

ried on. The following are the proportions employed in making some of the principal preserves.

1. *Apple Jam.*—Six dozen apricots, stoned and pared, or flesh of the fruits, two and a half pounds; white sugar two or three pounds; will yield about four and a half pounds of jam.

2. *Cherry Jam.*—Stoned cherries four pounds; white sugar two pounds; improved by adding about two pounds of red currants, or a pint of currant-juice.

3. *Gooseberry Jam.*—Pickled and stalked gooseberries (red or yellow) 22 lbs.; white sugar 12 lbs.; will produce 20 lbs.

4. *Orleans Plum Jam.*—Equal weight of fruit and sugar; improved by the addition of a few ripe raspberries or gooseberries.

5. *Raspberry Jam.*—Pickled raspberries 10 white sugar, of each 14 lbs.; improved by a little red or white currant-juice. Product 26 lbs.

6. *Strawberry Jam.*—Pickled strawberries and white sugar, of each seven pounds will make 10 lbs. of jam. May be with or without the addition of currant-juice.

7. *Apple Jam.*—Equal weight of fine flavoured sour apples pared and quartered, and of white sugar with the addition of one ounce.—*Agri-culturist.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. O'Connell. Letter and card received. You do not say when subscriptions commence, we presume from the present No. You seem fond of brevity; be a little more diffuse on the next occasion.

P. K. Berlin. Yes. Why? Has there been any thing suspicious in the matter? See paragraph below.

P. D. Francesa. You write a beautiful land. We can't send all the bark. Nos. See remarks to agents below. Never mind the coppers.

J. D. Streetville. It is plain you are a Scotchman you are so canny. The young gentleman you allude to, is the writer, and what he said was all right up to 12, and after that, was too bargain made with you.

L. Peterboro. Recd., but not in time for insertion in this No. we will try and preserve it set for you.

CANADA FARMER.

September 25, 1847.

TO AGENTS, &c.

Since we determined to put down the price of the Canada Farmer to \$1, in all copies, we have appointed a number of local agents, to whom we allow a discount so liberal as to make it worth their while to work. The arrangement with them is as follows:—Each agent agrees to canvass his neighborhood thoroughly, and as much farther as he pleases and upon sending us the names of three subscribers, and \$1. we allow him to retain \$1, and so on for any number of subscribers, retaining for himself one third, and forwarding to us two thirds. The local agent, must, in all cases, be responsible for any who do not pay at the time of subscribing, i. e. he must send us the two thirds, or as far as he can, and take the risk of collecting the dollar from the subscriber. Otherwise we cannot receive the name. It is impossible to publish the names of all our local agents, we select those who we think are trust worthy, and if persons wishing to subscribe, have doubts as to their honesty, or whether they are agents or not, they may, to be safe, send their subscription directly to us. For the acts of our general agents, we hold ourselves responsible. The names of those now traveling in the west, are JAMES WILSON, of St. George; Wm. A. STEPHENS, of Norval; and THOS. C. HAGMAN, of Bronte.

We beg to state to our agents, and the public, that our back numbers are exhausted. We have on hand a considerable quantity of the first 8 or 9 nos., but as we printed a smaller edition of the subsequent nos.—the demand has equalled the supply. Our agents will therefore take subscriptions from the present No., or from the first of the 2nd vol.

ERRATA.—In our last No. several typographical errors escaped notice in consequence of the principal editor being absent. In Mr. Allen's communication there are two which make nonsense, "I have kept them in all ways (the pe-

laced) from close housing in the stable to running out in the open field at a start," &c. It should read "pure breeds," and "at a start." In our remarks upon the new planet, the little word is omitted after "solar system," and before "inferred," and thus spoils the whole sentence. There are several other errors of a more venial kind, which the reader will please correct for himself. It is next to impossible to avoid them in a paper that must be hurried to press.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Far at Saratoga—Description by me of the Exhibition—The steamboat at night—Impressions of the Railroad Company—Poor land at the Village—General Tom Thumb—Herr Alexander and other Mountebanks—The show of Stock a failure—Foolish remarks of one of the Managers—His misery on his expedition—A display of Improvements—Mowing Machine, a valuable invention—Our own Fair—Herr Cant at the Saratoga affair.

Well, here I am at Saratoga, a name that sounds pleasant to American ears, but in the way American tongues pronounce it, very harshly to mine. In accordance with the principle that regulates their "doms," and most of their "sayings," they violate both taste and propriety, and deprive this otherwise euphonic world of its final syllable. "How do you like Saratog?" giving the o its alphabetical sound, is the query put to you on all sides. I like it very well having regard to its neat white houses, its spacious and splendid Hotels, the gentle slope on which a part of the village is situated, the pleasant grassy bottom where its celebrated waters bubble up, and the beautiful shrubbery that adorns the surrounding banks; in all these respects it is really a "nice place," but its soil, except the low ground near the springs, is nothing but a sterile sand. For some distance before you reach the place large patches may be seen without a blade of grass, and the sand lying in ridges as drifted by the wind. In fact Saratoga looks just like what it is—a village depending entirely upon extraneous support for its existence. Were it not for the multitudes of pleasure hunters and vacationers attracted there by the fame of the springs, it would not long continue the site of a village. Indeed, should they "cease to bubble," it would soon fall into decay and be forgotten, despite the halo of its revolutionary annals.

I left Toronto at 12 o'clock on Wednesday the 15th inst. in the steamer America, touched at the ports on the North side of the lake as far down as Cobourg, and leaving that place about half-past eight, crossed for Rochester. Although steamboats have lost their novelty to most people, yet there is something grand—something that inspires a feeling of might and power quite new and pleasing, in treading the solitary deck of one of these Leviathans of the deep whilst ploughing her way through the dark heaving waters. Being unable to sleep, I went up in the middle of the night, and paced the deck alone for some time. The bright stars overhead, the cool breeze which made a tightly buttoned over-coat comfortable, the noise of the engine, and the dashing of the waves against the sides of the vessel, the sparks of fire that streamed from the mouth of the chimney far in the rear as she rolled onward in her course, all combined to make me feel quite superhuman and fancy myself master of the huge machine which obeyed my will, and forget for the moment how weak, insignificant and mortal I was. But I must quit the fanciful and hasten to the real. We arrived at the landing in the Genesee River a little after day-light, and was thence conveyed by omnibuses to the city of Rochester. Here we were delayed till 11 o'clock, and then took passage by cars, for Schenectada. Fare, the enormous sum of \$9. It did not occur to me, or I was not then aware, that persons going to the Fair were entitled to be carried for half price; but when I purchased the tickets I mentioned to the Clerk that I was going to the Fair, and wished to pay only as far as

was necessary for that purpose, yet he took good care to secure the full price. On my way home I told the "conductor," at two or three different places, that I had been cheated going down, and claimed the privilege of half price returning. But it was of no avail. They had me in their power, and, in Yankee phrase, were determined to "skin me." This rail-road company are as bad as their road, which is most execrable. Every one complains of their negligence and high charges. The secret is, they have a monopoly, but there is every prospect of another road being constructed, and then the interests of the travelling public will be better attended to. I arrived at Saratoga about ten o'clock on Friday, after riding all night in the cars, without any earthly chance of sleep. This was the last day of the Fair, and all around was bustle and activity. I may say here once for all that in an agricultural sense, this much talked of Exhibition was pretty much a failure. So I thought, and so it was admitted by all with whom I conversed. It is said that there were more than 10,000 persons on the ground. But probably not one fourth of them came merely to see the fair. All kinds of itinerant ragabonds were here congregated. "Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together;" "only 25 cents!!" was the enticing announcement that met the eye of the "natives" at every corner. Here was Herr Alexander the German mountebank, relieving crowds of people of their surplus change. In another place was the figure of a living skeleton while from within proceeded sounds of wretched music and only 25 cents to enable the gaping spectator to see the "crittur" and to hear more distinctly the dulcet notes. Here also was General Tom Thumb with his little carriage and ponies, and many a 25 cents did Mr. Barnum pick up on his account. I heard that the General's parents receive one third of the gross receipts—while Mr. Barnum receives two thirds and pays all expenses. Both parties have well, ~~scattered~~ ^{scattered} their seeds out of the curiosity of the public to see a 15 year old infant. The following is a good description in the N. Y. Herald of the other curiosities of the Fair ground:—

"On ascending the hill, at the bottom of which is the Congress Spring, and beyond which is the fair ground; visitors are saluted with every kind of base and rascally music. The sound of cracked fiddles, drums, and banjos, each played upon by a man who "plays" what and how he chooses, assail your ears; and if there be a moment's interruption, you are assailed by a fellow in front of a wooden shed, with a greasy cap on his head, and a white apron before him, who bawls at you that he has "warm meals and oyster soup" ready for all customers. Passing this fellow, and wishing him and his warm meals some distance from Saratoga, you meet a tent with a large daubing of—~~as the letters underneath inform you—a real live~~ crocodile, to see which, you have only to expend one shilling. "Here's to be seen a live crocodile gentleman. The only one of its size that ever reached this part of the world." Bang, bang, bang, from the old drum inside. Further on is another tent, with three alligators from the Mississippi and one from the Nile. Still further, and a mammoth Buffalo weighing eight thousand pound, more or less, can be seen for one shilling more. And in a tent which looks as if it was made in the year of the deluge, are to be seen two Brahmin bullocks, and Chinese Junk, and some Guinea pigs. We'll take a turn towards the entrance to the fair, and let us get out of the current a little and we shall not only avoid the danger of being run down, but likewise escape the importunities of those dirty looking fellows to "step in gentlemen, step in gentlemen." "Warm meals and hot oyster soup ready at all times!" In avoiding these, however, we have got in the midst of a crowd collected round the immortal razor-strop man, who is amusing his hearers with anecdotes of the miracles his strops have accomplished, each of course, concluding with the memorable words "a few more left gentlemen, twenty-five cents apiece."

This same razor-strop man was decidedly the best speaker on the ground. His language was as good, his action better, and his pronunciation far more correct than that of Senator Dix, who read the address. He was also a more gentlemanly looking person, with a much more intellectual countenance. He is said to have made his fortune by selling strops. He is a remarkable character, and the crowds that surrounded him, and the razor-strop handles that you saw sticking out of every other man's pocket, proved that he understood his business. But I must now come to the Fair proper.

The show of cattle was poor considering the occasion. The quality was not so bad, but the quantity was unexpectedly small. There were three or four Short Horn Cows, whose size and good points were unexceptionable. They had some beautiful calves by their side, but if each calf had not "sucked two cows," by which, like the man who boasted of having attended two universities "the bigger calf he grew," they had evidently monopolized the maternal udder up to the last moment. No fair judgment could under the circumstances be formed of their substantial, lasting, and profitable qualities. The Durham Bull, which took the first prize, was imported from England, and well deserved the distinction awarded him. Except a two year old, half Durham and half Dutch, of faultless symmetry, and with a coat of beautiful silken hair, I saw no other bulls worthy of notice. A fine lot of Devons, with their long spreading white horns and soft coats of deep brown, saved the near cattle department from ridicule. In the sheep pens I did not see an individual that I would have thought worth bringing home had it been given to me. There were a few South Downs, and a few Saxony's and Merinos, but very poor specimens. A pair of fat oxen, of the Devonshire breed, attracted considerable notice for their beauty and tremendous proportions. The owner said they weighed 2500 lbs. apiece, and I believe he sold the pair for \$300.

Horses were few in number and nothing extraordinary in appearance. One which they called a blood horse, took the first premium while another which was larger and had most of his good points, with others far more useful was given the third. Many persons were much dissatisfied with the decision of the judges, but the difficulty seemed to arise from a want of proper classification.—Horses adapted for very different purposes were competing for the same premium. This is an absurdity I have frequently observed before. While on this topic I must not omit to notice the foolish and disingenuous remarks of Mr. Hull, one of the commissioners. This gentleman read an essay as he called it drawn up by the committee on horses, and in the remarks with which he accompanied it took occasion to depreciate and misrepresent the efforts and successes of English breeders. He laboured hard to show that the United States were not indebted to England for their best breeds and especially for their blood horses. They derived them, he said, from a higher source, viz, from Spain. The fact which he mentioned to sustain his argument on this point sounded rather "humdrum." I saw, however, that it tickled some of the old women, and mightily pleased the "groundlings" to hear that they did possess something for which they were not indebted to England. "The noble horse" said the patriotic speaker "on whose back our brave soldiers have ridden down the Mexican is from a purer stock than any to be found in England!" As an Englishman I should rejoice if this were true. It would be mortifying to hear of our English thorough-breds or their descendants being engaged in such inglorious business—it is decidedly Spanish. How contemptible it is to hear a blustering, gassy old simpleton endeavouring to detract from England even the credit to which she is entitled for her improvements in that department of her industry in which the world admits she has excelled. And all because it will administer a depraved political feeling. Mr. Hull, running on at some length saw he was scissoring both truth and decency and made a sort of apology to "the Englishmen who might be present."

Pigs were poor specimens; poultry very great in quantity but the collection was a choice one. We observed that nearly all of them were owned by one man, Mr. Van. There were China geese, Muscovy ducks, Poland and Dorking hens, and a crib of beautiful white fowl, I do not remember the breed. The dorkings were about twice the size of our common hens. Butter, cheese, &c. I did not see, but understood from the remarks of Mr. Johnston, the Secretary, that