

FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

FEBRUARY.

Draped in a robe of bridal dyes,
The earth, a conquered giant, lies.
With folded hands, and closed eyes;
While the white vapors eastward sail,
On the strong pinions of the gale.

Gaunt, fleshless skeletons, the trees,
Shorn of their crown of summer leaves,
Wall sadly in the polar breeze—
And the great hemlocks toss their arms
O'er the wild cliffs of pasture farms.

The school-boy skims adown the hills,
Across the breast of frozen rills,
Over the pond above the mill;
Making the air with laughter ring,
His sled a Throne; himself a King.

The old gray farm-house, low and wide,
Half hidden on the white hill-side—
Half-hidden in the drifted tide—
Sits like a mourning queen, in state,
Over an empire desolate.

Throughout the long and frosty nights,
The clear sky flames with Northern lights,
Which gild with gold the steel-pale heights;
And silver lamps, the solemn stars,
Look through the blue enameled bars.

Winter! though cold and drear thy reign,
Though hung with ice thy palace fane—
We welcome thee to earth again!
Content to know that God decrees
The winter blast and summer breeze.

Farmer Bunker on Dress.

Old "Tim," a regular contributor to the *American Agriculturist*; has written a good many good things and those, too, generally of a pertinent and practical character. The following, we think, may be read with profit by every farmer and might not be wholly inapplicable to others:

MR. EDITOR.—I was considerably astonished to see the letter from Tucker and Jones in your last paper. I did not suppose that I had said anything to break the peace, or to stir up my neighbors, and even that letter don't fairly convince me. You see it is a great country, where it takes two folks to write a letter! Any body that knows those two men, knows that they did not write that letter. It is not in them, and what is not in a man, can't come out of him any way. I took the paper right to Tucker, as soon as it came, and says I to him, says I,

"Tucker, do you know who wrote that letter?" "No I don't Square," says he, "blam'd if I do."

And neighbor Jones said the same thing. If they told a whopper, it probably is not the first one they have told, for though I say it, that should not, their reputation don't stand any the highest for speaking the truth.

I suspect they either got somebody to write the letter for them, or some envious person who wants to get hold of my piece of reclaimed marsh, wrote it in their name, meaning to run it down, so as to get it as cheap as possible. That is about the drift of the letter, as far as I can see any in it. But I may as well say, first as last, that that piece of land is not in the market.

Land that will cut three tun of hay to the acre, or pasture a cow through the whole season, is about good enough to keep. The marsh has turned the heads of some people, and I have had a lot of folks from abroad to see it, and to learn how the trick was done. A fellow called the other day, from way down beyond Boston. He had a project in his head, to reclaim three thousand acres, and make a mint of money out of it. It can be done just as easy as to flip a cent, if he has the money to do it with.

That letter tried to make it out that I had spent a great deal of money on my marsh. This shows how little the writer knows about it. I have got more than muck enough out of the ditches to pay for all the improvements and top dressings applied to it; so that I am a good deal in debt to that land to-day. The principal part of the expense of such an improvement is in the embankment, and that was all made in this case.

As to this marsh ever going back again, of course it will, if it is not taken care of. Any fool can see that if the tide gate is not kept in order, the sea water will come in, and the salt grasses will grow again. But any fool in Hookertown, will tell you that Tim Bunker knows enough to keep a tide gate in order, and to shut out "crabs" and "eel grass."

The letter tries to make a handle out of my dress, and on this subject I guess I am posted about as well as some of my neighbors. I believe in people's dressing according to their characters, and their business. If there is any thing better than rubber boots for a ditch half full of water, I should like to see it. I have not got above my business of farming yet, and don't expect to very soon. Some folks, I suppose, like Tucker and Jones, if they should be made a Justice, or elected to any high office, would not wear any thing but calf skin, for the rest of their lives. And thereby I think they would show that the calf was a little more than skin deep.

You see, Mr. Editor, this matter of dress is of more importance than most people think. It makes or ruins a multitude of people, and has a great deal to do with these crashes that you have in the city, every few years. And to begin with, as Mr. Spooner would say, there

is a great deal in dressing folks up with the right kind of names, when they start in life. I don't think your correspondents were as lucky in there names as they might have been. George Washington Tucker, and Benjamin Franklin Jones, sound considerable grand, and fixed up, as if a man would have to stoop some when he come into the room where such people lived. But I guess if you knew the folks that wear them, as well as I do, you would not think there was much call for manners. You see, Tucker's father was never worth a red cent in the world, above the clothes he had upon his back, and his mother had more pretensions than any woman of her size I ever knew. He was a tailor by trade, and spent all his earnings upon broadcloth and silk, for himself and wife. I remember when parasols first came round, Tucker got one for his wife, and she was so anxious to show it, that she carried it to meeting with her, and hoisted it in meeting time, just as Mr. Spooner begun his sermon, as much as to say "Tucker's wife is some pumpkins arter all." The way the minister looked at her was a caution to all peacocks, dogs, and other vermin.

Deacon Smith had to come over and tell her to take down that windmill, for he hadn't seen one before and he did not know what to call it. Mrs. Bunker said "she thought she would have sunk into the earth."

Well, you see, when their first child was born, thinking, I suppose, that they would not have much else to give, they gave him the name of Geo. Washington Tucker. Now what's the use of dressing up a poor boy, with such a big sounding name. You see, it makes too heavy a load for an ordinary mortal to carry through life. If he ever makes any thing, becomes a business man, it is a great waste of paper and ink to have to write so long a name. And if he don't make anything, he becomes a standing joke like the present George Washington Tucker. He has always lived in a hired house, and worked hired land, when he worked any. To tell the plain truth, he has never hurt himself with work of any kind, and though a farmer, has been about as shy of the dirt as his father was before him. I suppose it's wicked, but I never see him in meeting without thinking of that parasol forty years ago. The green of that silk went as straight into that boy as if he had grown on a mulberry tree, instead of being born like other mortals.

Jones came of a better family. His father, Gen'l Jones was flourishing forty years ago. He had a good deal of money left him by his father, and married rich. The General was mighty fond of cocked hats, epaulettes, and other military fixings, and his wife was fond of French fashions, and extravagant dress. They used to drive through the street in Hookertown, in a splendid carriage, drawn by a pair of black horses, with harness glittering with silver buckles and mountings. Nobody held their heads higher than the Joneses of the last generation. The General's house was crowded with gay company from the city, his wife and daughters dressed splendidly, and gave brilliant parties, where the wine flowed like water, and the dance and song lasted till morning.

The Gen'l died a bankrupt when the present Benjamin Franklin Jones was a boy of ten. Of course the property had to be sold, and Ben. had to go to work for a living, which was the best that ever happened to him, or any other man, according to my notion. He however had got some high notions in his childhood, that has prevented him from succeeding in life. He has never loved work, like one who has grubbed in the dirt, from the time he could grasp a hoe handle.

You must begin early with the boys, if you want to make them love work. Rub their noses in it, as soon as they can run, and they will always love the smell of mother earth, as long as they live. But if you dress them in fine clothes until they are ten, and twelve, and then try to break them in, it is just like breaking in a six year old pair of cattle—mighty hard work.

To state the case just as it is, Benjamin Franklin Jones is too much afraid of dirtying his clothes, to get along in life. And these are the kind of folks, you see, that are laughing at Tim Bunker's old hat, and long legged boots, and talking of throwing stones because I live in a glass house. They have the advantage of me in flinging stones, for they haven't got any houses at all, of their own, if I should want to throw back again. My hat is old, as they say, but it is paid for, which is more than can be said of the hats of my illustrious neighbors, George Washington Tucker, and Benjamin Franklin Jones. One was won in a bet at the last presidential election, and the other has been charged in the merchant's book—for more than three years.

Yours to command,

TIMOTHY BUNKER, Esq.

HOOKERTOWN, CT., Oct. 12, 1859.

Balky Horses.

We copy the following from the *American Agriculturist*:

The prime requisite for the successful management of a balky horse, is perfect self possession and patience on the part of the driver. It is quite common to see men fly into a passion upon the first restive symptoms of the horse, and to deal out fierce punishment until compelled to desist from sheer exhaustion, after which, when the driver has become calm, and the horse recovered from his fright, a start is effected and the trouble is over. Young horses before they are completely broken, may stop when in the harness, from a feeling of inability to draw their load, from fatigue, from

misunderstanding the will of the driver, or from an excitable disposition, leading them to act upon the impulse of the moment.

In all these cases there is necessity for care and coolness in the driver. From the first, and for a long time, the load of a young horse should be such as he can draw with the greatest ease, thus giving him confidence in his own powers. A young horse once "set" will thereafter pull with uncertainty—hence with only half a will; he is then discouraged easily, and balks at trifling obstacles, or if he be of spirited disposition he will spring to it with might and main whenever he feels extra weight behind him, and if not allowed to work in this way will stop at once. It has been noticed that the worst balks usually occur at or near the foot of hills, and this may explain how the horse learns the habit. The driver should anticipate the wish of the horse to rest, by allowing even more frequent intervals than are required. This practice induces the habit of obedience, the horse willingly stops when the word is given, and thus is accustomed to heed the driver's command, which is the first and great requisite in his education. These commands should be given in a way that can readily be understood. A well trained animal shows remarkable intelligence in perceiving his master's wishes, but it is by long familiarity with his ways that this ability is acquired.

Balky horses are usually "high strung," possessing the very disposition which, if properly treated, will give the best style and action. It is stated on good authority, that such horses may be so wrought upon by a single harsh exclamation, as to raise the pulse ten beats a minute. What wonder if such an animal should prove refractory upon suddenly feeling the lash of an infuriated driver. For this class of horses a whip need seldom if ever be used when breaking them. They yield readily to kindness, and are as quick to obey when properly treated, as they are troublesome when "fooled" with—we use this term for want of a more expressive one. These remarks apply more particularly to the prevention of balking by proper management of colts. When the habit of balking is fixed, impatience of the driver only increases the difficulty. The treatment then requires the highest common sense, the first thing men lose when they fly into a passion. The following directions given by Mr. Rarey, are probably as sound and complete on this subject as anything ever published:

"Almost any team, when first balked, will start kindly, if you let them stand five or ten minutes, as though there was nothing wrong, and then speak to them with a steady voice, and turn them a little to the right or left, so as to get them both in motion before they feel the pinch of the load. But if you want to start a team that you are not driving yourself, that has been balked, fooled and whipped for some time, go to them and hang the lines on their hames, or fasten them to the wagon, so that they will be perfectly loose; make the driver and spectators (if there are any) stand off some distance to one side, so as not to attract the attention of the horses; unloose their check-reins, so that they can get their heads down if they choose; let them stand a few minutes in this condition until you can see that they can see that they are a little composed. While they are standing, you should be about their heads, gentling them; it will make them a little more kind, and the spectators will think that you are doing something that they do not understand, and will not learn the secret. When you have them ready to start, stand before them, and, as you seldom have but one balky horse in a team, get as near in front of him as you can, and, if he is too fast for the other horse, let his nose come against your breast; this will keep him steady, for he will go slow rather than run on you. Turn them gently to the right, without letting them pull on the traces as far as the tongue will let them go; stop them with a kind word, gentle them a little, and then turn them to the left, by the same process. You will then have them under your control by this time; and as you turn them again to the right, steady them in the collar, and you can take them where you please."

THE DOMESTIC GARDENER'S CLUB TRANSACTIONS.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON VEGETABLES.

CLASS 3d—CULTURE OF FRUIT.

FIRST DIVISION—THE DESERET CURRANT.

We adopt the name, "Deseret Currant," as being most appropriate, and indicative of its native locality. This currant is well deserving general cultivation for a table fruit and for domestic cooking in summer; also for preserving, drying, and for making wine and vinegar.

The Deseret currant is of the same species as the "Ribes flavescens," or "Sweet-scented Currant" of Missouri, which is found growing in its primitive state by the side of canyons and low, moist places, from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains and from thence to the extreme verge of the Great Basin of the Territory of Utah.

Of this species of currant we have two distinct varieties—the yellow and the black—which have many intermediate sub-varieties.

This fruit has already been much improved by obtaining several new varieties produced

from seed and by taking advantage of the different modes of cultivation; by pruning the trees; by keeping away the suckers; by raising young trees from cuttings; by ingrafting, &c.; and it may be expected to see the native currant universally cultivated as one of the best fruits of the Territory.

RAISING SEEDLINGS.

By this method almost any variety can be gradually improved and, to be successful, the seed must be taken from the best improved varieties. In raising seedlings the cultivators should plant out a tree of good variety by itself, at a good distance from any other currants, so that the pollen or male dust of an inferior variety is not mixed by being brought by the wind to mingle with the good. To do this in the most complete manner, the tree, when in blossom, should be covered with fine muslin gauze, or any fine cloth that will keep off the insects, which, settling on the blossoms and leaving again, carry the pollen from one tree to another and mingle the variety.

GATHERING THE BERRIES FOR SEED

May be done when they are ripe. In doing this, the first ripe and the best should be selected, rejecting the late berries as useless. The berries may be washed and the seed washed out, dried and put by for sowing. The seed may be planted in drills (the 1st of November), half an inch deep and lightly covered with fine earth. The young plants will require to be well cultivated through the summer and remain in the rows until the fall, when they are to be transplanted out into rows three feet apart for proving the fruit; in doing which, the cultivator may probably obtain one plant out of fifty worthy cultivation as a good variety.

GENERAL CULTIVATION.

In the cultivation of the currant, the tree should be so planted that it is freely exposed to the sun and air, in order that the fruit may be well ripened. The trees may be planted in rows from north to south, four feet apart, and from six to seven feet apart from one row to another.

PRUNING THE TREES.

One great object in the culture of the currant is pruning the trees so that the fruit can have free access to the sun and air, and in every case to keep away all suckers from the roots and to keep a clean stem by cutting off all shoots as they make their appearance. The general pruning may be performed in the fall. In doing this business, take away all suckers from the root, and if the trees are young, cut off all superfluous shoots, leaving a sufficient number of main branches to form a good regular head. The after pruning is to keep the top well balanced and of a regular form, by shortening any long, straggling branches as they occur from one season to another and to keep the top of the tree thin and open, so that the sun and air have free access to every part, to ripen the fruit to perfection.

In order to improve currants to the greatest perfection it will require several generations, and, to carry out this method, seed must always, from one generation to another, be selected from the best improved varieties.

PROPAGATING OR INCREASE BY CUTTINGS.

For this method take off the good, healthy shoots of young wood in the fall, which may be shortened into lengths of twelve or fifteen inches, taking out the eyes or buds with a sharp knife at the lower end of the cutting, leaving three or four buds entire on the top to form the young tree. Having the cuttings prepared, they may be planted in rows on a moist piece of ground, one foot apart, by pressing them into the ground so that the top is about six inches above the surface. When the earth is very loose and dry, it will require to be trodden close to the cuttings, so as to make it compact, to retain moisture.

THE GRAFTING ROOTS.

Is recommended as a more sure method for increasing choice varieties which seldom strike root freely from cuttings.

THE INCREASING CURRANTS BY SUCKERS

And runners from the main roots of the tree is always to be rejected; indeed, everything that has a tendency to encourage the growth of suckers is to be rejected as injurious to the good culture of the currant tree.

REMARKS.

The currant, like all other fruit and vegetables, requires good culture to bring it into perfection. The ground should be well cultivated about the trees, by keeping it loose and mellow, and the richer it is kept the better will be the produce.