

Published under direction of the Board of Agriculture of Nova Scotia.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH AND APRIL, 1869.

No. 46.

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The Farm.

THE PRACTICAL QUESTION.

ARTICLE 1.

The most advanced States of the American Republic are far behind England in the science and practice of Agriculture, and taking it all in all, the Province of Nova Scotia is far behind the United States. The causes of this condition of things are such as to reflect no blame upon anybody; but it is well to acknowledge it, to keep it before our eyes, and, as regards our own Province, to devise ways and means for obviating it,—for Agriculture is a branch of industry which every statesman in the world, whose opinion is worth anything, acknowledges to form the necessary basis of a country's wealth.

Gentlemen will tell you, in the streets of Halifax, that this is a young country, and that high cultivation is not to be expected, that our furmers as a class, are poor, have not had time yet to surround themselves with the luxuries of raral life and the mechanical refinements of implement makers, that they have so much hard work to do that they have no time to think, and that we must wait till

we are as old as England, and then we shall see what we shall see. Now, there is a great deal too much truth in all this, yet there is misconception upon an essential point The misfortune of such arguments, and a misfortune under which our farmers are labouring, is that this is not a new, nor a young country, in the agricultural sense of the term Its time of youth is past; its virgin soil and other advantages of a young country and a new settler are gone by; and the greatest of all misfortunes to many of our farmers is that they continue the methods of makeshift farming when no longer profitable or adapted to the circumstances of themselves or their farms. They farm badly bacause they are poor, and they remain poor because they farm badly. Let them arouse themselves then, or let others arouse them, to a sense of the true state of affairs. When the tadpole finds the pools beginning to dry up, he forthwith drops his tail and gills, and acquiring legs and lungs, becomes a frog and leaps out of the water, forsaking his former haunts and habits and holding his head erect as one who has risen in the world. So must it be, somer or later, with every one of those primitive farmers who still adhere to the traditions of the past, who

exhausted fifty years ago, and throwing among the little stumps some 'grass seed,' that they may break their backs trying to mow it, while their long-cleared fields, are becoming tired of bearing even a scanty crop of weeds and brush. How often is it asked, Why do so many of our farmers' boys go away? The wonder should be, in many parts of the country, why any of them at all remain at home. Hard work and hard living, are not tempting to most people under any circamstances, and the grovelling occupations of a miserable starved farm that will not bear crops, and where the implements are rude and want repair, present no inviting aspect to an ambitious young man

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