

Agricultural.

HEAVY FLEECES.—The New York *Tribune* of a recent date says:

The friends of the heavy Merino fleeces contend that their favorite sheep produce a greater fleece of wool, in proportion to the size of carcass, than any other class of sheep. But as it is not with the weight of fleece, but with the weight of wool we have to do, we would reply by saying that the Leicesters and their crosses, the Cotswold and their crosses, will yield, when properly kept, from seven to eight pounds of clean brook-washed wool which, in scouring for manufacturing purposes, will not shrink more than thirty per cent., and in many instances not over twenty-five per cent.; from these fleeces we should have from four and a half to six pounds of wool ready for the cards, while it would be a very rare case indeed for any of those heavy Merino fleeces to reach four and a half pounds, many not three pounds.

If the grower of long wool had labored as perseveringly to produce a good fleece as the grower of Merino wool has labored to produce a heavy one, their relative merits would not now be a question of controversy. The producers of the heavy fleeces never forget to feed abundantly; but the producers of the long wool do not appear always to realize that the constitution of wool requires the best elements of food to produce it. Wool is an excrescence, and is composed to a great extent of the very best elements which constitute the muscle, bone and sinew of the animal, and consequently those articles of diet which contain the most of these properties produce the most wool, and of the best quality, with the least possible amount of shrinkage. But the mistake which the farmer makes with regard to wool is equally one in the production of mutton. The sheep when on good pastures build an excellent staple, but when taken up in the Fall on account of short or inferior feed, it requires the whole to supply the wear and tear of its own muscles; consequently there is a cessation in the growth, or it is so interfered with that the staple is weak at this particular point, which seriously injures its value. Thus by neglecting to supply sufficient food the farmer loses his fat and injures his wool. We urge these facts upon the consideration of all breeders of sheep.

THE Massachusetts Agricultural Club has unanimously agreed upon the following as the twelve best varieties of pears: First six, the Bartlett, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Urbaniste, Beurre d'Anjou, Sheldon and Seckel; second six, the Onondaga (Swan's Orange), Merriam, Doyenne Bossock, Vicar of Winkfield, Paradise d'Automne and Fulton.

THE CATERPILLAR PEST IN NEW ENGLAND.—Speaking of this subject, and the culpable carelessness of owners of fruit trees concerning the destruction of the caterpillar, the *New England Farmer* says:

We wish there were a law fixing a penalty upon any person upon whose premises a dozen nests could be found in the month of July, and that it was made imperative upon the Selectmen or Assessors of every town to see that the law was enforced. Every farmer knows that the destruction caused by caterpillars is a serious annoyance and evil to the community, and yet there are some—alas, too many—who take little or no pains to do their duty in this particular. It is a mistake to say that they have no time to destroy them. They have all the time there is for any of us, and they cannot afford to incur the cost of raising trees and then suffer them to die before their time through the agency of caterpillars. The thing ought to be a matter of duty and conscience. Some persons complain of the encroachments of a neighbor's dog or cattle, and very justly, too, perhaps, while they allow their wild-cherry trees to be covered with caterpillars enough to destroy half the orchards in the land. "Consistency is a jewel." We suggest to such a story about a mote and a beam in the eye.

A correspondent of the same paper says:

Why do not horticulturists insist upon the passage of a law obliging every land-owner to extirpate from the fruit and other trees growing upon his land that most intolerable pest, the caterpillar? Last year none were allowed to mature upon my trees, and yet I have this year destroyed over 500 nests. This evening a stroll of a mile around the outskirts of the city revealed the origin of these pests upon my tree. Along the

roadside, in unoccupied lots, upon every cherry, apple, and occasionally upon other trees, the webs could be counted by the hundred. Each of these webs contains about 300 worms. At the present rate of increase, the time will very soon come when we must either surrender the apple to the worms, or by some stringent law compel every man to divest the trees upon his land of these loathsome and destructive pests.

THE CROPS ON SHERMAN'S ROUTE.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, who was with Sherman and looked at the Carolinas with an agricultural eye, so to speak, writes:

Since starting out on this march I have been appointed topographical engineer, and it is a part of my business to visit every house to obtain information of any kind, more particularly relating to the roads. I ride at the head of the column, and thus have opportunities to talk with the people about other matters before the troops come up; and as you might expect, I ask them all manner of questions, Yankee fashion, particularly about sugar cane and sorghum. Almost every planter raises one or the other, especially since the war commenced. I have visited every house on our route, and made very many inquiries relative to crops, etc.; and I find the production about as follows:

Corn.—From five to eight bushels per acre; an average of five bushels is considered a good crop.

Wheat.—Uncertain; but everything favorable, from three to five bushels per acre. But few attempt to raise it.

Oats.—Do best of the small grains, producing in good land, in favorable seasons, from twelve to fifteen bushels.

Rice.—Is the main crop near the coast.

Cotton.—Grows from 400 to 500 pounds to the acre, and takes the precedence of all other crops except corn. There is no grass at all; no tame grass or hay raised, none wild, except wire grass, that nothing can eat. Everywhere the people strip the leaves from the corn and save it for fodder, and this makes all the food, or rough feed, there is to be had.

Sugar Cane and Sorghum.—Produce at the rate of 25 to 35 gallons per acre. Some here raised as high as 40 gallons by careful culture and manuring, and one man told me that he had on one occasion raised as high as 50 gallons from an acre of good land.

These are the facts relative to the above named crops as I obtained them from the mouths of all that I enquired of, from Georgia, all through South Carolina and so far into North Carolina.

No wonder—the land is all pine timbered, except rice marshes on the coast, and swamps in the interior, and nine-tenths of these have nothing but pine timber. Some portions of the country have a clay soil and a subsoil. This is better than that which is all sand, as about three-fourths of the land is.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]

[CONCLUDED.]

DUMIDA,

OR THE

HERMIT OF COLZEAN.

Hellen had continued for some hours in high fever, and from the time Mr. Leechman arrived, the servants were in attendance, and had called on Mr. Quinton several times to assist in soothing her mind, which was quite deranged.

The wound being dressed and bandaged, the Doctor, in company with Mr. Quinton, retired to Hellen's chamber; and the captain, finding himself left among the servants, set off to the barn, where he found his men stretched upon the straw, fast asleep.

"Come, come," said he, knocking the corporal on the shoulder, "get up the men, we must be off to examine an old ruin, somewhere over among the hills, which place is said to be a rendezvous of smugglers."

"And please your honor," rejoined the corporal, "what's to be done with that there chest?"

"Well reminded," said the captain, lifting the lid and turning out the papers, and examining each package carefully. "You must take particular care of this chest as I intend to deliver it to the commanding officer when we return to Glasgow," to which the corporal assented by making a bow.

By this time the Dr. and Quinton had stepped from the front door, when the captain went over and enquired for the particulars of Mr. Grahame's wound. "I hope all is well, Mr. Leechman?" said the captain.

"Not just so exactly sure," growled the son of Esculapius, pulling the cravat up to his ears, and buttoning his great coat. "We'll know better about that in a month after this," so saying he threw his leg over the horse and giving a significant nod with his head, as much as to say good-bye, rode up the avenue.

"Come," said the captain, to Quinton, "we must be off to the place you mentioned last night."

"O, yes," said Quinton, "to Crossrigg Abbey; I'll be with you in a few seconds; just get out your men, and I'll be with you presently."

"Mr. Quinton walked into the house, and the captain crossed over to the barn where the soldiers were bracing on their accoutrements. In five minutes the party were in marching order, which Mr. Quinton joined as their conductor.

In the course of an hour the band had traversed the glen, and were winding round the hill by Ravensdenhaugh up to the old abbey. The side facing the shore forming the west end of the edifice was separated from the adjoining walls which had been broken down, had one large gothic window. In the centre of the side walls was an arched doorway, nearly half covered up with rubbish and stones which had fallen from the ruin. Through this door, the party advanced, and crossing over the aisle and out at another on the opposite side, which led into a square, surrounded by a high wall, they came to the vaults under ground.

"This is the place which we were informed was their rendezvous," said Mr. Quinton.

"And where do these vaults lead to?" enquired the captain.

"Below the whole body of the abbey," replied Quinton.

The captain drew his sword and crept into the low door, followed by his men.

On each side as far as he could see for darkness long flat stones met his view, nearly covered with moss. The dim light which fell through the small iron gratings, served but to show the sepulchral dreariness of the place. Moving cautiously along the centre of the tombs, they came to a door through which they perceived their hiding-place—but all was as silent as the graves they had passed. A few boards and some scattered ashes told that the place had been frequented.

"This certainly has been their rendezvous," said the captain, "but the birds have flown."

They soon found their way back to the green mound of the out burying ground, where Quinton pointed out the Smithy's stone of Slateford.

"There," said he, "rest the remains of Fullerton, who was killed by the head forrester of Colzean, of whom you have heard so much this morning from Tantrum, the fugitive and murderer."

The whole party stood for a little in a reflective mood, thinking over the strange incidents and circumstances of life, when the captain called his men to order, and silently retraced their steps back to Lochlyden, from which place they marched for Ayr in the afternoon, bearing with them the papers, gun, sword, belt and powder horn of the recluse.

Mr. Grahame still continued in a dangerous state for several months, and Hellen, although recovered from the effects of fever was by no means in a healthy condition.

Dumida exerted every energy in his power to supply his master's absence. Indeed, the servants now looked upon him as sole proprietor. Mr. Grahame had signified to him in private that he had not the least doubt of the declaration made by Watson; but as the officer had taken away the rights of the estate, the law would necessarily examine into them, and take the whole affair under its cognizance, which eventually took place at Edinburgh, about six months afterwards, by special commissioners and by order of the Sheriff of the county of Ayr. Mr. Quinton was apprehended to answer as an accused person in reference to the truth of the allegations brought against him, as to having been the agent in accomplishing the kidnapping of the child, which some of the papers found with the recluse seemed to corroborate, having his signature affixed. The woman who had been employed as nurse by Colonel Grahame, was brought from England, who testified to the fact of his child being tongue-tied, and of its inability to speak, when of age to do so. And from what she recollected of his features and a mark on his side, she was perfectly convinced of his identity, as being the long lost child of Colonel Grahame. Another very significant proof against the delinquent Quinton, was his non-appearance at the trial. Fredric, which was the name of Dumida, was proven

to be the heir-at-law to his father; but as he was not of age, the estate was to remain in the hands of Chancery, under the government of Mr. Watson, by the wish and desire of Dumida, until he became of age.

Dumida cheered his uncle under the trouble and shame which was heaped upon him, in consequence of the disclosures which had been made during the trial; letting him know that Lochlyden was as much in his possession as ever; and if not enjoyed as such, that it rendered him more miserable than if he had never known his parents, nor the relationship which existed between them. Hellen, who was the only comforter of her father, could not help shedding tears on the occasion mentioned, and her father, as if borne down with internal feeling, would sink back on the bed, quite overcome with a mixture of grief, joy and wounded pride, which had alternately so wrought upon his mind, together with the effects of the wound, that he felt himself daily consuming away under the influence of malignant consumption. One day after a little cessation, he raised himself upon the pillow and addressed them, after the following manner: "My dear children, I am about to leave this world, and there is one desire which I have to make known, and that is, that you consent to be married, as I think I have perceived that affection existing betwixt you, which can only make that state happy, and which will gladden the heart of your dying father, and in some measure make compensation for the wrong done to my departed brother, and so unite both our family and interests in one."

Hellen and Dumida fell prostrate before him on the bedside, while he blessed them and received a response to his request.

Three months from this date and one year from the disclosure saw the green turf laid over the remains of the ill-fated and evil persuaded Mr. Grahame, who was of a tender and sympathetic nature, kind and generous, and scrupulously just in all matters and transactions in life, save the exception of the affair of Dumida, which had been concocted and consented to, in an evil hour, by the avaricious persuasion of Mr. Quinton, who had secretly formed an idea of having Hellen for his wife, although betrothed to Miss Mary Watson, who was sister to the unknown Tantrum; but as the ways of high heaven are not the ways of man, the above devices fell prostrate to the discovery of all parties, and left a moral lesson to the world, that sin and iniquity will not pass unpunished.

Hellen's health rapidly declined, and by the advice of Doctor Leechman, she took a tour through the south of France. After her return, Dumida married her, and having settled his affairs and disposed of his estate removed to the isles of Greece, where, if reports be true, they lived to a good old age and left behind a numerous offspring.

Mr. Quinton left the country in consequence of the disgrace cast upon him, in relation to his nefarious deceit in connection with Mr. Grahame, and also through fear of Mary Watson's brothers who had sworn revenge against him in consequence of his treachery towards their sister.

The Watsons lifted the body of their lost brother out of the sea-mark, and interred him by night in their own burying ground, in the vault of the old abbey.

Mr. Dribblingshaw was never found, but it was currently reported that one of the smugglers confessed on his death-bed, that they carried him into the boat, and buried him out at sea.

The estate of Lochlyden has long since passed into the hands of Lord Cassels, and now forms part of the domains of Colzean.

The old abbey since that time has become an entire ruin, and the progress of agriculture has swept away much of its antiquity, as well as time, having obliterated the name and the remembrance of those who lived near to this sequestered portion of the western shore. The old burying ground being the only spot with its monumental stones, that tells, with the current legends of the district, aught of its former inhabitants.

—Mr. Sherman was a Representative in Congress from Connecticut; his business had been that of making shoes. John Randolph, who had Indian blood in him, rose and, with his usual squeaking sounds, said: "I should like to know what the gentleman did with his leather apron before he set out for Washington?" Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak: "I cut it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas."