

FARMERS DEPARTMENT.

Farrery.—There is no creature, perhaps, so much to be pitied as a *sick horse*. We mean in this country—for in Europe there are Veterinary Departments attached to the Medical schools, where the structure and diseases of the horse are scientifically studied; where the treatment is taught on rational principles; and where the practice is honorable, because it is based upon knowledge. But here nothing is known of farrery, except what is *picked up* mostly by accident—and may be right, or may be wrong. But the latter is most probable, because the practice of the art is generally confined to the most ignorant part of the population. These circumstances have rendered the practice degrading; and that which is quite as honorable in its nature as the treatment of human diseases, and much better paid for, is wholly in the hands of quacks—a set of men who would confer disgrace upon any calling. Let the subject be attended to in a scientific manner, let there be veterinary departments, and let only well educated men attempt the practice of farrery, and a doctor of horse will be accounted as respectable as a doctor of human beings; and he who relieves the sufferings and saves the life of that noble animal, will be accounted no less a benefactor, than he who performs the same service for that often less worthy animal, man.

But, as we have said above, there is no creature more to be pitied, than a *sick horse*. We will suppose the lot of the four-footed patient to be cast—not alone, and far from human aid, for then nature might effect a cure—but in the midst of an abundant population, where a crowd will soon gather round him. There will be great diversity of opinion as to the nature of the disease. One calls it the bots, another the cholick, a third a founder, a fourth something different from all the rest,—in short, each one claims the privilege of forming and maintaining his own opinion, and each one considers his reputation for judgment concerned in supporting his own views to the last.

As they differ respecting the nature of the disease, so they differ in regard to the mode of cure. Even those who chance to agree as to the nature of the disease, are apt to disagree about the treatment. Of those who pronounce the complaint to be bots, one recommends milk and molasses; another, red precipitate and spirits of turpentine; another, aloes and beef brine; and a fourth, (O, monstrous!) a fowl cut open alive, and the entrails thrust down the poor horse's throat. Think of that, ye human patients—did you ever swallow a live foal? if so, you will have some idea of a miserable sick horse swallowing the warm entrails of a murdered hen. Of those who will have the disease to be cholick, one recommends gin—and a horse who never

drank any thing in his life but cold water, has a quart of ardent spirits poured down his throat; another prescribes castor oil, and forthwith a bottle of that is sent after the gin in the horse's stomach; another thinks he has a remedy worth both the others, and a pound of ground mustard seed mixed with cayenne pepper, is sent to keep company with the rest. For it generally happens, that whatever is recommended is carried, with as little delay as possible into practice; for where all are equally good authority, it would be unfair to follow the advice of one, and reject that of the other—besides, the owner is exceedingly anxious for the life of his horse, and is willing to give him at least a chance of recovery, by making use of all known methods for effecting so desirable an end.

Consider now the condition of the poor animal. He has, (according to all accounts,) not less than half a dozen of different diseases; and for each disease he is compelled to swallow something like a dozen different remedies! The consequence is, that the poor horse has not less than half a barrel of the most various nostrums down his throat at the same time—enough to kill any well horse in Christendom—Judge then, whether a sick one has any chance of recovery! As might be expected, the animal generally dies—and with his dying breath gives evidence that the maxim of Solomon—

In the multitude of counsellors, there is safety, in this instance, at least, has not proved true.—*Berk. Amc.*

Dutch Dairies.—For the sake of cleanliness, the tails of the cows are tied to the roof of the cow house with a cord during the time of milking. The cow houses both in Flanders and Holland are kept remarkably clean and warm; so much so that a gentleman 'spoke' to Redcliff 'of having drank coffee with a cow keeper in the general stable in winter, without the annoyance of cold, dirt, or any offensive smell.' The Dutch are particularly averse in unfolding the secrets of their dairy management, and notwithstanding the pointed queries of Sir John Sinclair on the subject, no satisfactory idea was given him of their mode of manufacturing butter or cheese.—*London.*

Cow Keeping.—In Holland the food for one cow in winter for twenty-four hours, is straw, eighteen pounds; turnips, sixty pounds. Some farmers boil the turnips for them; others give them raw, chopping them with the spade; or one or other operation is necessary to obviate the risk of the animal being choked, where the turnips, which is usually the case in Flanders, are of too small a size. In lieu of turnips, potatoes, carrots, and grains, are occasionally

given; bean straw likewise, and uniformly a white drink, prepared both for cows and horses, and consisting of water in which some oilcake has been dissolved, and whitened with rye meal, oat meal, or the flower of buckwheat.

Scratches in Horses.—This disorder or difficulty is too well known to all who own these noble animals, or deal in them, to need a particular description of it. The remedy is simple, safe, and certain, in all cases which have come to my knowledge, however inveterate. It is only to mix white lead and linseed oil in such proportions as will render the application convenient, and I never have known more than two or three applications necessary, to effect a common cure.—*Turf Reg.*

SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

AN ESSAY

On the means necessary to accomplish a total abolition of the practice of drinking Ardent Spirit.

By S. W. Pomeroy.

It has been said that whoever plants a single oak, confers a favor on generations not then in existence; but how much more exalted a benefactor is he who shall bestow lasting obligations on the present as well as future generations. And such are those who exert their best faculties to promote the total abolition of the use of ardent spirits. We cannot imagine an earthly paradise, in which the human heart can so rationally luxuriate. And where is the individual who feels 'a divinity stir within him that points to an hereafter,' and hence a desire to alleviate the miseries, and augment the comforts of his fellow beings, that does not exult, when he reflects upon the powerful moral force now abroad, and in active operation for the suppression of intemperance! We here propose to excite attention to physical efforts; as from the apparent neglect of them, we are led to believe, that the community are not sufficiently aware of their importance. Pious exhortations, eloquent argumentative harangues, and the praiseworthy exertions of the medical faculty have been productive of results highly auspicious, and that have exceeded the expectations of many of the most sanguine. They have *Scotched* the serpent, but will they *crush him*—is there no danger that he may 'return to wallow in the mire'—will they have that *abiding* effect as when used with efficient practical measures? It is believed not;—a vigorous combination seems indispensable, to accomplish the Herculean labor. In the present state of the world, how far can we in general, rely on the convictions of men's understanding?

* They know the right, and they approve it too. Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.'