



[Written for the Deseret News.]

FARMERS' SONG--INSCRIBED TO THE SONS OF TOIL.

BY JOHN LYON.

TUNE—"Petit Tambour."

While Reverends sage, with rule and gage,
And politicians great,
Square up the morals and the laws
Of Hierarchy and State,
We'll sing of humbler, happier men,
Who live by daily toil—
Who ply the plow-share and the spade
To break the stubborn soil.

CHORUS:

The farmer's life's a happy life,
Whether he plows, or sows;
His farm, his family and his stock
The most he cares or knows.

When Spring-time comes, he sows his seed
With free and skillful hand—
In summer's drouth, to cheer his crop,
He irrigates his land:
Who is in life so free from strife
Or indigence and woe?
He leads an independent life
That richer men don't know.

CHORUS—The farmer's life, &c.

While Autumn's col'ring up his grain,
He mows and teds his hay,
Then hauls it home, or stacks it up—
Against the winter day.
The ripen'd corn and wheat is shorn,
Then thrashed and cleaned at will,
And in the gran'ry is stored up,
Or driven to the mill.

CHORUS—The farmer's life, &c.

And when the Storm-King sows the plains
With rain, hail, frost or snow,
He reaps the blessings of his toil
From all that he did grow:
He cares not for rude winter's frown—
His stock's penn'd in the fold,
The cows and sheep are in good keep,
Secure from wet and cold.

CHORUS—The farmer's life, &c.

Within his cottage plenty smiles—
No cank'ring breeds its cares,
Nor gaudy fashion with its wiles
A gilded varnish wears!
His barley grain and sugar cane
Their juice supply for tea,
With eggs and ham, and berry-jam,
And honey from the tree!

CHORUS—The farmer's life, &c.

The loom and wheel, and rack and reel,
Which Kate and Sal doth ply—
The husky-woolsey and the jeans
Made, keeps them warm and dry.
He cares not for the foreign truck
Of moth-fledged ditty—
Comfort and health he wants his wealth—
A home-made man is he.

CHORUS—The farmer's life, &c.

Practical Hints on Budding.

As the season for budding has commenced we annex a few plain directions for the general perusal of all; but more especially for the benefit of those not thoroughly instructed in this interesting branch of horticulture and floriculture.

Budding is a species of grafting, and consists in inserting a fresh-cut bud beneath the bark of another plant; a leaf-bud, easily known by its tapering point, should be alone selected, and not a bud in which a flower is developed; the leaf on the selected bud should be taken off, or it might exhaust the sap, and the bud wither and die; along with the bud, a small slip of bark should be taken; and if this bark separate freely, it is a test of there being sap enough to form a union; the slip of bark must be inserted beneath the bark of the other plant, in a slit made for the purpose, and the whole tied with a strip of mat, or a piece of yarn, to keep out the air.

In budding *roses*, take a bit of bark with a leaf on it, tuck it under the bark of the brier, and tie it down before the juices have time to dry; and forthwith commences the growth of the bud of the real rose, while from that time forth every shoot the brier makes should be removed as fast as it appears, the new bud alone being allowed to grow.

Supposing the subject on which the bud is to be fixed is in proper order, (only one strong branch growing near the top, and that this has a dozen side branches growing out of it), begin by cutting off with a sharp knife all these side branches, and removing from the part that joins the stem any of the thorns that would be unpleasant to handle.

When it is thus prepared, shave off with a very sharp knife a leaf of the rose which you

wish to insert; but you must have some bark with it; therefore insert the knife half an inch below the leaf, bringing it out half an inch above; the bud is at the base of the leaf.—Next make a slit in the bark of the stock, beginning close to the heel or base, where it joins the stem, and on the upper side, an inch long.

To facilitate the lifting of the bark, make a cross incision about half way with a very thin piece of hard wood, or the handle of a budding knife, which is made thin on purpose; raise the bark on both sides, and tuck in one end of the piece with the leaf on it under the part below the cross-cut, sliding it down so that the leaf shall come where the cross-cut is; and then tie the bark of the stock upon the bark of the bud with worsted or bass matting.

The long, straggling branch of the stock should be left on for a few weeks, to draw the sap past the bud, until it unites, when all the growing part of the brier should be cut away, and nothing but the shoot from the bud be allowed to grow.

Roses of different colors may be budded on each other, but care should be taken to have them of the same habit; and as a general rule, the smooth-barked varieties are the best to work upon.

Smooth barked and China roses may be budded at any time; but briars can only be budded when the bark will run—generally about July.

To grow peaches every year, a correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* says: Procure your trees grafted upon the wild plum stock. The tree partakes of the nature of the plum, being hardy, and will never winter-kill, and putting out late in the spring, will never be injured by the frost, and it is a certain preventive against the workings of the peach grub, while the natural life time of the tree is beyond that of our own; so you may depend upon peaches every year, and for a long period of time without the destructive and discouraging influence attending the growth of the common peach.

Some of the Uses of Gardens.

A series of papers under the title of "The Six of Spades," printed in the *London Florist*, says the *Country Gentleman*, appears to have met with some success there, but, until the June number, they were too thoroughly English to be understood or appreciated here; we can now make one or two extracts of a more general kind, that will be well worth the reading:

But never, since that day, have I been in want of pleasant occupation, never since have I suffered that most dismal loneliness, the solitude of a strange city, when circumstances have enforced a temporary sojourn in the neighborhood of a nursery garden. With principals, or, in their absence, with foremen, I have fifty topics of mutual interest to discuss; in every garden something new to see; from every gardener something new to learn; and so the hours pass swiftly, pleasantly, and I hope wisely, onward.

Wisely, I believe; for, after all, my brothers, it is the wisdom and goodness of gardening which make it such a deep and enduring happiness. It is thankfulness, reverence, and love, which make our gardens dear to us from childhood to old age, for

"Love is like the ocean, ever fresh and strong,
Which, the world surrounding, keeps it green and young."

Yes, it is because we cannot really love the beautiful flowers without loving Him "whose breath perfumes them, and whose pencil paints;" it is because there lies deep in the heart of man a yearning to recover Paradise, and to rest once more upon the Mount of God; it is because when we cherish tenderly, and watch adoringly, the Creator's handiwork, that we are permitted to "walk with Him thro' the garden of Creation;" it is because the life of a gardener is, or ought to be, a religious life;

"Yes, holy is the gardener's life, for unto him is given
To be a fellow-worker with the sun and showers of heaven,

Gently to aid the labors of the teeming mother earth
And watch and cherish tenderly her children from their birth."

It is because the wisest of men, such as were Bacon and Newton, were happiest in their gardens, and spake of gardening, from a glad experience, as "the purest of human pleasures; it is because men, such as was Wordsworth, have bequeathed to us the certain confidence that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her;" it is for these reasons, and many an other as true and gracious, that the pleasures of gardening are so great and lasting, and that of the earnest faithful gardener it may be justly said,

"Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee when old age is nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave."

Crops, &c., in California.

From the *Sacramento Union* of July 7 and 14, as also other California exchanges, we glean the following items relative to the grain and fruit crops, &c., in that region:

The hay crops of some parts of California, it is stated, will be one-eighth greater this, than at any previous season. It is selling at \$4 @ \$5 per ton in the field and from \$7.50 to \$10 delivered in town.

The potatoe crops promise well.

The grain crops, as far as reports have been received, bid fair to be very heavy, throughout the State.

A lot of cattle and horses were recently sold in Calaveras and San Joaquin counties at unusually low rates. The average price of the cattle, for yearlings and upwards, was but \$17 per head. The horses brought on an average, \$55 per head; mules, \$75.

On the ranch of Richard Fuller, of Placer county, oats were growing eight feet in height. On the same ranch, corn stalks were found ten feet high.

The squirrels were destroying the peach crops in portions of Calaveras county.

A field of barley, belonging to a man named Frenchel, was destroyed by fire in Jackson county.

A specimen of the first green corn of the season was presented at the *Sacramento Union* office on July 4, by Isaac Astury, of Washington county.

On the premises of Dr. Nelson, of San Francisco, is a very thrifty growing wild grape vine—abounding in the interior of the State—entwined around a large California ash, which last year bore about twenty-five bushels of grapes, in flavor not equal to the cultivated varieties, but excellent for jellies and preserves.

The yield of native wine in California, the present season, will be very large. The *Petaluma Journal* says that the yield of Col. Haraszthy's vineyard alone is set at from 70,000 to 80,000 gallons. Col. H. has 25,000 gallons of last year's vintage yet on hand; and Gen. Vallejo has in his vaults upwards of 20,000 gallons of the pure juice of the grape, also of last year's vintage. There are other vineyards in the same locality whose annual yield is large. It would appear, says the *Journal*, from these facts, as though the people of Sonoma county need hereafter drink but "slight decoctions of strychnine whisky and torch-light procession brandy."

Ripe apples were becoming plentiful. S. C. Tyler, of Georgiana Slough, near Sacramento, had some fifty bushels of apples in his bin, gathered before the State Fair of last year, and in a fine state of preservation.

We may here state that a new method of preserving apples has been discovered—that of submerging them in water. Mr. E. E. Bailey lately brought the editor of an eastern exchange a delicious apple—a sample of a keffull which he had securely headed up and sunk to the bottom of his mill-pond last November, where it had lain undisturbed through the winter and until within a short time. On bringing his cache of fruits to the surface and opening it, every apple was found to be as free from speck or rot and as fair and unwrinkled as on the day it was taken from the tree.

The race of Yankee sheep-pedlars, which a few years past were repudiated in Ohio and other Western States, have become resuscitated in California.

Messrs. Thomas & Brother, of Contra Costa, have a dairy of eighty cows, milking thirty-five. The present season they have had from their stock several pairs of twins and one case of three calves. The *Contra Costa Gazette* says, "the cows of this country are hard to beat." We are not informed relative to their milking qualities; though, from the above, we infer that they are very prolific.

On the 4th of July, two hundred and fifty tons of hay were destroyed by fire in San Mateo county. The *Gazette*, in alluding to the probable cause of the fire, says: "The vegetation upon the whole face of the country has become so thoroughly dried up that fire will run through it like a whirlwind, and it behooves all our farmers to keep a watchful eye upon their crops; for even though fire may not, as in this instance, originate in the stacks themselves, they are liable at any moment to be burned in a thousand other ways."

Peaches had made their appearance in the Stockton market.

A Fourth of July Speech.

One of the youthful readers of the *American Agriculturist* sends to the editor of that paper the following evidently juvenile effort, at making an "independence" oration. He commences:

"Mr. Editor, I would like very much to make a fourth of July Speech, if I could only get an audience. Can't you set me on the editorial stump and let me have a talk with my *Agriculturist* cousins?" Yes, John, step up here, take your stand on this three legged stool, hold up your head, face your audience of a hundred thousand girls and boys and out with your speech. Hear him.

"Hurrah for liberty! Three cheers for independence!! Columbia forever!!! I have a small voice, but it is full of my heart, and it shall come to you, like an electric spark falling on powder. Who is so dead that his pulse does not beat quicker on this birthday anniversary of the nation? If there be one, find him out, fill his pockets with powder and his hat with gas, tie him to a bundle of rockets, touch him off, and send him up to get a new view and an exalted idea of the glorious land he is now unworthy to inhabit. But I leave him to his fate and return to you who do exult as Americans should.

When the seed breaks from its prison in the early year, the Spring rejoices, and men are happy at heart; but the 'fullness' of joy comes when the harvest waves over the field. The world rejoiced when, in 1776, our forefathers declared their independence. It was the young growth of Liberty. To-day we are reaping the fruits of that Spring time, and our joy overflows from swelling hearts. This country then was like a farm with here and there a field planted. There were scattered villages, full of life and promise, but few in number, and far between. What a crop has been raised from that small beginning. They had strong roots, these noble men that fastened to the soil. They were God-fearing, liberty-loving men, and from those roots have sprung the blossoms and the fruit of the intelligence, the prosperity and happiness of our day. They had to fight hard, but they were brave because they were good, and what they won we enjoy.

I hope the day of fighting with powder and ball has passed, in this country at least, and that we may always use our ammunition in fire crackers and rockets, and big guns, as we do to-day, without hurting any body, but I tell you, my young friends, the world's great battles are not over yet. We've worse enemies to overcome than our forefathers met on Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown. Ignorance, selfishness and vice are working at the foundations of our prosperity like rats gnawing off the beams of the building that shelters them. Every one of us that grows up uneducated, or a wrong-doer, or selfish, or mean, is cherishing an enemy of his country. Oh! If I could to-day bring out the biggest gun ever made, load it to the muzzle with knowledge and goodness, discharge it into the heads and hearts of those troublers of the country, is there a boy that wouldn't give a light, or a girl that wouldn't, if necessary, give me her new dress for wadding? But it can't be done in that way. We must meet these enemies, book in hand, in the school-room; we must shame them out of the land by good examples of truth-telling, of generosity and love, we must fight our battles hand to hand in our own lives, by resisting and overcoming every bad habit, and if each will overcome himself, then will all have a good time together, and be able to shout—"liberty and independence forever."

Very well done, little fellow; but, ere you have grown old enough to become President, you will probably have learned that the harvest-fruits, the germs of which were sown by our revolutionary sires, have not been gathered yet; and that, since the seeding-time, the baneful tares of party strife, disunion and corruption have sprung up and, not being immediately destroyed, have put forth their rank and heavy growth, until they have well nigh choked the generous plants of that liberty whose benign influence once diffused a thrill of joy in the hearts of the poor and the oppressed and caused tyrants to fear and tremble on their tottering thrones.

Take courage, however, young hero. The plants of liberty will yet take deeper root and flourish more exceedingly. The rank growth of noxious weeds will soon be eradicated, and many of the children of those "God-fearing, liberty-loving men"—together with multitudes of every land and tongue, who shall come hither to also participate in the "fullness" of the blessings of life, liberty and happiness—will yet partake of those delicious harvest-fruits and rejoice.

The Bo-tree.—An extraordinary tree is stated by Sir J. Emerson to exist in the island of Ceylon. It is known as the "Bo-tree" of Anar-ajapora, and is, in all probability, the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted 288 years before Christ, and hence it is now 2,148 years old. Ages varying from 1,000 to 500 years have been assigned to the boobubs of Senegal, eucalyptus of Tasmania, the dragon tree of Grotavo, and the chesnut of Mount Etna. But all these estimates are