in the barn when the sun shines, and make hay when it rains. He requires great energy, promptness and perseverance. Much of his success will depend upon getting his ground in good order and sowing in proper season, and it requires no little forethought and good judgment to accomplish even this. It is a good deal easier to work than it is to think. The best general rule for a young farmer's guidance is to do first what he likes to do least.

I hope there are no young men in this audience who imagine they are too clever to be farmers. This idea should not be encouraged by parents, and it is a mistaken notion on the part of all, to think that the best talents should not remain on the farm. In England they make parsons of the dull boys; and in this Province the practice of keeping lads of one idea on the farm prevails to too large an extent. According to my way of thinking, youths possessed of one talent should have a trade, which does not present so large a field for the exercise of careful study, sound judgment, and judicious application, as that of farming. There is no reason, whatever, why our best men should not be farmers; and one thing is certain, the farmer's millenium in Nova Scotia will never arrive until those of our class, who sell too much hay, scratch over too much ground, and winter too many animals, give place to men of earnest thought and industrious habits—in fine, men approaching the style of man of which the noble Cincinnatus is the type—of whom all agriculturists should feel proud. Let those listen to the story of Cincinnatus, who despise everything when compared with riches, and who deem the poor neither virtuous nor honorable.—Lucius Quintus, the only hope of the Roman

Empire in the hour of peril, cultivated four acres of land on the banks of the Tiber. He was there found by the Commissioners despatched for this purpose, while engaged in ploughing. Having exchanged salutations, they beseeched him for his own sake, and from his regard for the Republic to listen to the commands of the Senate. Amazed and anxiously inquiring "if all was well," he desires his wife Racilia to bring his gown from the Cottage with all possible haste. No sooner had he wiped away the dust and sweat from his brow, and thrown around him his garment, than the ambassadors, with congratulation, salute him Dictator, and invite him to the city, declaring that the army was overwhelmed with terror. In a ship, prepared at the public expense, Quintus and his three sons are conveyed to Rome; his relatives and friends and all the nobles go forth to meet him. Surrounded by an immense multitude, and attended by lictors, he is conducted to his future abode. Having met and overcome the enemy, and restored peace to the city, he resigned the office of Dictator at the close of the sixteenth day, although elected for six months, choosing to cultivate his humble farm and abide in his humble cottage, rather than control the destinies of the Roman people.

The name of Cincinnatus will never die, while simplicity and virtue remain on earth. It will stand emblazoned in characters that can be seen and read by all men.

Having, in my opening remarks, expressed a desire that I might say something calculated to raise the life of the farmer in your estimation, and lead the promising young men of this Township to consider that it is to their own advantage and their country's interest that they should give the best of their thoughts, and the best of their energies to agricultural pursuits at home, and not fritter away their existence in foreign lands, I would add one other thought as a reason why all men should think well of the husbandmen's occupation.

One of the most pleasing features in connection with farm life is, that the farmer is always at home so to speak, with his wife and children, and can enjoy the inestimable benefits of domestic life to their fullest extent. If he is a man of the right stamp what excellent opportunities he has of studying the characters of his children and moulding them in the right direction. In this respect the farmer has an advantage over most other men, and there is some reason why we should look to his ranks, for such an one as Cincinnatus. There are periods in the lives of most men when they feel that it is necessary for a time to be separated from their families. The sea captain leaves the endearments of home and travels the broad ocean, yet he longs for the time when he can leave his ship and seek the retirement of his home. But he is apt to spend a large portion of the best part of his life abroad, before he can reach that point. The merchant especially in retail trade, knows but little of his family. Early and late he must be in his store to meet the wants of his customers. If a man goes to a store and finds it locked, he goes away growling at the merchant and threatens to patronize somebody else, and so the poor trader is kept in bondage all the time. How different this from the condition of the farmer. His home is his paradise, even though it be an humble one.—Around that home clusters all that serves to make his life a happy one. Night invariably brings him there, and his evenings are spent almost devoid of that carking care that rasps