

and hot water poured over it to freshen and warm the curd, the whole is then mixed together and chopped with a chopping-knife as *fine as mince-meat*; the curd, after being sufficiently salted, is then put in a cloth in the hoop, the diameter of which is usually double that of the height,—some are made with staves, but the majority use a broad hoop bent to size,—the corner of the cloth drawn over the curd, and the follower placed on and put in the press, on which a light weight is allowed at first, and the whey drains gradually in the crease cut in the cheese board around and outside of the hoop on which it rests, into the basin placed under the press to receive it. The cheese is allowed to remain in press for two or three hours, when it is taken out and turned and left in press until next morning, when it is taken out, the wet cloth removed, and a dry one replaced. It is again turned in the evening, when a cloth of finer texture is used to make a smoother surface to the cheese, and subjected to a pressure on a cheese weighing, say 30 pounds, equal to 500 pounds weight, until next morning, when it is taken from the press and placed on a smoothly planed board, cut into squares a little larger than the diameter of the cheese, and placed on a shelf in the middle of the cheese room: a convenient height to turn, which must be done daily for the first six or eight weeks, and rubbed over its entire surface with newly made butter without any salt in it. When taken from the press it is often found to have the edge raised in consequence of the follower not fitting closely to the sides of the hoop, which is pared off, and seared with a hot iron to make the surface smooth. After the cheese have become hard they are taken from the cheese-board and placed on the shelf, which should be hardwood and planed perfectly smooth; but great care should be taken to keep the flies out of the room, and if any of the cheeses are likely to crack, rub them with fresh butter and turn daily until they become perfectly dry and fit for market.

I am, &c.,

ONE WHO SPENT TWENTY-FIVE  
YEARS ON THE FARM.  
*Annapolis, Feb. 9, 1867.*

### WHITE BELGIAN CARROT.

*To the Editor of the Jour. of Agriculture.*

MR. EDITOR,—This root is so eminently adapted to the wants, soil and climate of this province, that I venture to trespass a little on the columns of your Journal in its behalf.

In very many districts of this country our farmers will be found with abundance of hay during ordinary seasons, yet very short of oats or corn of any kind for their horses. Hence the heavy, dull eye, dis-

tended stomach and lagging pace, so common with us in horses shewing fair points, plenty of flesh, and evidently not at all overworked.

Now, a little change in the quality of the food given to these animals would greatly enhance their value, either on the road or in the field.

Diminish the bulk of their food, by substituting for one-fourth or one-third of the hay given, an equivalent, containing quite as much nutritive matter in much smaller space and in different proportions, and an improvement in the beauty of form and skin, evident to the most superficial observer, would, in a few days, be the result; while the impetus given to life and health, would manifest itself in any work to which they might be put.

To realize this improvement, and enhance the value of all such horses to their owners, let a bed, say of one-fourth of an acre, be prepared for the white Belgian, or long orange carrot, and in almost any season one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels will be the yield, sufficient for one horse the year round, or two, with one feed oats each per day, in ordinary farm work, the hay saved amply paying cost of carrots, while the large and nutritious tops gathered in the autumn and fed to milch cows at a season when the pastures are fast falling off, will not only increase the yield of milk, but largely add to its richness in butter.

Horses are very fond of carrots: many a cross animal has been made comparatively kind to his owner by habitually giving him carrots in hand.

Select light, dry soil: work not less than ten to twelve inches deep. If soil is gravelly, carefully remove small stones; pulverize well; plough in well-rolled stable manure, adding, when practicable, a dressing of wood ashes; sow in drills one-third closer than mangolds or Swedes; throw ridges well up where soil is not deep. With these simple precautions, a surer crop is not committed to the soil in this country. The turnip fly passes over them; the cut-worm turns away from them; the May and June frosts produce no visible effect on them; their rapid descent in the soil enables them to resist any but severe droughts. A small bed, seven yards by nine, turned up by spade, on gravelly soil, dressed with stable manure and a little ashes, gave this year a return of five and one half bushels; had the soil been worked a little deeper, the yield would have been larger, as was evident from appearance and shape, when pulled in October.

Yours, &c.,

W. C.

[We are sorry that the publication of the above article has been delayed in consequence of its having fallen aside.

The present is a very suitable time to call the attention of our farmers to the subject of Carrot Culture. So far as our own limited experience goes, there is no forage crop more profitable to the Nova Scotian farmer than the White Belgian Carrot. It is of easy culture; may be sown early, when the ground is too cold for other crops, so that it has a long season for growth, and it is not liable to the attacks of insects. It is relished by all kinds of stock, both in the raw and cooked state; and for table use, is preferred by many persons in Britain. As our author observes, horses soon become very fond of the carrot.—*Ed.*]

### WHAT IS OUR DUTY TO THE FARMER?

*To Professor Lawson,*

*Editor of Agricultural Journal.*

SIR,—In reference to your notice in last month's number, I beg to occupy a portion of the space in your valuable journal, to point out to parties not engaged in improving the face of this earth on which we find ourselves, the importance of farming in the political economy of a State.

The manufacturer ministers to our wants, real and imaginary; he astonishes and delights us, with his ponderous machinery and with the endless variety of his designs, elaborated with all the skill that genius can suggest or science can define, conducing at once to our physical and intellectual elevation; yet, however great the claims of genius and science may be upon our respect and veneration,—however much we may glory in the triumph of mind over matter,—however immense the social structure which the intelligence, the science and the genius of successive generations have raised for the benefit of mankind, we must remember that the foundation of this grand edifice is, as it were, laid on an inverted pyramid, the apex of which is sustained on one little word—Bread! All flesh is grass! Our whole sustenance is derived from the bosom of our Mother Earth. The farmer, under Providence, gives us our daily bread. What, then, is our duty to the farmer? Plainly to endeavour to place within his reach all the aid that science can supply to his vocation. Without disparaging his experience, (the practical part of which is of great importance,) I will compare it with that of—say a physician. He is called in to a patient, his experience is first brought into play; by it he endeavours to form a correct diagnosis—in other words to determine what ails his patient; thus far the farmer is with him; he sees that his crop is sick, and his experience tells him what ails it; his specific is perhaps more care and more manure. So the physician, without science, might say more care and