

## AGRICULTURAL.



### WOOLGROWING.

The following, on the subject of sheep and wool is from the pen of Mr. J. S. Pettibone, of Manchester, Vermont, written to a Michigan wool-grower, and which appears in a late number of the *Country Gentleman*:

It is now forty years since I purchased 20 Merino ewes in Watertown, Ct., of the Humphrey importation or their descendants. R. Skinner, former Governor of this State, purchased 80 ewes at the same time. In 1826, I purchased of Gov. Skinner his whole flock of ewes, increasing my flock of merinos to over 200. In 1849, I was requested by the editor of the *Albany Cultivator* to answer the following questions: "What is the most profitable course of farming in your section of the country, and what is the cost of producing a pound of Merino wool?" I endeavored to answer the questions. My answer was published in the April number of that paper, page 110. This article was commented upon by several candid writers in the same vol., pages 186 and 251.

Now, by forty years experience on the farm on which I was born, (now 76 years old,) I am satisfied wool-growers in general do not realize the importance of adopting a system—an economical one, of constant improvement. I know the figures of the weight of my fleeces look large. The price, when sold, will be the evidence of their quality. I never put the tags into the fleeces. I seldom tag my breeding ewes. They seldom become filthy when kept well. I do not adopt the practice of shearing in the dirt. I have done so to try the experiment. Those 20 pound fleeces operate as a fraud upon the inexperienced. I sheared one buck, washed—that is, put into the water, the same ceremony performed as on the other; he was a very greasy sheep, sired by an Atwood buck of the extra greasy trait; his fleece weighed 14½ pounds. I had another buck, sired by an Atwood buck, sheared unwashed, weight but 13½ pounds. There was no doubt a quarter more wool on the 13½ lbs. unwashed, than on the 14½ lbs. washed.

These extra greasy sheep are generally short woolled, cannot endure the cold, and generally short-lived. An extra greasy wrinkled buck, I would not breed from. To get a heavy fleece of wool, the staple must be long and thick and the whole body covered.

In the article to which I have alluded, I have given my mode of improvement. Any errors I have adopted you will please correct, and all improvement that you can suggest would be received by me as a great favor.

The hills and valleys of Vermont and New Hampshire are the places for profitable sheep husbandry, sweet and abundant feed on our hills, low-priced in consequence of being remote from home, with fertile flats and interval meadows on our rivers and creeks, kept fertile by annual overflowing. Good water issuing from the hills, can, with little expense, be conveyed to the sheep barns, where the sheep may be seen in the extreme cold of winter, lying chewing the cud as under a cool shade in summer. By frequent littering the sheep are kept clean and warm. The wool is not injured by storms, and sometimes keeps up its regular growth as in the fall or summer.

I fear I have too much trespassed upon your time. But my love for sheep is such that I do not know when to stop when I begin to talk on wool-growing. I have visited several good flocks of sheep in New Hampshire. The Shakers at Lebanon or Enfield had some years ago some good sheep—the Bartlett family good wool—the Church family very long wool, too coarse and dry. We must visit flocks other than our own if we wish to improve our flocks.

**TRANSPLANTING IN THE NIGHT.**—A friend in whose powers of observation we have confidence, and who is an exact experimenter, informs us that last spring and summer he made the following experiments:—He transplanted ten cherry trees while in blossom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon and transplanting one each hour, until one in the morning. Those transplanted during daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those planted during the darker portions maintained their conditions fully. He did the same with ten dwarf pear trees after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected their crop, and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these he removed some earth with the roots.

We are well aware that when plants are accidentally frozen in green houses it is customary to render the house dark before applying cold water to thaw them, and that when this is not observed they are injured, while, if entire darkness be secured during the operation, many of them are saved. But the experiment of our friend seems to have but little analogy to this fact and it is entirely new to us.

We shall be glad to receive information on this subject from our readers, and hope that numerous kindred experiments will be made during the coming season.—[Working Farmer.]

**GERMAN METHOD OF CURING TOBACCO.**—A method of curing tobacco after it is dried, generally practiced by the farmers in Germany, consists in forming a round stack of the same, turning the point or thin part of the leaves or blades as much as possible outside, and the thick or stemmy part to the inside of the stack. The idea is to warm the tobacco by its own sweat containing moisture, killing or rather curing the greenness of the veins in the blades, and by a certain sweat to improve the flavor and appearance of the article. When warm enough in the middle or the warmest part of the stack to bear a hand inside without discomfort of heat, it should be taken apart and that part of the stack not warmed up to the point of sweat, be put in the middle for a like cure. Care must be taken not to burn it black, or like ash-burned manure, to which purpose it should be frequently examined. When the above point of curing is obtained, it may be laid out thinly to cool off and dry, after which it can be put into whatever shape for market, in bales, casks, hogheads. By the above process the farmers in Germany manage to cure tobacco, and sell, when very successful, the same, at prices often equalling the best sort raised in this country. The stack named must be in-doors, on a good plank floor, and accessible to very little air, while in stack.

**TIMOTHY MOWING LANDS.**—Timothy is a pasture grass. That everybody knows. The browsing herd will soon rid a field of it, except in the hedge rows where they cannot crop close. The reason of this is not because the root is somewhat bulbous, for we cannot understand why that should affect it one way or another, but the fact is that the dormant buds at the crown of the root or the base of the stem need the influence of some foliage to cause them to start. The root alone is very likely to be unable to produce another vigorous shoot, and so it dies, or is greatly injured. Thus it is the very worst policy to let cattle of any kind closely feed down timothy meadows at any time of the year, and particularly in spring where the full vigor of the root should go to the unimpeded development of the plant. Timothy appears to receive more of a shock from cutting than almost any other common grasses, and almost uniformly makes a poor aftermath. A dressing of manure upon timothy mowings immediately after haying, seems to counteract this evil. Not only a good aftermath of timothy will be secured, but all other grasses, so far as we know, are more benefited by manuring at this season than any other.—[Am Agriculturist.]

### MAKING FUN.

Once when traveling in a stage-coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable; not content with laughing herself she took great pains to make others do the same.

Now, traveling in a stage-coach is rather prosy business. People in this situation are apt to show themselves peevish and selfish; so the young lady's good humor was for a time very agreeable to the travelers. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and hens looked demurely on, little dreaming that folks could be so merry at their expense. All this, perhaps, was harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing. So it seemed to me; for after a while an old lady came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begged him to stop.

The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the good old lady coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take pattern of her bonnet, and in other various ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the old woman turned a pale face toward her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young, healthy and happy; I have been so, but that time has passed; I am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world where merry girls think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes, and an old woman who has had a spirit that has loved and suffered, and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be assured I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a lesson, and one which we hoped would do her good.

## CORRESPONDENCE.



FLORENCE, 16th July, 1862.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—Presuming that a few items of news, concerning the emigration across the plains this season, may not be unacceptable to your readers, I pen a short detail of my journey with one of the church trains:

To begin with the roads:—they were (in consequence of the late opening of spring and the great and almost unprecedented rise of the streams on the route) of the very worst description during the early part of the journey; the wagons frequently, particularly between the Little Mountain and Echo canyon, were running upon their hubs, and going through water often above the wagon beds.

A Yellow creek we found the stream so much swollen that it covered the entire valley through which it runs from bluff to bluff; and again at Ham's Fork, it was still worse. At both these places we had to unload our wagons, conveying the loads over on rafts, or in a boat, and taking the empty wagons through with the teams, and at the latter place having to float the wagons across and swim the teams; but Mormon patience, energy and perseverance, triumphed over every obstacle; yet, I will say that it is my firm conviction that no other people would have gone through under such difficult and trying circumstances, without pause or hesitation; in fact, making nothing but sport of laboring all day in the water and mud, sometimes to their knees, sometimes to their waist, and occasionally going out of sight. Captain H. Duncan, in charge of our train, was equal to every emergency, invariably taking the lead himself in going into water or mud and the boys were ever ready and willing to follow.

The emigration westward this season is very great. Somewhere about two thousand two hundred wagons passed us between Ham's Fork and Loup Fork ferry, averaging about five souls to each wagon, which will make eleven thousand, independent of our own emigration, which is also very large this season; I presume over five thousand.

You have probably heard of the accident which happened to our highly esteemed friend and brother, J. W. Young, during the storm of the 8th instant, by the blowing over of some wagon boxes, which were piled up, but not secured. His chest was badly bruised, his head and nose also cut rather severely; but I am happy to say he is now able to be about again and recovering rapidly.

Two men were unfortunately killed in one of the camps of English Saints. Elder Whittall, late of the *Millennial Star* office, Liverpool, and another brother from England. At Wood river, I counted four men telegraph poles shattered by the lightning on the same occasion, and a horse killed.

On the 3d of July we passed Capt. Lewis Brunson's company of Saints, consisting of thirty-six wagons, about ten miles west of Buffalo creek, being the first train of the season for Utah. A train of forty-six wagons, under Capt. Wareham, passed us on the 13th ult., and another left on the 14th—all independent companies. The other companies will now be leaving in rapid succession, until all have started. Capt. Duncan's train reached here about noon on the 14th, and Capt. Murdock's about two hours afterwards. Capt. Horn's train is expected to-day, and Capt. Harmon's to-morrow or next day, and the others in a day or so afterwards.

The Saints have all arrived here, with the exception of a small company of Swiss expected by the next boat. Capt. Duncan is loading up to-day with English Saints, and will start in two or three days.

The missionaries who have arrived here are well generally. Elders Rich and Lyman are here; also Elders McAllister, Stainer and Adams, returning missionaries, with a few others whose names I do not know.

We expect to leave for New York en route for our fields of labor in a few days.

M. McCUNE.

### DON'T GET DISCOURAGED.

Don't get discouraged! Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth when clouds came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune came over him? Why man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people whom even to look at is worse than a dose of camomile tea. What if you do happen to be a little puzzled on the dollar and cent question? Others beside you have stood exactly in the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it, and you are neither halt, lame, nor blind, that you cannot do likewise. The weather may be dark and rainy—very well—laugh between the drops and think cheerily for the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull, make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall don't lament over your bruises, if no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your codfish joyfully, and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape! But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles, and count over the calamities, you may as well

throw yourself over the dock and done with it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woes enough, if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see 'em till you put on your spectacles. But then is it worth while to put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better left alone?

Don't get discouraged, little wife! Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and the husband says that the new shirts you worked over so long, "sit like meal bags." Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew! Don't feel "down in the mouth" because dust will settle, and clothes will wear out, and crockery get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that thin s are blessings until they prove to be something else.

Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of a place after all.

**ONE OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR.**—One terrible idea occurs in reference to this matter. Even supposing the war should end to-morrow, and the army melt into the vast population within the year, what an incalculable preponderance will there be of military titles and pretensions for at least half a century to come! Every country neighborhood will have its general or two, its three or four colonels, half a dozen majors, and captains without end, besides non-commissioned officers and privates, more than the recruiting officers ever knew of—all with their campaign stories, which will become the staple of fireside talk for evermore. Military merit, or rather, since that is not so readily estimated, military notoriety will be the measure of all claims to civil distinction. One bullet-headed general will succeed another in the Presidential chair, and veterans will hold the offices at home and abroad, and sit in Congress and the legislatures, and fill all the avenues of public life. And yet I do not speak of this depreciatingly, since, very likely, it may substitute something more real and genuine, instead of the many shams on which men have heretofore founded their claims to public regard; but it behooves civilians to consider their wretched prospects in the future, and assume the military button before it is too late.—[Atlantic Monthly.]

**A TEXAN'S OPINION OF THE METHODISTS.**—If the following anecdote from a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* be true, we need not wonder at the persecutions which the Methodists have recently suffered at the hands of the Texans:

"While on church matters, I will give you a Texan's opinion of a Methodist. It was new to me:—

"Do you know, my friend," addressing me, "why it is that the Methodists roller so loud when they pray?"

I, of course, expressed my astonishment and anxiety to possess such valuable information.

"Well," said he, "I will tell you: It is because they are further from God than any other denomination of Christians."

"Might you not be mistaken," said I.

"No, sir," was his quick reply, "I know them well, for I was born in a camp-meeting."

"I had nothing more to say; the man was in earnest."

**"I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."**—Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family, who had taken an orphan boy to raise, who, by the way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church, and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did.

Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled off and took the astounded sleeper with an apple square on the top of his bald pate.

The minister and aroused congregation at once turned round and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand with a sober, honest expression of countenance: "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake!"

**ANECDOTE OF LORD BROUGHAM.**—Lord Campbell related of Lord Brougham what he calls a "napery" anecdote, and which has been attributed to meaner authorities. Mr. Brougham, while a youth, resolved on performing a pedestrian tour to the Trosachs. At Stirling he "put up" at the house of a lady who had dealings with his father. Everything was arranged for the comfort of the future Chancellor till the morning, when a loud knocking was heard at the door of the young barrister. "Get up, Maister Henry," cried the old hostess, "there's two Southrons come to their breakfast—your sheet is the only table-cloth we've got in the house, and we wad like to be decent."