

yield of milk, until after a week or two they give two quarts per day more than when they came, and that, too, of a much richer quality."

The effect of this mode of feeding on the fertility of the soil of the farm is alluded to with much satisfaction. The improvement in the condition of his pastures, the writer says, is apparent. But we must not follow him into details here. With the statement of one individual, who, with a neighboring farmer, procured a steaming apparatus, and adopted the system of Mr. Horsfall, we must close our notice of this very interesting paper. We quote his words:

"In about five days I noticed a great change in my milk, the cows yielded two quarts each per day more, but what surprised me most was the change in the quality; instead of poor winter cream and butter, they assumed the appearance and character of rich summer produce; it only required 20 minutes for churning, instead of two to three hours; there was also a considerable increase in the quantity of butter, of which, however, I did not take any particular notice. My neighbor's cow gave three quarts per day in addition, and her milk was so changed in appearance that the consumers to whom he sold it became quite anxious to know the cause."

Perhaps some of our readers are ready to inquire if the editor of the *Farmer* really supposes that Americans are going to follow the example of this Englishman,—heat up their stables to sixty degrees, while their kitchens are down to zero; purchase a steaming apparatus, and then deal out to their cows three times a day such a compound of doctors' stuff as is here recommended—"rape-cake," "bran," "bean-straw," "kohl rabi," "bean-meal," &c.—and then weigh all their cattle once a month, to see just how many pounds they gain a week? We expect no such thing. But we do expect that such examples will set us to thinking, and show us that some little improvement in our management of stock is as possible and as desirable, as the improvement of breeds.

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.. WANTED—LESS LAND OR MORE LABOR."
BY PROF. J. A. NASH.

This is the title of an excellent article in a late number of "*Moore's Rural New-Yorker*." Is it true, that we want less land or more labor? and if so, which will be best, to diminish the land, or to increase the labor?

Uncultivated land produces *as much* as cultivated, perhaps more. The same sun shines upon it, the same rains water it; the same atmosphere embosoms it. It is the nature of land to be always producing; it *will* produce *something*. An acre in Massachusetts produced more wood three hundred years ago, than it does corn now. It happened that wood was worth nothing then; there was no market for it. An acre on the Rocky Mountains produces as much now. But whom does it benefit?

The province of agriculture is to make the acres produce the greatest value at the time

and place; or, if not the greatest value absolutely, the greatest value above the cost of production, or the greatest profit. It would be a great piece of folly for a shoemaker to build a shop a hundred feet long, and then do in it only the work which he could do with his own hands. The interest on the outlay would more than balance the income. It would be possible for a farmer to make as unwise a distribution of his capital. If he should hold a hundred acres of high-priced, arable land, and do no more work on it than he could do with his own hands, the case would be similar. The long shop would be dead capital, because not in use; and the farm would be dead capital, half dead at least, because he could not possibly draw out its capabilities.—There is a proportion to be observed between the fixed and the floating capital in every business. You will not catch a shrewd merchant, in Broadway, or in Washington Street, laying out all the money he can raise in a fine store, nor in the store and the goods to fill it. He reserves something to hire clerks with. Is there any reason why the farmer should invest everything in land, implements, and stock, and leave nothing with which to hire labor?

A thousand acres of land, with no labor at all on it, would produce some game, some fish, if there were streams on it, some wild fruits and berries, and possibly, some roots, that would serve to prolong life, in case of extreme hunger. A native, with his squaw and paposes, might possibly eke a living from it. This would be an extreme case.—Let us look at the opposite extreme. If a thousand strong men were to work on these acres, one man to each acre, the whole would soon be cleared; the rocks would be worked into walls, or so disposed of as not to impede cultivation; the wet portions would be under-drained; portions admitting it would be put under irrigation; the soils on different portions of it would be mixed, by putting clay upon sands, and sand upon clays; the whole would be securely fenced, and every acre would be like a garden. Instead of feeding one lone family, it would now give food for a population of ten thousand persons. But all this might not be profitable. A thousand dollars a day would be a large sum to pay for labor.

These are the extremes. The golden mean is somewhere between; and, depend upon it, it is not very near either extreme. Not a few are managing as if they thought it in the very neighborhood of the first mentioned. If they would not invest the last penny in land, and nothing in labor, they would come as near to it as possible. Others may be running too near the other extreme—paying too much for labor in proportion to the land they cultivate; reclaiming their waste lands faster than is profitable, and cultivating larger crops than they can afford; for all this is possible; and if any one knows of a well attested case of the kind, he would do well to report it, that the errant farmer, whose reclaimed land and large crops are likely to prove ruinous, may have a guardian put over him in time.

Our fathers paid fifty cents for a yard of India cotton, in butter at ten cents a pound; fifty cents for writing a dunning letter of three lines to them, in meal at three cents a pound; and fifty cents for an English door-lock, that would make a rogue laugh, and an honest man cry, in cheese at five cents a pound, or less. No wonder *they* did not improve their farms. Their best way was to *wag* along as

easily as they could. There was no reward for enterprise. The only wonder is how they wagged at all. If they could have bought a better yard of cotton for a quarter of a pound of butter, instead of giving five pounds for it; if they could have paid the lawyer for his short epistle, with four pounds of meal, instead of seventeen, or if they could have bought an American door-lock for some less than ten pounds of cheese, that would have kept out all manner of rogues, and their father into the bargain, they would have made all New England a garden before our day. Why will men manage their farms now just as their fathers were compelled to do under the policy of George III. and Lord North, and, it may almost be said, of Jefferson and James Madison, so far as protection to the farmer is concerned? Then it would not pay to employ labor. But will it not pay now? The price of labor is relatively lower than it was then; it takes less produce to pay a man's wages, than it ever has since the fathers landed at Plymouth. Laborers are coming in upon us, down from Canada, over from Ireland back from the far West. Perhaps you say they are ignorant and dishonest. They are as honest as we are, which is not saying very much for them; and they will work well, if you tell them how. It would seem as if divine Providence meant that New England should now become a *cultivated* country. Will New England farmness be true to themselves, and to the old cradle of American liberty?

Never has the encouragement for farmers to hire labor, put their land to producing, and go ahead, been as good as now. Present prices may not hold. We have a big West to compete with on the more portable items of produce. It may not be two years before they will be underselling us under our own noses. But it is not probable that we shall again have to pay five pounds of butter for a door-lock that none but a burglar would be pleased with; or seventeen pounds of veal for a yard of Indian cotton, too light for any purpose but for a millerite to go up in, and not strong enough to patch a mouldy cheese with. If government should do its worst, it could not bring back those times. The tariff of '47 shows no special favor to the farming interest, and yet, farmers have had pretty good times since. But how many farmers have not profited by high prices the last two years—have lost the high prices by having nothing to sell? And why? Not because their farms could produce nothing, but because they were not worked. The farmer himself has labored as hard as one ought, perhaps too hard, may have broken down his courage, broken his spirit, and tamed his enterprise by too severe labor. This is sometimes the case. But what is one man in a hundred acres. The allies might about as well have sent one man to humble the Muscovite. He cannot alone amend his soils; cannot make the bad soils good ones; can but half cultivate those good by nature; can gather up no fertilizers by labor, can buy none, for he has nothing to pay with. After trying all the year to do what no mortal can—to take care of a hundred acres with his own hands, the result is, that he has broken himself down, and built up nothing, buildings no better, fences no better, land no better, and has nothing to sell to make things better with next year. If he had cultivated ten acres well, with his own hand, or if he had *put through* a hundred acres with the help