



SPRING.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Bride of the year! I met thee last
Amid thy favorite bowers,
And saw thy virgin form repose
On beds of Southern flowers;
Thy breath awoke Creation's lyre,
Thine eye embodied youth,
Thy smile gave birth to countless dreams
Of glory, love and truth.

Zephyrs, as angels breathing soft,
And rain more sweet than dew,
Moulded thy beauty into life,
Sweet, delicate and true;
The sky a deeper azure wore,
The sea more gently rolled,
The sun his banner newly decked
With purple, rose and gold.

The dim, gray olive's leaf grew bright,
To feel thy kindly air
Still its old boughs, like childhood's cheek
Pillowed on hoary hair;
The cypress wildly waved no more,
And ceased its dirge-like moan,
To greet thy thrilling touch, and hear
The music of thy tone.

Thy tender hand drew off the shroud
From many an Alpine head,
And lo! where long dense clouds hung dark,
A pearly light is spread;
The ancient moss was green again,
Beneath thy pitying tear,
And shrunk the dead leaves from the grass
As thy light steps drew near.

Thy song beguiled the lizard forth
To rustle through the broom,
And dressed the almond-boughs with buds,
To waft a sweet perfume;
The bee thrilled clear his tiny horn,
The nightingale her flute,
Each whispering branch became a harp,
And every reed a lute.

The aloe raised his pendant spear,
With a chivalric pride,
While the dark pines a welcome waved
Along the mountain side;
The lily from its shield of green
Looked forth with meek surprise,
And twilight lingered from his couch
To watch thy loving eyes.

THOUGHTS OF FLOWERS.

The following beautiful sketch, from the pen of Miss Emma T. Benton Bennett, of St. Louis, Mo., written for the *Country Gentleman*, contains much that is pertinent to the subject, and so elegantly and pathetically expressed, too, that none can read it without entering into the truly devotional breathings of the author; and probably, after its perusal, some who may have been hitherto indifferent to nature's charms as shown forth in the luxuriant colors, or the delightful fragrance of the flower garden may be incited to an effort to raise some of these fit emblems of paradise for themselves:

"Symbols of innocence and love; charmers of childhood, youth and age; delighting both the simple and the wise, the rude and uncultured mind! When spring, through warmer skies and softened airs, gives promise of the new life of the beautiful, the poet—the lover of nature, is thrilled with a new inspiration, and in the gushing tide of his unprisoned being, exclaims of flowers as did Campbell in his beautiful song to the rainbow:

"Theme of primal prophecy!
Be still the poet's theme!"

The tenderest susceptibilities of the heart, the purest admiration of the mind, expand and cluster around the blossoming of plants. Flowers are the rival pride of the harem, the boudoir and the boulevards; loved by the hermit of the mountain, the home-sick soldier, the statesman and philosopher—they have a gentle potency that none other of creation's inanimate beauties possess. They nestle in the heart's gloomiest alcoves—its shadiest bowers, and soothe the sorrowing to the inspiration of gladness and hope. They weave an inexplicable, fascinating spell around the gay scenes of life, crowning the climax of joy, and wreathing the darkness of the grave! When shorn from their emerald pedestals, they are peculiarly appropriate for the ornaments and love of woman; but man in his grandest development pays them a gentle homage—their "soul-like wings" are as an etherealized eloquence, momentarily wooing his thought from unsated philosophy and metaphysical deductions to a grateful rest in their spiritual paradise. As well the playthings of the barefooted child of a peasant's shieling, as of the fairy autocrat of a princess' nursery, they belong to the young heart of all mankind. No aristocratic fluid courses through their veins!

Through man's ingenious culture, they sometimes receive additional charms for the eye of an artist; for the drapery of the rose, the carnation and dahlia may be multiplied an hundred fold; one [of their primary colors may be resolved to chameleon tints of beauty; even as the soul of man, retaining bright vestiges in his most uneducated state, of the beauty implanted by the inbreathing in the Garden of Eden, may through refinement, intellectual culture, religious discipline, exhibit a richer image of being derived from God, an enlarged capacity to receive and to give enjoyment.

What glance of the mind can at once behold the flower in its variation of form, coloring and habitude?

The peerless Victoria Regia of South America, with its star-like wonder opening with an almost perceptible motion and sound—so chary of its floral consummation that it seems as the event of a life-time to behold one of its costly smiles.

That pure white chalice of the Naiads, the Nymphaea odorata—pond lily of New England, floating like a rosette from the mantle of an angel, on calm green waters where storms have rarely interrupted the placidity of its home! Blooming in the evergreen silence of mountain solitudes, where rabbit and fawn drink the nectar of heaven unmolested.

The azure hair-bell is a sweet suggester of grace and modest trust, when seen o'erhanging a grim precipice, amid its long fairy sprays of green. It seems to ring to the fancy of the traveler, in soft, sweet murmurs, spirit invocations of the loved in other climes.

The Gillia tri-color weaves its green network and tiny blossoms all over the sunny plains of the Pacific El Dorado; enshrining the dewless ground for the rest of the miner on his way from the mountain "Eureka."

The ranunculus, the aster, and the apple-blossoms of the North; the cypress flower, the orange and magnolia of the South; the phlox, helianthus and baptisia of the prairie; the heather of Scotland; the primrose of England; the pansie of France; the Calla Ethiopica of Cape Good Hope; mimosa of Brazil; rose of Damascus—O, how dazzling the array—scattered over this wide and varied earth!—thriving in every climate and soil, from the alluvia of the Nile, to the snow of the Alps.

Let every feeling, loving, human heart, bless Jehovah for the smile of every plant in its flower; and let them be, in the words of the Hiawathean singer—

"Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

All flowers have not the property of delightful fragrance; in fact, to quote from the language of another correspondent of the same journal, "although flowers and fragrance are inseparably connected in the minds of most persons, and the instinctive act of nearly every one who picks a flower is to put it to his nose, to enjoy its delightful odor, yet the simple fact is that most flowers have no distinctive fragrance at all. Poets have sung, and sung delightfully too, of

"This rich display of flowers,
This airy wild of fragrance,
So lovely to the eye,
And to the sense so sweet!"

And we read also of flowers

"That waste their sweetness on the desert air;"

but all this does not alter the fact that most flowers are not sweet.

As a general rule the flowers which attract the most attention for their beauty are not remarkable for their fragrance; on the contrary, the humble and most inconspicuous ones are usually the most fragrant. The Dahlia, king of flowers, symmetrical and gorgeous, is without odor, or, to tell the truth, it is somewhat unpleasant to the smell. The Verbena, beautiful bedding plant as it is, has no fragrance. And so we may go through the long list of flowers, and we shall find it to be true that rich coloring, beauty of shape, and attractive appearance are not often conjoined with exquisite odor in any one flower to attract and captivate the attention. The rose is a notable exception to this rule. This "queen of flowers" is probably the most popular and beloved flower in existence. Its beauty and fragrance have been the theme of poets from time immemorial. Its perfume is preserved even after death. Hear the poet:

"And first of all, the rose; because its breath
Is rich beyond the rest; and when it dies,
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death."

The perfume of most flowers is too subtle and fleeting to be extracted; but the rose yields its fragrance to the art of man, and is to be found concentrated in the celebrated and costly "attar of roses." Most flowers

"Die to themselves; sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made."

Provision should always be made for a supply of fragrant flowers for summer bouquets. Nothing can be found superior for this purpose to the Mignonette and Heliotrope, both of which are too well known for their exquisite fragrance to need any special recommendation.

For shrubbery, the Syringa and Lilae are desirable for their fragrance, and the modest "Viola odorata" or sweet scented violet, should have a sheltered place in the garden, which they will fill with perfume during the spring months.

Puns for Farmer Boys.

When is a plant like a hog?
When it begins to root.
And when is it like a soldier?
When it begins to shoot.
And when is it like an editor?
When it begins to blow.

The Frost.

After the late snow-storm, did very much damage to vegetation in this vicinity. The young shoots of buds inserted last season were much injured—many of them killed.

Beet, carrot and other plants that had appeared above the surface were severely nipped, but are slowly recovering.

One of our nurserymen, who had root-grafted a large number of apple, plum and other varieties, informs us that nearly every graft was killed by the frost.

Cost of Keeping Sheep.—The New England Farmer states that Mr. Elliott, of New Hampshire, estimates the cost of keeping sheep at \$1.50 per annum each, and that each sheep would make half a load of manure during the winter, besides the benefit done to the pasture by the droppings left thereon.

Agricultural Papers.—The *American Agriculturist* and *Genesee Farmer* for May and the *Country Gentleman* for April 26 were received per last eastern mail.

These journals are all worthy the patronage of a farming community.

From the high estimation in which we hold the *Agriculturist*, in its great variety of practical and useful information and its general adaptability to this locality, we cannot forbear inserting the following, from the *Michigan Journal of Education*, the sentiments of which we fully endorse:

"Nothing in the country can begin to compete with the *American Agriculturist*, in the amount and value of the reading matter furnished to the cultivator, for one dollar. When we say 'nothing in the country,' the expression is equivalent, in this case, to 'nothing in the world.' The marvel of reading matter so cheap, can only be explained by the immense circulation of the paper. . . . After our own agricultural journal there is no agricultural paper on which our farmers can more advantageously expend a dollar.

Nor is the interest of this paper restricted to the farmer. It is really a family-magazine, and this without sacrificing one feature of its ostensible character. Agricultural subjects are invested with a charm which attracts every reader. . . . The editor, Orange Judd, is a college class mate of ours, and hence we know what we affirm in saying that he possesses the highest scholastic qualifications, being not only a Master of Arts, but a graduate as Bachelor of Philosophy from the Chemical laboratory of the younger Silliman at Yale College. Address: 189 Water street, New York."

Deep Plowing.—A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer*, gives the following as the result of his experience in the cultivation of corn by deep plowing. He says: "I have seen in some of the back numbers of the *Genesee Farmer*, communications from some correspondents in regard to deep plowing. They seem to think it is injurious; at least not beneficial. I will give my experience in regard to the matter. Some eight years ago, when I purchased the farm I live on, although it was a good corn year, I do not think it would have averaged more than 25 bushels per acre. When I came in possession of it, I took my plow, and with two stout horses, and sometimes three, I commenced turning up the soil from nine to ten inches deep. And although I could see from the actions of some of my neighbors, they thought if I did not come on the town I would ruin my farm—yet I still persevered, and on the same ground where there was 25 bushels of corn per acre when I purchased it, I have raised without any manure (although I do not disbelieve in manuring) one hundred and twenty bushels per acre. This is my experience in deep plowing."

A Sound Opinion.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* is responsible for the following suggestive sentence: "If farmers would do their fall work in the fall, and their winter work in the winter, and be ready for the spring work when the spring arrives, they would make more money, and get along much easier than they do." Let every farmer look at his own practice under this light, and he will see some place where he can mend it.

An Inveterate Weed, called by some, millet grass, is now coming up in most of the gardens in the upper portion of the city. Being of early and rapid growth, it should be destroyed in its infancy. If permitted to get well established it will be very difficult to get it out of the garden.

The Tea Plant grows in the Agricultural Garden at Washington. It is said that it makes a finer flavored dish of tea than that usually imported. It is drunk without milk, and has a rich oily taste.

Peach Trees Dying in California.—The *Sonora Age*, of April 14, says:

We hear complaints from Jamestown, Shaw's Flat, and other camps, that many fruit raisers are losing some of their most valuable peach trees this spring. The affected trees had bloomed as full as the rest, when the leaves commenced to wither and the blossoms to fall off. On an examination, the bark on the body of the trees is found to be dead near the ground, and presents the appearance of having been scalded. Some nursery men attribute their death to the unusual wet spring. A friend of ours, who has a large orchard, informs us that many of his peach and plum trees were similarly affected. He says he saved them all by digging about the roots, removing a quantity of dirt from them, and splitting the bark of the body of the tree with a sharp knife, at intervals of about one inch from each other, perpendicular from the roots to the limbs. It may be well for those who have found no better remedy to test the efficacy of his mode.

In the upper counties of California, as we learn from the *Nevada Democrat*, a late severe frost made sad havoc with the peach blossoms. A few trees that were late in bloom, it was thought, might have escaped, but the crop was mostly destroyed.

The peach crop there, as well as here in Utah, is very uncertain and from henceforward there will probably be more attention given to the growing of the apple and other fruits not so liable to be injured by late frosts.

California Crops.—From the last *Sacramento Union*, dated April 28, we are able to glean the present condition of the crops in that country, as compared with ours. Wheat, at that early date, was headed out and rapidly maturing. Late heavy rains had done considerable damage to the grain crops. In some sections, says the *Union*, nearly entire fields of wheat have been beaten down, and considerable damage is apprehended on account of rust from too rapid growth, and wet weather followed by warm days. In the uplands, however, the rain has been very beneficial.

There was every prospect that the hay crop would be very large.

The fruit prospect was also very cheering—the trees, thus far, in that section, are untouched by frost, and should they escape the frosts of that month, the crop will be larger than ever before known in that State.

Regularity in Milking.—Mr. O. E. Hannum, a very successful dairyman of Portage co., Ohio, a native of old Berkshire, Mass., names the points of his management as follows: Good cows, good feed, good milking, good care and management of the milk. He puts "good milking" in italics, and remarks: "Each cow should have a steady milker, be milked as fast as possible, and all the milk drawn. I am satisfied that there is a loss of one third in many dairies, by the lazy, haphazard way in which cows are milked. I have known persons sit down in the milking yard and go through with some long yarn, and be from ten to twenty minutes milking one cow, when it should be done in less than five."

Sowing of Millet.—J. B. Cornwall, a Canadian agriculturist, writes that he would prefer twelve quarts of seed in sowing millet, to any less quantity, and that he would sow broadcast where he was raising feed for soiling purposes. The beginning of June is considered the best time for sowing. Where millet is to be sown for seed, it should be drilled, as the plant is thus better enabled to ripen its seed, and may be kept cleaner and freer from the seeds of weeds.

Planting Potatoes.—Mr. Barnard of Bloomington, Ill., informs the *Prairie Farmer* that he can grow potatoes at 15 cents a bushel, more profitably than wheat or corn, or other crops with which he has had experience. He uses about seven bushels of seed per acre, and has found by experiment in planting, that if each cutting when dropped was stepped upon and pressed into the ground by the person dropping, it resulted in an earlier appearance of the plant and a more vigorous growth, though he could not say that the product was any greater.

A Productive Orchard.—Mr. Lake, of Topsfield, the nurseryman, informs the *Boston Cultivator* that his brother, of that town, Mr. E. Lake, gathered from his orchard of one acre, set with Baldwins and Russets, twenty five years ago, 200 barrels of marketable apples, worth \$4 a barrel; 1 1-2 tons of marrow squashes, and 100 heads of good cabbages, the largest of which weighed 27 pounds. Mr. Lake says, "it is in vain to expect to raise apples, unless the ground be well tilled, and well fertilized."