

# THE CANADA FARMER

IS PUBLISHED

ON THE 15th AND 30th OF EACH MONTH,

AT

One Dollar and Fifty Cents Per Annum,  
FREE OF POSTAGE.

It is sent to Great Britain and Ireland by mail, for six shillings sterling, per annum.

No subscription received for a less term than one year, commencing from the month of January

THE CANADA FARMER is stereotyped, so that copies of back numbers can always be had.

A limited number of advertisements are inserted at twenty cents per line for each insertion. There are twelve lines in one inch of space. Advertisements under ten lines are charged as ten line advertisements.

All letters and money orders are addressed to  
THE GLOBE PRINTING CO.,  
TORONTO.

Agents wanted in every town and village in the Dominion to canvass for subscribers. Liberal commission allowed. Send for circular stating terms.

## The Canada Farmer.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

### The Twin Evils of Canadian Farming.

Every country has a husbandry peculiar to itself. Its character becomes modified and settled by a variety of circumstances, such as climate, the habits and wants of the people, markets, commercial advantages, and the amount of general intelligence. There must be a certain adaptation about it, and in the study of what may be called the law of adaptations, the secret of success is to be found.

The first characteristic of Canadian farming is to be found in the newness of the country, which forms its field of operation. No part of it can be said to be old, except by way of comparison with the sections that are still wild and unexplored. There was a time, and that not very long since, when skilled husbandry and high farming had scarcely any scope or sphere in Canada. Wheat drills, turnip sowers, artificial manures, and even that pioneer in ploughing, the plough, were as much out of place as a dancing bear in a china shop. The axe, the ox-yoke, the logging-chain, the hand-spike, the cumbersome drag, the scythe, the cradle, the fork, the hand rake and the fanning mill, make up a pretty complete inventory of the farmer's outfit. It cost no large sum to set the backwoodsman up in tools and implements. There were days of primitive simplicity and hardship, illustrating how little man wants in certain positions, and how much he can do without.

There are still parts of the country where a similar state of things prevails, but even in the newer townships, the time has come for different methods of procedure. Timber is growing scarce and valuable, and it will not do to rely in the wholesale slaughter of it, which was common in earlier days. The proximity of railroads with their freighting advantages, or of lakes and rivers with their floating facilities, gives to the lumbering forest a value not possessed in the past, and dictates a conservative policy in its clearance. There are very few parts of the country now, where it will pay to log up and burn off the bush land. It is being done in many instances, in which a slower process would be sounder economy, paying better in the end. In fact, the question begins to present itself, whether our national interests do

not require a governmental inspectorship of woods and forests, with suitable regulations for the protection and preservation of our timber resources.

As the results of this having been a heavily wooded part of the world, the older sections of Canada have been cleared to bareness. The destruction of trees has been complete and unsparing. Out of this many evils have come. The landscape has a naked look, like the face of a man too much shaven; beard and whiskers all gone, and the countenance flanked with hair only back of the forehead. Fields and farmsteads are without shelter. There is nothing to break the force of the wintry wind, or the glare of the summer sun. At one season of the year, cattle roast, and at another they freeze, for want of the friendly shade of trees. The crops of the farm suffer, as well as the living beings that are on it. There seems little reason to doubt that the rainfall has been lessened, and that our now almost chronic droughts have been largely caused by this too thorough removal of the trees. Fall wheat, our choicest and best paying product, cannot be raised now in localities where once it was the chief pride and main dependence of the farmer. Last, but not least, scarcity of timber for fuel and for timber purposes, is beginning to be seriously felt, where once its plentiness made it a nuisance and a drag.

Beneath the shade of the now obsolete forest, the early settler found a virgin soil of astonishing fertility. Its husnus was the accumulation of ages. Not only had majestic trees been nourished by the rich leaf-mould, but it held a store of wealth for the coming farmer. That store of wealth has been wasted. No care has been taken to keep it as capital, and live out of the legitimate use of it. Most of our farmers have run a spend-thrift career. They have wasted their substance in riotous farming, and have cropped and cropped again with the most exhaustive products, until the land has failed from sheer exhaustion. We are not blind to the dire necessity that has driven multitudes to this mode of farming. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." With their land to pay for, their families to keep, stock and implements to buy, it seemed to them that they could scarcely do otherwise. But ignorance as well as necessity has had much to do with the evil. A better knowledge of scientific agriculture, would have dictated smaller clearings; better tillage; more attention to stock raising; and the application of manure while the land was yet in good heart. Even admitting unavoidable necessity as a valid plea, it does not make the bad result less deplorable. A fire in a city may render the destruction of costly buildings necessary to arrest the progress of the flames, but it is a great pity and loss to have the buildings burnt up, notwithstanding. It may be necessary, when a ship is in danger, to throw part of a precious cargo overboard, but it is a misfortune to be obliged to make the sacrifice, nevertheless. And this exhaustion of a once fertile soil is a calamity, however it may have been brought about, and as such, cannot be too deeply regretted.

These two things, the nakedness of the land through neglect of tree culture, and its poverty from an exhaustive system of tillage, are the twin evils of Canadian agriculture. Manifestly, the line of improvement lies in their prompt redress. Care of the woods that flank the farm; the planting of parks, orchards, shrubberies, way-side shade-trees, and belts of evergreens; legislative and municipal regulations for the protection of forest and ornamental plantations, are among the plainest and readiest means to be used. Let our agricultural and horticultural societies give premiums for planting the largest number, greatest variety and best quality of trees. Let us make our homes cool in summer, warm in winter, and beautiful all the year round, with leafy bowers and evergreen walls. Let us fence our grain-fields with live growths, and dot our pastures with maples, oaks and elms. We have unrivalled facilities for

doing all that is needful and desirable in this direction. To remedy the second evil, we must grow root crops, raise and fatten stock, pay greater attention to dairying, invest more liberally in manure, take nothing from the soil without ample equivalent, and allow no fertilizing material to go to waste.

### The Late Charles Stevenson.

Another prominent agricultural writer is dead. Charles Stevenson, for twenty-five years Editor of the *North British Agriculturist*, departed this life on the 19th ult., at his residence in Portobello, near Edinburgh, aged sixty-nine. The journal he conducted so long, and with such marked ability, contained, in its issue of the 22nd ult., a sketch of the deceased's life, to which we are indebted for the particulars here given.

Mr. Stevenson in early life showed considerable talent as an artist, and produced some landscape paintings which gave promise of future eminence in that line, had he cultivated the gifts nature had bestowed on him. But having resolved to devote himself to agriculture, he placed himself under the tuition of one of the best farmers in East Lothian, and in due time leased the estate of Redside. Here, he betook himself with great energy to the improvement of the lands he occupied, but as they unfortunately bordered on large game preserves, and he found it impossible to obtain any redress for the destruction resulting to his crops, he determined to do nothing more to add to the permanent value of the farm during the currency of his nineteen years' lease. His own bitter experience of their injustice, made him an enemy to the game laws all the rest of his life. But he was a clear headed and liberal-souled man, and entered with much interest into every movement calculated to elevate the farm laborer, or to promote agriculture. He labored hard to expose the evils of hypothec, strenuously advocated tenant-right, sought the extinction of "bothies," and did all in his power to promote the erection of commodious farm dwellings, and comfortable homes for the working-classes. As Editor of the *North British Agriculturist*, he acquired an extensive and well-earned reputation for the soundness of his views on agricultural questions. Under his management, the journal just named has occupied a high place among our exchanges, and we cheerfully acknowledge not only our appreciation of it, but our indebtedness to it for much useful information, choice reading, and valuable clippings. Mr. Stevenson wrote an admirable essay on the farming of East Lothian, which appeared in the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal* in 1853, and attracted much attention. He was a member of the Highland and Agricultural Society, one of the founders of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, a personal friend of the famous Baron Liebig, a juror in the Agricultural Department at the International Exhibition at Paris, in 1857, and an earnest advocate of experimental agricultural stations like those existing on the continent. He was a most upright, estimable, and kindly man, a little gruff and surly in manner, but like Dr. Johnson, having nothing of the bear about him but the skin. Exemplary in private life, honorable and eminent as a journalist, a valuable and useful citizen, he has left a vacancy not easily filled. To quote a sentence or two from the *North British*:—"The tenantry of Scotland owe to Mr. Stevenson a deep debt of gratitude for his intelligent and effective writings, and for his clear, faithful and consistent support of the interests of practical agriculture. In the list of Scotsmen who have devoted themselves to the cause of agricultural progress, the name of Charles Stevenson deserves to stand next to that of Sir John Sinclair as a true patriot and benefactor."

A filthy pond or other foul place within 100 feet from where milk is set during Summer will spoil the butter.