

Communications.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Our Kansas Letter.

MR. EDITOR,—Here I am, still alive; am glad to get your paper. Also, at the same time, some English and Australian ones. Oh! how they cheer my heart! In fact, anything with good, sound, plain, decent writing in it, I esteem them great favors, I assure you. Kansas papers are perfect wind-bags—full of nothing. Take their leading articles (if they can be so called), and they are like a cat-fish: with no head or tail, middle or beginning. A fellow gets into them, and it is a puzzle how to get out. In fact, newspaper editing is at a low ebb here, and I very much doubt if the so-called editors would be able to get a billet as a floor-sweeper in some of our great English newspaper establishments. Oh, my friend, how glad I shall be to quit these benighted regions, these backwoods of poverty.

In one of the Canadian papers you sent me is a paragraph, "A Canadian Farmer in Kansas." He hearing much of it, came, stayed, and farmed, gave it a fair trial, found it to be very ordinary living—for him to say nothing about comforts within the reach of Canadian farmers. He states a man had to be very well off to enjoy the commonest things. In Canada he was double as well off on the same capital. He gave up in despair, went back to Canada, lost \$1500, glad to get back a wiser if not a sadder man. I know he states the truth; I can corroborate all he says. I know farmers here who have their names in the papers as Mr. So-and-so, nursery-men, &c., attending gatherings, spouting rot, whose homes are in no better order than an Irishman's on a bog patch, and who have not paid for their groceries or clothing for at least a couple of years. Some of them ask me for money to enable them to carry on. God help them. Twenty farmers about this place could not raise \$100 between them to save their heads; no, not a dollar change to be had. Miserable, half-starved lot. Beef they never see except alive; always croaking about politics and dollars; no clothing in their stomachs, or about their backs; ragged, skinny, dried-up, clumsy, lazy fellows, eating corn meal, sorghum, mush, squash, &c., in fact, it is all spoon meat with them; always complaining about the chills and fever. Why, my dear fellow, the looks of them often gives me the chills. I find the Canadian farmers here eat meat, and live like Christians. The natives gape at me and my family because we consume so much animal food; they say they could not do it, but, strange to say, when I ask any of them to dinner they can eat roast beef and plum pudding as well as I or my boys; in fact, no appeasing their appetites; they are hollow to the ankles. I do believe we can do as much work as ten of them. Your apples are 30 cents a bushel, ours are \$2; yours good, ours tasteless. I got a few good Michigan apples, they were a treat.

I cannot stop abusing Kansas, and, whether you agree with me or not, I am determined to leave it. If Canada is no better, I will go home again and go into the union before I will stay. One shilling there will go as far as a dollar here, besides having to listen to and see their cursed ways and mean thieving; they are lazy, uncultivated, ignorant bosh! Wheat \$3.50 per hundred weight; crop three to seven bushels per acre; I know five is more than some can average around me; corn a small crop; altogether the prospect is poor, no timber to fence with, or implements to work with, they are too costly for a poor prairie farmer to purchase. I shall do nothing here. Rain too plenty now; had two sharp frosts; the wind blows keen over these prairies. I can tell you; but we are well and hearty, and hunt rabbit, quail and prairie chickens, plenty of them; my boys are perfect Nimrods. The weather is very fickle here; northmen complain of it, and say that steady cold is preferable, such as Wisconsin and Michi-

gan. I suppose by the time this comes to hand winter will have overtaken you. I see good mutton is procurable in Canada; can you get a glass of good beer or cider, or a drop of gin, brandy or rum? Nothing of the kind to be had in Kansas worth tasting. Do I understand that Canada is about to branch off from England? I hope never to join the Yankees.

Take all you can out of my letters for your paper, but do not mention my name, as they would shoot me if they knew I said anything unfavorable to Kansas; but it is the meanest place out. Let me get to Canada, as the niggers used to say then I may say a word or two about it, sure. I should like to be near civilization once more; it is hard on me, just now, I'll warrant you, to be shut out of the world.—Clothing, stationery, boots, shoes, tobacco, and the common necessities of life, are ruinously dear. When I was in California and Australia, in the worst of times, these things were very much cheaper. In this country everything is bad. Lawrence city is deluged with office seekers, loafers and swell mob, who don't want to work. I could buy any quantity of land cheap, but I have no faith in its production. If I could nail 100 acres of good wheat and grass land I would, but there is no such thing. I can farm as well as any one.—I'm running a farm now for a gentleman for a few perquisites—no money—house room, wood, horses, and shooting-ground. All the neighbors dislike my idea of leaving, and would do anything in their power to induce me to stay. I doctor their cattle, make corn and hay stacks neat and nice, kill their pigs so well that they get a cent a pound more for them when I clean them, sow their grain, and am about amongst them often. My boys are quite naturalized and domesticated, and are polished Yankees. I don't think I shall more than save my bacon in Kansas after all.—Don't expect me before spring, as I have good winter quarters, with wood, coal, a few potatoes and vegetables, all stored for winter, and it would be cold to travel now. I can get there early in the spring. I don't want the backwoods, but a fair country place. Shall be glad to hear from you at any time, and to get a paper. I wish I had or could get any worth the name in Kansas, to send you, but 'tis no go. I will say good bye for the present. Wish I had taken your advice, and come straight to Canada. I should but for that donkey, S—s, who I will talk about some day.

Yours truly,

SICK OF KANSAS.

Douglas Co., Kansas, Nov. 14, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

New Potatoes.

Sir,—Having attended agricultural fairs in different sections of the country, and in looking over the Potatoes exhibited I find a confusion in regard to the Harrison, Gleason and Cusco Potatoes, which were brought before the public a few years since. At Montreal they show for the Harrison an oval shaped white potato, and a long, rough potato, with pink eyes, for the Gleason. At Toronto there was a difficulty in deciding as to names. In this section there is an opinion that both white and pink-eyed potatoes will come from the same potato—a sport, or cross-bred variety. As you are supposed to be posted, an explanation of this matter in your journal might settle the question.

Yours truly, B. LOSEE.

Cobourg, Nov. 21, 1870.

The Harrison is a white, smooth potato, with small eyes; is from round to long in form, of large size, and generally solid; a rather late variety.

The Cusco is similar to the Harrison in color and form, but has much deeper eyes, and is very often hollow in the middle; a late variety.

The Gleason is a longish potato; skin,

flesh-colored and rather rough; eyes, small and of a light pink color; a late variety.

Potatoes will occasionally produce a sport, or one differing in color from the parent potato. One differing in the color of the eyes may occasionally be produced. Sports are not of very frequent occurrence, and are generally inferior in size and quality.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Only a Drunkard's Child.

BY W. H. GANE.

Out in the wide, wide world,
A little shivering form,
Plods on through the weary day—
Out in the raging storm.
Not one is there who speaks
In accents soft and mild;
The little shivering form they know,
Is only a drunkard's child.

As she passed from door to door,
She received not a kindly word;
But ever and anon a taunting cry,
At every step she heard.
We hear it sung by the wind,
In music low and wild;
Sadly, too, it strikes the heart,
Only a drunkard's child!

Still she pressed wearily on,
'Till her hands were blue and cold;
At last she came to a well-known spot—
The dear old home of old;
She laid her down to sleep
In a garment undefiled:
For the pure white snow was falling soft
Over the drunkard's child!

The morning came at last,
After the raging storm;
And they found without the cottage door
A little frozen form.
She was gone from earth at last—
From every taunt and care,
To wander above, out of mortal sight,
In Heaven's purest air.

Away in the beautiful land,
Beyond this world of ours,
In the land of everlasting day
And never fading flowers;
Treading the golden streets,
To her Saviour reconciled,
Is the little taunted one of earth,
No longer a drunkard's child!

Ingersoll, Nov. 16, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

The Early Rose.

Dear Sir,—You will no doubt remember that last fall I sent and purchased a peck of the Early Rose Potatoes from you, which I planted about the 10th of May last, on sandy loam. I have now dug them, and to my astonishment, notwithstanding the dry season, I have 40 bushels, 3 pecks and 5 and 1-3 quarts,—making a yield of 163 and 2-3 from one.

One potato weighed 34 oz., another one 25 oz., and a great number over a pound each.

Yours respectfully,

JACOB E. SHIBLEY.

Murvale, Township of Portland, County Frontenac, Ont., Sept. 25, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Questions.

Dear Sir,—Might I trespass on your valuable time and space to answer one or two questions, which I think will interest others besides myself.

Last year my hens, that is to say, two of them, began to walk about and sit stuck up like an owl. One pined and pined, and at last died, although her appetite was good, and she was quite fat. We examined her after death, and found a large lump as big as an egg on her back, just round the oil gland; it was like a hard tumor. We then killed the other, and found it just the same, only not so large. Would you please tell me what the disease is called, and the remedy for it. There were other hens about two miles from here, affected in the same way.

Which do you consider the best fowls for early marketing, laying and raising chickens?

I have a bed of very choice pansies, which I should much like to preserve through the winter. If you will enable me to do so, I will show my gratitude by getting all the subscribers I can for your very useful paper.

I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully.

EMILY PARSONS.

Hamilton, Dec. 7, 70.

We do not know what disease or malady affected your fowls. Perhaps some of our subscribers will give the information.

We believe that no class of fowls combine the requirements for farmers more fully than the Dorking.

Throw some brush wood on the pansies, and a little straw or light litter on that, before the snow comes, and when you remove it in the spring the plants will be in bloom.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Hay Hints.

Sir,—With your permission I will give a few hints through your valuable paper to the growers of hay. It is a well-known fact that hay is the staple food of all herbivorous animals attached to every farming establishment. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that every farmer and feeder of stock should know where to grow the best hay for feeding purposes. With the experience I have had in feeding stock, I have always observed the first crop of hay, of whatever description, cut from a newly-seeded field—that is, the first year after being seeded down—is always better food for stock than any other crop cut from the same field until it has been ploughed and re-seeded. It contains more azotized matter that is considered flesh-forming. Also, the fatty or oily substance that assists so much the thriving condition of the cattle. It contains a larger portion of one of those substances, or a good portion of all the constituent elements that tend to the formation of fat and flesh. I have no tests to go by, such as weighing, as I am too far from any place where stock could be weighed; but I am almost positive from general observation that there is a great difference in the thrift of all farm animals that are fed upon the first crop of hay.

I have no doubt but some of your subscribers would advise giving the field a good dressing of well-rotted manure, no doubt thinking that that would cause it to produce feed of as nutritive value as it contained in the first crop, which it will not do. It will increase the quantity and quality also, and a large crop of hay of good quality is of great importance to the farmers in these long winters of ours.

I have observed where turnips have been fed largely in the fall, upon meadows they have brought the succeeding crop nearer to the standard value of the first crop than any thing I have seen yet tried.

If any of your subscribers have observed or tested the nutritive value of these different crops of hay by weighing, or by any other practical test (not theoretically), I hope they will give us their opinion upon the subject through the columns of your valuable paper. If any plan could be adopted for raising a better quality of hay continually, without adding much to the expense or labor, it would be a great blessing to numbers of farm animals as well as a pleasure and profit to the farmers themselves. I am, yours respectfully,

OLD SCRATCHLAND.

Elma, Dec. 10, 1870.

ANSWER TO J. J. NEWBY.—The prices of drain tiles in this vicinity are as follows:—

2 inch tiles.....	\$ 7.00 per thousand.
2½ ".....	10.00 "
3 ".....	12.00 "
4 ".....	16.00 "
5 ".....	28.00 "
6 ".....	36.00 "

A NEW WAY TO DRY PEACHES.—Let them get mellow enough to be in good eating condition, put them in boiling water for a moment or two, and the skins will come off like a charm. Let them be in the water long enough and no longer. The gain is at least six-fold—saving of time in removing the skin, great saving of the peach, less time to stone the peaches, less time to dry them, and better when dried. A whole bushel can be done in a boiler at once, and then the water turned off.