

## FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

## THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower  
That grows within the darkest vale,  
Though lost to view, has still the power  
The rarest perfume to exhale;  
That perfume, borne on the zephyr's wings,  
May visit some lone sick one's bed,  
And like the balm affection brings.  
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew  
That trembles in the rose-bud's breast,  
Will seek its home of ether blue,  
And fall again as pure and blest;  
Perchance to revel in the spray,  
Or moisten the dry, parching sod,  
Or mingle in the mountain spray,  
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast  
By careless hands upon the ground,  
Will yet take root, and may at last  
A green and glorious tree be found;  
Beneath its shade, some pilgrim may  
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,  
While in its boughs the breezes play,  
And song birds sing their sweetest tune.

## Fruits and Fruit Trees.

The interest that is now generally felt on these subjects is truly an indication that, ere long, the inhabitants of this Territory will be better supplied with fruit than they at present are. What is more delicious to the palate or congenial to the constitution of man, in this latitude, than good, ripe apples, peaches, pears, plums, etc.? If there is any thing, we will feel thankful to be advised in relation thereto, that we may, if possible, secure, prove and recommend it to our readers. Until then, we shall keep on in the "good old way," luxuriating in and approving of the choice fruits we have long and ardently prized, and which, in the East, where fruits then abounded, have afforded us many a delightful repast.

Who is there that does not love those fruits, when fully ripe? Who, then, will neglect to put forth the labor necessary to produce them for himself? We assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is not in this Territory, a farmer, or mechanic who possesses a few roods of ground, who might not, if so determined, have growing around him all the fruit he and his family would require.

What, then, is the barrier against every man's growing his own fruit? Is it cheaper to buy? If so, buy all you can, but, if your supplies are not somewhat limited, it will be either because you have a very full purse and are very prodigal with its contents—ingredients not often compounded together—and the first of which, namely, a full purse, is not commonly controlled by our industrious artisans and mechanics; or, because the market supply is not adequate to the demand.

It is reserved for the gentlemen whose profession is to gain a livelihood, not by the sweat of their brows, but by the exciting and often disastrous game of chance—a most precarious dependence—to buy their subsistence—not earn it. To such it may be practicable to purchase whatever they consume—they do not stoop to labor—they are those whose lives, of all others, seem to be devoted to the least purpose, because they produce nothing. Their fortune—their all—hangs upon the uncertain tenure of a card—upon the mutations of a trump. In the language of a noted criminal, they, in spirit, declare, "the world owes me a living,—and a living I will have;" and this, the end of all their thoughts and aspirations, they set about to accomplish in a manner that would be more creditable to the automatic machine than to men, endowed with at least a small degree of physical force and mental development.

But what has all this to do with fruits and fruit trees? Everything. We wish to present the matter before your minds in as striking a manner as possible and, to accomplish this, do not know any more effectual means than the acknowledged force of contrast. We wish to impress upon the industrious citizens of Utah that it is their privilege and duty to raise their own fruit.

We do not say that every man should produce from the soil all that he consumes. This would be impracticable. It would interrupt the order of business—the harmony of divided labor. It would bring the mechanic from his workshop into the farm-field and call forth the ingenious artisan from his appropriate sphere, to engage in a pursuit of which he knows little or nothing and in which, in many cases, he must ultimately fail. To attempt this would utterly distract the whole machinery of trade and, indeed, end in disaster to the

farmer himself. Thus, it is most obvious that, for all the varied grades and kinds of industrial pursuits, there exists in the very organization of society, an imperative necessity.

The raising of fruit, however, is something that we consider as equally the boon of all, if they will accept it. The day laborer may have, growing in his door-yard and garden-plot, as delicious fruits as those found in the more ample grounds of the wealthy. These are the inalienable gifts of Providence to all mankind, and who will not appreciate and improve upon them?

About five years ago, we planted a peach pit, from which grew a tree, and we have for the past two years, partaken of fruit from it. Many others have done more than this. Others, unbelieving as Thomas, have not had faith that they could raise fruit and, perhaps, some never will, until some one else plants for them the peach pits and they are permitted to put forth their hands and pluck the precious fruit.

During the past four or five years there have been a great number of peaches grown in this Territory, the pits from which, had they all been carefully saved and planted, would have produced trees sufficient to supply every household in the Territory. But what has been done? The pits have mostly been carelessly thrown away.

The peach is a variety of fruit most easily propagated, comes into bearing quite young and may be classed among the best of fruits.

Although it is notorious that but few have even thought of saving for planting, whatever peach pits they might, by any means, come into possession of, we know of one or two individuals who, raising a goodly number of fine peaches annually, when cutting up for drying, preserving, or immediately eating, have carefully laid aside the pits, distributing them in small parcels to those who wished them for planting, until they were all sent abroad, like "bread cast upon the waters," to yield their fruits, after many days. Among others, who have invariably adopted this excellent plan, we may refer to Prof. A. Carrington, late editor of the *News*, whose peach orchard is justly esteemed the best in the Territory—the fruit of which we have never, in any other section of the Union, seen surpassed in point of size and flavor.

Prof. C., being of opinion, from his own actual experiment, that peach pits will reproduce after their own kind, he has been particularly careful in the distribution of the pits from his choicest varieties and those who have been so fortunate as to obtain some of them, and have also duly planted and cared for them, will ere long be able to test this question for themselves. It is one which we do not now purpose to discuss; but will simply say that, whether or not, in the case of peach pits, the old saying, "Like produces like," is verified, those who have raised the trees will have fruit of some description, which, if even only of second quality, is far better than none at all; and the process of improvement is within the reach of all—namely, grafting or budding. Hence, if any one has a tree whose fruit is not palatable or which they would exchange for another variety, the means is simple and at hand.

His Excellency ex-Governor Young, we should not omit to state, last spring, in order to aid and encourage the people in the work of fruit raising, did even more than Prof. Carrington. Having carefully planted many thousand pits in a selected spot in his garden, which, after sprouting, were reared by his gardener into large, thrifty, well-formed trees, at the age of one and two years, he distributed them freely to all who desired them, at the nominal price of one cent apiece barely sufficient to cover the expense of digging while many hundreds were also bestowed by him without even this trifling exaction. Nor is last spring the first and only time when he has done this. His trees (not to mention his unceasing liberality in other matters) have been yearly dispensed, wherever they were cared for, regardless of any remuneration.

But all have not—even when valuable fruit trees were offered them, without money and without price—availed themselves of these golden opportunities of obtaining trees, peach pits, or stones, to plant.

In some of the remote settlements, tho' trees have been planted, a peach has not yet been grown. In Parowan, last year, on a tree standing in the doorway of Dr. C. C. Pendleton, sheltered by surrounding cotton-woods, two or three peaches were discovered in the early part of the season, but, we believe, none of them matured. If any peaches have ripened there this

year, or are likely to, we should like to be advised of it. What say, you, Doctor? Do not be discouraged.

The high prices at which trees have been held by our nurserymen, we are confident, has deterred many from purchasing who, had those prices been more reasonable, would now have in possession a good orchard and plenty of fruit. Now, although it is no part of our purpose to palliate this neglect on the frivolous excuse of high prices or the paltry addition that would accrue to one's fortune to obtain a discount of fifteen or twenty per cent. on a purchase of ten dollars or less—yet, in truth, we are of opinion that the nurseryman's interest would be enhanced by selling his trees at more moderate rates. We always approved of quick sales and small profits.

We doubt not, however, that there are very many who, having favorable opportunities for securing fruit trees, have failed to do so, because some little labor was involved therein; but this disposition is not so unreasonable and incomprehensible to us as that which would prompt a complete monopoly of all the peach pits, apple seeds, &c., which, we are authentically informed, was once attempted by a certain individual. No doubt, having gained that point, the price of trees would have been placed at a rate—being only raised by a single individual—that would have placed them out of common reach, as effectually as the effort to bar the people from raising trees for themselves by monopolizing all the seed in the country.

This, we are glad to know, has not, neither can it ever be done. There is therefore no good reason why every person desiring peach trees, should not now, if never before, resolve to raise them himself. By this means you will obtain fruit of your own raising much sooner than those who promise themselves, year after year, to go the nursery and purchase trees, but year after year, fail so to do.

Listen a moment, ye that seldom think for yourselves! When you eat an apple, save the seeds; when you eat a peach, a plum, or any other stone fruit, save the pit. Put them away in damp sand or lightly covered in the ground, in a place where they will be secure. In the spring, as soon as the ground will permit, plant them in rows, three feet apart; each seed or pit one foot apart in the rows. In the fall you will have a flourishing little nursery of your own. When one year old, these trees may be budded with choice, standard varieties and the following year, transplant where they are designed to stand.

By pursuing this course, all who wish may have a home-manufactured orchard. By this method, some of the most thrifty trees in these valleys have been raised and now the provident owners are reaping the rich reward for their care and labor.

It gives us great satisfaction to learn from Mr. Sayers that he has discovered in the gardens of Mr. W. C. Staines, the true Green Gage—a general favorite wherever it has been introduced. It is a valuable acquisition, not only to the already choice selections of Mr. Staines, but also to the fruits of Utah and will, of course, as soon as possible, be more commonly cultivated.

In this connection, we will add that, in behalf of the community at large, we congratulate Messrs. Sayers and Hemenway on the favorable results which have thus far attended their horticultural visits, and trust that they will be continued till this vicinity, at least, is thoroughly canvassed; until the endless varieties of fruits now developed among us are properly named and classified; until it shall be determined which are standard varieties and worthy of extensively propagating and which are mongrel, inferior and ought to be suppressed.

We bespeak for these gentlemen, on account of their long experience as horticulturists, an unreserved welcome wherever they may visit. Receive them, therefore, as messengers of good and we shall all mutually rejoice in the results of their labors.

## Fruit Stealing—An Excellent Cure.

From the *American Agriculturist* we extract the following, which contains an antidote against the annoyance of fruit stealing which, tho' not often tried, we believe would, in some cases, work admirably:

I am glad to see that this matter is up for discussion in your excellent paper. The evil is perhaps the most vexatious that lies in the pathway of the patient fruit-grower. Insects are troublesome but they take the fruit in the blossom or in its green state, and so only cut

off your hopes. But the trespass of the fruit thief robs you of an actual possession, in its full perfection. He carries off with him not only the product of your toil, but the object of your affections in all its blooming beauty—luscious grapes and plums, with the bloom dust of maturity upon their melting cheeks, pears hanging like golden goblets brimming with nectar, strawberries and the smaller fruits more tempting than ambrosia in the days when the heathen gods and goddesses were around. If you have such a thing as a new pear, that you have heard much of, or a new grape whose fame is in all the papers, it is sure to be selected by the gentlemen, who call only at the midnight hour, and on moonlight nights. It is in vain that you deplore their mistake, and welcome them to anything else in the garden, quite as good or better; the fruit upon which you had set your heart, is wanting, and there is no help for it. You have not even the melancholy satisfaction of knowing your tormentor.

You boll over with more wrath than you would at the loss of a hundred times the value, in any other commodity. You threaten thrashing, shooting with white beans, or coarse salt, riding on a rail, and seriously contemplate steel traps, buried scythes, pit falls, ipecac, tartar emetic, and other horrors. Nothing is too bad for the unknown enemy while he remains unknown. But when suspicion, amounting to positive knowledge, fastens the crime upon your neighbor, who is landless, or upon your neighbor's boy, little Ben, whose father never planted a tree in his life, you began to relent.

I have no doubt that severe remedies are sometimes necessary, especially in cities, and their suburbs, where every fruit yard is not only exposed to the vicious in its own neighborhood, but to the vicious among a large foreign population. But the fruit grower in the country, or in rural villages, where he can exert a social influence, over the families infected with this disease, has a much better, and cheaper remedy.

I have studied the matter professionally for some years, and have come to the conclusion; that fruit thieves are moral beings like the rest of mankind, and that this infirmity is a malady, that admits of moral treatment. The plan that I have pursued for years is substantially the following, and I am happy to say, it is attended with the best results.

Little Ben and his young friends, having no fruit of their own, look upon every cultivator as a stingy old curmudgeon, who has trespassed upon human rights in having strawberries and pears for family use. Of course, with this view, "Old Crusty's" garden is a legitimate object of plunder, and the higher he raises his walls, and the more he tops them with broken glass and other horrors, the more fun there is in scaling them, and feeding the watch dog with strychnine, well coated with beef steak. Little Ben may be a scamp, or a scoundrel, or something worse, but he has a heart and a sort of honor upon which he rides himself. He is very true to his friends, and a box of strawberries sent to his mother, costing you not over five cents, will make him your friend for life.

The cheapest, and most impenetrable fence you can put up around your garden is one built of fruits, judiciously distributed in your own neighborhood. To this, add the distribution of plants and seeds such as every fruit grower has on his hands after his sales are over.—A wise man who will pursue this course, will soon get all his neighbors interested in fruit growing and will create a public sentiment that will guard his premises, better than high fences, man traps and poison. If you suspect a boy of plundering your water-melon patch, send his father one of your best melons, the next day for dinner; you need not scold or say a word. The melon will make little Ben look red in the face and bring him to repentance. Establish your own reputation for a liberal, good hearted neighbor, who raises fruit for his neighbors, as well as himself, and your garden will be about as safe as Paradise. This at least is experienced, up here in

CONNECTICUT.

Fruit stealing seems to be on the increase in this city, probably because, as the fruit on the trees is now generally ripening, there is more to steal. Should any one of our humane and philanthropic neighbors prove the utility of the above, please recommend it to others.

**Green Fruit**—Inasmuch as our fruit is generally late this season, there seems to be a disposition to partake of it while yet in an unripe state. If this is done at all, the fruit, whether peaches or apples, should be cooked. They are then, when suitably seasoned, more wholesome and much less apt to be injurious.

There is a considerable prevalence of what is called cholera morbus. Many have been seriously ill; some fatally, others are recovering. At such a time, when the weather is changeable—cold and wet to-day, warm and dry to-morrow—the indiscriminate use of unripe fruits should be studiously avoided. Indeed, at such times, it will be found highly beneficial and preventive of sickness, to have a special regard to diet—not to indulge in any kind of food that would act upon the system as a purgative. Have your fruits well cooked and seasoned and, though immature, they will be harmless.

**Another Sugar Mill**—Last week we saw the mill of Mr. W. Woodruff in full operation. It is worked by one horse. The cylinders are smaller than those of Mr. Young's mill, but seem to express the juice exceedingly well. Of course it is not expected to press out as much juice in a given time, but it is marvelous what a pile of canes are eaten up by this little machine in a single hour.

May all their expressings be full of sweetness.