

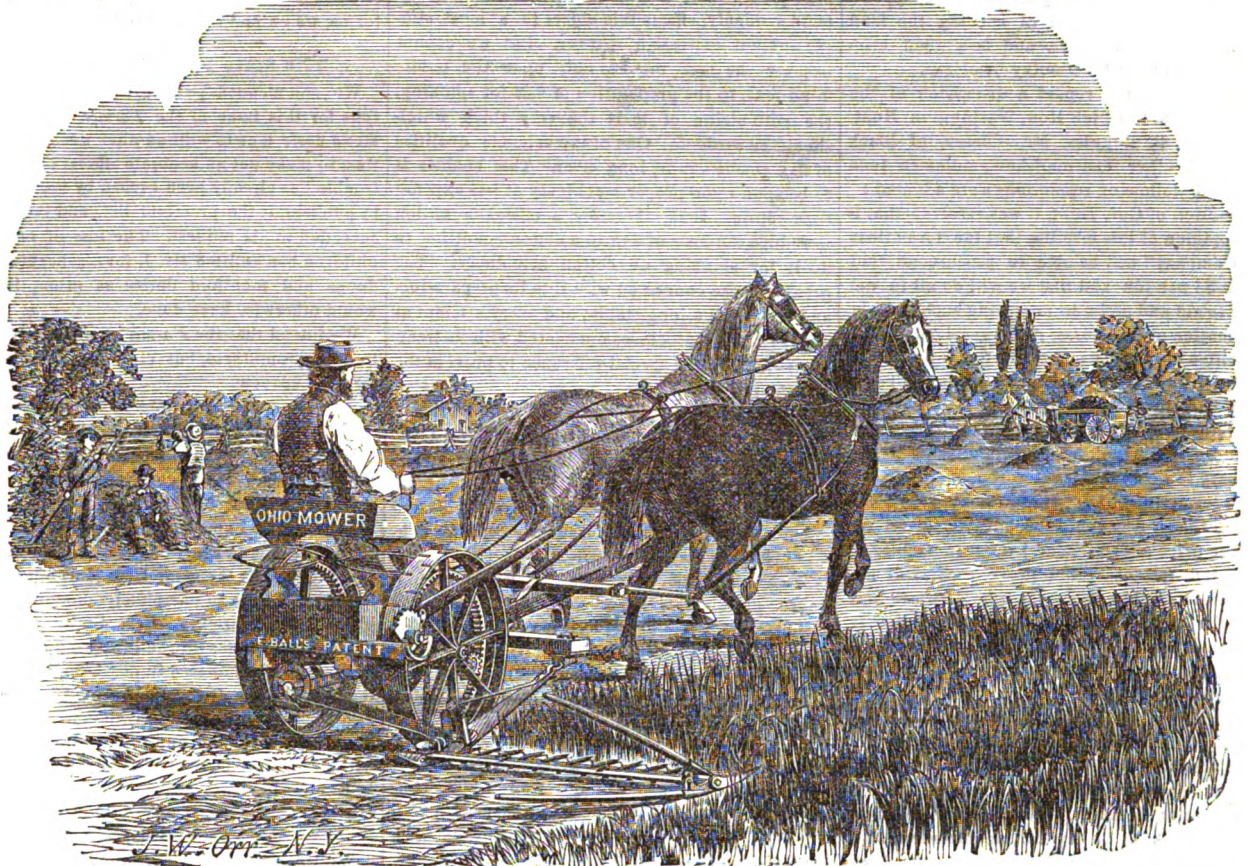
THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

A Weekly Agricultural, Horticultural, Family and News Journal.

NEW SERIES.

DETROIT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

VOL. III., NO. 40.



PRIZE MEDAL OHIO MOWER.

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.

Published in the third story of Free Press Buildings, corner of Griswold & Woodbridge sts., Detroit.

WM. M. DOTY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

R. F. JOHNSTONE, } Corresponding Editors.
MRS. L. E. ADAMS, }

Important Reduction in the terms of the Farmer.

We have now become pretty well acquainted with the expenses attending the publication of the *Farmer* and have decided that with the probable increase of patrons that a reduction of terms will bring, we can afford it at the following very low figures:

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.

AN ADDRESSING MACHINE.

We have procured one of the celebrated Dick's Addressing Machines in order to facilitate mailing the *Farmer*. By its accuracy, also, as well as dispatch, is secured.

Putting in type over two thousand names to be used in this machine has delayed the issue of the *Farmer*, but we feel confident that our readers will bear with us a little, while making these important improvements.

PRIZE MEDAL OHIO MOWER.

With Perfect Reaping Attachment! Great Improvement! Two Perfect Machines, one Power for both.

The *Farmer* of last week contained a cut of the Ohio Mower, with reaping attachment: In this is given a good representation of the Mower. Do you need a good Reaper and Mower Combined? See this Machine before purchasing. Do you want a Mower only? E. Ball of Canton, Ohio, who manufactures this machine, also makes a small Mower, on the same principle of the combined machine, that can be used with one, or two horses. It is sold at the shop for \$85. Last week our State Fair awarded to this machine the *first prize as a one horse mower*. They also gave the combined machine *two first premiums*. 1st, *as a two horse mower*. 2nd, *as a reaper*. See Premium list next week.

Ball's Machines are taking numerous Prizes in different parts of the United States, among which of late date, may be mentioned Three Gold Medals—*First Premiums*; awarded at the late State Fair held at Chicago, Ill. It is perhaps unnecessary to speak further on this subject: *Candid examination and trial* are invited, after which, if thorough, the merits of the Machines will be known. We are informed that P. A. SPICER, of Coldwater, Mich., will continue to act as General Agt. for this state. S.

FLAX CULTURE.

Since the breaking out of the American Rebellion, and the consequent rupture of the cotton trade, the idea of creating cheap fabrics from Flax by improved processes is being extensively agitated in the northern states; and if all that many seem confidently to anticipate can be realized it is well worth while to devote attention to the subject.

But let us not run to extremes in the matter.—The tendency of the American people is, to become unduly excited by new theories. This should be avoided, and also the other—perhaps worse—extreme, of setting down every new theory as a humbug. Let us give the new grindstone fair inspection, but not get close enough to grind off our noses. The old and wise fishes take hold of the bait very cautiously, which is good policy, especially where there is a possibility of the existence of a concealed hook. Let us hear all sides, "prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

We notice that an adjourned meeting of the prominent citizens of Niagara county, and others interested in flax culture, was held at Lockport, N. Y., recently, to hear the report of a committee appointed to ascertain the fact in regard to the culture of flax in that locality, and to confer with the "American Flax Company." The practical conclusions of this committee were, from the

Farmer Contributors.

My Grandfather's Old Farm.

It was just before sun set that I drove my jaded pony up the hill that fronted my grandfather's old mansion.

There stood the venerable house, which long years ago was the habitation of my grand-parents, and the dearest spot earth of to me. How my heart bounded with wild emotions, as I turned to gaze again, upon the loved spot so sacred to all the most tender and thrilling memories of my boyhood.

There stood even yet, with the same solemn, and lonesome aspect, the double log house which "my forefathers builded;" there was the barn, too, just upon the hill-side, and the old well sweep, the orchard, and the long lane stretching away back to the other side of the farm.

Down yonder was the meadow, where I essayed my first lessons in mowing, and there was the old walnut tree, from whose fruitful branches, I had, in glorious Autumn taken away oft times in my little basket, nuts for Grandfather, mother, "Hee," and I to crack when long winter nights came.—Oh! what feelings of melting tenderness suffused my whole being, as I gazed again "Upon every loved spot, which infancy knew."

How rapidly did memory recall the thousand incidents, of boyhood life upon the farm! The flowery days of spring-time, the harvests of summer, the rich fruits, the sunny days, and "moony nights of autumn!"

Every inch of soil upon that old farm was classic ground to my fond recollections.—Memory brought forth histories for every tree and shrub and stone. "Oh! how I did love my grand father's farm!" I murmured to myself, as all these fitting feelings came trembling o'er me. By that gabled window, how oft I have slept, sometimes lulled to sleep by the falling raindrops, sometimes snatched by Morpheus, while gazing upon moon and stars, through the open window. In the garden there, I have many a time gone with grand mother, or Aunt Maria, helping to weed the beds, or fasten sticks for climbers among the peas and beans.

Down in the lot beyond the barn, is the same old "swale" where one morning the "old cat," having won the displeasure of the *puter familias*, was consigned to a watery grave, with a great stone fastened to his neck, I alone remaining upon the brink, inquiring about the future world for cats in general, and that "old cat" in particular, for grand mother said he "was a wicked old scamp!"

* * * * *

The place seems hardly changed since then; the o'd house, the barn, the well, the lane, the orchard, the very stones, look precisely as they used to, those long, long years ago. But oh! what changes since then—Grand father and mother, and Aunt Maria,

have long been sleeping the sleep of death. My long-legged Uncle "Hee" is merging upon the shady side of forty.

The old homestead, made a garden spot from the very wilderness by grandfather, is owned by dutchmen; and I—after years of wanderings, by some strange chance, gazing again upon the old Eden of my boyhood, turn away, heart-weary, murmuring perhaps a last "good bye" to 'my grandfather's old place!"

C. E. C.

The Strawberry a Northern Fruit.

FLUSHING, Long Island, N. Y. Sept. 20, 1861

EDITOR MICHIGAN FARMER:—I have been greatly surprised when traveling in our Northern States, to witness so few gardens well supplied with strawberries, and have been often quite astonished to find that an idea prevailed that strawberries will not succeed equally well at the North as they do in this or any more Southern locality.—Why, Mr. Editor, the Strawberry is found growing in a natural state much further to the north than any other of our garden or orchard fruits. Around Hudson's Bay which is 1000 miles north of New York, they are found in abundance, and Richardson the explorer found vast fields of strawberries in the Arctic regions. On the Pacific shores of California and Oregon, and as far north as the Russian possessions, strawberries are found in great abundance. In the coldest regions of our country, on the boundless prairies of Illinois and Iowa, where the mercury sinks to 30 degrees below zero, where there are no forests for protection, two native species, and many varieties are found, the spontaneous gifts of nature.

Every garden of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and Michigan, and of the British Provinces, can possess as abundant crops of this delicious fruit, as the most favored gardens which surround New York City.

Yours very respectfully,
WM. R. PRINCE,

Michigan Seedling Grape.

EDITOR MICHIGAN FARMER:—Dear Sir, I send, by your request, a concise history of the Michigan Seedling Grape: In the fall of 'fifty-two, our gardener brought me a bunch of grapes from a vine on the premises of his pastor—a Lutheran, who represented them to ripen from the fifteenth to the twentieth of September, and hardly failing in any season to ripen its crop. We were very much pleased with the fruit, and immediately engaged all the young vines and cuttings he could spare, for our own grounds. The next January we bought a few pounds of the fruit, for an evening party. It was then better than when first gathered, being thinner-skinned and more sugary,—equal to the imported grapes.

The German gave them no name, supposing they must be Catawba, as he knew no other light American grape. This I knew it was not, for several reasons: First, it was too early; next, too large, with two irregular bunches beside the main cluster.

In 'fifty six, or seven, I endeavored to get the opinion of the fruit wise at our State Fair; but they were wholly passed by. Being positive that the grape was unknown, I commenced making inquiries among German residents here, and found it was grown some ten years before. I saw the vine, from seed sent from Germany. Whether the person planting the seed saw the fruit, I know not. The place changed hands once at least, perhaps many times; and the present owner only knew it was a fine grape, almost never failing to ripen its crop—indeed, I think it has never failed to do so except last year, when, you know, frost occurred in August.

You saw a cluster or two at the fair, but hardly average size, and scarcely ripe, our present season being very unfavorable for grapes. It was as ripe, however, as the Isabella,—perhaps riper, on our grounds, and much before the Catawba. In 'fifty-nine, we cut this grape on the ninth of September.—Last season we ripened no grape save the Concord, and the Haskell's seedling, the last being a week ahead of the Concord, and we think fully as good; and we made wine with the green fruit. We sold this wine for \$4.00 per gallon.

It makes a beautiful wine, in looks and flavor; when ripe requires no sugar, and when green is fine with sugar. The bunches are large, usually two bunched, the middle or principal bunch being as large as the Isabella, with two side bunches. Its color resembles the Catawba, also, the taste, though rather more sugary. Its leaf is also like the Catawba, but its growth more luxuriant. The root is peculiar,—the rootlets are long, even, and obtuse at the points, covered completely with small spongioles. It is so snake-like, it can hardly be called fibrous, even in the young plants. It is quite hardy, only once suffering from severe cold within my knowledge of the grape, and that winter nearly all unprotected vines were frozen to the ground. It is in this locality doing perhaps better than any other grape fruiting. Many persons have none this season, and no one full crops.

I believe the above is an impartial account of this choice grape. I only regret that we have not before introduced it to the notice of the public.

With respect,

Mrs. E. F. HASKELL.

PROSPECT PLACE, Monroe, Mich., Oct. '61.

The Irish Heroine.

BY BLOW JAMIE.

Every one has heard of the maid of Orleans whose exploits are celebrated in prose and verse; but few have ever heard the name of the maid of Ballymony, who delivered Ulster from the Danes. I was lately rummaging among some old papers and pamphlets which had belonged to my great grandfather, when I came across a fragment of Irish History, by an author named Muckatee, from which I translate the following, from bad Latin into perhaps worse English:

It was about the year one thousand and twenty that the fierce Danes, having overrun England, prepared to make a descent on Ireland. Great was the consternation of Roderick O'Neill, king of Ulster, when he learned that five hundred vessels under the command of Shenric the cruel, had set sail for the coast of Antrim. And well might he be in alarm, for if the Saxons of England could not withstand them it would be foolish for the Irish, but little used to war, and badly armed, to fight them. He sent to Brien Bor oimbe, of Meath, king Paramount of Ireland, but another horde of invaders having already landed near Dublin, his hands were full.

In this extremity Bridget Thompson of Ballymony came to his aid. She collected all the cross scolding women in Ulster, and sent to Connaught for ten thousand more.— She herself, although naturally very handsome, with her blonde complexion, flaxen hair, and portly person, when irritated, was a perfect fright. These were concealed behind hedges while Roderick with his forces stood away behind them on the top of a hill.

The enemy landed and fanned on the beach, under the command of Shenric the cruel. At this moment Bridget jumped up with a yell and made at him, followed by a thousand of the fiercest viragoes in the Island. The giant had often met men in the field of battle, and never met them but to trample them down. But this was the first time he had ever been addressed by a woman, except in the tones of most abject submission. Judge of his surprise then to see a woman rushing at him, calling him the vilest names in the language. It is true he did not understand a word, but the very sound of the voice suggested some terrible meaning, to say nothing about the frightful appearance. The hero of a hundred battles stood fixed to the ground, till Bridget ran up to him and struck him in the face with a dish rag dipped in a puddle. This was too much. He felt the mud and water running down his neck, and believed his brains were knocked out. With a cry of terror he took to his heels, and made for the ships. He was followed by his men, who crowded one another into the water as they embarked. At this juncture Roderick hurried down the hill with all his forces, and took three thousand prisoners. Thirteen hundred of these died with fright in less than two weeks. The rest were sold for slaves.— If at any time they got unruly, the men had nothing to do but bring their wives out into the field, and a word from them made the fellows quite submissive. Shenric the cruel went raving mad and never recovered. Those who gained their ships did not return to England, but sailing round the north of Scotland, made direct for Denmark. There they told that the whole coast of Antrim from Belfast Lough to the Giant's Causeway, was lined with witches of a hideous form. Every hair on their heads was a hissing snake. Their eyes glared like a flame of brimstone, and

their breath smelled of the same. Their noses were like ram's horns, and their bodies covered with scales.

To gain credence to this story which they firmly believed themselves, they invented another which they must have known to be untrue; viz., that Ireland had been peopled by witches who were so homely that they could get no husbands in England. For this reason they left Britain and came to Ireland, where they took up with certain demons, who inhabited the Island. Their female children they saved alive, but the men children they drowned, in revenge of the slight which men had put on them in England. These females growing up also married devils, so that their progeny had more of the infernal nature in them than the human. This story, untrue as it is, and absurd as it is, is still believed by the common people in Denmark to this day.

After this victory Roderick O'Neill started to assist Brian against the Danes in the south taking Bridget with him, but the pirates had already taken the alarm and made their escape. Bridget now received all honor from a grateful people, and the country enjoyed peace under her native kings till the time of the English conquest.

Muckatee having thus begun in the middle, like a true Irish historian, turns back to the beginning, and gives us the early life of Bridget Thompson. I cannot tell from the barbarous latin, mixed up as it is with Celtic words, whether the surname is Thompson, Tommyson, or Tomboy, but that is a matter of little importance.

When she was a year old she could repeat the 'paternoster,' 'ave Maria,' and 'cre do' as well as any priest; and before she was weaned she counted her beads, three times a day, as punctually as her mother.

By the time she was twenty years of age, her piety was known all over the country. Nor could it be hid, for it was her custom every month, to harness up her father's shetland pony in straw ropes, as the way was then, and ride in a wheel car to Coleraine, twelve miles distant, to confess to the Bishop. There was a parish priest at Ballymony, but he was neither as pious nor as learned as he ought to be, and she never confessed to him. She would not even go and hear him say mass, unless indeed she found him officiating, when she expected somebody else. That did not occur often, but when it did, she never failed to confess that among her other faults, and although the Bishop told her once and again, that it was no sin, but rather a duty, still she insisted on doing penance for it.

But this high-mindedness did not rise from pride. On the contrary, so great was her humility, that when, by reason of her strictly moral life, she had no sins to confess, she feigned herself to be guilty of many grievous crimes, that the good Bishop might lay heavy penance on her. It was

rumored by malicious persons that when her confessor enjoined on her, as evidence of compunction, that she should assist her mother and sisters in their onerous household duties, she objected to it as unsuitable to the dignity of one so pious. However this be, certain it is that there was no duty to which she would not condescend if religion and piety required it. Because it was her common practice when her pony, which was about the size of a yearling calf, got tired, to make him step on the car, and take hold of the shafts herself. The wheels were hewed out of plank, and were about thirty inches in diameter, so that he could easily step up on the bed of the carriage. Comical it was, to see the little fellow standing on the vehicle at his ease, while his stout mistress drew it along. But if some were disposed to laugh, others, knowing her piety, looked on with more admiration than mirthfulness. The cross carter saw it, and learned to spare the whip; the cowboy ceased to pelt his cattle with stones, and even angry husbands got ashamed of themselves, and ceased to beat their wives.

But horses, as well as men, sometimes impose on good nature. She had driven him so often to the cathedral that she imagined he was perfectly honest; but he verified the Scotch proverb, 'The nearer the kirk, the farther from grace.' He was as tricky as a common horse that had never been hitched to a church piling in his life. He would pretend to be lame and tired, when there was nothing the matter with him, so that he rode the long mile, and she the short one. She applied to a tavern keeper once on the way, who said he had a kind of ointment that would cure him of his lameness. He took him to the stable and tanned him well with a strap. Bringing him back, he charged her three pence, and the pony trotted home with her as brisk as a bee. So well pleased was she that she gave him two and sixpence more, the next time she was back, and offered him two crowns for the receipt to make ethoil; but he told her it was a profound secret. And it was well for him to keep it a secret; for had she known that he had flogged her pony, she would have given him a tanning with her tongue.

You must know that the lash of her tongue was not confined to the wicked Danes. If a parish priest was fonder of making ballads, which were all the rage then, than of reading his breviary, or if he took more interest in hunting rabbits than in saying mass, wo betide him when she got to hear it! Directly to his study she went, entered without knocking, and locking the door, held the key till she had said her say. She kept all the priests for seven miles round in continual dread of her. But if it disturbed their peace, it kept them to their duties. It was bad for their nerves, but good for their conscience. The priest of Ballymony in particular was exposed to her visits, both because he was near and the better observed, and because he was no better than he ought to be. It is even asserted that he was heard

to say, that his life was bitter with repeated scolding, and that he might as well be a married man, as a priest under Bridget Thompson. Whether he said so or not is uncertain, but if he did, it speaks well for her vigilance, but badly for his patience. After a long and useful life she died lamented of all. Many of her descendants are in Ireland yet, but some have gone to the plantations in North America.

Thus far Muckatee. If any of her descendants are in the North, I wish Mr. Lincoln would send them to the war, that they might either frighten the rebels, or be shot themselves. Either would be a blessing to the country.

Salt as a Destroyer of Weeds.

There are kinds of weeds which it seems almost impossible to eradicate, they have such extraordinary tenacity of life. Cut them off at the surface of the ground, and ten vigorous sprouts spring forth to replace each one cut down; pull them up root and branch, and the small rootlets broken off and left in the soil rise in their might, like martyrs, mock your efforts, and draw their sustenance from your soil.

But a way has finally been discovered to triumph, at least partially, over these pests. An English farmer has recently experimented with salt, in his endeavors to exterminate Water Grass, Foal's foot, Buttercup, etc., and we copy his account of these experiments and their results:

"Some years ago, being troubled on my grass land with a weed which I could not eradicate by mechanical means, I sowed a heavy dose of salt, and at once effected the object. A season or two back, it struck me if the experience was worth anything, it should teach me a quick way to rid my lands of weeds generally—the arable land, I mean.—The consequence was that when the autumn arrived, the fields that were intended to fallow, received a very heavy coat of salt—coarse-grained, agricultural salt; which is, in fact, the sweepings from the salt works, and the refuse of the pans. The quantity sown was 12 cwt. per acre. The winter which followed was a severe one, and, in connection with the frost, the chemical action of the salt upon the soil was a charming one to the eye, which delights in the sight of a beautiful friable mold, in the place of a churlish, unkindly clay, which usually resists the expansive, and disintegrating glacial influences of winter. The field, too, on which the experiment was tried had long possessed a reputation for Couch Grass, and that particular species of it known as Water Grass, the most hopeless and most troublesome of all. The hoe would not kill it, the twitch rake would not gather it, and the children in seeking it on the surface after the harrows had left it exposed, usually secured half of it, and stamped the rest in the soil to perpetuate the kind. This Water Grass, then, which the hoe would not kill, which the rakes could not collect, nor the children pick off, was quietly disposed of

never more to trouble me, while it lay at its winter repose. The salt had slain the thief of my profits, noiselessly as the ferret sucks the life blood from the rabbit in its retreat; and when the first spring furrow was turned, the view of the shrivelled enemy—the enemy which had baffled all my ingenuity and kept my exchequer low—was cheering in deed. One length after another of the sinuous, wiry weed was examined, but there was no sign of life; not even at that critical point the knot, could I detect, by means of the microscope, any indications of vitality. The "foal's foot," which runs down far into the substratum, were many of them dead, though not all. In looking for the buttercup roots, also, scarcely any were to be found; and glad I was, for bother enough they had been to me.

"The land then received one or two furrows to incorporate the salt thoroughly, and diffuse its power beneficially, so that it might invigorate everywhere, and yet not remain in sufficient force in any one place to endanger the seed which followed.

"At the proper season, and without any other preparation, the Mangel seed was sown, and speedily vegetated. There were but few weeds to hoe, for the salt had attacked the principal vitality in the seed of the annual, as it lay secreted in the clod, as well as that of the Couch Grass, and the mangels grew to be a finer crop than ever flourished upon the same plot of land. The foliage was thoroughly vigorous, and the bulbs were remarkably well matured and sound. The weight per acre reached 25 tons, when before the maximum had been 20 tons—by the aid of several loads of dung and an immense amount of labor.

"The following year, upon a field of the same character, I tried the same experiment, varying the course of management in some degree. I applied, in October, 12 cwt. of salt, upon the upturned and weedy surface of that land destined for the root crop, and allowed it there to lie and do its silent work as before, until, in February, the soil was dry enough to allow of being worked. As in the first instance, the result perfectly justified the means. Together with the frosts of winter, the salt had performed wonders in breaking down the stubborn clods compressed, livery furrow slices. The soil was reduced to powder, and the weeds were generally dead, so that the Mangel, which was planted in a finely pulverised seed bed, had nothing to do but grow without the rivalry of weeds—neither shaded by them from the sun, nor robbed by them of the nourishment, purposely stored for their use. I said, however, that I introduced some change into my practice this second time. The change was as follows: Just after the last furrow was plowed, I sowed 4 cwt. more salt, which I harrowed in before the seed was dibbled.—The result proved the wisdom of the addition, I have reason to think—for the weeds were even fewer, the foliage of the Mangel was finer, and the bulbs were larger than in

the former case, where the application of salt was merely made in the autumn.

"It strikes me that our Mangels are freed also from another enemy by the use of salt. I mean insects. Slugs and wire worms, both very destructive during certain seasons, are certainly banished by salt, if not killed."

In the application of salt, however, it should be remembered that if it has power to exterminate troublesome weeds, the same power may injure crops; hence it will not do to use it indiscriminately for the destruction of all weeds; nor would it be *advisable* to use it, perhaps, even if it would thoroughly eradicate them and yet do no harm to the crops, for it *pays to stir the soil*, and this would be quite likely to be neglected, were no weeds rearing their admonishing heads among the growing crops.

Salt is a most excellent article to use in the eradication of vermin, being, as shown by experiment, death to such animalculæ as produce diseases of the skin. It is thought that this is one reason why it preserves meat: it prevents the growth of the animalculæ which abound in it.

BANDAGING INFANTS.

The horrid fact stares us full in the face that a vast amount of but little less than murder is caused by mal-treatment of infants; and one of the most common of these mal practices is very appropriately alluded to by a writer in *Field Notes*, from which we make the following extract, and heartily commend it to the serious consideration of mothers:

"Most earnestly let me impress you, loving mother, to guard the lungs and chest of your babe from pressure. Its flesh is tender, its bones pliable, you may almost crush its little body between your two hands.—Now think of the practice of pinning a band tightly around the body, reaching from the armpits to the hips, thus for twelve or fourteen hours in every twenty-four, keeping the stomach and chest in a confined if not a compressed condition. I have nursed many a babe whose body felt in my hand like a bit of white oak sapling bound up in cloths.

"Some years since I knew a lady who had two children; she had felt it her duty to "bind their bodies snugly," as she said, to keep them in good shape, as if nature could or would or ever did make an animal that would not naturally grow into proper form without restraints. I also had two little children then, and her constant talk to me was that I was ruining the shape of mine by dressing them too loosely. The whooping cough attacked our families; her two sweet children, one two and a half years old, the other six months, died within a few days of each other. The shape of the oldest was entirely changed, and the mark of the tight waist could easily be seen on the youngest.

"We have but to notice the shape of girls brought up in fashionable homes, and to compare them with those of laborers from Ireland and Scotland, where the mother allows the child to grow almost without restraint, to mark the difference in the physical development, and the effect upon the health and strength in after years."