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ISSUED SEMI-

MONTHLY

BY THE EXECUTIVE

COMMITTEE OF THE

Michigan State

Grange, P. of H.

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THE GRANGE VISITOR,

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J. T. COBB, Editor and Manager.
To whom all communications should be addressed, at Schoolcraft, Mich.

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To Contributors.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Acceptable advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square, for each insertion. A Liberal discount will be made on standing advertisements of three months or more.

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By order of the State Grange at its late session, Masters no longer receive a copy of the VISITOR free. Secretaries, or other persons, sending ten or more names, with pay for the same, will receive an extra copy free. Sample numbers furnished on application.

Exec'tve Com. Department.

CIRCULAR.

HILLSDALE, Aug. 14th, 1879.
To the Patrons of Michigan.

It has been reported to us that the Order is making inquiries as to the change in the Detroit agency, beyond what has been published in the VISITOR. For the information of all interested we will say that Mr. Chidister tendered his resignation as agent in April, to take effect June 1st, designing to engage in other business. In looking for a successor to take his place, we fortunately, through him, found Mr. Geo. W. Hill and Alphonso Platt (the latter having been Mr. Chidister's chief clerk while he held our agency) just forming a partnership business as commission merchants. They proposed to take our agency on the same terms and conditions as made with Mr. Chidister. Satisfied from investigation that they were well posted in the business and of marked integrity, taking their bond, with approved security, in the sum of \$10,000 for the faithful performance of the trusts confided to them. From the fact of there being perishable consignments on hand when Mr. Chidister retired, it became necessary to take quick action, therefore the sub-committee originally appointed to establish the agency assumed the responsibility of making the change without calling the full Committee together. Hoping our action will be approved by our associates, and good results accrue to all interested, we submit ourselves,

Fraternally yours,

J. WEBSTER CHILDS,

F. M. HOLLOWAY,

Of Sub-Com. for Det. Ag.

Word is already passing along the lines of either political party that as the next year is presidential, it is of vital importance that party discipline be maintained, and the issues of the fall elections should be strictly confined to national affairs. All this clatter about the country going to ruin if this party or that succeeds is B O S H, and is intended to, and to a great extent will accomplish its object; that is, to divert our minds from what to us should be the real issues of the next State election, viz.: a radical change in our system of taxation and railroad reform. Unless you are an office holder or office seeker, it don't matter—comparatively speaking—which party wins, for you will have the taxes to pay all the same.—Exchange.

There is a spirit abroad among the weak and discouraged Granges to do their first works over—and first of all to ascertain the causes of the decline in life and energy. 'Tis striking at the root of the matter. Find out where the trouble is, and what is necessary to be done will be plain enough. When the difficulties are out of the way, mark out a certain line of work—social, literary, scientific, pecuniary, any one or all, and stick to it. Let it be something which will give both pleasure and profit, and go to work at it as though you meant business, and thus start in the new life. Some things should be done, not talked about.—Cincinnati Grange Bulletin.

THE PATRON'S DECLARATION.

BY L. EDGAR JONES.

Sound aloud the Proclamation!
O'er and o'er,
That the Patrons want a million
Men or more;
Men of solid sense are wanted,
For the Grange;
Men whose worth of will and purpose,
Cannot change;
Men with coolness and with courage
For the storm.
Who will join us in our struggle
For reform?
Call the roll!

Who will cast his silly prejudice
Aside;
Who will bravely breast the billows,
And the tide;
Who will try to raise the farmer
From the mire,
And will lift him from his bondage
Ever higher;
Who will join us in our effort,
So to plan
That the husbandman may equal
Any man?
Call the roll!

Who will join the march of progress,
Hand in hand,
With the brawn, and bone, and sinew
Of the land?
Who will struggle that the husbandman
May gain,
What is his by right of labor,
And of brain;
Who will break the iron fetters
Of the past,
And demand his just inheritance
At last?
Call the roll!

Have not toilers in the vineyard
Right of birth
To their portion of the bounties
Of the earth?
Are they not a noble army,
Millions strong;
Must they bow without a struggle,
To the wrong?
Who will join his brother toilers
In their fight,
For their heaven-established portion,
And the right?
Call the roll!

Who will ding his selfish narrowness
Away;
Who will help the righteous movement
Of the day;
Who will cut the woven meshes
Of the net,
That has made him but the plaything
Of the pet
Of the scheming politician
And his crew,
Who have used him as their puppet
Through and through?
Call the roll!

Then the farmers' wives and daughters,
In their flight,
Chiefest charm—
Of the life that often crushed them,
On the farm;
Who will join us in our seeking
For a change,
That her rights may be established
Through the Grange?
Who will give them first position,
Like a man—
And will letter their condition
If he can?
Call the roll!

Who will march beneath our banner,
Till it wave—
O'er his form among the victors—
Or his grave?
Who will work with thoughtful wisdom,
And with sense
That despises selfish impulse,
And pretense?
Raise the cry of independence,
Loud and long!
Till the world shall pause and listen
To our song;
Let the bugles sound the onset—
Beat the drum—
Who is ready for the battle?
Who will come?
Call the roll!

—Farmers' Friend.

General LeDuc.

A friend who has lately had opportunity to judge of the work performed by Gen. LeDuc in the Agricultural Department at Washington, expresses the following opinion, after extended personal inspection:

"The Commissioner is a man who who appreciates the needs of the Department, and is doing his best to increase its efficiency. When he took charge, he found men at the heads of divisions who were the laughing stock of the country. Of course he could not make a sweep at once, but he is gradually making changes, all tending to greater efficiency and usefulness."

It must be admitted that Gen. LeDuc has infused new life in the Department, and that he has aided its development into practical usefulness. By untiring effort he has wrought changes in the department over which he presides, greatly to the advantage of the public—at least to that portion engaged in agriculture. His work in awakening the country to the importance of producing sugar at home, thus saving the constant drain of specie, or its equivalent, for an article that can easily be produced by home labor, is worth more than all else ever accomplished by the department before it was placed in his charge. Another tangible gain is in releasing the institution from the political uses which it has been compelled to serve. All this has been done in the face of obstacles that would have discouraged a man of less nerve, and it may be added, without the support of the agricultural press, which was studiously withheld, and is yet, except by a few journals that are willing to recognize intelligent and earnest effort and award the proper meed of praise.—Husbandman.

Human Thorns.

There are certain disagreeable people in this world who seem to take a special delight in annoying others by reminding them of things they would willingly forget. They are human thorns, forever torturing their fellow-men for the sake of torture. Has a man met with a misfortune in business, they are forever recalling the fact. Has a man in times that are gone wandered into devious paths, they are forever reminding him of it, often by congratulating him that that is past. Has a man blundered, they are forever telling him what "might have been." When the thorn is of the masculine gender, there is one way of getting relief. He can be knocked down and taught manners. When the thorn is of the feminine gender, the case is different, and not so easily disposed of. But Causeur hears of one such scourge in petticoats who got her deserts the other evening. It was at a little party, where some score of people were gathered together. The thorn sat near a young man, who in days gone by, had been guilty of follies that cost him dearly. He had put them all behind him. But the thorn took occasion to recall them in a subdued and confidential tone. The victim, who had been subject to the same torture before, spoke up so that all could hear: "Madam," he said, "for five years I have been trying to forget all that. You have been trying to remember it. You have succeeded better than I. I congratulate you." The thorn subsided.

He had killed a man while under the influence of liquor, and as the sheriff marched him up to the gallows the doomed criminal said he had sworn never to take another "drop," and he hoped that they wouldn't insist.

Master's Department.

J. J. WOODMAN, PAW PAW

Patrons of Michigan: we have reason to be grateful to the Great Giver of all good for the bountiful harvest which has just been secured in the very best condition; and it is proper that we should unite, and make our "harvest feasts," what they are intended to be by the "founders of our Order."

"Ours is a social Order, all can find herein something to enjoy, and we believe that there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor."

"It is from the hand of God," hence it is fitting that we should unite, and with music, and song, and praise acknowledge his goodness, and give thanks for the bounties bestowed.

Ours is an intellectual Order, and one of its best and noblest features is to encourage education, inspire thought, and bring more brain power to aid in the operations of the farm and the household. Hence at our "harvest feasts," we must have discussions, essays, lectures, and a general interchange of views upon all subjects relating to the production, preparation, and marketing of the magnificent crop which has just been taken from the fields.

August seems to be the most favorable month for these gatherings in our State, and the preparations which are going on all over the State for them, indicate how they are appreciated by the members of the Order, and clearly demonstrate that they have become fixed institutions, which will be held in the future as regularly as the annual fairs of agricultural societies. No County or Subordinate Grange which is alive to the moral, social, and intellectual welfare of its members should fail to take part in these annual gatherings and make them so enjoyable and useful that not only will the members of the Order be there, but farmers and their families who are yet outside the gate, and the public generally, be induced to meet with us. Let the invitations be general and welcome cordial. It gives great pleasure to be able to announce to you that Brother Mortimer Whitehead, Lecturer of the National Grange, has consented to return to this State and address the meetings arranged for him by the Lecturer of the State Grange, and published in his department of the *VISITOR*. He is a clear, truthful, and interesting speaker, and no Patron or farmer within reach of these meetings should fail to hear him.

July 28, 1879.

Science is knowledge. Only this and nothing more. A, B, C and D agree touching any fact or principle. Experience proves it. Reason confirms it. No one gainsays their testimony. This is science. The man who don't know can safely follow their opinion in this matter. Now, a life time on the farm will not be sufficient to demonstrate what an intelligent Grange may settle satisfactorily to all concerned in a single evening's discussion. The farm journal, to an extent does, or may do, the same thing, and has been a blessing to multitudes of farmers, but falls far short of the Grange work. In the latter the rationale of a theory or practice may be thoroughly sifted, and its truth or falsity proved. This is scientific. In the discussion, agriculture takes all knowledge for its province.

Now is the time to make preparation for the next wheat crop. What are you going to do about it? Will you do as you have always done, when your next neighbor harvests 30 bushels per acre to your 20? Are you going to sow the same kind you have always done, notwithstanding your neighbor has got what he has proved to be better wheat? You think this all chance and good luck! Well, get the opinion of your Grange on this. Give to every man in the Grange a single item to investigate and report on. Let it be understood that the others expect him to be thoroughly posted as to that item, and then let the Grange go for him. Make him prove his point. One evening will not exhaust the wheat question—nor possibly all that may be said on a single point, but go at it in this way, and we will warrant both a good time in the Granges, and a better crop.

Florida Letter.

From the Husbandman.

"Doc." called me "Judge" in accordance with the customs of the country. In this climate it is proper to take hold of a man's name by the handle. It is not necessary that your services in behalf of your fellow men have been of such value as to entitle you to the honor of a title. You meet a stranger, and he wishes to address you. He is ignorant of your name, antecedents or present condition. To address you as "Colonel," "General," "Doctor" or "Judge," is a delicate way of saying, "I do not know your vocation in life, but your very distinguished personal appearance so impresses me that I know that you must be a person of note and entitled to an honorable address." If you really have no title, the one first applied will "stick," and thenceforth you will wear it.

A year ago one of my neighbors from Iowa, who has lived by me for a score of years, and, of course, knows I am only a common "plow-jogger," and no "Judge" at all, came to Florida, and he asked one of my "cracker" friends: "Why do you call Adams 'Judge'?" He is no "Judge" but a common farmer.

"I reckon we call him 'Judge' because 'pears like he is a judge of his own business," replied my "cracker" friend. A response that had, possibly, a delicate hint to the investigator.

Most of us would indignantly deny that we enjoy being flattered, yet such denials are sadly insincere. If I am traveling among strangers, and one of them sharply shouts to me, "Look here, old chap!" it not only wounds my self esteem, but I at once form the opinion that he is not only very ill-bred, but is an unaccountably poor judge of human nature. If he had said "Judge, your attention one moment," it would strengthen my conviction that I am a man of distinguished presence, and I would pronounce him a man of good manners, and one capable of detecting merit at first sight.

So "Doc" called me "Judge" and I called him "Doc."

But we were clearing hammock and had concluded to spare some of the finest trees solely on account of their effect on the landscape. We would clear out the underbrush, root and branch, which would be a small matter. I seized a little Cherokee bean to pull it up. It was an insignificant little shrub about two feet high and a third of an inch in diameter. Of course it was covered with prickles. I gave it a little pull and was surprised that in such loose soil it did not come up at once. I gave it a lift that ought to raise a bush of three times its size, and it stuck fast as ever. I then braced myself and gave a pull that would have discouraged a Florida ox, but the contemptible little bush wouldn't budge. I invited Levi to give me a lift as "here is a two man bush." I thought I could detect in his face a look of pity for my weakness as he approached with his magnificent display of muscle, and grasped the obdurate bush. After one pull the look of pity was replaced by one of surprise and chagrin. He squared those broad shoulders, and with the power of a mule snapped the stem asunder at the surface of the ground, leaving the roots undisturbed. Grub the thing out, said I, and I was dismayed to see his spade lay bare a great yellow root shaped like a carrot, tough as cottonwood, about the size of a stovepipe and running perpendicularly and indefinitely into the ground. He cut it off a foot or so below the surface at which place it was scarcely smaller than on top.

Meanwhile Francisco was paying his respects to a patch of saw palmetto. This wretched chamberer of the ground has a stiff leaf stalk (on this rich land) from one-half to one inch in diameter and each edge is covered with a row of hooked teeth, hence the name "Saw Palmetto." The leaves are from two to three feet in diameter and armed all around the edges with sharp points. The leaves and stalks were from four to six feet high and so thick no human being could go through or look through. The roots are a rhizoma (like a sweet flag) running mostly under the surface of the ground. They are about the size of a stovepipe, and form a perfect network all through the ground. They are a tough, stringy, woody, spongy, elastic, unsplitable growth, a sharp ax will cut them readily but they will not "chip." The sand soon dulls an ax, then it will bound off the alligator-like

bark like a hammer. This network of terrible horizontal roots is fastened down in a most thorough and workmanlike manner. The lower side is thickly covered with innumerable roots about the size, strength and length of a large whip-lash, and these run perpendicularly into the ground fastening the rhizomas with a host of unbreakable strings. We chopped and slashed the big roots with our axes. We stabbed, and dug, and cut the small roots with our spades, and tugged with all our strength. One by one, in long pieces and short pieces, they gave way before our assaults, and we looked at the huge and rapidly growing pile of debris behind us with the idea that we were actually accomplishing something valuable. This work continued until noon when we took a critical survey of the results. Our pile of palmetto roots was something wonderful. No one could see that and accuse us of inaction. But where did they come from? That was the puzzle. The piece of ground that we had cleared was utterly insignificant. It wouldn't make a respectable onion bed. It did not look big enough to stack our roots on. It was positively disheartening. We were drenched with sweat, tired by our own violent labor, and hungry as wolves. "Doc" was sitting under the shade of the great hickory, cool as a cucumber, with paper and pencil in his hand. "Are you writing a prescription for this complicated compound chronic rootedness?" I mildly enquired.

"No, but I have been making some mathematical calculations using the result of your forenoon's work as a basis, and my calculations indicate the cheerful prospect that if you continue to clear saw palmetto faithfully for life's allotted span you will have enough clear ground to give you a respectable final resting place. Let us dine."

Among the most thrifty and industrious inhabitants of Iowa are the German immigrants. They do not hesitate to settle on the grubbiest, bushiest lands in the country, their patient persistent industry gradually transforms their patch of bush into a field of golden grain. They then buy an adjoining grub patch, patiently and contentedly grub out root and stump, till the golden harvest on that also gladdens their eyes. I imagine they never pass a dense thicket of oak grubs that they do not invariably sigh for an opportunity to clear the ground for the plow. Now I venture this prediction that after the toughest Dutchman now in America, or yet to come over, has attacked one piece of saw palmetto hammock he will never like Alexander, weep for more worlds to conquer.

After dinner we went back and chopped off all the growth at the surface of the ground, leaving the roots undisturbed, then like true Floridians called it cleared. But such clearing! Everything cut sent up a legion of sprouts and they have sprouted, and we have sprouted them ever since, all of which seems to contribute to their general health and luxuriance. If any one wants to know my private opinion of clearing hammock I will give it in language too forcible for publication.

DUDLEY W. ADAMS.

In the same County, and composed of the same class of materials, we not infrequently find two Granges the counterpart of each other—the one in earnest, diligent and progressive; the other, to all intents and purposes, dead as a coffin nail. Now, what is the cause of this difference. Sift the whole matter and it will be found that the whole lies in zeal on the one part and a want of it on the other. The life and activity will also be in proportion to the general zeal. A few zealous members may keep a Grange alive, but it is only when this spirit takes hold of many that it becomes a power. Bro. Patron, is your Grange a success? Have you done, and are you doing your part to make the meeting a success? Have you done and are you doing your part to make the meetings pleasant and useful? If yes, then infuse some of your zeal into the others. If no, then turn over a new leaf. Remember, what you attempt to do, strive to do well.—*Bulletin*.

Two darkies were vaunting their courage. "I isn't 'feared o' nothin I isn't," said one. "Den, Sam, I reckon you isn't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No Julius, I isn't 'framed to lend you a dollar, but I does hate to part with an ole fren' forebber."

Wanted, More Sheep.

The United States need more sheep. In all parts of this great country, to secure health and comfort, its people must have food and clothing. The sheep furnishes the best and most wholesome animal food, and the most comfortable clothing yet tested by the masses of our people. In malarial districts, especially where extremes of heat and cold are frequent, woollen clothing and a freer and more common diet of good young mutton would insure better health and better vigor than generally characterizes pork-eaters and wearers of cotton and fine linen. From the best data within our reach we ascertain that there are on the entire globe about 500,000,000 sheep. Of these the United States has but 35,000,000. Our manufacturers consume annually more than 225,000,000 pounds of wool. If each of our sheep furnished five pounds of wool, there would be a yearly deficit of 50,000,000 pounds. Here is a good field for enterprising stockmen. We need double our present number of sheep. Let no one indulge a single fear of over-production either of mutton or of wool. Could our flocks be tripled or quadrupled, they would add not only to the comfort and healthfulness of the people but to their intelligence and sobriety, as well as to the productiveness of every field used as a sheep pasture.—*Drivers' Journal*.

The Cabbage Worm.

Repeated inquiries come to us for the best remedy for this formidable destroyer of the cabbage. From the many experiments made, we are induced to discard those which soil or contaminate the leaves. When the plants are young and when the worms first make their appearance in comparatively few numbers, they are to be removed by hand. The plants may be cleared as rapidly as by the various applications used, counting in the time in preparing or procuring these applications. As soon as the heads form, use hot water. If any injury results from the heat, it will be only to the edges of the outer leaves. The body of the head cannot become heated. If the insects have become numerous, this will be found a rapid mode of their extermination. We are often asked for the degree in temperature to which the water should be heated. We cannot give the precise degree. The watering pot in which it is carried will not retain a high heat long, and the fine streams of water from the nozzle are partly cooled in their passage through the air. It is supposed that a temperature of 120° will kill the worms, but greater heat is better, provided the cabbage leaves are not scorched. Some practice is required to do the work right, and the operator may experiment on a few small heads, or else begin with warm water and gradually increase the temperature. In a little time he will learn to apply the water as it should be. Immediately after filling the watering pot when the water is hot, he will give a quick or instantaneous dash, and this will be sufficient to kill all the worms; after the water is partly cooled, the washing will be continued longer. The great advantage of this treatment is that the cabbages are left perfectly clean.—*Country Gentleman*.

It is just as cheap to raise a good breed of cattle as a bad breed. Scrubs will eat just as much as thoroughbreds. If you are not able to buy Alderneys and Durhams, then you can raise the corn breed. By corn breed, I mean those cattle that have enough to eat and are treated with kindness. Every farmer that will feed his cattle all that they can eat, and treat them with kindness, in a few years will have blooded stock on his farm. All blooded stock has been produced in this way. You can raise good cattle precisely as you can raise good people.

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer on Court street one day last week, and the following dialogue took place between them:

"Well, judge, how is business?"

"Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope."

"Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."—*Boston Courier*.

"I trust you will be true to me," he said in accents mellow. "Of course I will, my dear, said she—"till I get another fellow!"

THE GRANGE VISITOR.

SCHOOLCRAFT, AUG. 15, 1879.

Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, - - - SCHOOLCRAFT.

Officers and members of Subordinate Granges in corresponding with this office, will please always give the Number of their Grange.

We found our name as one of the Committee on Transportation on the programme of the Kent Co. Grange, who have charge of the State Grange picnic at Grandville, on the 22d of August, and the L. S. & M. S. R. R. assigned us. That we might offer special inducements to our friends to go to Grand Rapids and Grandville, I have assumed the responsibility of chartering a special train for that day and propose to offer less than one-third regular rates.

The special train will leave White Pigeon at 6:30, arriving at all stations through to Grand Rapids, 30 minutes after time of regular morning train.

Fare to Grand Rapids and Grandville and return from

White Pigeon,-----	1.50
Constantine,-----	1.50
Three Rivers,-----	1.40
Schoolcraft,-----	1.25
Kalamazoo and all intermediate points to Allegan,-----	1.00
Allegan,-----	.75
From all points north of Allegan, half regular fare to the Rapids.	

These rates cover the fare on the C. and W. M. R. R., from Grand Rapids to Grandville and return.

Perhaps this special train may start from Coldwater, but we are not sufficiently posted as to the wants of our people to say so, as we go to press.

This is a splendid chance for a trip over the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Let us have the *big train* to the State picnic.

STATE PICNIC AT GRANDVILLE.

The VISITOR of Aug. 1st, Lecturer's Department, gave Brother Whitehead's last August meeting in Michigan at Grand Rapids. This was premature and soon after changed to Grandville, in conformity with a project first started by Bro. J. C. English to have a farmers' State Picnic at Grandville.

Wherever this project has been presented it has seemed to *take well*. With the reduced fares and cheap rates secured over the railroads centering at Grand Rapids, we ought to have for this State Picnic ten thousand people at Grandville on the 22nd.

Grand Rapids is known as the most enterprising city in the State, and we expect a great many farmers will seize upon this opportunity to see Grand Rapids at small cost to themselves. Those who are lively and mean to make the most of the day will make a hasty survey of the Valley City, and then take a train at the Union Depot and a run of ten minutes down to Grandville over the C. & M. L. S. R. R., a distance of six miles.

From 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. trains will run every hour to Grandville and return, which will give visitors a chance to do Grand Rapids briefly, and attend the State Picnic where the visitor will find several thousand farmers, with their wives and daughters—the

fair women and brave men of the State. Once at Grandville Picnic grounds, they will find, we think, long tables loaded down with not only the substantial, but the luxuries of the cellar and larder of the good housewives who have come from far and near to give to this gathering the benefit not of their presence only, but of their careful work and skilled labor.

This throng of young and old will present a collection of honest, independent people, of far more than average intelligence, and aside from anything else that Grandville may have worth seeing, will be worth going to see on the 22nd inst.

We have great faith that our Grandville friends will have ample accommodations in a nice grove, for all who visit them that day, and this first farmers' State Picnic will be the event of the season.

The gypsum or plaster bed of Day & Taylor is 20 feet below the surface, and is 22 feet in thickness. There is of course quite a huge cavern of a place made by the removal of rock and debris in the four years that this quarry has been worked. As there are fissures in the rock where little streams of water find an easy outlet, there is all the time some water in the quarry seeking the lowest place with a disposition always to fill up. To keep the quarry in working order, Day & Taylor have in use, I understand, one of the largest pumps in the State. All who desire, can examine the quarry, and see for themselves the plaster formation, the work of mining, the hoisting to the surface, and piling up to season.

The mill will be running that day so that the process of crushing, grinding and transporting to the warehouse can all be inspected. Besides the very complete works of Day & Taylor, there are, 100 rods from the mill, two of the largest mills in the State. These two mills, with all the fixtures, cost over \$200,000, and have both been sold by the Sheriff within the last two years.

"They say" the Grangers *did it*, well, perhaps there is more than a grain of truth in that "*they say*," for we have a distinct recollection of making a contract with the General Agent of one of these mills in the city of Detroit in November, 1874. That contract signed and sealed by competent authority is still in my office and calls for \$3.00 per ton on cars at Grandville, and if that contract had not been repudiated by the company, probably the farmers of Michigan would have paid not less than that price per ton for plaster at the mills from that day to this. Plaster manufacturers at that day supposed that farmers should raise grain and stock, sell their farm products for any price offered, buy plaster and other things wanted, of agents or regular dealers, and mind their own business as their fathers had done before them. Well, the farmers have learned something in the last ten years, and so have these manufacturers, who have been selling plaster at \$1.00 to \$1.50 per ton, and we hope what each have learned will be to their mutual advantage in the future.

Farmers have learned by this plaster experience, which they have had, that with harmonious action they can accomplish what they undertake by co-operation, and these manufacturers have learned that a few agents who produce nothing, but merely live by standing between the producer and the consumer, are really of less value to them, than the farmer himself who uses the product. Manufacturers should learn, if they have not already, that when in our "Declaration of Purposes" we said that "For our business interests, we desire to

bring producers, and consumers, farmers, and manufacturers into the most direct and friendly relations possible," that we were sincere—really in earnest, and that we believe we have mutual interests which, when well understood, will secure those "friendly relations."

But we began by saying that these two mammoth mills are but a little way from the picnic grove, and there can be seen the open plaster beds, and in addition to the manufacture of land plaster these mills manufacture stucco, and we can see how that is done.

We may be sure of one thing, there will be enough to see, if we say nothing about the speeches which the programme calls for, to make this a very enjoyable excursion, and we hope now that as the very busy season is past, and our abundant harvest is safely garnered, that all our farmer friends will feel like taking a rest from work for a day, and with some members of the family, and a well-filled basket be part and parcel of the State Picnic at Grandville.

ABOUT LEGISLATION.

We ask careful attention to the series of letters which Lieut. Gov. Sessions has kindly consented to furnish the VISITOR, the second of which appears in this issue. The farmers of the State have certainly a greater interest in all that concerns the people of the whole State than any other class, and we should not be far from wrong were we to say as great an interest as all other classes combined.

Our readers should keep this in mind as they read these letters of Bro. Sessions. In doing so the question will be presented to every reader, do the farmers protect themselves from a burden of taxation, (some of it quite unnecessary,) as well as they might? Is not their property from its visible character carrying more than its share of the burden of government? Do not other classes, more wide awake, sometimes secure exemption wholly or partly when they should not? Have farmers looked as well after all that concerns their interests as other classes of society have done? If they have, there is no good reason why they should not continue to take care of themselves as well as they can; and if they have not, there is certainly the more need that they become better acquainted with such governmental affairs as in any way directly or indirectly affect them.

Read carefully these letters of Gov. Sessions,—talk with each other, and with your neighbors about the various topics introduced, and by these means much valuable information will not only be secured to yourselves, but will be diffused, and with a better understanding of how our laws are made, by whom, who, and what they are made for, I trust we shall be better prepared to select more intelligently the men to whom this work is committed of making new statutes and repairing old ones, once in two years.

Bro. Sessions position gave him the best opportunity for forming an intelligent opinion of men and measures, and with his cool head and good judgement we can depend on getting reliable information upon whatever point he touches, and probably some good suggestions that should not be lost upon the intelligent readers of the VISITOR. We say intelligent, because we believe that Michigan ranks high as a State, and we are ready to assume that the Patrons of Husbandry and other readers of the paper are decidedly above the average of her citizens in point of intelligence, and we hardly think the point will be disputed.

We say then again, read Gov. Sessions's letters, and if you want any

more information upon any point connected with the subjects considered, we presume you will be enlightened by raising a question that does not require too much search after figures to answer.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, AND EDUCATION.

"Ypsilanti is proud of her union school building. It is of modern architecture, three stories in height, while a lofty tower effectually sets off the whole and makes it an imposing edifice. The architect was the late Henry T. Brush of Detroit."

We find this item in one of our State papers. The same might be said of many other school buildings in the State in our cities and large villages, nor need we limit the statement to large villages, for some of our smaller ones have a fine union school building to be proud of. Not unfrequently after having enjoyed this kind of luxury for a few months or years the tax payers cease to feel those emotions of pride that welled up in their hearts as they looked upon the massive and beautiful pile when the job was pronounced "done" by the contractor and accepted by the district.

Too many of those three-story beauties were, when done, charged over largely to the future, with much of their cost to the next generation, by issuing ten per cent. bonds, the interest of which together with its other liabilities, has been about all the burden the people could stagger under through the hard times of the last few years.

Education is undoubtedly a good thing, but we have gone a little wild on this matter of education and buildings, we have taxed ourselves in many places beyond our ability to pay, and have imposed a mortgage on our successors for an immense amount of *shoe*, and a good deal of it is above the "*third story*."

We look upon many of these union school houses costing from \$60,000 to \$75,000 as an exhibition of the *big head*, a condition that is apt to overtake boys in their teens, and sometimes men don't grow away from it, as shown in the management of their private business, but the condition seems to develop better in Boards of Trustees in villages than elsewhere, and these three-story evidences of it, are not the only ones. On another square not far away we frequently find another proof of it with a spire towering upward, not quite out of sight.

With regard to the many innovations of the last quarter of a century in *methods* of teaching, we have nothing now to say, but are clearly of the opinion that in our public buildings a spirit of rivalry has often in the construction of school buildings, and churches involved an expense out of all proportion to the ability or needs of communities to pay. While we would not be understood as undervaluing the education of the schools, colleges, and all our institutions of learning, of which we as a people are so proud, we feel that the popular mind has no well defined idea of what an education should be, to be worth *most* to the individual, to society, and to the State.

To us no one thing seems so important, and we may add, no one thing is usually so difficult as to determine what a boy's natural qualities have best fitted him for. On the foundations laid by the accidents of natural developments, what sort of training, or, education will qualify him best to take good care of himself, and those who may be dependent upon him, and leave the world at *last* when he *must*, the better for his hav-

ing lived in it. Thousands of the fathers and mothers of the land seem to believe that to give their boy or girl a good education, the more the better, is to have discharged the highest paternal duty, and secured for them the necessary means to engage successfully in the great battle of life.

We have been told all of our life that "just as the twig is bent the tree inclines," and our observation tells us that seldom a greater misfortune befalls a man, or rather a boy, than to have his early life misdirected. Undertaking to defeat nature herself, and build a structure where there is little or no foundation, must always prove a failure. Disregarding this truth finds many a boy now studying Latin, who should be following the plow, digging up stumps, or engaged in some handicraft that would provide him with bread and butter, and many a man, if his youthful steps had been directed aright would have known less Greek, and more of good, honest work.

The labor of the country is supporting an army of men, many of them educated, who without that education would have been better men and more useful citizens. There are large numbers of educated leeches who produce nothing, but in some way live—they are not tramps, and though they produce no more than he, yet it costs we the people ten times as much to support each one of them, for they must in some way have a good living and good clothes. Like the tramp, they insist that "the world owes me a living," and this old saw has been so often repeated that too many have come to believe it true. No more mischievous saying has been so often repeated as this. The world, or society owes no man a living until he has put forth his best efforts to earn it, and has been thwarted by the accidents or misfortunes to which all are liable. We commend then, above all things, a thorough, practical education that involves labor of the hands as well as of the head, and if circumstances, which so often give direction to our lives, ultimately push any forward into professional life, where brain work, and that alone is demanded there need be no fear of failure.

We have been led to these reflections by the item given at the head of this article and by the following which we clipped from an exchange:

ONLY ONE LIBERAL EDUCATION.—President Elliott's views on education, as expressed in his address at the Smith female college in Massachusetts, are the cause of considerable comment. "I may as well abruptly avow," he said, "as a result of my reading and observation in the matter of education, that I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman,—namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue. Greek, Latin, French, German, mathematics, natural and physical science, metaphysics, history, and aesthetics are all profitable and delightful, both as trainings and acquisitions, to him who studies them with intelligence and love; but not one of them has the least claim to be called an acquisition essential to a liberal education or an essential part of a sound training." This coming from the president of Harvard College sounds rather radical.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

We cannot do better than supplement this by quoting from an address of Hon. Henry W. Lord. His subject being "The relations of education and industry to crime and pauperism." We have room now but for a short quotation, but sufficient to indicate his idea of what constitutes education. He says:

"Our idea of education is more comprehensive than colleges, and broader than books. Let us take two instances from extreme cases. Extreme cases illustrate principles.

If we have before us two men, one of whom can read and write in three different languages, though not perfect in either, and can do nothing else,—a case supposable, because such cases exist,—and the other man, who can work at three different trades, though not perfect in either, and who cannot read or write—a case also supposable, because such cases exist,—and if it were requested to decide which of the two knew the most, our judgement might hesitate; but if we were asked the question as to which is the best educated we should at once award the palm to the man who could work at three different trades.

If we had an educational test to apply by which to regulate the elective franchise, and the respective qualifications of the persons to vote were under consideration, it might be unjust to deprive either of the ballot; but were it further required as to which is the most valuable citizen of the State of Michigan, then we should decide, other things being equal, that by all means he who can earn two or three dollars a day in any one of the three different trades, rather than the other, who can do nothing though possessed of three languages.

We submit, then, the proposition that it would have been better for the man who had learned to read and write in three languages without being perfect in either and could do nothing else, to have learned his own language well, and to have devoted the time expended on the other two languages to the acquirement and mastery of one good trade.

That it would have been better for the man who had learned to work tolerably in three trades, to have learned one trade well, and to have devoted the time spent in acquiring the other two to such learning from the books as that amount of time would have afforded him opportunity.

Education, rightly defined, is to bring up a child physically as well as mentally—for that is what the Latin word from which we derive education means—teaching his mind to think to some end and to some purpose, and his hands to work for himself and for others, according to what an old English writer calls the mystery of some handicraft; such an education would undoubtedly go far to diminish crime and still further to reduce pauperism; but that which is falsely called education *per se*, or *par excellence*, based on a theory that mental instruction concludes education; and ignores industry and all teaching to that end, and especially if it have a tendency to lift the pupil above the level of respect for industrial pursuits—such an education does not tend to prevent crime, but it does tend to promote idleness prolific of crime and prolific of pauperism.

We had in our drawer for a long time the article on women's suffrage, part of which appears in this issue, in the Ladies' Department.

Brady Grange, before which it was read by one of its members, by vote requested its publication. Its great length has compelled it to wait until we should find a dearth in that department, believing that where we had several articles on hand from different correspondents, that their publication would interest more of our readers than any one long article. As the coast is clear we embrace this first opportunity to print this paper. Since this Department was introduced it has been sustained in a manner most creditable to the ladies, and proved a valuable addition to the paper.

LET us all meet at Grandville, August 22d.

It is not generally known that for scouring knives, forks, spoons, and tinware, the common water lime, such as is used in plastering cellars, cisterns, &c., is one of the very best materials. It does not scratch and will not injure your best silver. Apply with a damp cloth. The more often such things are cleaned the more easily they are cleaned.

THERE is probably nothing in this transitory world that will yield larger and quicker returns on the amount invested, than poking a wasp with your finger to see if he feels well.

Communications.

Michigan Agricultural College.

BY PROF. J. W. BEAL.

This is the oldest agricultural college now existing in the United States, having been opened to students in 1857, 22 years ago. It was at first entirely supported by the State. The income from lands sold now amounts to only about \$16,000 a year. The means for making up this fund to run the College is appropriated by a conservative Legislature, who uniformly give something to keep the College going and make some improvements. These appropriations have not been large. There is no veterinary department, nor no mechanical department; both are much needed.

Female students are admitted. There are usually from four to a dozen in attendance. There is no special course of study, not even one separate class for them. The study well, and stand high. There has been an effort made to make a place for them, but so far it has failed.

Those having the College in charge think it stands higher now than at any former time, though there are still fault finders in plenty. The last catalogue showed 239 students in attendance, all in the regular course except a few special students who recited with them. From the start, all studies have clustered around agriculture as the center. The aim has been to train men for intelligent farmers. The term agriculture I use in its broadest sense, intending it to include horticulture, botany, chemistry, entomology, anatomy, surveying, and some knowledge of French, German, English literature, mathematics, etc.

From the time of its organization, students have uniformly been required to work three hours a day. The sophomores work all the year on the farm, the juniors all the year in the horticultural department; the freshmen and seniors are divided in different places. During the past few years especially, the seniors have been used as assistant foremen in various places. Students all work from one to four o'clock in the afternoon, except a few who have special duties.

In the course of instruction unusual care is taken to illustrate and put in practice everything as far as possible. Students are set to making experiments.

The officers of the College have never attempted but one course of study. This runs through four years. Students are taken directly from the best common schools. By having all the students in the same course of study fewer teachers can do all the work. Economy has always been urged as a necessity.

The graduates number 171. The first class graduated in 1861, and numbered seven students. That was 18 years ago. Over four-sevenths of them are graduates of the last five years.

Many of them left here poor, and some were in debt. Most of them wanted to go to farming, and most of those did go to farms if they had the means to buy, or if their parents could help them. To hire out to work on a farm by the month a young man can get \$16 a month. Most of the poor graduates can earn more money at something else. In this country there is little opportunity for a young man to get a position as a foreman on a farm. Farmers act as foremen for their own farms. Some graduates teach a while; some engage in other business to get a little money ahead. Most of them are looking to the business of farming as their best work. Some of them never intended to be farmers, and never will be. They did not enter the college to learn farming, but because of the good opportunities to get a good practical education. Some came to improve the good opportunities for learning chemistry, botany and anatomy, to enable them to become good physicians. The College has no right to exclude such. About 40 per cent of the graduates are now farmers, and of those intimately connected with the advancement of agriculture are a goodly number of others. Among the last class are two or more on agricultural papers, 11 professors or teachers in colleges, one Secretary of Michigan Pomological Society. In all cases but one the professors belong to agricultural colleges.

The farm contains 676 acres. There are about 300 acres cleared. The land is not of the highest quality, and is especially unsuited for pomological purposes. Freshmen enter college about Sept. 1.

There is a long winter vacation, beginning about November 15th, of three and one-half months, which enables the students to teach school. They return about the last of February, and close the year about the last of August, having a short vacation toward the last of May. Students are on the farm about all of the growing season, when they can work to the best advantage.

The chemical laboratory is convenient, and well equipped with apparatus. The course runs daily through two years. The general museum is valuable for its economic entomology and the geology of the State; also the birds and mammals and other animals of the State. During the present season there will be erected a fine laboratory for better work in botany and horticulture, to contain also a museum of vegetable products. The greenhouses are good, and well kept up. They cost over \$9,000. Additions will be made this year and next costing \$1,500. The library is rich in agricultural books and periodicals, and very well supplied with other reading matter.

Every year some experiments have been made, not because there was any money given for the purpose, as there had been almost none, nor because the professors had any time for it, but because they were interested in the work, and made what experiments they could for the love of the work. The teachers are overworked. Several of them spend their long winter vacation among the farmers at institutes, lectures, etc. They attend bee-conventions, Granges, Pomological societies, etc. The reports of the college and agricultural papers contain results of experiments made here. They are valuable, but nowhere near what the professors would be glad to make had they money and time, or a sufficient division of labor.

Co-operation and Confidence.

LANSING, Aug. 8th.

What question among American farmers has ever occupied so much of the public mind as that of the Grange and the Grangers' Co-operation, what is it? Is it not one of the important features of the Grange movement? Are not people awakening to the fact that it is the determination of the farmer to have a share in the profits of his labors, without the intervention of middlemen? Do not many of our most intelligent men suppose it is the duty of the Patrons of Husbandry to wage war on all tradesmen? But how erroneous and ignorant not to know that all society is made up of necessary trades and callings, and that each is a necessity to the other? We can no more do without the tradesman than they without the farmer. If the farmer should stop the plows and cease to labor, what a state this world would be in! One half the universe would starve. So you see we are the propelling power. We should therefore be up and doing for those who are the first to put their hands to the plow will be first to reap the rich rewards of their toil. We must not forget the great living principles of the Order for which we are united. We may be independent to a great degree of all dealers who persistently ignore the Patron, but we should co-operate whenever practicable in order to establish the principles of our noble Order, and all true Patrons will. More co-operation will give us equal rights and privileges, harmonious opinions, and necessarily promote the good of the Order. By co-operating we have already realized many profits, and might have many more if we had more confidence in each other. We must work together. It seems as though every Patron should be interested in all laudable undertakings of the Grange, and assist to make them successful so far as possible, for the success of any enterprise is due to the united efforts of the whole body. Confidence in each other and co-operation will ensure success in whatever we undertake.

B. C. GOODNOE.

AMONG the prizes offered by the French Agricultural Society are one for the best essay on the tariff question in its application to agricultural interests, and one for the best essay or report on the resources of the principal States of the American Union and the quantity of cereals and live stock which they might in ordinary years have for export to Europe.

"Home, or the Last Loaf," is the name of a new temperance drama. Home is about the last place to loaf in a man would think of.

