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OLD SERIES]

Nec arancorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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Agricultural Journal.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman. THE SCIENCE OF MILKING.

If farming is a science, milking is a branch of it, and why should we not talk of the science of milking?

Milking is an important business to all who have dairy farms; and those who obtain a living by the dairy are obliged to be particular in regard to the mode of drawing the milk from the cows. Superficial observers are apt to suppose that this branch of business is light and of little consequence. Children are therefore entrusted with the milking, as they are with picking strawberries and green beans.

Children should be taught to draw the milk from cows, but they should not first be set to a cow that is not to be soon dried. Let them first practice on an old cow that is soon to be dried off, and learn how to hold the teats, and bring the milk without paining the cow. The art is not learned in a day, and we have seen middle-aged farmers, who have long owned dairy farms, but who could not milk a single cow. The women and the children had always been entrusted with this science.

Cows must be used gently at the time of milking. Some are unruly, and require the rod to bring them to the stanchion. But the rod must never be used at the time when they are required to yield their milk. You might as well whip a horse to make him drink, as to beat a cow to make her give down her milk. She must not even be scolded when the milk is to be drawn. It is not in her power, if she would, to give you milk in full at the time when you have been beating her or putting her in fear. She must be soothed and coaxed, and feel well-disposed towards her milker, if he would obtain the whole of her milk. She never gives down so much milk to a stranger as to one with whom she is well acquainted. Hence it is important to assign to each milker a set number of the cows to be milked, and there should be no shifting of hands where it can be avoided.

If a cow must be whipped for any crime she has committed, let this be done when she is not invited to give down her milk. But cows that have been decently bred never require any whipping. They like to have the milk all drawn out from a full udder. It gives them much relief to reduce thus their distended milk veins and they always stand quietly to be milked by an old acquaintance, when there is no other cause for disquiet.

But flies pester them in summer, and they whisk their tails to drive them off. Should the cows be whipped or scolded for this? The teats are often sore, and the udder is sometimes swollen with the garget complaint. If the cow raises her foot to indicate that you cause pain by milking, is it fair to thrash her, and call her hard names? A little ointment—a little washing—a little coaxing and soothing, would seem to be more appropriate.

But many milkers have not thought of this matter. They abuse a cow without cause, and wonder why the "plaguy critter" don't give down her milk. They quit her in a passion, and leave a good proportion of her milk to go back, and be absorbed in the system. This practice may increase the weight of the animal for beef, but it will not help the dairy.

There is another class of milkers that are very kind, very gentle, and very lazy. They neglect to draw out the milk when it is ready to come. They run straws into the teats, to see if the milk will not run without any squeezing. They sit and talk with other milkers. The cow grows quite tired of this conversation and moves away. Then she is sure to get a scolding or something worse.

Now, let it be remembered by all who have anything to do with that class of animals that gives our milk, our butter, and our cheese, that cows should never be abused or trifled with. Soon after milking commences, there is a full flow of the

liquid, and it must be drawn out immediately, or it never comes. The quickest milker is the best milker. All should be drawn out of the udder, yet the cow must not be used to stand and be stripped till there is time for more milk to be secreted in the milk veins. As soon as the mature milk is drawn, the cow must be dismissed, otherwise she may acquire a habit of holding her milk for a longer time than good milkers would choose to have them.

It should be kept in mind that the last milk drawn from the cow is many times richer than the first. It is therefore important that all the milk should be drawn. The last is the cream of the whole. The milker who leaves any quantity of milk in the bag, doubly wrongs himself or his employer—he leaves the best of the product, and he dries up the cow. Shake the udder right and left, and let no milk remain.

It should be a standing rule of the cow-yard to have no conversation going on while the milkers are engaged. A good milker cannot hear what is said while he is busy. He must stop the streams that were hurrying into the pail, if he would listen to any conversation. We have seen grown men who would sit over their milk pails, and converse with each other at some rods distance. Let there be no conversation in the yard at milking time.

The left arm of the person milking should always be close to the cow's leg. It is a good rule to let the arm be in contact with the right leg of the cow, for she cannot kick hard against anything that constantly touches her. When she kicks she only crowds her milker away. She cannot strike a blow in such case with any more effect than you can strike her while the hand you would strike with rests upon her. Keep close to the cow that you fear will kick, and she will do no mischief.

From the New England Farmer. FARMER'S SONS.

It is quite too much the case that boys brought up on the farm are required to labor with tools quite ill suited to their age and strength. Farmers are very apt to give their boys implements to work with which have been thrown by as unfit for further use, and altogether too heavy for their strength. I very well remember the first time I was set to mowing. It was with an old worn out scythe, (heavy enough and long enough for a strong man;) but still I thought it a very pretty notion to mow, even with an old scythe. This is one reason why boys dislike farming, and prefer some other kind of business. A farmer might as well attempt to break a colt or a yoke of steers after the same manner, by attaching them to waggons heavy enough for old and well disciplined teams.

Boys at a very early age may be of essential service on a farm, provided they are rightly managed. Their work should be light, and should be performed with light tools. How many boys leave their homes for no other reason than because they are overtaken, and no pains taken to provide for them light and handy implements to work with! Every boy whose father designs him to become a farmer, should, when of suitable age, have his hoe, his shovel, rake, wheel-barrow, and other things necessary for his business. Thus equipped, how proud the little fellow will feel! Each should have his little spot of ground set off to him every spring to manage and till after his own fashion. How natural for every one to have something he can call his own especially boys. If each has his little patch of ground to plant, how much pride he will take in working it! and how much interest will be manifested in the growth of the various crops with which it is planted! To have an interest, boys should have an object; and if farmers would train their sons farmers, they should interest themselves in their behalf; encourage them by their assistance and approval and by so doing, we shall not only have more farmers, but better ones.

AN AUTUMNAL LYRIC.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

How liberal and lovely
Is all the varied year;
The winter only showers,
And the summer only flowers,
To bring ripe autumn here.
When roared the wintry tempest,
When fell the sleet and snow,
When rushed the mountain torrents
In vernal overflow;
When fell the sweet spring blossoms
Into the lap of June,
And leaves grew thick and juicy
In many a summer moon:
'Twas all for sake of autumn,
So bountiful and free:
'Twas all for the golden harvest,
'Twas all for thee and me.

We've lost the spring-time glories,
And poms of summer's day
We prized them well and truly,
But form'd no wish unduly
That all the months were May.
We knew, that we were grateful,
That after these had fled,
The wheat-stalk fully laden,
Would bear a heavy head;
That mulberries would ripen,
And filberts cluster brown,
And winds through orchards roving
Shake pulpy apples down.
We knew that fruitful autumn
Would smile on field and tree,
And pour its annual treasure,
And all for thee and me.

And now that we have garner'd
The tribute of the year,
We'll seek our humble fellows
For whom no corn-field yellows,
And hid them to our cheer.
And grateful for the blessings
So bounteously bestow'd,
We'll share them with the needy
That meet us on our road;
With the gleaner and the beggar,
And the man of low estate,
With the widow and the orphan,
And the stranger at our gate.
So shall the autumn bless us,
And Heaven be pleased to see;
And the pray'rs of the sorrow stricken
Ascend for thee and me.

From the Canada Farmer and Mechanic.

THE HORSE.

Though we have now machinery that surpasses this animal in speed, we are not yet ready to abandon him and set him adrift. Other people may prefer the camel or the mule, but farmers know of no servant to be compared with the horse.

For the heavy draught, or for the race; for a ride of pleasure, or for a tour into the rough interior of our country, the horse is our best companion and helper. We could hardly estimate his worth but by his loss.

This animal is often abused through wantonness or carelessness; but still more often injured for want of due consideration of the proper mode of treating him.

Within a few years it has been customary for drivers of stages in our neighborhood to give their horses meal in the water, when they only stopped for a short time in the middle of the day. It was then not uncommon for horses when driven no faster than at present, to fall suddenly dead in the harness. On opening the animal, the meal would be found undigested and formed into a hard cake in the stomach.

We believe this practice is now wholly abandoned. There is a very prevalent idea, that it is injurious to give grain to the animal when he is warm. Now, we have never known any injury to arise from this practice. There is no more danger of injury to the horse than to ourselves by eating a hearty meal when warm. And who ever heard of a man killing himself with a hearty dinner, because he eat it when he was fatigued or heated?

It is hard driving—violent exercise—after eating hearty food that causes pain, and often death.

Let a man but reflect on what has

proved injurious to himself, and he will rationally conclude what treatment is most likely to injure his beast. Let him eat a hearty meal, then run, or use any very violent exercise immediately after, and he will be at no loss in conjecturing what must be the danger of furiously driving a beast after a hearty dinner.

It is hard driving immediately after eating grain that kills the horse, and we venture to assert, that not an instance can be shown in which he has sustained injury from eating grain, merely because he was warm. People should reflect and reason more on this subject.

Horses that travel and labor violently, as in stages and fast chaises, should eat their grain at night. When laboring moderately on a farm, it is not so material when their heartiest food is given, for horses are not liable to be injured in any gear when they are only driven on the walk.

But we have known many men, prudent in most matters, yet guilty of stuffing their horses with grain in the morning, just before starting on a journey!—They gave no grain the night before, reserving for the starting hour the heartiest food for the beast!

On a journey we have long been in the habit of giving our horse his grain at night. We give it as soon as he is rubbed down and put to the stable, and we have never found it injured him.

How absurd to let your horse stand for hours, after a day of violent exercise, to chop up his own fodder and attempt to appease his hunger on hay—often poor hay, not fit to be fed out to young cattle.

Give the horse half a bushel of oats, or one peck of corn, if he has been used to grain, as soon as you lead him into the stable, and he will fill himself in one hour or two and be willing to lie down and enjoy a nap, even before you retire to rest yourself.

In any part of the country, if you see the grain put into the manger, you may be pretty sure the hostler has not forgotten his duty.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman. CATERPILLARS.

Farmers will find it necessary to go the rounds of their fruit trees at least two or three turns in caterpillar time. In orchards that have not been well attended to in former years it will be a harder task to prevent their ravages than in such as have been annually watched. It is good policy to destroy all the nests that are found on any of the trees in the vicinity of the orchard. The wild cherry affords a most agreeable repast, and more nests may be found on such than on the apple tree. Every nest in sight of the farmer should be destroyed.

The modes of destruction vary according to circumstances. All the nests that can well be reached on low limbs and by means of fruit ladders should be pulled off by hand. Gentlemen farmers who are afraid of these parents of butterflies will bite their fingers may put on gloves—cheap woollen ones will do. These are better than mittens, for every bye corner should be searched and not one worm should be left for a breeder.

Early in the morning the whole family will be found at home. A morning call here is more appropriate in country towns than morning calls on friends. When this business is done in the morning early will not be much to do on the second round. Again at one o'clock in a hot sunny day the worms will all be found napping in their nest. This is a good time to take them. At night too they are again assembled together and may be caught in a mess.

But on old and high trees long poles are required. Pickering's conical brush is the best thing on the end of a pole.—When this brush is used it ought to be frequently dipped into a pail of old soap suds. This liquid kills the worms as soon as it touches them, and much more effect will be produced than with the dry bush.

The mischief that is done by these worms is no trifling matter, but the appearance of an orchard overrun with ca-