

feet without help!" One can understand how very little milk a cow would be likely to give she were to receive only such an amount of food as would enable her to raise herself to her feet without assistance. (Pun intended between *trailement* and *traite*? Trs.) When will the Canadians understand that a cow, be she English or be she Canadian, if she is badly wintered, will give no milk, or any rate very little, during the winter, and hardly more than half what she ought to give in spring, whatever may be the quality of her pasture? A cow thus badly wintered is only in a state of convalescence, not of robust health, when turned out to grass, and half the summer is past before she has supplied the waste of tissue caused by her winter semi-starvation.

The Canadian farmer, before getting into a state of enthusiasm for foreign breeds, should, by sedulous study, learn how profitable his own country's stock may be made to him.

In order to economise in hay, the cows often get nothing but straw—very often, for the sake of selling the hay—. In summer, they go to pasture in a bare *pacage*, and in the fall, that the very straw itself may be saved, they are often kept out of the stables until the ground is frozen hard, after having endured all the rains of autumn.

One day, I saw a lot of six cows, so lean that one felt for them, I never saw anything so poor, and that is not a little to say. "Why do you not give them some hay, and curry them a little?" (v. p. 116, l. 39.) "I have not the means," replied their owner. "You had far better sell one of them," said I, "and give the food purchased by its price to the other five. You would make more profit by your five, well kept, than by six skeletons like those." When the farmers are advised to buy clover-seed to sow down with the last grain-crop before the land is let lie in *pacage*, (1) the answer is that they cannot afford it!

More than one farmer, however, can be cited who, in this very locality, has grown rich by buying and sowing both red and white clover-seed. The first year, he bought more than sixty dollars' worth, a proof that his predecessor had ruined himself by adhering to the old system. And how many are bold enough to follow such an example?

One spring, I bought a fine, large Canadian cow from one of my flock; she was giving less than a gallon of milk. In the fall, she increased, and continued the whole winter to give more than a gallon, even up to the first of May. No one, then, would have known her for the same beast.

I gave a lecture on the treatment of domestic animals in my parish. I did not say much about the horse, for the pride the Canadian takes in his horses is certain to insure their good treatment. As well as I remember, the impression left on my mind by the lecture was that the audience was but scanty: nobody believing that he had anything to learn about that subject; and among those who were present, I doubt if five or six have put in practice the advice I gave them. Again, in another lecture, some time afterwards, I spoke of the systems of rotation, and of the means to be adopted to ensure good pasture for the cattle of the farm, I do not think there were two of the audience convinced!

I believe that one of the greatest benefits conferred by the cheese-factories is that they have compelled the farmer to establish good pasture, and a neighbouring parish affords a good example of the truth of my opinion. One of this parish, to whom I was speaking on the subject, told me frankly that, at sixty-five years of age, he had only just learnt what a good

pasture was worth, and it was sending his milk to the factory that had taught him. "It seems to me," said he, "that I never had an idea what farming really meant. (1) Ah, if I only had the time to come over again?"

I have had Shorthorn, half-bred English cows, and, to-day, I have a pure-bred Ayrshire and two thoroughbred little Canadian cows, and I can state with truth that, in my hands, no English or half-bred cow has made more than sixteen ounces of butter a day, and that, with the same keep, which is nothing out of the way, my two little Canadians have each made, in a pasture poorer than ever, twenty ounces a day.

I know a Canadian, a working-man in Vermont, who, in the space of ten months, with one cow alone, sold seventy-five dollars worth of butter: that cow made three hundred pounds, but he looked after her well. To every objection that is made to me on this subject, such as: it does not pay to keep cows well; I reply: If it does not pay to keep them well, it certainly won't pay to starve them as you do!

I have the honor to be, dear sir, your, etc.,

AM. BOUCHER, *Priest*.

(From the French).

Bravo! M. Boucher, but I am still at a loss to know how we shall settle the *purity* of any Canadian cow's parentage or descent. I do hope that at the Exhibition at Quebec, in September, we shall see either no Canadian cattle at all, or something better than those shown at Sherbrooke last year. The stewards of the yard ought to be empowered to refuse the admittance to any animals which, like those of Mr. Carr, could only have been brought to the ground as a sneer. At the same time, I must be allowed to adhere to my opinion, expressed before in this publication, that it would be wiser to improve the breed of the country by crossings with the Jerseys or Guernseys (the latter for choice), than to spend an unknown number of years in bringing up the Canadian cattle to their proper place by selection. We really must have beef, and the greatest admirer of the breed, or race rather, if you please, cannot pretend that they will make profitable meat. I ate lots of it last winter and I can speak from experience—it can never pay to fat them.—A. R. J. F.

Grass Seeds.—Since I wrote the paragraph on permanent pasture, v. p. 118, I have seen in the French journal for June, p. 93, a short reply by Mr. Ed. A. Barnard to a question put to him by one who signs himself "Roberval". As I am not acquainted with the nature of your land, it is impossible for me to tell you what grass seeds will suit it. At any rate, you will be safe in sowing two gallons of timothy, six pounds of Rawdon clover, three pounds of Alsike, and one pound of white clover. Timothy is, doubtless, not the best grass for pasture; far from it, but I cannot advise you to try, on a large scale, grasses that are not usually sown in your neighbourhood. You had better buy only a few pounds of the foreign seeds recommended in the journal, and give each separately a fair trial, having, previously to sowing, got your land into good heart and good form.

All right. One or two pounds of white clover are about the dose. Timothy, as Mr. Barnard says (only more so), is not the best of pasture grasses. Paocoy's perennial ryegrass is good for our land and stands the climate; as Mr. Ewing offered me seed last year grown and ripened in the vicinity of Lake George. My mixture, sown on the farm of Senator Guévremont last year gave him entire satisfaction when he saw it in May. It was very full of plant, and very forward.

(1) I am happy to say that, before I left Sorel, more than one of my friends were kind enough, and frank enough, to make the same speech to me.

A. R. J. F.

(1) The word is *friche*—land allowed to remain unploughed after a grain crop to grow whatever it can—generally weeds—on which the "poor brutes" are supposed to feed! As in England we have not the thing, so we have not the word, for the real *friche* would be, in England, *fallow*, but that has earned to itself another very different meaning. Trs.