

duce of the old country is made from grass-fed cows. "There is, however, room for a great deal of economy yet in the utilising of the dairy farm, by adapting its arable part more directly to cow feeding, and so enabling the keeping of a larger stock of cattle."—And Mr. Morton cites several examples of 26 or 27 head of cow-stock kept on 50 acres of land by means of roots and green crops, whereas such a farm wholly in pasture would not keep more than two thirds of that number.

It is further stated that in all the best dairy districts of England the Shorthorn is gradually displacing other breeds of cattle, and though this breed is usually considered beef—producing *par excellence*, yet many of the Shorthorn strains are remarkable for their yield of milk. The milk is not considered so rich in butter, in proportion to the quantity, as that of some other breeds, but for cheese none are so productive. In the large dairies of London and other great cities, the Shorthorn element pre dominates.

The Advantages and Happiness of a Farmer's Life.

EDITOR OF THE AGRICULTURIST.—When we think of the never ending changes of human life, and the fickleness of human nature, and the endless numbers of trades to which a man may resort to obtain a livelihood, or independence, or perchance a fortune,—the coveted object which all men wish to obtain and for which all else is abandoned—we may wonder why the pleasures of a rural and happy life, dear friends, and the comforts of a peaceful home, are laid aside for the more bustling and glittering prospects of mercantile and speculative transactions which are subject to every commercial and political change.

My object in writing, MR. EDITOR, is to expose the folly (as it appears to me) of Farmers and farmer's sons selling and renting their farms and leaving a good prospect to join in the less toilsome but more doubtful chances of speculation.

I am a farmer myself, I have considered it impartially, and would not exchange a good prospect for one of any other trade or profession; for it is evident that the pleasures and beauties of a farmer's life in Canada are increasing every year. It is becoming as much a science as a labor, and as productive of happiness as of

profit, for those on cleared farms are free from the toils of a pioneer's life.

The great improvements in agricultural implements and scientific appliances, must tend to make our daily labor pleasant and easy.

I would not advocate that all should be farmers, but I would speak of the young farmer generally, who has a farm of his own, but who cannot submit to the steady and regular routine of a tiller of the soil,—and who, perhaps, imagines that he has abilities for a more active and business life, and must consequently rent his farm and invest his capital in some speculation. He soon gets into difficulties, has to mortgage his land to obtain borrowed money; in eight or ten years after a hard struggle he fails, and is left more in debt than he can ever pay.

This may appear an imaginary picture, but if we would take the trouble to look at many who have done so, we would find it a true one. For I can look back upon the past ten years and trace the course of many of my schoolfellows and friends, farmer's sons who might now have been independent, but are absolutely worse than nothing.

The continual failures, losses and closing up of business that we see and hear tell of every day in some town or village, make the farmer whose hands are hardened with honest toil feel proud that he is such, and thankful that he is not subject to similar misfortune. Though it cannot be denied that speculators and men of business do sometimes amass large fortunes, yet the dangers and chances by which these are obtained are very great, whilst many a farmer who was content with the yearly result of his labors is now able to live in as much comfort and happiness, though not so much wealth, as the retired merchant. The troubles and variations of business are very great; he must be continually occupied in his business, though cares be heavy upon his mind; if he is not pushing, his labor will stand still, and if once stopped is difficult to start again,—whilst the farmer who is free from such cares and troubles, goes on in his regular labor, sowing and reaping, trusting to nature and to nature's God to give the increase. And after the toils of summers are over, and mellow autumn followed by solemn winter, spreading his snowy mantle over the earth, then come joyful happy scenes in the rural home, in the quiet country, away from the disagreeable noise and bustle of the town. But I would not appear to say too much in favor of the poetry and beauty of country life, for all cannot see it alike, and I may be prejudiced with what they do see.—No, do I intend to write to a great length on the subject, for I feel myself unable properly to do so. But I hope that some who have a desire for a change may consider these truthful hints before they make it, and profit by them.

A Reader.

Newcastle, April 16, 1861.