



## THE PROFIT OF KEEPING SHEEP.

BY WELLINGTON HICKMAN.

[Read before the Farmers' Club of Chester county, Penn.]

Twenty-five years ago, when I was a boy, there were very few sheep kept in this part of Chester county, compared with the last five or ten. Farmers generally thought they were poisonous to the land. Thirty years ago, farmers would buy eight or ten ewes in the fall, and keep them over a year or more for the purpose of getting the wool for manufacturing use in their families, but with no idea of positive pecuniary profit.

My father went into sheep-keeping more extensively. He generally bought twenty-five or thirty ewes in the fall, and put a good buck among them about the first of October, so as to have them lamb in March.

It was part of my work to take care of these sheep in winter and spring, but after they were turned out to pasture there was very little care taken of them. We had a large tract of woodland that was low and marshy, which I think is not the place for sheep; they were turned there in the spring and hardly allowed to look into a field the whole summer.

Within ten or twelve years, I have generally bought from fifty to seventy ewes of the common stock, in the fall, and kept a good buck to put with them. I may as well mention here, that I have tried almost all of the improved breeds of bucks, and think the South-down the best for my purpose; as the lambs are ready for market earlier than any others. As a general rule in buying sheep, I select pretty good woolled ones, about one-fourth Merino, as I think they are the best sucklers, and makes the fattest lambs. After the lambs are taken off, the ewes get ready for market earlier than coarse or open woolled sheep. I have paid from \$1.25 to \$3.50 per head for ewes; I think they have not averaged more than \$2.50 the last five years. I have sold them within the same length of time at from \$4 to \$4.50 per head, while I have sold the wool at from \$1 to \$1.50 a fleece, averaging \$1.25. I sell my sheep, except the buck, every year, and buy in a new lot. The past season I had seventy-two ewes, from which I raised and sold ninety-two lambs at \$4 per head for ewes and lambs.

Twelve or fourteen years ago, I bought some adjoining land, of which about ten acres were new land partly cleared. I fenced it off and cut the timber, and cleared it up by cutting away the briars and rubbish. Part of it was thin land. I plastered it, and then pastured it with sheep for about ten years, and at the end of that time I think it was as fine a "green grass" sod as I have ever seen. In the spring of 1858, I plowed it and planted it with corn. In the fall, our Chester County Agricultural Society offered a premium for the best five acres, and also for the best one acre of corn. I had been called upon by one of my neighbors to help measure some corn, of which he had a very good crop, for the purpose of competing for the premium. I happened to speak of it before my men, when they said we had a larger crop than that. They took a barrel out the next day and measured some heaps, and told me the result. I called on two of my neighbors, and after carefully measuring it they made out the following report: "The best one acre yielded 104 bushels of shelled corn; the best five acres yielded 95 bushels per acre; for which I received the first premium."

I think it was owing to its being pastured by sheep, as it never had any manure on it except the plaster. While speaking of this land I may as well mention that it was entirely out of sight of the buildings, and I never bring sheep in at night on account of the dogs. My neighbors' sheep, which were in an adjoining field were frequently attacked by dogs, but mine were never disturbed. I have had but two sheep killed by dogs for ten years. I think the reason of it is that I put a number of bells on them, from two to three dozen on a flock.

Some farmers pasture the land very closely with cattle before turning their sheep on it. The consequence is a bare field; but if you let the grass get up and do not permit it to be eaten off with cattle or horses first, I think sheep are no harder on grass than other stock. The spring of the year is the most difficult time to keep them from eating down the grass. It is a great advantage for ewes that have lambs to have grass early.

I frequently let them run on my wheat field in the winter and early spring, to save the grass fields. I keep them as long as I can on the field I intend to plant with corn that season, not plowing it until late in April. I have not missed having a good crop since I adopted this plan, and have never had my corn injured to any extent with cut-worms or insects. I don't think it would be profitable for farmers to stock their farms altogether with sheep, on account of the resulting manure. Although sheep make the very best of manure, it is difficult to work up straw and cornstalks without some cattle.

I keep my sheep all together in a good, dry, airy place in winter, keeping them in at nights and when it is stormy, but letting them run out in good weather. About the first of March when they commence lambing, I take

out the ewes that have lambs and put them in a separate inclosure, making a pen in one corner for the lambs to go in and eat meal, which they will do when they are three weeks old.

### Supply of Large Fruit.

Mr. John Kennicott, in a lecture before the State Agricultural Society of Illinois, spoke thus:

As to the general question of fruit farming, no well informed man can doubt. The right sort, in the right place, and cared for in proportion to value, is as sure as corn, and "as good as wheat" in market—affording a much larger profit than either—at least twice as great. But there is one terrifying bugbear—besides real bugs—that calls for a word—over production! For forty years I have heard it said that "if so many plant, who will buy?" "Prices must go down." Well, have they gone down? Over forty years ago I bought excellent grafted apples at 12-1-2 cents per bushel in the orchard, within forty miles of Albany, N. Y., and then 25 cents was a high price. And really good peaches were sold about the same time, within twenty miles of Rochester, at a York shilling per bushel. Then there were but two or three nurseries in the Union, and none, of account, about Rochester. Perhaps you know how it is now, in regard to both nurseries and fruit down that way. When I came to Chicago, twenty-five years ago, Hoosier apples and peaches, brought in prairie schooners—from the Wabash, perhaps—sold for half the price now obtained for those brought by railroad from the same parallel of latitude. True, the fruit was not so good twenty-five years ago—but I don't think better would have brought a much better price then.

Depend upon it, fruit-growing will be good for half a century yet, and better twenty years hence than it is now. Good fruit, in good condition, is always marketable in large cities; and when it will not bear shipment fresh, its expressed juices will, and much will be dried, or canned for export. There is no fear of overdoing the thing, though the day of poor fruit is even now passing away.

**How to Test the Quality of Wool.**—Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from thirty to thirty-three of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest electoral of Saxony wool grown. Of course when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes, the quality of the wool becomes relatively inferior. Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and the best. Costwold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch. With this test, every farmer has in his possession a knowledge which will enable him to form a correct judgment of the quality of all kinds of wool. There are some coarse wools which experienced wool-growers do not rank as wool, but as hair, on account of the hardness and straightness of the fiber.

**Salt for Hogs.**—Salt is found to be of great use in fattening hogs; two ounces a hog a day is the quantity for full-grown ones, down to a quarter of an ounce for young pigs. Breeding sows should have none, and in summer it should be withheld from all.

### The Southern People.

De Bow's Review, an ultra southern magazine, thus describes Southern people:

"Our women are all conservatives, moral, religious, and sensitively modest, and abhor the North for infidelity, gross immorality, licentiousness, anarchy and agrarianism. 'Tis they and the clergy who lead and direct the disunion movement. It is a gross mistake to suppose that abolition alone is the cause of dissension between the North and South. The Cavaliers, Jacobites and Huguenots, who settled the South, naturally hate, condemn and despise the Puritans who settled the North. The former are master races—the latter a slave race, the descendants of the Saxon serfs. The former are Mediterranean races, descendants of the Romans; for Cavaliers and Jacobites are of Norman descent, and so were the Huguenots. The Saxons and Anglos, the ancestors of the Yankees, came from the cold and marshy regions of the North; where man is little more than a cold-blooded, amphibious biped."

"We are the most aristocratic people in the world. Pride of caste and color, and privilege, makes every man an aristocrat in feeling. Aristocracy is the only safeguard of liberty, the only power watchful and strong enough to exclude monarchical despotism. At the North, the progress and tendency of opinion is to pure democracy, less government, anarchy and agrarianism. Their hatred of the South will accelerate this noxious current of opinion, and anarchy will soon wind up in military despotism. There will be as many little despots as there are now states, for no usurper will wield means sufficient to conquer or fuse into one, several states. It will be a great improvement in Northern affairs, is far preferable to Northern democracy, agrarianism, infidelity and free love."

—An unfortunate shoeless donkey lately walked into a blacksmith's shop in Devonshire, England, and was shod by the smith, who supposed his master was in attendance. But master Long ears, as soon as he was shod, seceded and has not since been heard from.

### Difficulties and Grievances Epitomized.

RUBY VALLEY,  
C. & S. L. M. Line, April 16, 1861.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—So much has been said about Indians, and probable Indian difficulties of late, that I have no doubt the subject has become wearisome to yourself and readers. I fear what I can say will have but little effect, yet pardon my referring to it. However uninteresting to others, to us, who are in the midst of Indian tribes and exposed every hour to their malice and assaults, it is a very important subject. As stated by Mr. Egan in a former communication, there certainly is danger of an outbreak of the natives along this line. If it does not take place—it will only be owing to their fear. I am satisfied that if they were sure of success they would commence immediately. Sho-cub, the chief at this place, told M. E. McCandless that the Indians in this vicinity as well as along the line, had been talking of rising and "cleaning out" all the stations. Sho-cub told them they were children, could not see far ahead—and that if they killed the men now on the road and burned the stations, others would come and build again stronger. He will do all he can to prevent trouble—but he cannot control them all.

Mr. Wm. Rogers, the Indian Agent at this place, says, Col. Davies promised to come out again this spring with provisions, clothing and presents of various kinds—that the Indians have been flocking in from all directions awaiting his arrival, and that he (Rogers) has given and given to them until they have eat him out of house and home, and left him nearly as destitute as they are, that the government has never paid him anything, and that he has had to furnish provisions for himself and them, out of his own pocket. The same may be said of Deep creek; and indeed all along the road from Simpson springs to this place, the natives flock around every new comer they are acquainted with, and ask "when is Davies coming?" Now, I do not write this to find fault with any one; nor yet to encourage the present system of "promise" and "present" making, for I do not believe it is calculated to give security to life and property amongst them. Nor yet am I so foolish as to suppose that, in a world like this, where men are plenty, the lives of a few obscure employees will be considered of sufficient importance to rouse the proper authorities to prompt action. It would be an easy way of "paying off" the line if a good number should be killed. But I would appeal to the pockets of contractors, that powerful spring of human action, that Archimedes lever which will all but overturn a world. Do they want a double dose of last summer's losses in stock, extra hands, pay, etc.; or does Government (if there is any) wish communication with the west cut-off? A little expense, trouble and prompt action will prevent, what it will cost a great deal to cure. I suppose the Superintendent of Indian Affairs will say as he did on another occasion—"Make an official statement to me and I will take cognizance of it." But it is not my province to do that.

Well, if men lose their lives on this road, themselves and friends will have the consolation of knowing that they have fallen in the "glorious cause" of helping to enrich men already rolling in luxury and wealth, who care neither for their bodies nor souls, their comfort nor happiness nor anything else, except all the service they can get out of them.

It is an unpardonable sin in these days to speak the truth, especially if that truth is on behalf of the poor against the rich—but I shall for once risk the consequences of speaking on the weak side. Pardon my departing from the subject, but we have been, like the Indians, fed on promises so long, that, like them, we are becoming tired of them. May I be pardoned the presumption of asking why we (many of us) should live and toil out here in the midst of danger, privation and want, to fatten rich speculators and get nothing for it. I suppose you will answer, the only reason is, because we are a pack of fools. Very true—but there is a limit to endurance. When Geo. Chorpennig failed, there was plenty of his property on this end of the line to have paid all his employees. Since then, Jones, Russell & Co. have had the use of it—stock, stations etc., and the men to whom they legitimately belonged have seen them pass to and fro, worn out in the service of men who had no claim on them, and themselves receiving nothing for the use of their own property. Mule after mule has been stolen by Indians while they were carrying J. R. & Co's. X. P. & Mail—ox after ox killed and eat, to support men working for them—and yet not one of Chorpennig's employees has received one dollar for or from them. Somebody has received the benefit of the stock, stations, etc. Who is it? Not us certainly. The contractors who received the pay from Government. Chorpennig was a badly abused man. The contract was taken from him without any just reason. But I cannot conceive by what right another company avails itself of the proceeds of the labor of his employees without paying them. We have been promised time after time, that they would pay us—but it seems to me that they put it off to get all they can out of us and then leave us to help ourselves. It is not to be supposed that Jones, Russell & Co. will pay for the stations, and property used and destroyed, now that their contract does not extend here—neither will Butterfield if he can get the use of them three or four years for nothing. He would be a fool if he would. The Chorpennig stock is

again sent out on the road. Supposing the Indians break out, as seems not at all unlikely, and steal his stock, who is to lose it? Of course neither Jones & Russell, nor Butterfield could afford to, and so the poor employees must shoulder it.

If justice were done the contract would be given to those who have made the road, carried the mail thro' snow and storm, and lived, or starved on mule meat and dogs' to do it. But we don't ask this. All we ask is, that they should take the road stations, and property and pay us for our labor. This is just, and would be profitable to both parties. Will they do it?

Respectfully,  
W. H. SHEARMAN.

[For the Deseret News.]

### The Humanization of Mankind.

BY ALEXANDER OTT.

Cold must be the heart which would wish to check the effusions of sincerity and benevolence in the emancipation of body and soul. Let the mercenary lordling, who styles himself the minister of Christ; or the ambitious courtier, whose maxim is that millions were created to administer to the artificial wants and pleasures of a few;—let these contend for ignorance, for mental and physical slavery of the people; but for the Latter Day Saints, who see none but accidental inequalities among mankind, who can discern a natural equality between a king and a beggar, let us as true friends to humanity, spurn the contemptuous idea.

Let us also appeal to reason. The innate thirst for happiness is a principle so strong and so universal in the human breast, as never to have been controverted; and yet, the first glimmerings of reflection and experience must convince us, that the bulk of mankind fail in the pursuit, or, rather, never rationally engage in it at all.

It is very true that some principles seem to be implanted in the human understanding, which speak conviction to the almost untutored heart, and command attention, from their force and universality, but at the period of childhood, when Nature begins aright the process of education, the false systems of man generally thwart her best efforts.

Infer from this, that, although nature may show the outlines of truth and rectitude, it is the gospel-light alone, which gives the coloring and finishing touch to the humanization of mankind. Here duty becomes a fixed principle; here the boundaries are drawn between right and wrong, between life and death; here we agree in what before was dubious; here we gain firmness and stability to our character; here, in fine, human nature arrives at its highest excellence, its best rewards, and its most rational and animating hopes.

With humble and dutiful submission to the appointments of Providence, we will learn the most sacred lessons from the imperfections of human nature, viz.; the necessity of rising higher in the scale of moral discipline, and that there is one spot in this world where our nomad wings may rest safely—where the flowers springing up at the foundation of eternal wisdom are sweeter and the atmosphere is congenial to the pure in heart.

**Good Advice.**—Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a good deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.—[Dr. Bushnell.]

**FAST SHOE-MAKING.**—The extent to which machinery is taking the place of hand labor is strikingly illustrated in making ladies shoes. I recently visited a manufactory in Haverhill, Massachusetts, where, with the machinery in use, twenty-five persons turn out six hundred pairs daily. All the stitching is done by sewing machines run by steam—a combination of the two greatest mechanical inventions. Every operation, except fitting the shoe to the last, even to the final polishing, and cutting the pegs out of the inside, to prevent them from hurting the foot, is performed by machinery. One of the greatest curiosities is the pegging machine, which inserts the awl, cuts out the pegs from a stick of wood, and drives them in, all at one operation, and so rapidly that it will peg two rows round the sole of a shoe in twenty seconds. The facilities in this manufactory are such that the raw calfskin and sole leather can be taken in the basement of the building and in half an hour turned out in the form of a complete pair of shoes.

—Thirty Sioux Indians have petitioned the Senate of Minnesota for admission to the rights of citizenship, on the ground that each has but one wife, lives in a house, wears pantaloons, is willing to work, abstains from rum, and attends stated preaching.