

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

A Weekly Agricultural, Horticultural, Family and News Journal.

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THE MICHIGAN FARMER,

A Large Weekly Agricultural, Family and News Paper, designed to interest and entertain Farmers, Stock-Raisers, Fruit-Growers, Mechanics, and the Families of all classes.

Office—511 Fort Street (1¼ miles west of the Russell House.)

WM. M. DOTY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

R. F. JOHNSTON,
MRS. L. B. ADAMS, } Corresponding Editors.

Important Reduction in the terms of the Farmer.

Terms.—One copy \$1.50; six copies \$8; ten copies \$12; fifteen copies \$17; twenty copies \$22; thirty copies \$32; forty copies \$42; fifty copies \$50 (only \$1 each) payable strictly in advance.

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Fourth of Col.—\$30 pr. year; \$16 pr. half year; \$10 for fourth year; \$5 pr. month.

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Whole Column.—\$100.00 pr. year; \$55 pr. half year; \$30 pr. fourth year; \$15 pr. month.

Special Notice.

The time set for receiving arrearages at the advance price expired on Friday of last week; but payments received up to the middle of this week have been credited at that rate. Payments will hereafter be credited at the rate of \$1.75 per year until December 1st, and thereafter at the rate of \$2.00 a year; ~~but~~ but when payment for a year in advance is accompanied with payment for arrears, \$3.00 will pay for two years, if paid soon.

Read This.

All new subscribers for next year's paper will be furnished with the *Farmer* during the remainder of this year FREE from the time their money is received. Those getting up clubs should bear this in mind, and forward the names and pay of new subscribers as soon as obtained, so they may have the benefit of this regulation.

New subscribers received during the present week have been credited accordingly, \$1.50 paying from the present time until January 1st 1863. We will forward a receipt in full for the *Farmer* one-and-a-half years for every two dollars sent us by persons not now in arrears, or who send enough in addition to pay up their arrearages.

Rare Chance for the Girls.

To any young lady who will send us the name of a new subscriber for the *Farmer*, accompanied by the pay for eight months or more, we will send post paid a copy of complete instructions for either of the following kinds of Painting: Celestial, Italian Landscape, Grecian Oil, and Crystal or Oriental. Thousands of copies of these four

together have been sold at \$1, but we will send the choice in them for each new subscriber obtained by a young lady; and by obtaining four the whole set may be secured.

Now, girls, here is a chance to earn something in a good cause. A little pains and perseverance will enable you to secure these complete lessons.—Let us hear from you soon. Remember to specify which kind you want.

Notice.—The Farmer Office Removed.

Last week we removing our office to a new brick building on Fort St., near LaFontaine-st., about a mile west of the Russell House, where we shall be happy to greet the friends of the *Farmer*.

The object of the removal was to save walking one-and-a-third miles four times a day—the distance from our residence to our former office. As most of our business is done through the post office, it will not suffer from our office being a small distance away from the business center of the city, and as our workmen live with us it is a saving altogether of over four hours' walking each day, which, in winter weather at least is no trifle.

The *Farmer* office is easily found. It is the only brick store building on Fort St. west of the bridge over the Mich. Central R. R., and is about one third of a mile from that bridge, south side of the street, first door east of Daly's Grocery.

White-Robed Winter has Come.

Pinching our toes, biting our nose; calling for hose, and other warm clothes,—thus doeth winter wherever he goes. Glad may be those who have plenty of hose, and all kinds of clothes, to stem the chill blows, and hail storms and snows, that every one knows are terrible foes to comfort, unless we have plenty of clothes; and plenty of food, and good dry wood to keep up the warmth-giving fire-glows.

But winter is a change not wholly undesirable. The biting frosts and chill snow blankets are worth more than manure to the tiller of the soil, especially if he has bestirred himself and opened up his bank to receive their valuable deposits. What a benign arrangement: The snow absorbs plant stimulants and nourishers from the atmosphere; the warm rays of the spring-time sun dissolve it, and in a liquid state it bears its blessed burden down into the soil and to the mouths or rootlets of vegetation. Blessed be God! How beautiful are his works; how grand and harmonious; how pleasant, instructive, refining and ennobling to study them.—Pity the being whose soul is closed to a conception and appreciation of them, aye, pity

the man whose God is gold! Alas, that the number of such should be so great.

Pardon the digression! The pen did the bidding of the soul rather than the head, and digressed from its purposed enumeration of the advantages of the winter season. It would otherwise have proceeded to call attention to its prodigious bridge building operations, by means of which the hardy lumbermen are enabled to reach and bring forth for use vast stores of lumber and wood.

Not least of the advantages is the purifying and invigorating effect of the bracing winter atmosphere upon the physical system, renewing, as it were, its vitality, and lengthening the "lease of life." Let not the rust of idleness and the canker of gormandizing and gluttony neutralize these great blessings. By all means do not think of preserving your health in alcohol. Avoid the drinking holes and their frequenters. Do this for your family's sake,—if you have one,—but whether you have or not, be temperate and keep good company for your own sake. Brutes must be brutes, but men need not be worse, if they will exercise the faculties God has given them to rise superior to brutes. Let the money that some spend for worse than useless indulgences be used to procure labor-saving implements both for indoor and outdoor work, and thus will some of the links of slavery to Toil be broken asunder. Let the wife have good implements to do her work with, as well as yourself; let your animals have comfortable quarters and good food; and provide also good food for the mind,—that which will interest, instruct and enoble.

These, together with procuring good wood for use during the coming busy season, may now occupy the farmer's mind, means and energies to advantage. It will pay to attend to them well, and invest liberally but judiciously.

Illustrations.

We take great pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements to secure frequent illustrations for our next volume.—They will be engraved solely for the *Farmer*, and we think will prove a valuable feature.

IMMENSE PEARS.—The Sacramento *Union* says: "We received yesterday a pear of the 'Dutchess d'Angouleme' variety, the weight of which was 35½ ounces—the largest on record, so far as we have information." But the San Francisco *Bulletin* tells of a still larger one, at the Pacific market in that city, which weighed forty-five ounces.

y after his death his great empire began to fall to decay, and in thirty years was subverted by Cyrus the Persian.

Emma Dean.

BY SLOW JAMIE.

A merry girl was Emma Dean,
Of limb and spirits light.
Her cheek was all aglow with health ;
Her eye with humor bright—
No prim affected modesty
Round Emma ever hung.
Her countenance described her heart ;
Her thoughts were on her tongue.
But if the freedom of the hawk
Provoked the wanton kite,
The quarry to an eagle turned ;
An eagle in her might.
A barefoot boy was William Gray ;
An orphan lone and poor.
By stern experience he had learned
To labor and endure.
As years flew by the morning boy
To man's condition grew.
Round Emma's bower, like butterflies,
The gaudy suitors flew.
While others passed him on the road
She never failed to speak.
A word of kindness raised a glow
Upon that sallow cheek.
When eve was melting into night
She met him on the way,
And softly whispered in his ear,
"I love you William Gray."
The word went dancing through his veins,
Set all his blood on fire.
It waked a power in his soul
Which never can expire.
It added vigor to his arm ;
It gave his fingers skill ;
He took him to neglected books
And conned them with good will.
The inward change was seen without ;
He grew in manly grace.
It gave a luster to his eye,
A vigor to his pace.
The plant upon a generous soil
May linger scarce alive,
Until the sun's reviving warmth
Makes every blossom thrive.
His warming sun was Emma Dean ;
Beneath her smiles he grew.
Her words upon his branches fell,
Like May's refreshing dew.
And now a cottage in the wood
Contains the happy pair.
Two pretty babes, a boy and girl
Receive their willing care.
Both parents blended into one
In each young face is wrought ;
The mother's merry laughing eye,—
The father's brow of thought.
If'er you pass that tidy door,
I pray you give a call ;
'Twill do you good to spend an hour
Within their humble hall.
It is the hallowed dwelling place
Of wisdom, truth and love.
There breathes around a calm content,
Which speaks of heaven above.

From Kewenaw Bay.

MR. EDITOR FARMER : I will try to get

you a few subscribers after my fall work is finished. I have raised some very fine barley, buckwheat, rye, and a little very fine winter wheat ; and have sowed some Hungarian white wheat, and some red chaff white wheat from England. What kind of winter wheat is the best for a northern climate, and what kind of spring wheat is the best ? and where can I get some of each ?

MEXICAN WILD POTATOES AND EARLY JONES

We can whip the world on the quality of potatoes. I have only got 13 different kinds. I want more. I have only raised 5 or 6 hundred bushels this year. I will try and raise a few more next, if I live.

Oh, I want some flax seed. I want to help strike a death blow to king cotton in the south. *The Union, now and forever !*

Yours with respect,

ABEL HALL.

We shall be very thankful to Mr. HALL, if he succeeds as well in raising subscribers as potatoes ! "Only" five or six hundred bushels !!

Those who have wheat best adapted to Mr. HALL's latitude to sell should drop a line to him. We hope to hear how the kinds he mentions succeed.

For the Michigan Farmer.

Yes, It was Sorghum Syrup.

ED. MICHIGAN FARMER : Dear sir ; About ten days ago I sent you by Express from Napoleon a bottle of Sorghum syrup and a letter, which, had they been conveyed to you safely, would have solved all the mystery there was about it. The syrup sent you is a sample of over 400 gallons made by me this fall—for myself and neighbors—by a process and with an apparatus which I claim to be original with me. I have not the space at this time to give you a full description of my apparatus and process, but will at another time. But I will just say now that the grand secret in the manufacture of northern cane syrup—sorghum—consists of a proper application of heat to the raw juice, whereby a perfect clarification is obtained without the use of any other clarifying ingredients whatever, followed by a process of evaporation which not only reduces it to the proper consistency of syrup, but *cooks* it, so as to remove all the disagreeable taste and appearance which in Sorghum molasses is so much complained of.

I have been employed the past five years in experimenting with the northern cane, and various other new products, which I confess have been a source of gratification to me and of remuneration, I hope, to those I have supplied with seeds. I do not feel at all discouraged, after having succeeded so completely in manufacturing syrup.

I hope the pages of the *Farmer* will continue to give place to the experience of others on this subject, with a view to encouraging the production of that source of domestic happiness and of public economy,—sweetening.

In conclusion, I would say to friend RICH-

ARDS, who attacked me so unceremoniously on this subject last spring, through the *Farmer*, that when he produces as good an article of syrup with his "patent Evaporator" as I can with my unpatented one, then I will try him on sugar. But really, I don't consider it of much importance to convert good syrup into sugar, since syrup can be used for all purposes that sugar is used for generally.

Mr. Editor, what do you say to calling a convention of the growers of cane and the manufacturers of syrup in Michigan, this winter, say at Jackson, or some other convenient point ? I will attend for one. What say you, friends of sweetening ?

Yours truly,

Napoleon, Mich.

D. D. TOOKER.

Hair Balls.

Messrs. Editors :—Noticing an article in a late number of your paper (the *Boston Cultivator*), respecting hair balls being found in the stomachs of cattle, it recalled to mind what I once saw, which at the time and since, somewhat puzzled me. Some years since, I discovered, sometime in summer, a bunch on the neck of a cow that we milked just back of the jaws on the lower side of the windpipe. Thinking that probably it was something of the nature of a wen, which would eventually endanger the life of the cow, she was rapidly fattened and slaughtered about this time of year. At the time of slaughter, I made an examination, in order, if possible, to ascertain what the matter was. Upon ripping open the skin above the neck, as usual I found a hard, elastic substance, of rather oblong form, near three inches in length by two in diameter, in a tough film not much thicker than paper. It was readily removed from its position, as it appeared to be smooth, and not having any special connection either with the windpipe, skin, or fat in which it was enclosed. Upon applying the knife, it emitted an unpleasant though not very offensive odor, and was found to be filled with *hair*, wet and closely packed.

Now the question is, How did it get there ? Perhaps some of your readers will explain.—As there is no one in this vicinity that gives special attention to diseases of animals, I have not had an opportunity of getting much information in the case, and know not whether the like has been elsewhere seen. My impression is, that if such cases do occur, the ball might be removed without pain, or danger to the life of the animal.

R. S. T.

Warren, Mass.

GEN. SCOTT'S PAY.—The current monthly pay, subsistence and allowance of Lieut. Gen. Scott were, and by order of the President continue to be, while he is on the retired list, as follows :

Pay, per month.....	\$270
Rations, per month.....	360
Allowance for servants, per month.....	90
Allowance for horses, per month.....	50
Total	\$770