

## FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

## LEGEND OF KILBRIDE.\*

INSCRIBED TO MR. EDWARD SAYERS.

SAYERS, when I think on the hours that we  
Have spent together, talking of sweet flow'rs,  
Methinks their beauty—intellectually—  
Seems bright'ned with thy converse, like spring show'rs,  
Till blooming round me, youth's old haunted bow'rs  
And nature's sweetness in their beauty grow,  
Recalling back those scenes and sunny hours  
When first I caught the soul-inspiring glow  
Of thought, that gave to poetry a heavenly flow.

In youth's bright day of innocence, I felt  
The charms of nature thrilling thro' my brain;  
Tho' all its nameless beauties were unspelt,  
I gazed upon them in poetic strain;  
I loved these flowers and love them still—in vain  
I strived to symbol what they all portrayed;  
Tho' mused in silence, still these thoughts remain,  
And o'er the garden's varied beauties spread  
A witching charm, when youth's bright, dreamy hours  
are fled.

The beautiful landscape and the daisied lawn—  
The Honeysuckle winding round the door—  
The Double-leaved Rose-bush, at early dawn,  
Tipped with the dewdrops which they blushing bore;  
And Ivy-green, that round the Hawthorn hoar—  
Clasped like an infant to its mother's breast;  
Are scenes reflective of the days of yore—  
Sweet, happy dreams of guileless boy-hood, blest,  
Are poisonous weeds of care had round my spirit prest.

SAINT BRIDE! The birthplace of my father's sire,  
Was all a garden of dame nature's own;  
Around her well there grew the scented brier,  
As if by magic o'er the fountain grown,  
And on its streamlet banks were thickly strewn  
Flowers, which the Monks in olden time had sowed,  
The seeds of which, by annual winds were blown  
Around the Abbey's mould'ring, dark abode,  
And grew, and bloomed, and died where'er the water  
flow'd.

There drooping willows throw a mournful shade  
Along the windings of that wizard stream,  
Where, 'neath a cypress tree, this sainted maid  
Lay mingled with dust's dark, oblivious dream;  
Yet still, her fabled story is the theme  
Of winter tales, and of her ghostly sprite,  
Seen with her lover, when the lightning's gleam  
Flits o'er the pathway of some wayward wight,  
Who, plodding homeward, sees the spectre, in the dark  
midnight.

Fame says she loved, and was betrothed to one  
Who was of noble birth and pedigree—  
Who with her father lived, and was the son  
Of a rich nobleman beyond the sea,  
Her father knew they loved; opposed was he  
To their alliance on this earth together.  
She took the veil, resolved a devotee  
To live and die, than wed with any other—  
Till time and truth revealed, HE WAS HER ONLY  
BROTHER!

Her father kept the secret till his death—  
The reasons why his consent was denied—  
Lest scorn should sally, with her envious breath,  
His former folly to a worse allied;  
Tho' well he loved them both, and vainly tried  
To heal the blight his secret had begun,  
Yet he revealed, in anguish ere he died,  
The LOVER was his own beloved son—  
An illegitimate! by love and law undone!

SIX languished quickly, pined away and died;  
HE lived unmarried three score years and more;  
Yet ne'er forgot his loving sister bride—  
He loved till death, as she had done before,  
And was interred in the same grave. No more  
Remains of this old village tale to tell,  
Save that they meet by the old abbey door,  
And disappear beside the haunted well,  
Where superstition reigns and fear still binds the spell!

Yet there the Lily, Rose and Violet blue—  
The emblems of their love—in verdure grow  
Along the stream, where oft they do renew  
Their pledge of love, in whispering accents low,  
Beneath the cypress where the waters flow,  
That wall in spirit language thro' the grove—  
Where flow'rs in modest beauty bloom and grow,  
Along its margin on this fairy spot—  
Where vies the Myrtle, with sweet Forget-me-not.

SAYERS, to thee I have inscribed this tale  
Of flow'rs, and shrubs, that in the garden grow,  
Which speaks the soul's mute language, in detail  
Of human feeling, happiness and woe—  
Chronicle with crime, and suffering here below—  
Wove with tradition, and my native place,  
Saint Bride! Accept the legend I bestow,  
Dear Sir, on royal, dignified disgrace  
Of the last Stuarts, and their fallen, kingly race.  
G.S.L. CITY, Aug. 1859. LYON.

\* KIL is the Celtic word for SAINT.

The Corner Stones of the New York State  
Agricultural College were laid at Ovid, Seneca  
county, July 7, 1859. The farm belonging to this  
institution comprises seven hundred acres of land,  
about 175 of which are finely timbered, the resi-  
due, good tillable land. It is located on the east  
side of Seneca lake, commanding a view of more  
than twenty miles up and down the lake. The  
site selected for the college edifice is represented  
as being very attractive. A correspondent of the  
*Country Gentleman*, after a visit to the farm,  
writes:

"The farm contains everything within itself that a  
man of intelligence could desire, to make one of the best  
farms in the country. It has clay enough to make any

quantity of tile and brick—(brick now being made for the  
buildings). There are springs at the highest point on the  
farm of sufficient capacity to furnish a supply of water  
for all the buildings, as well as for irrigating almost the  
entire farm. In addition, there is an inexhaustible quarry  
of limestone—a kiln already erected to burn lime for the  
buildings. There is water power sufficient to propel all  
the machinery they will ever want on the farm for farm  
purposes—a small grist and saw mill now in operation.  
In fact, they have, or can have, every thing on the farm  
that the most enterprising farmer can ever want. It is a  
most desirable field for enterprise, and the most so I ever  
saw on the same extent of land."

The buildings, when completed, will give  
abundant room for 300 students and all the re-  
quisite room for teachers, lecture room, library,  
museum, etc.

The farm is under the superintendence of a  
head farmer, while the usual grades of professor-  
ships in the various branches of science will of  
course stand at the head of their respective  
classes.

This is a successful achievement of a great  
project—the establishment of a college where  
practical agriculture is ranked side by side with  
the classic—where the most noble employment  
of man, reduced to a science, forms an important  
part of the education of the youthful aspirant  
after knowledge—by which the physical organi-  
zation is developed, in force and vigor, while the  
mental advances in the comprehension of the  
great principles of science. Thus, in the gradu-  
ation of students from a high-toned Agricultural  
College, the State becomes the recipient of men  
qualified as well to wield the plow and enter up-  
on all the labors of scientific farming, as to adorn  
the highest stations in commercial or political  
life.

Dried fruit is not unfrequently much dimin-  
ished in flavor and value by cooking. Washing  
always injures it. If you must soak it, do so,  
but never throw off the water—stew it in the  
same. The fruit should be stewed till it is per-  
fectly soft—till no trace of its original form re-  
mains—then sweeten. Dried apples require  
longer cooking than dried peaches. When it is  
desired to mix them, the apples should be pretty  
well softened before the peaches are put with  
them. The proportions most agreeable are,  
about three parts apples to one of peaches. A  
few raisins, plums, grapes or dried currants will  
be found to greatly improve the flavor. Dried  
peaches, says an exchange paper, can be cooked  
till almost a jelly when cold and are then more  
delicious than sweetmeats and far more whole-  
some.

Tomatoes—prepared in the following manner,  
according to the *Germantown Telegraph*, are  
superior to those prepared in any other way yet  
discovered:

"Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and  
sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add  
claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are some-  
times prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the  
claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant  
flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than any-  
thing else."

Instead of claret, good domestic currant or  
other wine, suitably flavored, would doubtless  
answer every purpose.

Vegetable Egg, or egg plant, is very palatable  
when cooked as here recommended:

"Cut it in thin slices. Take three hen's eggs, beat  
them well put on your pan with a spoonfull of butter or  
lard; then put in your egg, and salt and pepper to taste;  
then pour about half your beaten egg over them; let them  
cook a little—turn them, and add the balance of your  
beaten egg. Let them cook until soft, and they are then  
ready for the table. Send them to the table hot."

The egg should not be taken from the vine  
until it becomes soft.

The acid in fruit pies may be neutralized by  
adding to each pie as much carbonate of soda as  
would cover a twenty five cent piece. While  
this does not in the least affect the flavor of the  
fruit, it will save much sugar.

The Amole, or California soap plant is said, by  
the *Placerville Observer*, to bloom in sections of  
four inches at a time; that is, on the first night of  
its blooming, about four inches of the lower part  
of each branch will be covered with blossoms;  
the next night these will all be found closed and,  
four inches higher on the branches will be in full  
bloom, and so on till all the buds are exhausted.  
The blossoms of this plant never open but once  
and then always in the night time.

Big Lambs.—The *Sacramento Union* states  
that C. C. Goodrich, near Oroville, Cal., has  
two lambs—one, at the age of seven months and  
eighteen days, weighed 130 pounds; the other,  
at the age of seven months and twenty days,  
weighed 135 pounds.

An Apricot was grown this season in the  
orchard of Mr. Russell, Auburn, Cal., weighing  
four and three quarter ounces and measuring  
seven and three quarter inches in circumference  
—the seed of which was imported from France.

The Rural Annual and Horticultural Direc-  
tory has been forwarded to us from the office of  
the *Genesee Farmer*. It contains treatises on  
"underdraining orchards and gardens, British  
breeds of cattle, cultivation of ruta bagas, ducks,  
geese, and swans, culture of fruit trees in pots  
under glass, fruit culture at the west," together  
with much other useful information, is illustrated  
with seventy five engravings, and comprises up-  
wards of one hundred pages, neatly executed.  
Price 25 cents; \$2 per dozen.

Address, JOSEPH HARRIS, office of the  
*Genesee Farmer*, Rochester, N. Y.

The American Agriculturist for August came  
to hand per last Eastern mail. This number con-  
tains many very valuable articles. We call the  
attention of our German readers to the German  
edition of this superior journal. It should be in  
the hands of every farmer. We design forward-  
ing a list by the next eastern mail. Those wish-  
ing to subscribe can do so by forwarding us their  
names and the cash without delay.

A balky horse that could not be induced to  
move, either by whipping or coaxing, was start-  
ed by a cartman, who took up a handful of mud  
and rubbed it upon the nose of the animal. When  
asked by the gentleman who owned the horse,  
how he explained this feat, he replied, "O, sir, it  
gives him a new idea."

Eggs—can be had always by keeping hens in  
warm winter quarters, furnishing them with  
plenty of food, water, lime, gravel and a little  
fresh meat occasionally. The hen-house must  
be kept sweet with lime or fine charcoal. A  
wallowing box, full of ashes, is also requisite.

The *Tribune* (N. Y.) says that if somebody  
should think how ridiculous for somebody in that  
office "to tell the country people how to cook,  
somebody will please to take notice that there  
are some dried sticks in that office, and some  
green ones in the country."

A Stalk of Pie Plant, says the *Cleveland  
Herald*, measuring six and a half inches in cir-  
cumference, the leaf of the same stalk having a  
diameter of forty six and a half inches, was  
raised the present season by Rev. Dr. Betts, of  
Brownholm, Ohio.

Ticks and lice on cattle may be prevented by  
the application of a wash in the proportion of one  
tablespoonful of sulphur to one pint of salt,  
thoroughly mixed, and fed to the infected animals  
once a week for a month or two, as salt is  
usually given.

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## A TREATISE ON HORTICULTURE.

BY E. SAYERS, HORTICULTURIST.

No. 10.

RURAL HORTICULTURE—THE FARM  
HOUSE GARDEN.

Well do I remember the old romantic Farm  
House, with huge Gothic doors and windows.  
It was undoubtedly over a hundred years old  
and had been formerly the residence of Catholics;  
as the old brick walls were inlaid at different  
places with black hammered flint stone in form  
of crosses and the doors, which were of heart  
oak plank, two inches thick, were strongly bound  
together with iron bars in form of crosses  
strongly riveted to the door. Indeed everything  
about the house had an air of antiquity—built  
without any particular order of architecture. It  
was, however, convenient and had the usual  
apartments that are necessary to make a farm  
house useful and commodious.

The old house was divided from the farm yard  
by a neat picket fence and in the inclosure was  
a grass plot with Jessamines and Honeysuckles  
carelessly trained around the doors and windows,  
which gave it a rural appearance, and at the same  
gave a charming fragrant air of an evening and in  
the morning, around the dwelling.

Adjoining the house were the farm yard, with  
its usual appendages, and a fine large pond, well  
stocked with tench, eels, perch, and other fresh  
water fish, which gave an occasional amusement  
in angling, besides a good mess of fish for the  
table.

To this was also connected the orchard, well  
stocked with a choice collection of fruit trees,  
that gave a bountiful supply of apples and pears  
from the earliest to the late winter fruit.

The early red and white June Apple, also,  
there found a place, with the various kinds of  
Pippins and Russets, for culinary purposes, and  
the Nonpareil and Golden Pippin for the table or  
eating Apples.

The collection of Pears was well chosen of  
early and late varieties; with some five or six  
large trees of English Walnut, which gave nuts  
to crack by the fire side in a winter's evening,  
imparting a relish to the good old nut brown  
farm house ale.

As the farm had been hired of his lordship by  
my grandfather on a lease for the term of 99  
years, it naturally followed that everything had  
been done to improve its condition as a family  
residence, and a good garden being a valuable  
acquisition to the family comfort, it had been a  
great consideration; indeed, as Kent is considered  
to be the garden of England, so every farmer  
feels a pride in having a good garden under a high  
state of cultivation.

It is a fact worthy of notice, here, that, among  
those English farmers, whilst the products of the  
farm are looked to for supplying the financial  
means, the garden is considered as essential to the  
domestic comforts of the family.

The garden consisted of little more than half  
an acre and was in form of an oblong square,  
surrounded by a hawthorn live fence, or, as it is  
called, a quick-set hedge, which was kept neatly  
trimmed every year. For economy, the hedge  
was planted with choice Plum trees at regular  
distances, all around, which gave a good supply  
of Plums.

The garden was divided in the centre with a  
walk six feet wide, that led from the garden gate  
at the west to the east end, where was a rustic  
summer house, covered with Honeysuckles,  
Jessamine, and the Cottage Rose. At this end  
was a walk planted on each side with small dwarf  
varieties of Apples, Plums and fruit of various  
kinds, thickly together. There were also many  
varieties of shrubs, as Lilacs, Snowballs, Laurels,  
Laurestinias, etc., planted all around this deligh-  
tful retreat.

There was also a small plot allotted to the  
younger members of the family for a flower gar-  
den, and well do I remember how cheerfully we  
rambled together early in the spring in search of  
wild flowers, to decorate the little parterre, and  
often at eve have the family retired to this seques-  
tered spot and sat in silence to hear the warbling  
notes of the nightingale, that paid his annual  
visit to this favorite spot to cheer us with his  
melodies.

This part was also the retreat of family visitors  
who, while interchanging their socialities, were  
regaled with the delicious fruit growing in pro-  
fusion around them.

The walk was planted on each side with choice  
Plum trees in pairs; as, the Green Gage, the  
Orleans and other choice kinds, which were in-  
terseeded with the old red rough, or Ironmonger  
Gooseberry, for preserving and Gooseberry wine  
undoubtedly the same variety as was so highly  
spoken of by Doherty, the happy consort of  
"The Vicar of Wakefield."

In the centre of the walk, about half way from  
the gate, was placed a sun-dial, that indicated  
time as the sun made his daily circuit from  
morning to the evening.

On the left hand side of the walk, at the west  
end, a walk led to a colony of bees consisting of  
about 10 or 15 hives, made of straw and provided  
with pantile covers as a roof to keep off the wet,  
cold in winter, etc. They were placed close to  
the hedge on the south side, and in front was a  
large path of sweet scented flowers; as Stock  
Jelly flower, Wallflowers, Mignonette, etc.; in  
order to make their home agreeable.

Next to these came the Asparagus beds and  
fine beds of Strawberries, and adjoining these  
were planted in rows, at equal distances, the red  
and white Antwerp Raspberry and the red and  
white Antwerp Currants—four of the best varie-  
ties of fruit ever introduced into the fruit garden.

The remainder of the ground on this side was  
planted with various kinds of vegetables for the  
table.

On the right hand side at the west end, a piece  
of ground was appropriated to the flower garden,  
laid out in a neat and regular manner—the walks  
leading to a rustic arbor covered with Laurels,  
Jessamines, Honeysuckles and Clematis or Wood-  
bine. The flower garden was well stocked with  
a fine collection of hardy shrubs; as, Dwarf  
Lilacs, Laurestinias, Rhododendrons, Calmias  
and other varieties of shrubs. There were also  
a good collection of Roses, of which the Old  
Moss and Dutch Cabbage were fine specimens.  
The collection was completed by an excellent  
variety of herbaceous plants and annuals: such  
as Balsams, Jollyflower, China Asters, etc.

Attached to the flower garden was a garden of  
herbs, consisting of every variety for domestic  
use and medicinal purposes in case of sickness.

The rest of the garden was occupied for the  
growing of vegetables, of which every good  
variety was cultivated in its due season.

It is such rural improvements as the farmer's  
garden, the thatched cottage with its rustic seats  
and arbors covered with Woodbines and Honeys-  
uckles, that combine to give so pleasing scenery to  
Old England.

It is true that the traveler is delighted with the  
fine old ancestral halls and castellated mansions  
of the wealthy, with their fine parks, covered  
with groups of old oaks and other forest trees;  
but after all, these are only a background to the  
rural scenery which is made perfect by the farm  
house garden, the thatched cottage and its rural  
appendages, that give a finish to the picture;  
and, while the eye of the traveler is pleased with  
the distant view of the home of the great, it also  
views with equal pleasure the humble home of  
the cottager and the rural dwelling of the indus-  
trious farmer.

## WHAT CAN BE DONE IN UTAH?

It is much to be regretted that the farm house  
garden is not more general in this Territory, as it  
is certainly one of the greatest sources of comforts  
to every part of the family.

It is often argued as an excuse that farmers  
have no time to attend a garden, or, that it will  
not pay. It is quite clear that every person who  
begins to make a good garden must be at a con-  
siderable outlay before he can realize the benefits  
resulting from his perseverance; but when it  
comes, what is more beneficial or received with  
more welcome than the choice fruit of the gar-  
den, and when it comes, every year increases the  
crop. Who, then, would not be willing to spend  
a little time and money for a while, on a garden  
that will insure so good a return for the outlay?  
—and what class of people have a better right or  
are more capable of having a good garden than  
farmers, who have every thing around him to com-  
mence a garden in good earnest?

HOW EVERY FARMER OF UTAH MAY HAVE A  
GARDEN.

To begin, select a good piece of ground near  
the farm house, for convenience; this can be put