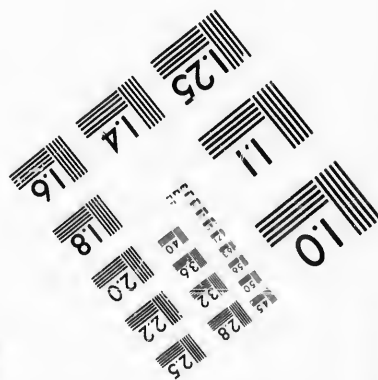
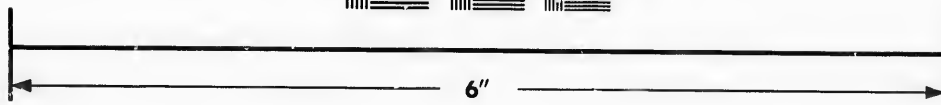
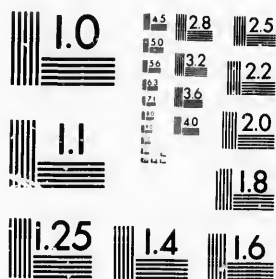


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques



© 1987

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées. | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

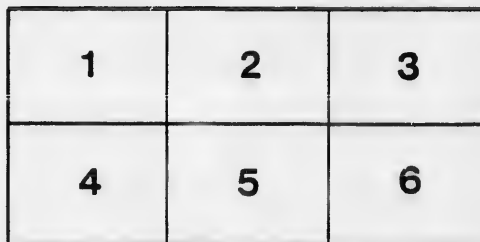
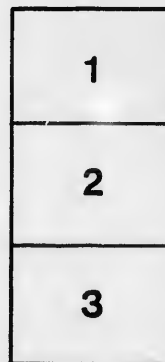
New Brunswick Museum
Saint John

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

New Brunswick Museum
Saint John

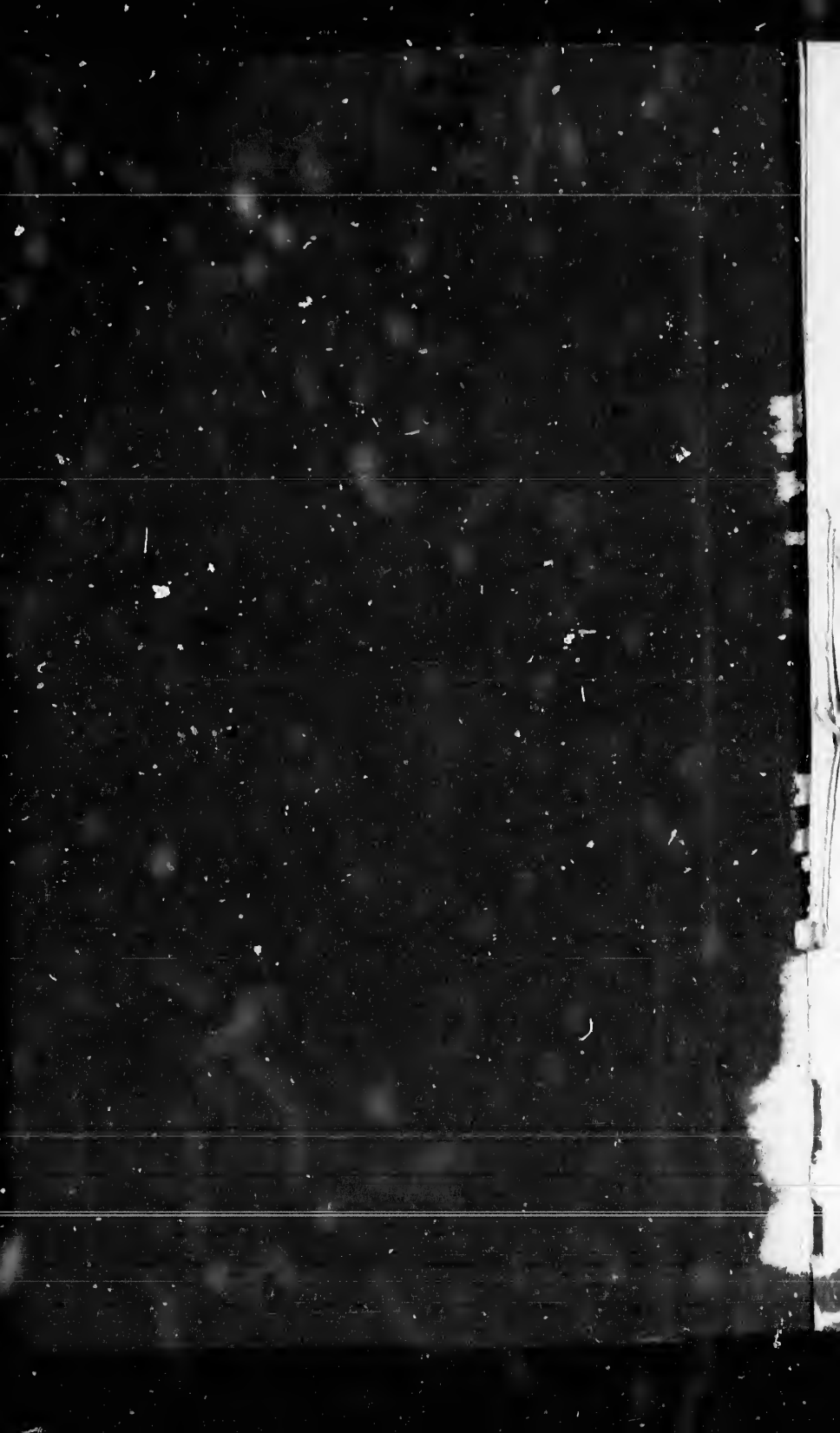
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

errata
to
t
e pelure.
on à



THE
NEW BRUNSWICK
MUSEUM
LECTURE

ON

MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND PHYSICAL
EDUCATION:

Applicable more particularly to the Farmer,

BY JAMES A. PIERCE.

Delivered before the Napan Farmers' Club
and the members of their Families, and Pub-
lished by an unanimous vote of that Body.

MIRAMICHI:

PRINTED AND FOR SALE AT THE GLEANER OFFICE,
CHATHAM.

THE
NEW BUNNELL
MUSEUM

M

a
n
th
it
e
y

e
y
t
y
t
y

c
l
s
l
c

LECTURE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

I purpose this evening to unveil, for your inspection and use, a WEB of HOMESPUN. It is a check or checkered pattern—made up of various colours; some gay and bright—others rather dull and sombre. I trust, on examining it, you will find it of good texture, though a little coarse, and that you will carry home with you such an amount of it as you may fancy you require, and can make profitable use of.

My aim and object in voluntarily appearing before you this evening is—to endeavour to stimulate you to action—to urge you to qualify yourselves to take your share in the business of the County; to fill those situations which are incumbent on you as useful men; which are open to you; and to occupy that high position in the scale of society which your useful, and your honourable calling so justly entitles you.

In doing this, mark—I do not for a moment wish you to conceive that you have been wrongfully dealt with—that you have been unjustly deprived of your rights and privileges as British subjects. This is not my object, because if I did, I would be leading you astray, stating that which is not true, and thereby exciting improperly, a hostility to our Laws and Institutions. No. This is not my object. I have a different aim in view. I purpose to show you that there is no hindrance in the way—politically or socially—of your taking your proper position in society but such as are created by yourselves; and to remove these, I ought to say, point these out, and throw out suggestions with a view to their removal, is the principal object of my appearing before you this evening.

Now, Mr Chairman, what is the great, the main, the primary cause of the ISOLATION OF THE FARMERS AS A CLASS. Is it not that they have not EDUCATED THEMSELVES, or placed such a VALUE ON EDUCATION, as to induce them to give their children an Education suitable to the requirements of the times, and which is absolutely necessary to enable them to take such positions in life as they should do, which is open to them, and which our Laws and institutions REQUIRE OF THEM.

But you may inquire of me—what is Education? What do I mean by it? What constitutes a good Education for a Farmer. or for men living, as you are, in a rural district? This opens up a large field of enquiry. I shall not, like many

farmers, because I have the ground, endeavour to cultivate the whole of it. I have neither the time or the talent so to do; but I shall endeavour to give you, as succinctly as possible, my version of the matter.

There is the Education of the HANDS, the Education of the HEAD, and the Education of the HEART. These are all separate and distinct organs, although members appertaining to the same human frame. Each of them are passive until brought into operation, either by the parties to whom they belong, or by those who have them under their guidance, and each requires a separate, a distinct course of instruction.

The question here may be asked—at what period of time, or at what age of the child, should the instructions of the MIND commence? I answer at a very early period. Whenever the youngster begins to squall, throw himself down on the floor, and kick out his legs, because he cannot obtain a piece of bread and butter, or the playthings of his brother or sister—he is then just old enough to have his First Lesson of Obedience imparted unto him, by giving him a proper chastisement; and above all—never at any time allow him to have the article he cries for. I know that parents—and more particularly Mothers—are averse to chastisement. They do not like to curb the spirit—falsely styled—of their children. I have a very different idea of this matter. It is not SPIRIT—it is TEMPER—the worst feeling we can indulge in. It is the first development of the cloven foot of that arch fiend who has such a hold on our hearts. This feeling should not be allowed to grow and fructify, but the seeds should at an early period, be plucked out of the virgin soil, otherwise they will spread, and ultimately destroy the other good properties of the child.

It has always been admitted that Solomon was a very wise man, and judging from the number of Wives he had, he must have had considerable experience in training up youth.—What does he say?—"Spare the rod and spoil the child," and in another place, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Here is good, sound, wholesome advice, and if parents would more diligently prosecute it, that is—act upon it in a cool, dispassionate manner, the fruits of their training would speedily manifest itself in the deportment of their children. Many parents suddenly get into a passion, and when in that state, and at no other, chastise their children. This is wrong—decidedly wrong. It should be done when you are cool; the child will then see, that in your chastisement, you are impelled by a sense of duty, and for his benefit. How often do parents, while in a passion, clout (I believe this is the phrase) the ears of their youngsters. This is a bad practice, and must ultimately manifest itself in the child at an early period, by his assuming a hostile attitude to parental rule, and to manifest a desire to seek another home. One of our Poets says:

"'Tis Education forms our youthful minds,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree inclines."

This is not only poetry but good, sound, solid sense. It is

when the mind is young and plastic, easily to be moulded, that care should be taken to early impress on it, in a kind, feeling manner, the rudiments, or the ground-work, of the duties which will devolve on our children in the journey of life—and to prepare them for the hostilities which they must expect to meet with while they endeavour to perform those duties which are incumbent on them as good neighbours, honest men, lovers of their country, and lovers of their fellow man.

The system of Education, I must admit, pursued in Schools in too many, yea, in the majority of cases, is far from correct. It is in too many cases, an Education of ROUTINE, involving simply the action or operation of the MEMORY not of THOUGHT, MIND, or the REASONING FACULTIES. How often do you hear a youngster run over his Lessons in Grammar or Geography; recite each word for word without a stumble. But question him—ask him what part of Speech a Horse is—whether it be a substance, a verb or an article, ten to one he will not be able to give you a correct reply; and should you ask him in what quarter of the globe China is situate, whether Britain is an Island or a part of the Continent—whether London, Edinburgh, or Dublin is the capital of England; although he has learnt the lesson which contains the information, in all likelihood the answers will be alike unsatisfactory. Yes—Mr Chairman, the system generally pursued, is a vicious one, involving much mental toil to the pupil, but producing LITTLE FRUIT in comparison to the time occupied by the learner and the money expended by the parents and the Legislature. Do not fancy, Mr Chairman, I expect that our children should receive a finished education in our Parish Schools. I entertain no such absurd notion. It is there I expect they will build a foundation on which, through a course of reading and study, at times when they are not employed in their avocations of life, more particularly in the long winter evenings, a superstructure of useful knowledge, which will be a source of unalloyed pleasure and amusement, and fit them to take their part in the battle of life, and combat successfully for those positions which should be awarded only to the intelligent, industrious, and worthy inhabitants of the County.

I know it is a common practice for young persons of both sexes, and in all classes of life, when they leave school, to fancy their Education is complete; they seldom read anything except for amusement; and as far as composition is concerned, scarcely ever use a pen, except to write a hurried note.—From this cause, mainly, how often do we see children who were brought up under the same roof, when scattered abroad, not keeping up a correspondence—remaining ignorant of the proceedings and whereabouts of their brothers and sisters, of their fathers and mothers, nay of their existence.

How many of the young men, Mr Chairman of this County, who have spent many years at school, can at your Public meetings, come up to the table and write out a resolution embodying their thoughts, or those of their neighbours; or in attendance at the Grand Jury, take an active part when the MIND is necessary—the examination of accounts, or a matter of

composition required? Judging from what I have witnessed not only in this county, but in all the Northern Counties, the number is very circumscribed. This does not, I am convinced, result from the want of BRAINS—but from the circumstance that few individuals have accustomed themselves to THINK — to arrange their thoughts, mould them into shape, and place them on paper. Habit, practice in this as in all other matters, makes persons perfect. One of the old Philosophers replied to a great monarch who wished to acquire a speedy route to a certain branch of learning—that there was no Royal Road to Algebra. No Mr Chairman—there is no short cut to KNOWLEDGE. It must be procured by patient labour, care, study, and assiduity. We cannot expect to reap without we sow—we cannot expect to rise without we climb—and we cannot expect to take our positions in life without we qualify ourselves for the duties that will devolve on us. Do not be afraid—the path to Knowledge, although not a very broad one or so frequently travelled as it ought to be, is not beset with many difficulties; there may be briars, thorns, and nettles in the way—but they are easily eradicated by a determined will—and there is much to admire, to amuse, to cheer, and to instruct as we prosecute our journey onward.

The Education, in my opinion, that should be taught in Schools situate in Agricultural districts — should embrace correct Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, to the rule of three, the fundamental principles of Grammar, those rules which will enable the scholar to write correctly, Geography, with a knowledge how to trace distances, rivers, &c., on a map—that is a practical acquaintance with maps. And above all—Composition, or the art of embodying or conveying your thoughts on paper.

In a controversy which a friend of mine who had a very limited education, had with a very talented scholar, the latter made the following remark, in replying to him — I understand that you are a very clever young man—but cleverness is only an aptitude to LEARN. My friend retorted, that the professor's idea of cleverness was exceedingly imperfect — in his opinion it was not the APTITUDE to LEARN but to make GOOD USE of the LITTLE WE HAD LEARN'T. This is the great secret Mr Chairman. Many men spend their lives in pouring over books — studying dead languages—and are considered very LEARNED, but of what use is all their accumulated knowledge — it is constantly hid under a bushel. With all their learning they have not the faculty to impart a small portion of their superabundant intelligence to their less fortunate neighbours; while another man, not possessing a tithe of his knowledge, or has not devoted a tenth of the time the other has to study, through the habit of conversing and putting his thoughts on paper, is enabled to impart a much larger amount of useful information to his fellow man than his more learned neighbour, and to be witty, instructive, and amusing in company.

I think, Sir, that in every School situate in a Rural District, more particularly during the winter season, there should be a class in Agricultural Science I would not propose a full and

complete course of botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and such other branches which combine to make up this great practical science. It would be absurd to expect this—but the first principles could be attained. The district school is a starting place—the first round of the ladder—and if there be anything the farmers' boys should have a proper start in—it is a knowledge of the composition of the soil, its products, and the best mode of working it. I would also recommend the reading in school of agricultural works and agricultural papers. In this way much valuable information in reference to Agricultural chemistry, would be picked up, and cherished in the memory for future use.

A writer in a late work thus recommends the importance of Education :

“ EDUCATE, EDUCATE.—This is the tocsin which more than all others, we delight to sound : ‘ Educate, Educate !’ Not in any narrow or exclusive sense of the word, but in the widest sense. Educate physically, mentally, morally, religiously—every way. Expand the mind, expand the heart, expand the soul. There is no fear of educating the people too much, so long as their teachers in youth or in age, are wise and good.

“ Nature may have been bountiful. She may have been even profuse to prodigality, and shown seeming partiality in her bestowals of intellectual capacity. But still it requires education to call forth and direct aright the powers of the mind.—A few among such as have neglected educational appliances when young, have made up for their loss, in some degree, when grown to manhood or womanhood. But they depend on education at last. It may have been manly self-education—that is, education without much assistance from persons or teachers—but it was education of some sort after all.”

I have said, thus sketched what I consider should be taught by the parents at home ; what should be imparted at school, I now come to what the young women and young men, should endeavour to acquire of themselves. On this theme I might descant for an hour or two and not exhaust the materials—the subject is so copious. I shall confine myself, however, to a few prominent features. To reverence and respect all those who are older than yourselves—in whatever situation of life, they may be placed—to shun vice, drunkenness, and every thing that tends to degrade the mind or the body—to acquire a taste for everything that is beautiful in nature and in art—to acquire habits of neatness—to avoid at all times, slovenly habits—and above all—to shun low—ill-bred, riotous companions. Beget habits of thought—a joyous nature, and look at all times on the green and sunny side of life, and never despond. Hope on—hope ever.

It may be said by some narrow-minded, small-souled person—of what use is TASTE to a Farmer ? Aye, my good sir, he is just the man that can exercise taste, and display it to advantage. I would ask the enquirer to take a short ramble with me through a rural district, and listen to my comments as we plod on together. Let us turn down this side road. Here is

A Homestead—look at that fence—how many broken rails are in it—it would take some time to enumerate them—no difficult task for cattle and sheep to break through and destroy the grain—or the pigs to procure a first rate feed of potatoes.—There is the Barn—it is about ten or twelve feet from the road side, and right in front of it is the manure heap, and the cattle, as well as the owner must wade through a lake of muck to enter it. Why, Mr Chairman, the mere imagination of the scene makes a person feel uncomfortable.—Right below the heap is a gutter, at the side of the road—and all the substance, as well as the liquid manure, is allowed to run therein and to find its way to the nearest brook, thereby depriving the owner of the richest part of his manure, polluting the brook, rendering the water unfit for the use of man and beast, and imparting a fragrance anything but odoriferous or healthful to the air, as the stagnant pool meanders stealthily along the road side. A little further on is the House. It is as you might expect from the first introduction you had to the premises—in keeping with the fence, barn, and other surroundings. The cattle are lying about in all directions, anything but clean, and to all appearance not more than half fed. As you pass up the narrow road leading to the homestead, the self-complacent grunt of a comfortably-circumstanced, lazy porker, salutes your ears, and as you look around, two or three of these sensible brutes are to be seen luxuriating in puddles of mud, their noses just peering out of their coverlid of muck, much to your annoyance and to their own individual gratification. Everything around is slattering—there is an old sled, or part of one, lying in the road, also wood, chips, and various other things are lying at sixes and sevens. It would appear as if there never was a pound of paint, or a brush of white-wash imparted to the sides or roof of the dwelling, and the moss is growing on the shingles. There is here and there a pane of glass wanted, and as substitutes, a shingle, an old hat, or something equally unsuitable and as unsightly, is brought into requisition to fill the gaps and to keep out the air. I will not go inside, we have witnessed enough about the exterior.—And look on a log, at the broken gate-way, sets a man, the proprietor no doubt, smoking complacently, to use the present fashionable phrase—a DOUBDEN, or in good simple Saxon, a short dirty old PIPE; and this he does three or four times a day. Does he not, and all things around him, bring to your mind the lines on the sluggard. Ask him about the state of the premises—he declares he has NOT TIME JUST NOW, to clear up—but when the ploughing is done, or the planting over, or the grass cut, or the crop taken in, he purposes to clear up, and make all things snug, and neat. But this clearing-up, putting-up, or snugging-up time never arrives. I am sure Mr Chairman, you will not contend that this is a man in whom the bump of ORDER or TASTE is largely developed; but you will admit, I know, although he is ONLY A FARMER, that he, and all around him, would be much benefitted were he possessed of a little more of these qualities. I do not mean to say, Sir, that this excursion was taken on one of the side or by-roads of your

settlement—I would not utter such a libel on the good taste of the people residing therein. I would not be so rude or so indiscreet— but it is no fancy sketch; such may be seen, I am sorry to say—not in the precise condition, but very like it—in almost every part of this fine Province.

I trust, Mr Chairman, you will not fancy from what I have said, that I have a personal dislike to a Hog. No, sir, I think he is one of the Farmer's best friends. I have the highest respect for him—provided he has four legs—but I have met with some who possess but two—these I have a most horrible aversion to. But I will not go so far, sir, in my fraternization and equality as Pat went in his remark to one of the Correspondents of the London Times, who was travelling about Ireland seeking information respecting the manners and habits of the peasantry of that country. The Commissioner complained of the habit of allowing the Pigs to go at large, and to run at will into the cottage. The owner replied—who had a better right, was he not the gentleman who paid the Rent. That is what he was fattened up and sent to market. I perfectly agree with the following account of the animal, copied from a late number of Dickens's All the Year Round :

“The cottage pig is the savings bank of the whole family; not only the bank, but the opera, the play, the source of thought and fun. He can be walked in the grassy lanes by a four-year old urchin while growing; he can be fed by contributions of waste collected by a boy not old enough to wheel a barrow; he consumes the odds and ends of the garden of allotment ground; he absorbs many a pint of beer or screw of tobacco; he gives heart to the gleaners, and is a proper object for a little assistance without degradation from richer neighbours.— And then what endless subject of conversation, speculation, and amusement for the whole family who feed him, scratch him, and cut him up in prospects for weeks before he gives his last squeak, and final and last black pudding. Heartily do we agree with Squire Sturt, of Dorcestshire, that “the grunt of a pig in a cottager's sty is sweeter than the song of a nightingale.” With an allotment, a good cottage and a pigsty, with a pig of the ‘squire's or the parson's breed, a cottager at modern wages, helped by a thrifty wife, may be very comfortable.”

Let us proceed a little further—here is another Homestead. You at once perceive a change—a marked and gratifying change for the better. Here is a well-built, strong fence of cedar rails; sufficiently high to protect the crop from the cattle grazing around; and inside is a hedge of evergreens, which are thriving well, and in a short time will form a beautiful green hedge, which will enliven the landscape and impart a snugness to the premises. Look at those clumps of trees in the north-east and north-west corners of the field adjacent to the house. How neat they look—what shelter they must afford in summer to the cattle pastured therein, and during the winter how they must break from off the homestead, the cold, biting, raw winds that blow from these quarters.—

look at all around — there is a neatness manifested every way you look. The house shows that it has recently obtained a coat of whitewash, of lime, or some other ingredient. The Barn is a short distance in rear of the house — the same neatness is there displayed — there is a shed attached into which all the manure from the stable is thrown. Under the same cover, and immediately adjoining, is the winter hog-pen, and in the summer these animals are allowed to roam at large in a small paddock. The poultry are confined in a lattice-work space, sufficiently high to prevent them from flying over. Here, in one corner of a field is the compost heap (nothing lost here) which receives an addition from the stable, shed, the hog-pen, together with earths, and various other matters. No implements are lying about. Look into the barn. There are all the implements snugly housed — hoes, rakes, harrows, ploughs, and the neat waggon, which is brought out on special occasions, for a jaunt to town. In the cattle-yard there is an abundance of straw strewn about, consequently the cattle are clean, and show signs of thrift. In fact, all around indicates that the owner is a man of THOUGHT, JUDGMENT, and TASTE — and I have no hesitation in saying that he has a wife or sister, like himself, and that his children (if he have any) have been taught lessons of neatness. There are many other things about, worthy of notice, but I have said enough to draw a contrast. There are premises like these in the country — would they were not so few and so far between.

Now Mr Chairman, I have sketched two dissimilar premises — which should be the MODEL to follow or adopt? Not the first described, I'm sure. What has produced the difference? TASTE! Who will have the hardihood to say, after they have gazed on these two pictures, that Farmers do not need to acquire habits of neatness, or have no opportunities to display their Taste. But this is an idea too common among Farmers themselves. A writer in a late Number of the New England Farmer thus notices this fact in that State, and as he expresses my thoughts somewhat better than I can myself, I give them unaltered — He says:—

“ There seems to be a great want of taste among many of our farmers. They appear to think that taste is of no importance whatever — something they have nothing to do with — and if they only attend to the important duties on the farm, they care nothing for appearances.

“ One way in which they show want of taste is the surroundings of their dwellings; they will leave an ox-cart, sled, or hay-rigging in the door yard or in close proximity to the house, rather than be to the trouble of removing it a rod or two farther where it would not be so unsightly.

“ Some will have piles of manure, heaps of stones, or huge piles of wood left where they give an air of slovenliness to the homestead, no matter how new or handsome the buildings may be.

“ There are some farmers who limit their shade trees to a few so situated, that they cannot damage land which they

care anything about, making that the standard, and sacrificing a noble elm or maple, because they draw the juices of the soil: they fear they shall have a few less hills of potatoes or corn, if they let them remain.

"Perhaps some will say, well, my buildings are old, and I don't think it makes much difference what I have around them; but I say it does make a great difference. What if the buildings are old? If there is an air of thrift and neatness about them they will not look half so unsightly. Who would not see a difference between even a hovel without a shade tree or rosebushes and woodbine! climbing up its weather beaten walls, covering its numerous imperfections, and with the addition of one or two shade trees, making the spot look really attractive. It makes nearly as much difference as there is between neatness and negligence, in the interior of a dwelling.

"Think not that I believe all farmers show a want of taste, for many a farmer's home exhibits an appreciation of the tasteful and beautiful, highly creditable to the proprietor. Let not the farmer think it is beneath him to attend to such things, nor consider that time is lost, which he spends in making the surroundings of his house tasteful and attractive.

"Let the green tree wave by the cottage door
And the rose in thy garden bloom:
With them shall the planter's memory soar,
When he rests in the quiet tomb;
And oft shall the traveller pause to view
The works of thy patriot hands, —
The rose and the tree—the elm or the yew;
That now by the doorway stands."

I have incidentally alluded to Ornamental Trees. Hear what the Editor of the Detroit Advertiser has to say on the subject. I trust next season to see many of my hearers adopting his suggestions:

"We fear that the importance of shade and ornamental trees is not fully appreciated by many of our citizens; therefore we would call their attention to the subject as the season for planting them is fast approaching. How many of our citizens can tell why everybody is charmed with that unpretending cottage of Mrs. A., for which her husband refused four, five, or eight thousand dollars; while Mr. B. with a more expensive house, on the adjoining lot, has been urging it on the market at a thousand dollars less, without finding a buyer? The secret is, that lot of Mrs. A. has a fine show of evergreens and shrubs, tastefully arranged about the yard, while that of Mr. B. has only an expensive house, unadorned with shrub or tree. A good selection of trees will make a house and lot quick of sale at five thousand dollars, which without them, would be dull at four thousand dollars."

This, Mr. Chairman, I think you will admit applies with equal force to ourselves—and that the advice is admirable.

There is also another piece of good advice given in Holy Writ. "That whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your

te
 "might." I would add—and whatever you do, do WELL. This is a lesson that cannot be too early and too emphatically impressed upon the young. The oldest would do well to adopt it. No person of experience, or of genuine economy, but knows the folly and ill-policy of poorly-done work—notwithstanding, the world is filled with **BOFHERS**, and much **BOFHING** in consequence results therefrom. A quaint writer says—it is "labor going on its toils slipshod, caring not for permanent accomplishment, but only to provide for the moment's emergency. A large portion of the work, now-a-days, has to be mended almost as soon as accomplished, the half-doings and mendings producing at best, a slovenly piece of work, costing more than would with proper care and proper workmanship have done everything well. Every man, however incompetent he may be himself, is quick to perceive and to appreciate what is properly done, so that the mechanic who is able, and who conscientiously performs his work, commands the best wages." Is it not therefore, good policy, to do everything well. If any kind of labour is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. Yes, Mr Chairman, my advice is plant well, cultivate well, act well, think well, live well, and all will be well, when we have to leave this busy, bustling world for another.

Be Industrious—it is one of the besetting and growing sins of the rising generation of the present day, to endeavour to get RID OF WORK—to seek for an EASY and IDLE employment—and the consequence is, that many of them turn out to be what they are—WORTHLESS DRONES. Boys avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague-spot it is a moral pestilence. Banish from your mind the dangerous desire to live without work. LABOUR is dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth, and contentment; never a burden, never a curse. Another evil of the age is—a want of respect to superiors—more particularly to the aged. Never forget that you have or have had a mother and a father—and that human nature teaches us to respect them—reverence them—and use them tenderly. What does Shakespeare put into the mouth of old King Lear when he is hurling anathemas on the head of his daughter Regan for her disobedience and cruelty to him. After enumerating a host of evils he hopes may fall on her, he closes with the following—"That she know what a serpent tooth it is to have a THANKLESS Child."

nn
 Hear what another Poet says of age—

"Old Age is honorable.
 The spirit seems already on its flight to brighter worlds;
 And those grey and reverend locks which men miscall decay
 Is renovated life. They are like snow on Alpine summits,
 Only showing how near they are to Heaven."

Yes, my young friends, age is HONORABLE. I would therefore impress on your minds your duty in regard to aged persons. You should always respect and reverence them. If a person be old and poor, it is no reason why you should speak to him rudely or unkindly—it should be the reverse. He has trials, disappointments and anxieties enough to encounter, and hard-

ships sufficient to endure, by being compelled to work with impaired faculties to meet the necessities of nature, without having those trials enhanced by inattention, or by rudeness of action or speech from the young. Burns has justly said—

“That age and want is an ill-matched pair.”

Shun Idleness and Sloth ; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful. No occupation or trade, however humble, will disgrace a man—for all useful occupations are necessary for the well-being of society — but never mind however humble or low a trade may be, a man may disgrace it.—Shun also that low, degrading, vicious practice, of loitering at the Tavern or Tippling shop. It is a practice that cannot be too highly deprecated. It is the parent of a host of evils. Drunkenness is the greatest curse of the age—it contains the seeds of more noisome, bitter, poisonous weeds, than any other social evil. This you all know—this you all feel — more particularly those who have a drunken father, or a drunken brother—or worse still—a drunken mother.

Live Bravely, act well your part, and never fear or count your ENEMIES. The woman or man who has none, must have led a poor, listless, good-for-nothing life. A writer in a late periodical thus speaks on this head.

“DON'T COUNT YOUR ENEMIES.—No man or woman living, who is good for anything, or who has the smallest particle of that most desirable outfit for life—individuality — ever escaped enemies. The more a person has of these stinging insects about him, the more we are always inclined to believe that he is worth cultivating — has some characteristics out of or above the common order.

“It is not a bad thing for this and other reasons to have enemies. If you have them, you will learn your own faults, which you never would from your friends. Keep straight on and don't mind them. Make up your mind to encounter the odds, whatever it may be, and to come off victorious, or else pursue your way as if they did not exist, and the louder they yell at your heels, the more straightforward both course and gaze, and it does not matter in the least how many they are.—They will not harm you, save temporarily ; and, when you get to the end of your life, you will not be sorry that you have not paused to count them, or even to contend with them.

“It is said that the secret of the success of one of the greatest of generals lay in the fact that he never counted his enemies. He determined to defeat them, by battle or strategy, no matter how numerous they were, and always did !”

It has been a standing motto with me, and the truth of which I have tested—that the determination to do a thing is half accomplishing it. Never give up until you have tried. Set your mind on some particular or desired object—to be the best ploughman in the settlement ; that you will raise the heaviest fields of grain ; that you will cultivate successfully, green crops (that is turnips, carrots, beets, cabbage and mangle wortzel in Napan,) and I will wager a pound to a penny, that you will accomplish your task. Never say—I can't ! It is no

use to try ! Who ever heard of I Can't, and No-use-to-try, accomplishing anything. The waggoner who drove his vehicle into the ditch and then sat down on the road side whining and crying to Hereules to extracate it without making a single effort to do the thing himself, must have belonged to one of these corps. This appears to be the age of volunteering, but whatever other corps you may join, never enrol your name on the list of either of the above named. The one I would recommend is the one that is prepared to combat manfully, the vicissitudes of life ; that has resolved to put its shoulders to the wheel when the waggon stieks in the mud or mire, as the members journey on through life. Remember, as a writer says in a late number of a work entitled " Self-Help :"

" The Battle of Life, in by far the greater number of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill : and to win it without a struggle were perhaps to win it without honour. If there were no difficulties there would be no success ; if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing to be achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a stimulus to men of pluck and resolution. All experience of life, indeed, serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of human advancement may for the most part be overcome by steady, good conduct, honest zeal, activity, perseverance, and, above all, by a determined resolution to surmount difficulties, and stand up manfully against misfortune."

Charles Swain in one of his noble, soul-stirring Ballads, thus recommends his reader to—

Live for something, be not idle—
 Look about thee for employ !
 Sit not down to useless dreaming—
 Labour is the sweetest joy.
 Folded hands are ever weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay,
 Life for thee hath many duties—
 Active be, then, while you may.

Seatter blessings in thy pathway ?
 Gentle words and eheering smiles,
 Better are than gold or silver,
 With their grief-dispelling wiles.
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful hearth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary ;
 Drop the tear of sympathy—
 Whisper words of hope and comfort,
 Give, and thy reward shall be
 Joy unto thy soul returning
 From this perfect fountain-head—
 Freely, as thou freely givest,
 Shall the grateful light be shed."

I would recommend to you—SELF RELIANCE, to depend on yourselves. A large number of our young men consider it a misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their onset in life. This is a great mistake. So far from poverty being a misfortune, if we are to judge from what we see and read of constantly, it is the reverse—the chance is ten to one against him who starts with a fortune. And why do we not advance in the northern section of the Province? because we look to others and not to ourselves for all necessary improvements.

I would advise you to acquire, as far as you are able— a habit of THINKING—it will beget rich fruit in due season. Cultivate KINDNESS—be kind, considerate to all around, particularly to those who are dependent on you. It is a powerful instrument—it obtains richer rewards, more prizes in the lottery of life than any other competitor. The strong, the robust, the callous, the cruel, have no chance with it. It is the great panacea that heals the heart-burns of disappointment, care, and anxiety. It is a salve to sooth the disappointments and troubles of life, which are to be met with too frequently as we progress onwards on our worldly journey. I would more particularly recommend its potent power to our wives and daughters. Shakspeare, who it will be admitted was a close thinker and observer of human nature, what does he say of kindness?—

“ You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs : ere

With spur—we will not go an acre.”

Yes, my female hearers, there is a large amount of truth in this small extract. All my experience of mankind inclines me to think, and I am induced that many of you will join me in the think—that he resembles a Donkey. You may do many things with him by kindness, coaxing, and cute management—but if you attempt to drive him with the nettles of crossness—the spur of sharp words—he will kick, and not budge an inch. Have you not experienced this in the management of your husbands and sweet-hearts? I know you have—therefore, bear it always in mind. The wise man says—“ A kind word turneth away wrath,” and in another place he says—“ it is better to dwell in a corner on the house top than with a brawling woman and in a wide house:”—and also—“ that it is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman.”

Cruelty—This is too frequently disregarded. Show me a person that is cruel, and you at once show me one that has a small heart, and having within him the germs of those baser passions which only require opportunities to develop them.—Shakspeare remarks :

“ And the poor beetle that we tread on, in corporeal suffering has as great a pang as when a giant dies.”

Be sincere in your Friendships—candid in your remarks and advice, and avoid as you would a rattle snake or a viper — a Tale-Bearer—he is a heinous creature—so is that other animal a Slenderer

The old English poet Spenser compares the last-named character to an old hag, whose business it is to go about and blast the fair fame and reputation of her neighbours, friends, and benefactors. The picture is a true one, therefore avoid, or never indulge in it---it is the cause of much strife in families and in settlements. Take this for granted, that an individual who will to you strive to injure the character of his neighbour, will not be backward when your back is turned in treating or speaking of you in the same way. What does Shakspeare say :

“ He that steals my purse steals trash :
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.”

He also says---“ Calumny will sear virtue herself ;” and in another place---“ Be thou as pure as ice as chaste as snow, thou canst not escape calumny.”

A writer in a late paper in an article bearing the heading of Young Men and Tree Frogs, (an animal in California,) gives a brief and wholesome Lecture on Morality. I shall quote it.--

“ The tree frog acquires the colour of whatever it adheres to for a short time ; if it be found on an oak, it will bear the colour of that tree ; if on the sycamore or eypress, it will be a whitish brown ; and when it is found on the growing corn, it is sure to be green. Just so it is with young men ; their companions tell us what their characters are ; if they associate with the vulgar, the licentious and the profane, then their hearts are already stained with the guilt and shame, and they will themselves become alike vicious. The study of bad books, or the love of wicked companions, is the broadest and most certain road to ruin that a young man can travel, and a few well directed lessons in either will lead them on step by step to the gate of destruction. Our moral and physical laws show how important it is to have proper associations of every kind, especially in youth. How dangerous it is to gaze on a picture or scene that pollutes the imagination or blunts the moral preception, or has a tendency to deaden a sense of our duty to God and man.”

Be Polite, considerate and kind---A writer in Life Illustrated remarks :---

“ OILING THE MACHINERY.--Are you afraid that a little politeness will injure your business or undermine your health ? Then why don't you practice it a little oftener, good sir or madam ? Don't you know that life's great, rough, clanking machinery will work all the easier for a drop of oil here and there ? Kind words and petty courtesies cost people nothing, and it is a pity they are kept so exclusively for state occasions. Suppose your fellow-mortal has done nothing more than his duty towards you, is that any reason you should neglect to thank him for it ? Doing one's duty is an up-hill sort of a business sometimes, and it is very easy to get discouraged if there is no sunshine along the road, The clasp of a kind hand, the beam of a sympathizing eye, the sound of a gentle or gracious word, will often do the dispirited toiler more good than a dol-

lar bill. Because people are poor, you have no right to take it for granted that they are devoid of feeling and sensibility. The times are past when the allegiance of man is purchased by gold and treasures---the only coin now-a-days is the look and word, and thoughtful courtesy, that are remembered long after more important occurrences sink into forgetfulness. Isn't there enough gloom and shadow in the world, without our adding to it by wrinkled brows and fault-finding complaints? How much better is it to carry the bright little amethysts with us along the walk of life, and scatter them broadcast where they illuminate the hearts of our brother men, whose troubles may lie deeper far than our ken can penetrate. What if saying 'thank you' be but a trifle? we would like to know how many of the joys and sorrows of this world are aught else? Oil the machinery of your daily existence, and see how much more musically the wheels will revolve, good people! You are careful enough of great matters---let not the lesser be neglected."

Bachelors, Attention!!—I have a few special words of Advice to give you. They are not my own, but I heartily endorse them, and recommend them to your attention:---

"Young men, if you have arrived at the point of life for it, let every consideration give way to that of getting married. A good wife is the best, most faithful companion you can have by your side while performing the journey of life. She can smooth your linen and your cares for you; mend your trousers and change your manners; sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee; ruffle perhaps your shirt bosoms but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sow buttons on your shirt, and plant happiness instead of harrow teeth, in your bosom. Her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him—except receive company in her every day clothes. Get married, I repeat, you must. Consecrate your affections upon one object, and don't distribute them, crumb by crumb, upon a host of Susans, Marias, Elizas, Betseys, Peggys, and Dorothys, allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at.—Get married, and have some one to cheer you up as you journey through this vale of tears — somebody to scour up your dull, melancholy moments, and keep your whole life, and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of decent order."

Mothers and Daughters—I have a few special words to say to you in particular, notwithstanding I have embodied much in what I have already said, from which you may have clipped a piece of my homespun. Do not be alarmed; I do not intend to descant on the FASHIONS of the times—the largeness of the Skirts or the smallness of the Bonnets. No, no, I will not say of the former as Bardolph said of Sir John Falstaff—that they have "grown out of all compass, all reasonable compass." Neither will I illustrate them as Shakspeare does Ambition—To a stone thrown in the water, where a ring is formed on the surface, which expands and expands, gets larger and larger until it is lost in the distance. No, I would not utter such slanders. They are both according to FASHION, and therefore ALL RIGHT.

It would be folly in me to urge on you the propriety and necessity of making yourselves acquainted with all those Household, Cullinary and Dairy Duties that of necessity devolve on you. I have had ample opportunities of judging of your skill in Knitting, Weaving, Making Butter, and in Marketting. Yes—this is all right and proper. Aid your fathers, husbands and brothers, when they require your help in busy times ; be not ashamed to be seen milking, churning, and attending to the duties of the Dairy ; but rather take a PRIDE in your work ; never shrink from using the rake, or if needs-be the hoe, when your services are required. Honest Labour never yet disgraced a man, woman, or child, and it will not you.

There is one thing I would urge on you—never rest satisfied, never cease teasing your fathers, brothers and husbands, until they have furnished you with a GARDEN PLOT on the premises. One portion of it stoek or plant with fruit trees ; another with gooseberry, currant, and raspberry bushes ; another set aside for vegetables, and another, and a large one for FLOWERS.

On this subject, Mr Chairman, I speak feelingly and knowingly. If any body can tell me of an amusement, or a recreation, or an employment of any kind, that suits a greater number of persons, or affords more real, genuine pleasure than GARDENING, I shall be very much inclined to adopt it ; but seeing as I do, the amount of enjoyment imparted to all classes, from the humble labourer to the sovereign that sits upon the throne, and looking at the millions to whom this occupation is a source of great PROFIT as well as of unalloyed PLEASURE, (and mind Mr Chairman, that millions, is not here a figurative term,) I have long made up my mind to prosecute it, as I feel convinced that the cultivation of plants is a source of gratification to more persons than any other occupation can boast. Feeling this, I would urge every lover of the beautiful, and every one who professes a taste for the works of nature (and I pity those who have not) to indulge in it. It will be a source of amusement and instruction, and it can be made one of great profit. It will make us wiser, better men and women — as it will teach us to look up from Nature up to Nature's God.

It may be asked, of what use is the Cultivation of FLOWERS ; I leave Mary Howitt, the Quaker Poetess in her own inimitable verse to answer the question.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the rivers flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man,
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 All dyed with rainbows light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night :

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountain high,
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life required them not.
 Then, wherefore, have they birth ?
 They minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth :

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
 Whene'er his face is dim—
 For he that careth for the flowers,
 Will much more care for him.

A friend of mine in Chatham a few years ago, thus addressed me—of what use is flowers ? Are they good to eat ? If they were they would be worth raising. The best flower I see is a good Cabbage. He spoke sir, as he THEN felt. His wife was of a different opinion—she cultivated flowers—and now her husband takes as much pride in a beautiful Dahlia, a Hollyhock or Carnation, raised by her, as she does herself. Another friend of mine residing in a neighbouring town, last year procured from me a few Dahlia roots — he planted them, and they grew beautifully — He informed me that they were a source of amusement and gratification to him, such as he never had before in his garden—as he never cultivated flowers, that he was determined next season to cultivate them to some extent, and should Providence spare him, he anticipated therefrom much gratification.

And what does Elihu Burritt, a humble man, but one through his own exertions, by his self-reliance, has raised himself to character and renown ; and when Providence calls him away from time, his name will occupy a high and important place among the great and the good in the temple of Fame.—What does the learned Blacksmith say ? “That a garden is a bound volume of agricultural life, written in poetry. In it the farmer and the family set the great industries of the plow, spade, and hoe, in rhy . Every flower or fruit bearing tree is a green syllable after the graceful type of Eden. Every bed of flowers is an acrostic to nature, written in the illustrated capitals of her own alphabet. Every bed of beets, celery, or savory roots, or bulbs, is a page of blank verse, fu” “BELLES LETTRES of Agriculture. The farmer may be seen in ... garden. It contains the synopsis of his character in letters that may

be read across the road. The Barometer hung by his door will indicate certain facts about the weather, but the garden lying on the sunny side of the house, marks with greater precision, the degree of mind and heart culture which he has reached. It will embody and reflect his tastes, the bent of his perceptions of grace and beauty. In it he holds up the mirror of his inner life to all who pass; and, with an observant eye that may see all the features of his intellectual being in it. In that choice rood of earth he records his progress in mental cultivation and professional experience. In it he marks, by some intelligent sign, his scientific and successful economies in the corn field. In it you may see the germs of his reading, and can almost tell the number and nature of his books. In it he will reproduce the seed thought he has culled from the printed pages of his library. In it he will post an answer to the question whether he has any taste for reading at all. Many a nominal farmer's house has been passed by the book agent without a call, because he saw a blunt negative to the question in the garden or yard."

On this theme, Mr Chairman, I could descant for an hour—but I must draw to a conclusion.

It was my intention to have said something in reference to your social position as a people—the beautifying and snuggling up of your premises, houses, barns, stables, fences, and surroundings—planting out of trees and evergreens for hedgerows—a word or two on local politics—taxation for schools—the establishment of markets, and many other matters of a like nature—but I have already wearied you as well as myself—and you have had quite enough for one time of my LECTURING. I must therefore postpone what I have to say to a more convenient season.

I have dwelt long on the subject of EDUCATION—Morally, Physically, and Intellectually—because I feel Mr Chairman, that the want of it—is the FARMERS' GREAT WANT—that it is one of vital importance to them—it is like capital to the merchant—valor to the warrior—calmness and decision to the commander in the hour of peril and danger—the mainstay—the guidance, and support of all classes, and until it is more fully diffused, more largely appreciated, we cannot, we will not attain that position we should occupy in a free country—such as we have the happiness to live in. One in which we enjoy the incalculable blessings of social, civil and religious liberty, and in the figurative and expressive language of scripture—"where we can worship God under our own vine and our own fig-tree none daring (lawfully) to make us afraid," and under the powerful protection of that flag, which the poet has said—

"Has for a thousand years.
Withstood the battle and the breeze."



