

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.

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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, 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.

Useful Information.

Dressing and Packing Poultry.

Never kill a bird unless it is fat. Never cut off the head of a turkey or goose, but hang them by the heels where they cannot bruise themselves in the death struggle, and stick them with a small knife and bleed them to death. Ducks and common fowls, if decapitated, should be held or tied and hung up to bleed to death. Never kill birds with full crops—you will lose in price more than you gain in weight. Never strangle them, so as to leave the blood in. The best plan is to tie all kinds of birds to a line drawn from post to post, or tree to tree, and stick them just in the forward end of the neck.

You may pick all sorts of birds dry, if you don't tear the skin, but you must scald them afterward by dipping them suddenly in and out of boiling water. Don't scald the legs too much, whether you pick first or afterwards. Be careful of that. You must pick them clean, and the after-scalding makes them look plump and good.

Never draw a bird. It is worth while to pay freight on intestines, because meat cannot be kept sweet long after they are drawn and the air admitted inside of the body.

It is the practice of some of the best poultrymen, after the birds are plucked, to plunge them suddenly into boiling water, and then immediately into cold water. This gives them a clean, plump appearance, and makes them look fat if they are in decently good condition when killed. Nothing, however, can make a poor bird look well, while ill dressing will make the best look poor.

Lay the birds upon clean boards, in a cold room, till perfectly cool but not frozen; as at all times, but especially when there is a probability of damp, close weather, great care must be taken that the animal heat is out of them; and then pack them in boxes with clean rye and oat straw so that they must not touch each other, about three or four hundred pounds in a box, filled full; mark the contents on a paper inside, and on the lid outside, and direct it to your commission merchant plainly, and send it by the express, and the invoice by mail.

Never kill your birds on a damp day, nor pack them, if you can avoid it, except in a clear, dry, cold atmosphere; and try to avoid night work when you are tired, and your help sleepy, and all of you careless.

No matter how light your boxes are, they must look clean, or your poultry will not sell at first prices. In packing, press the wings close, and press the bird down hard on the breast, the legs extending back; and fill each course full and then lay on straw and another course of birds. Nail tight, but don't let a nail project inward to tear the bird.

Never pack in barrels if you can get good dry goods boxes, as the rolling of barrels injures the poultry. Well packed boxes of well prepared birds will keep sweet for a long time

in cool weather, and may be transported by express or by rail, and arriving in good order can be sold readily at the highest prices.

The late M. Soyer states the best way of killing poultry is to take the bird by the neck, placing the thumb of the right hand just at the back of the head, closing the head in your hand, your left hand holding the bird, then press your thumb down hard and pull the head and neck contrariwise, the neck will break instantaneously, and the bird will be quite dead in a few seconds; then hang it for a short time by the legs for the blood to flow into the head, which renders the flesh much whiter. "In France (he adds) we usually kill them by cutting the throat close to the head. Both methods are good with regard to the whiteness of the flesh; but I prefer the English method, not being so barbarous."

We trust that these remarks may enable our friends to secure a good market for their poultry, and cultivate a branch of trade of material profit and advantage—[Selected.

AN EASY WAY TO DISSOLVE BONES.—James S. Grinnell, Esq., of Dreenfield, practices dissolving bones by a method which seems worthy of notice from its simplicity and convenience. Casks having each but one head are provided; a layer of bones six or seven inches thick placed on the bottom; then strong, unleached wood ashes are spread over the bones to the thickness of two inches or more. The casks are filled in this way, taking care to have a pretty good thickness of ashes at the top to prevent the exhalation of ammonia. The process of thus packing the bones goes on through the season, as ashes accumulate in the house, and they remain in the casks till spring, when the casks are emptied, and the bones are found to be generally well pulverised, or so soft that they can easily be broken as fine as desired. The mixed bones and ashes are excellent manure for most crops, and especially for fruit crops.—[Boston Cultivator.

RELATIVE VALUE OF SUBSTANCES FOR PRODUCING MILK.—Several French and German chemists estimate the relative value of several kinds of food for milch cows according to the following table:

That 100 pounds of good hay are worth—	
200	pounds potatoes.
460	" beetroot, with the leaves.
350	" Siberian cabbage.
250	" beetroot, without the leaves.
250	" carrots.
80	" hay, clover, Spanish trefoil or vetches.
50	" oil cake, or colza.
250	" pea straw and vetches.
300	" barley or oat straw.
400	" rye or wheat straw.
25	" peas, beans, or vetch-seed,
50	" oats.

PLANTING WHOLE POTATOES.—A correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express* says he did not see a field of defective potatoes in Germany last season, and attributes it to the practice of planting small potatoes whole.

Farmer Contributors.

For the Michigan Farmer.

"Sentimental."

A learned essayist states that all able writers and speakers pass through, in their early literary lives, a certain state which may be termed "hifalutin." Our most prosaic writers were obliged to work off a certain quantity of bombast with which their youthful and ambitious minds were filled, before they could acquire a tamer style. And so it is with sentiment, as the term is popularly understood. All have been what is often sneeringly termed "sentimental." Crusty old bachelors may ironically imitate the young enthusiast when in his vein of sentiment. But that same bachelor has, in his time, appeared in the same light to those who then were of his mind as now formed. The gentler sex is laughed at for reading sentimental novels,—college students are held in contempt by some, for making their orations for public occasions of the bombastic material, and even middle-aged orators are spoken of as being "florid."

Taking another view of sentiment, cold-hearted men cry out against one's weeping, even though it be by the bedside or grave of a friend. These men have passed through most of the fiery ordeals of life, and their once young hearts of sentiment and emotion are dull to mental feeling.

I once knew a crabbed old bachelor, whose looks were as cold as an iceberg and whose tones were gruffer than the dullest thunder.—I saw him listen to one of our country's greatest orators, unmoved, while the listening throng were swayed with emotion. Plaudits fell from nearly every lip but his. Yet I saw that seemingly stoical man again. It was at the funeral of his brother. His icy heart was warmed, and remembrance brought him to the time when he was not ashamed of tears, and as he recalled those days, the sunshine melted his icebound heart and tears fell from his cold gray eyes.

Let sentiment have its place in the world. It should not be overdrawn, and when not thus used, affords enjoyment to its devotees.

C. R. H.

Pontiac, Nov. 20, '61.

Noted People of the Bible.

BY SLOW JAMIE.—NUMBER FIFTY-EIGHT.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

From the days of Nimrod there had been a great empire in the plains of Shinar, but the capital was not always at Babylon. For a long time it was transferred to Nineveh, and the empire received the name of Assyria. Babylon was in Hezekiah's time a rival kingdom, but afterwards it was subdued and made a province of Assyria.

Nabopolassar was a great general under Saracus, king of Nineveh. The latter was a careless, easy prince, who neglected public business, and followed nothing but pleasure.

The general took advantage of his indolence, and killing him, reigned in his place,

and because he had been in Babylon, he made that the seat of government. Nebuchadnezzar was his son, a young man of great talents, learning and ambition. While his father was living, he pushed his conquests far to the south and west. He conquered Judea, and carried Daniel with his companions to Babylon. Two years after this his father died, and Nebuchadnezzar succeeded to the kingdom. His arms were still successful, and he went on adding province after province, to his dominions.

Soon after this he had a strange dream. He went to bed full of thoughts about his glorious reign and wondering if the world would ever see so great a man. When he fell asleep a magnificent image stood before him. The upper part was massy gold, and silver, but the legs were only iron, and the feet not all of iron but partly of clay. Still, on the whole, it was a fine image.

He gazed on it with pleasure, but while he gazed a little stone came rattling down the mountain side, getting larger as it approached. It came fair against the beautiful image, tumbled it down, crushed it to dust, which the wind carried away. This image was like himself, and he was like every other successful worldly man.

There is first the head of gold, bright and pure. This is the joyful hopes of youth, glad and romantic. But it requires hard labor to achieve anything in this world, and on trial it is found that, at best, it is but silver. Nevertheless silver is precious and has the true ring. But the prime of life passes away, the capacity for enjoyment fails, but the care and anxiety remain. It is thus that the breast of silver turns into strong smelling brass. This it soon followed by the infirmities of age, heavy and hard as iron. And even in addition to this there is some misfortune which smears the iron feet with miry clay. It may be the ingratitude of friends and children, it may be corporeal sufferings; in his case it was seven years insanity. Still the remembrance of a golden youth and silver prime, cleaves to them, and they hold on to their fading glory till death comes thundering down the hills, and lays them in the dust.

I do not give this as the meaning of the dream. That you will find in the book itself. I only mention this as a fitting application.

The next morning the king retained a vague recollection of his brilliant dream, but he could not recall the features, and the more he revolved it in his mind, the more it receded. He sent for the magicians who professed to know such things, but they could give him no satisfaction. In due time, however, Daniel revealed both the dream and the explanation. Nebuchadnezzar was delighted, and even worshipped Daniel. He did about as we do now when we hear great sermons. We listen with astonishment, honor the preacher, and neglect the practice. In too many cases this is about all the preacher wants. Altho' the king declared that Daniel's God was a God of Gods, and a lord of kings, yet we find

him afterwards laying Jerusalem waste, with great cruelty, and setting up an image in the plains of Dara, which he commanded all to worship.

It was about twenty years after his dream, that he destroyed Jerusalem, and shortly after the latter event that he set up the image. All the rulers of the kingdom were collected to the dedication of the image, and were ordered at the sound of musical instruments to fall down and worship.

It was on this occasion that certain envious Chaldeans took the opportunity to accuse Daniel's friends for not worshipping the idol. They thought it safest to begin with his friends, and then if they succeeded, they might proceed against himself, although high in favor. They told the king that certain foreigners whom he had been so kind as to set over the affairs of Babylon, despised him and his gods too, and did not worship his image.

Nebuchadnezzar was highly displeased, and ordered the young men before him; still he was disposed to be lenient, and gave them a hint that they might throw themselves on their defence, and plead, that at the time the instruments played, it was not convenient for them to worship. But Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego were disposed to be honest.— They told him that they did not serve his gods, and they did not mean to, that their God was able to deliver them from his power, and whether he did deliver them or not, at all events, they would not worship his image. At this the king was furious. He had said before that he would like to see the god that would deliver them from his power, and now he ordered the furnace to be raised to an intense heat, and had the young men pitched into it. The soldiers who threw them in were roasted before they could get out of reach of its glowing ardor, and the young men, tied hand and foot, tumbled down in the flames. Great was the astonishment of the king, soon after, to see them loose and living in the furnace, and a heavenly being along with them. They were called, and out they came uninjured.

This lesson also was lost on the proud king. He acknowledged the power of the true God but continued to walk in pride.

It was about ten years after this that he had another. A stately tree grew on the plain. Its branches loaded with fruit extended to the end of the world. Birds and beasts were protected by its shade, and fed by its fruit. Suddenly an order came down from heaven to cut down the tree and lop off its branches, to scatter its fruit and drive the birds from its boughs.

When the dream was told to Daniel, and the awful event which it predicted flashed upon his mind, he dropped his head and remained in a reverie for an hour. What he was revolving in his mind during that time, we are not told. Perhaps he was thinking of all of Nebuchadnezzar's sins, or perhaps he was dreading the confusion which might ensue, when so great an empire should be deprived of its head, and every man would aspire to

rule. His brown study was broken by the king, who encouraged him to tell the worst, and not be afraid.

The prophet told him that a dire calamity was going to come upon himself; that because he had abused his throne, he would be driven from it, not to take his place among the ranks of common men, but to herd with the cattle. He urged him to repent and reform his ways, that perhaps the sentence might be changed.

For one year he was left to have an opportunity to break off his oppression, but at the end of it he was the same as ever. He was walking one day on the terraces of that magnificent hanging garden, which he had made to imitate the mountains of Media. His wife was a Mede, and because she longed for her native mountains, he had constructed on the level plain an artificial mountain. Great walls were built and joined in arches, these were covered with tiles, and overspread with earth, where trees as well as shrubs and flowers, attained a luxuriant growth. From this he had a view of his great capital whose palaces sparkled with gold and glistened with marble. He had just made a self complacent exclamation when the sound which he had heard one year ago in his dream struck his ears, and this time with terrible effect. The great genius which had commanded armies and ruled kingdoms in a moment forsook him. He imagined that he was a beast and made his escape to the woods. For seven years he wandered about, feeding on herbs and berries, yet the strength of an iron constitution, and the care of an over-ruling providence, kept him from perishing in summer's heat and winter's cold, yet exposure to the weather and the alienation of his mind made him resemble a beast more than a man.

At the end of that time his reason returned. He remembered who he was and what he had been. He returned to the city, and to his palaces, where he was recognized and acknowledged. It was probably through the energy and care of Daniel that his kingdom was preserved during his insanity, and now restored to him.

With his reason came a better state of mind. He confessed the supreme power of heaven, and his own vanity. After this he lived about a year, and it is to be hoped made good his profession by a consistent practice.

With regard to mental powers, there is no doubt that he is to be placed among the few great men of the earth. Like Julius Caesar and Napoleon, he gave attention to everything; although incessantly engaged in war and the administration of a great empire, he found time to examine the college of young men, from whom his officers were taken, and classify them according to their respective attainments. He is called God's servant, not because he willingly served his Creator, but because he unintentionally carried out his designs. He was tyrannical, cruel and profane. Nevertheless in his old days he probably came to a proper sense of duty. Immediate-

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