

THE EVENING NEWS.

Monday, September 9, 1872.

FARMERS' SONS.

No question is more important than this. For what shall we prepare some? We suppose it would be admitted by all that every son of every man should be prepared for something, that he may act manfully his part on life's great field of duty. As a general rule, every youth should be prepared by education and practice for the business or profession for which his peculiar talents best qualify him. Some are born mechanics; some artists; some traders; a rare few are born poets and actors; many with ability for safe scholarship. Others, again, are born farmers; they have a natural love for rural pursuits, for fields, woods, horses, cattle, the use of tools, and perceive readily the relation of soils to plants, of plants to animals, of animals to man. Still others there are a large number of them who are born with a kind of even balance of ability, and can learn to do anything well to which they may devote their time and energies. It is clear that the members of this class have a sort of choice in their pursuit. They can follow what they prefer, and succeed, and be successful, useful and happy.

It is for parents to study the natural talents of their children, and early apprentice them to the pursuits for which they are best constituted; but there will always be a large number that can readily learn any trade, profession or calling.

Now we hold that farmers should prepare their sons largely for their own profession; now and then, of course, one must learn a trade, practice law or medicine, or preach the Gospel—but the large majority should be educated for farmers. Their education should be good at schools, and if possible at agricultural schools; they should have well cultivated minds, capable of writing明白 books, making speeches, doing business and living better, thinking wisely on all the great questions that concern the well-being of humanity. When middle life shall come, they must lead, if they are capable, in all the affairs of social life and of the state. They must be guides and examples of honor by a liberal education. The schools, sciences, arts, press and the church are soon to come into their hands—they must be prepared for such grand trusts. But beyond all this, they need both a scientific and practical knowledge of farming in its various departments. This they must acquire chiefly at home, from agricultural books and papers and a practical application of agricultural principles in the working of their father's farms.

Farmers are too apt to encourage their sons to pursue other calling, and their sons are too apt to think that some other calling is better for them. In three-fourths of the cases it is wrong for farmers' sons to leave the farm; they generally do so for the independence and quiet of the city-life; indeed, it is a fact, that men of all professions crave the farmer's peaceful life before they live out half their days in the hot rivalry of the other professions. Often and often do we hear the remark from the denizens of city-life, "Oh that I had a little farm in the country, cultivated and stocked; I would not drudge here amidst these embarrassing difficulties!" Let the subject be pondered well among the farmers and their sons, and let nine-tenths of the young men of the farm honor their alma mater by remaining true to the noble profession of agriculture.—Colman's Rural World.

English Meadow Scenery.

Back again to lovely Surrey! This morning I found myself strolling along the banks of one of these little, narrow English streams, which wriggle—if one may use the expression—through green valleys. Here and there bulrushes, water-docks, and other aquatic plants nearly meet as they bend toward each other from either side. In some places there are deep holes, generally under the roots of some old alder or willow-pollard; and here and there, in places where cattle have made a path, the water trickles over a gravelly bottom, spilling as the sunbeams fall upon it. The banks are generally undermined by the winter floods, and are full of rat holes, one of which is occasionally the resort of the bullfinch, which dashes by now and then, with sudden rapidity. Water-hens are abundant in the localities, and may be seen in the evening peering over the meadows in search of food, and jerking their white tails as they wander about. I know of nothing more agreeable than a stroll on a fine day by the side of one of these modest little streamlets. The leaves, but few attractions for the angler, but many for the naturalist. Here he gathers nature's nosegays of sweetest flowers, while he reclines on a bank.

Whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the budding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine;

Or listen to—

The lark, who, amid the clear blue sky,
Carols but once.

The very remembrance of these scenes is delightful, for they leave a freshness in the mind which time cannot obliterate.

This beautiful meadow scenery may, perhaps, be called exclusively English. The verdure, the grass and foliage, the variety of flowers, the song of the lark on high, and the birdsong in the tangled hedge, the thrush heard in the distance on the top of some spreading oak, and the swallow taking its persevering and elegant flight, now aloft, and now skimming over the surface of the meadow—collectively are to be seen and heard in this country alone.—Editorial Correspondence, Central New Jersey Herald.

HER STORY.—Poor Matilda Heron has told her story at last to the public. Her case illustrates the uncertainties of the marriage relation. She is in doubt whether she has lost one husband or two, or none at all. She was married to Harry Byrne eighteen years ago. There was an understanding between them that she should remain two years on the stage, after which time she was to live with him. She did not succeed so well as she expected, and at the expiration of two years her husband was not particularly anxious to give her. He even tells her to go to—Buffalo, where the choice was between Buffalo and herself. She goes to Buffalo. From that time her professional prospects brighten. She makes money and fame. She marries Mr. Stoepel and sees in him the companion with whom the eccentric lawyer had failed to become. She applies for a divorce and is led to believe that she gets it. She marries Mr. Stoepel. Soon after rich and famous, she meets Mr. Byrne. Now he wants his wife. He tells her that her divorce was not legal, and that she is his wife, not Stoepel's. His intelligence gave her much uneasiness. It also gave Mr. Stoepel much uneasiness. There were questions of property between the two husbands. To settle this question she comes over her property to Stoepel. His wife, in the unfortunate woman ceased from that time and the death of her first husband comes when she is poor and forsaken. She now appeals to the law in defense of what seems her right and her honor. This is a sad case. The woman with all her talent seems to have been the victim of mercenary men. If her story is true, Harry Byrne did not want her when she was poor, and Stoepel was content to let her go when he had made her poor again. Well may she say, "Deliver me from these men."—Golden Era.

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In addition to the above

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Leaving Salt Lake City at 8 a.m. and

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ON AND AFTER AUG. 9, 1872

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Sandy, (nearest point to Little Cottonwood Canyon,) at 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

Arrive at Point at 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

Leaving Point at 9:10 a.m. and 5:10 p.m.

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