

A Family Loom.

To the Editor of THE CANADA FARMER :

SIR,—Allow me to make a few remarks about the manufacture of wool in this country, as it produces a large amount every year, and its most economical disposal is a matter of no small importance to the farmer. Every man knows the value of good clothing, but no one can appreciate the merit of a firm and enduring texture better than the farmer, whose business is hard and severe in its effect on clothes to a greater extent than any occupation that I know of. Farmers know that they can make better cloth at home than they can buy; but still they persist in selling their wool at low prices to foreign manufacturers, and in turn buy it back, mixed with flyings, shearings and shoddy, with cost of transportation charges and profits added. It is an established fact that the farmer who grows wool and sells it in the fleece, to be worked up by the speculative manufacturer, pays about five distinct profits, besides cost of transportation both ways, before he receives it back. Every poor man knows well that the clothes he buys at the present day do not wear over half as long as he has a right to expect from the price he pays. For this it is easy to account, inasmuch as there is but just good wool enough in the cloth to hold it together while being dressed and finished, the body of the cloth being old rags, ground up with flyings, shearings, &c. To remedy this admitted evil, and enable the families of farmers to manufacture their own wool into suitable and durable clothing, inventors have been busy for the last few years in contriving hand-loom of various kinds. The model of a self-acting iron hand-loom came under my notice, and so commends itself to my judgment that I am induced to send this communication on the subject to your Journal, in the hope that this useful invention might be better known, and become of more general use to the people of Canada. It is the best hand-loom in the world; the price is \$100. The frame is made almost entirely of iron, thereby avoiding all the derangement constantly occurring by the shrinking and swelling of timber. Inventors have long aimed to bring out a cheap hand-loom—one that could be sold to the farmer at from forty to seventy-five dollars. Every attempt to bring out a loom for that price has, however, failed to give satisfaction, and I believe must continue to do so. I do not wish to say anything against any of the various patent hand-loom now before the public; but those buying looms should endeavour to obtain the best, and such as can be readily comprehended and managed by ordinary hands. This loom can weave all kind of goods—linen or rag carpet, cotton or wool, and is, moreover, so neat in appearance as to be fit to stand in the choicest room, and young ladies just from boarding school can take a turn at this machine for change of exercise, which is good for their health. It is easy to work, requiring little more than a very simple manipulation with the thumb and finger.

R. A. B.

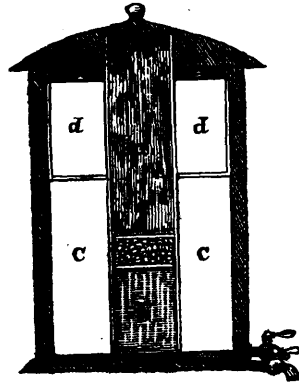
MISSOURI, Sept. 2nd, 1867.

NOTE BY EDITOR OF THE CANADA FARMER.—We insert the above as it is, though our correspondent would have conferred a greater benefit on those for whose welfare he is concerned, if he had been a little more specific, and told them what this admirable machine is, and where it can be procured. A self-acting loom is a novelty.

THE PRESERVATION OF MEAT.—Of the numerous methods which have from time to time been suggested for the preservation of meat, that of Messrs Medlock & Bailey, which has been recently published, appears the most simple and efficient. It consists in simply washing the meat to be preserved with a solution of bisulphite of lime and common salt in water. The Food Committee of the Society of Arts has already had the process referred to under consideration, and we believe, with favorable results.—*Medical Times.*

Milk-Cooler and Butter-Preserver.

An ordinary refrigerator takes up room, is costly, and should be kept in a cool place. It is evident that one which occupies less space and can be placed in the dining-room or in a pantry, would save many steps and much work.



The engraving is a section of a water-cooler and a refrigerator which is ornamental in its exterior and perfect in its operation. Externally it resembles the ordinary water-cooler, being made in a cylindrical form, of tin or galvanised iron, and of any required size, from that of a water-cooler to a capacity sufficient for the wants of an hotel. Between the outer case and the inner is interposed some non-conducting material, which will keep the coolness in and the warmth out. In the centre is a cylinder (a) for the reception of the ice. This has a lid separate from that of the refrigerator, and near the bottom has a filter under which is a water receptacle (b) for holding the product of the melted ice, which can be drawn off pure ice water by the lower cock, for drinking purposes. Surrounding the central ice-chamber are movable cans (c c) for milk, and receptacles (d d) for butter, meats, &c. It is a *multum in parvo*, convenient, useful and beautiful, and is the subject of three patents. For further information, address John R. Elder, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Iko Marvel says a country house without a porch is like a man without an eyebrow.

A QUAKER lady explained to her new domestic that washing day came every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to washing every other day—not she.

GOOD VINEGAR, the *Mirror and Farmer* says, can be made by putting apple parings into a stone jug filled with water, and kept in a moderately warm place.

When the chimneys of lamps become foul, or covered with a white dust that can neither be washed off nor removed in the usual way, rub the inside with whiting and strong vinegar, and then rinse with clean water and wipe them perfectly dry.

A girl in Springfield, Mass., applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons that the School Committee think sufficient to justify absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them. She replied that it might come under the head of "Domestic Affliction."

HOW TO BE FRESH AND HEALTHY.—The *New York Evening Gazette* tells young ladies that, if they would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance, they must beware of late hours, large crinoline, tight corsets, confectionary, hot bread, cold draughts, pastry, décolleté dress, modern novels, furnace registers, easy carriages, late suppers, thin shoes, fear of knowledge, nibbling between meals, ill temper, haste to marry, dread of growing old.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tributary to the store of human comfort and felicity than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.—*Fawcett.*

PICKLING CAULIFLOWERS.—I send a good receipt for pickling cauliflowers, as desired in your last. Have a kettle of boiling water, and put in one at a time, with top down, unless the kettle is large enough for more, and boil it until tender. Have ready a jar of cold vinegar, with cloves and mace; drain the cauliflower well, and put into the vinegar while hot. Cover tightly, and it will be ready for use in a week or ten days.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

ECONOMY IN LIGHT.—We have seen the following receipt in several of our exchanges, some of them vouching for its accuracy from experience:—"Fill a kerosene lamp about one-third full of common table salt, and then fill the lamp with kerosene oil, and you have at once an oil that will burn nearly twice as long as it would without the salt, and give a light even better than it would without it. This addition of salt keeps the blaze of the oil from smoking, and altogether the discovery of this simple fact will produce a great saving of expense to any and all who try it."

Poetry.

Baby Bunn.

[The late Mr. N. P. Willis says of the poem annexed, "It is addressed to an idolized child, by its pet name, and though beautiful throughout, it has some two or three passages of very rare originality. The writer of it (as I learn from a letter of a lady who encloses it to me) was a factory-girl, who by the labor of her own hands secured the money for her education. She is now twenty-four years of age, and supports herself by the various uses of her pen. She (Josie H.) is yet to be famous, I am very sure."]

Winsome baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Brownier than the rook's wing,
Clearer than the woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these,
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief will they do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyxes of gold,
Cannot make his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry cleft in twain,
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep!
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast!
Never in the coming years,
Though he seeks for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorns,
Drink its cup of gall must one!
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink
And the temple sweat with pain
Drops of blood like purple rain—
Weep, mother, weep!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset, on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!
Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right;
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
These shall grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
These shall fall for many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!
Pray, mother, pray!

Mark Lane Express.