

FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

[For the Deseret News.
WINTER!

The footfalls of Winter are heard once again;
All the streams, at the sound, are transformed into ice;
Bright feathery snow half-supplanted the rain;
Which the sun, as insulted, threw off in a trice:
He but kissed Mother Earth, o'er the valleys did glance,
And young Winter went north, with the snow-flakes to dance.

II.

But he soon will return, with the winds as his train,
And, as Sol becomes weaker, will surely prevail:
Mother Earth the snow-mantle will wear once again
As a shield from the frost and the pattering hail;
For a while Winter reigns, but prepares earth to bring
The perfume of flowers and music of Spring!

III.

So life hath its seasons—its spring-time and fall—
And the snow-covered head in its glory is seen;
Yet the heart hath its sunshine to throw over all,
Though storm clouds and tempest may rush in between!
So when Winter prevails, and old Death is crowned king,
'Tis but to prepare for Eternity's Spring!

H. W. NAISBITT.

G.S.L. CITY, Nov. 12, 1859.

Beginning a Peach Orchard.

Plant your peach pits now, before the ground becomes deeply frozen. "Plant them, did you say?" some one inquires. Yes, plant them, so far as required for the space you have appropriated for a peach orchard; and put the pits in the very spot where you design the future tree to stand. By so doing, the labor and risk of transplanting are obviated.

Now, then, what say you to this, reader? Whatever you may think, it is approved, especially in the case of peach pits, by those who have tested and proved it to be a superior practice.

A few directions. In the first place, lay off the land in rows about one rod apart; put down stakes from twelve to fifteen feet apart in every row. When the land is thus laid off, dig holes at each stake eighteen inches or two feet deep and two or three feet in diameter. If you have any rich soil or a little well-rotted manure, mix some of it with the soil taken out and fill up the hole again, remembering always to replace each stake.

In this mellow bed, plant two or three peach pits. In the spring, if more than one should come up, pull up the feeblest and let the strong germ grow. This, in two years, if properly treated, will make as large growth as a transplanted tree usually makes in four years and, of course, will come into bearing a year or two sooner than transplanted seedlings.

This practice we particularly recommend to all who have the pits of choice varieties, which they will not care to have artificially changed. In fact it would be well for all who have not as yet planted a peach orchard, to adopt this mode and, if possible, procure pits of those varieties known to be of the first class.

Relative to the seeds of the apple, the pear, the choice plum, apricot, etc., we would prefer to keep them in a sheltered place—in sand, for instance, where the frost can reach them—till spring, then plant them in the little nursery, from whence they may be transplanted at pleasure. This course preferable because of the comparative rarity of the seeds of these varieties; but, when they become as plentiful as peach pits now are, we shall advocate the former practice, unless a better one shall have been discovered.

Burying Roots in the Ground.

We are informed, by a gentleman of long experience, that carrots and beets, covered for winter in the open air, when put up in narrow piles, do not waste from rotting, as they frequently have been known to do, when gathered in large piles. He also says that it is better not to cover the narrow piles with straw, as that causes the roots to heat, which is also one cause of carrots rotting when put up in large piles.

The same will to some extent apply also to potatoes.

To secure your roots, therefore, make narrow trenches from six inches to one foot in depth; (in low, moist lands the trenches should be shallow, or they may be altogether dispensed with) pile in your roots, taking a little extra care in laying up the outside courses, that they may be as compact as convenient, then cover with soil sufficient to keep out the early frosts. As the weather becomes colder, put on more covering, till you have sufficient to secure your roots against the severest frosts of winter.

As soon as the roots are pitted, shallow

trenches should be dug around the piles to carry off all drainage, melting snows and rain water that would otherwise accumulate near them.

By observing these suggestions, and taking due care of your substance, according to the wisdom given, there will be much loss and many regrets avoided.

All England Turning Farmers.

Not only has the mania for farming pursuits taken hold of those located in close proximity to farming districts and living in smaller towns, but the fever created by the publication of "OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES and the Money we made by it"—a racy, practical story, from the pen of an Englishwoman—has extended itself into the midst of the metropolitan "cockneys" of London itself—where millions have been reared and passed away without even seeing a farm or scarcely knowing that there was purer air in the region of our sphere than that putrid mass that floats about London and which they had quaffed as though it was the pure element of life; while in truth it contains in a large proportion those that tend to dissolution.

Multitudes who have, in years gone by, toiled in the workshops of the manufacturing towns of England and lingered out a miserable existence among the operatives of the dingy, eight-by-ten workshops and miscellaneous establishments of the metropolis, are ardently longing to exchange their places for the occupation of a small farm and the more satisfactory profits arising therefrom.

An exchange says that the "triumph of the age in the art of husbandry consists in proving that a few acres, scientifically cultivated, pay a better and surer profit, in general, than many acres loosely tilled under the traditional systems;" and that, the "problem of the times is, upon how small a quantity of land may a man live comfortably and support his family."

These are questions of no trifling import. They come home to the very hearthstone of multitudes of the very best of human kind.

On this subject the London Weekly Dispatch contains a spirited article, from which we extract as follows:

"Nature stirs within us, pleads with all of us who are not quite rotten at the core, to go back to her—to make our abode with her—to shut out the world that insane sophistication has fashioned, and open up anew that which the Creator has unfolded—to feel that 'God made the country and man made the town.' This is, indeed, the sheet anchor of the hope of the patriot—the consolation of the moralist—the light to the labors of the philanthropist—this rush of all who can, out of the town, away from its sights and scenes, its thoughts, its faded feelings, its skepticism of good, its uncharity that neither believes nor hopes, its despair of human nature. That geranium in the window or mignonette on the sill—the green leaves of the elms glimmering at the window of the counting house in the court—the bees in the Spitalfields garret—they are all fragments broken off the country by the poor prisoner who cannot get there. This delight in rural scenes—this instinctive, unconquerable attachment to nature—

Naked as from the earth it came,
And entered life at first—

this passion for the pursuits of country activity, the diversities of agricultural occupation, the battle with the elementary laws and the hard facts of creation, and the escape from the circle of predicaments in which human nature takes the chief part, is, let us all be thankful for it, especially English. It is this that perhaps is the source of the profound melancholy that is at the bottom of the great heart of John Bull. His love of something better and purer than the "rank and gross things" that alone possess the "unweeded garden of the world"—his disgust at

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

draws him back to rest on the lap of his common mother earth—to drink in nature as the Creator fashioned it—to start

For a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression or deceit
Might never reach him more.

Alluding to the change so mysteriously taking place in the minds of the minor tradesmen and operatives of London—the interest being awakened in them for agricultural pursuits, the Dispatch says:

They are even beginning to know more of the country, and a good deal less of the town. Agricultural science attracts more general attention. The productive capabilities of land are better understood, and seem to be infinitely important in making up the sum of national wealth. The moral, mental and physical uses of rural industry become also, we trust more appreciated. A small work, "Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made of it," has been bought up with a degree of avidity which shows that the current has strongly set

in the direction of rural tastes; and Miss Martineau's story of "Our Farm of Two Acres," just completed, has formed the chief source of the sale of the new periodical, "Once a Week."

Nobody has done such service to this cause as William Cobbett. With all his prejudices, his unfairness, his narrow-minded errors, his unsparing and violent personalities, there is a cleanness and health about that man's mind which is eminently refreshing. There is nothing of the conventionality of the "Great Wen" about him. He is eminently a typical Englishman. His "Rural Rides," his "Cottage Economy," his "Advice to Young Men," his "Gardener," form the most charming reading, and present endless exquisite pictures of scenery and farm life that are unequalled in our literature.

There is, too, a real insight in them that startles one at the wonders that may be done with the soil for the substantial benefit of the nation. The "Laborer's Friend" had shown how a pig and a cow could be kept on an acre of land. The "Cottage Economy" proved that a quarter of an acre might keep a cow. Captain Blacker, Martin Doyle, O'Connor, Passy, Laing, Mill, and others, have subsequently demonstrated the wonders of the small farm system in Ireland and on the Continent. John Sillett, of Suffolk, on his two acres, continues his demonstration of the endless fertility and productiveness of which the soil is capable under careful and assiduous manipulation; and now families of the less dependent classes are beginning to fall into the practice of making the most of, in place neglecting, their gardens and their paddocks.

At the time of the Cochinchina fowl furor ladies in various parts of the country pursued the breeding of poultry for profit with the greatest success. Various interesting details of extensive dairies, conducted by ladies with substantial returns, have appeared in "Chambers' Journal" and the "Household Words," and there is now no kind of reading so carefully studied and so eagerly pursued by ladies and heads of families as that supplied by Miss Martineau and the authoress of "Our Farm of Four Acres."

"If listless young ladies," observes Miss Martineau, "from any town in England, could witness the way in which hours slip by in tending the garden, and consulting about the crops, and gathering fruit and flowers, they would think there must be something in it more than they understand. If they would but try their hand at making a batch of butter, or condescend to gather eggs and court acquaintance with hens and their broods, or assume the charge of a single nest, they would find that life has pleasures for them that they knew not of; pleasures that have as much 'romance' and 'poetry' in them as any book in Mudie's Library."

Handling Horses while being Shod.

A most important job—that of shoeing a horse—is very frequently performed by a careless or ignorant smith, whereby valuable horses are often lamed or injured. Dr. W. Pierce, veterinary surgeon, in a note to the Ohio Cultivator, in alluding to this fact, remarks that horses sometimes stand quiet and easy, at other times they refuse to stand still, while one foot is up—they struggle until it is released, and frequently the shoeer beats, speaks sharply, swears, and frightens the horse, so that he must be held by force or abandoned. Another takes the tools and sets his shoes without any trouble. The Dr. gives some of the reasons for this. He says:

"Under certain circumstances the muscles cramp, causing severe pain. Almost at any time a horse's hind leg may be raised so high, or in such a position, as to cause severe cramping, not to be endured. When a horse has had all the muscles relaxed by exercise, and stands and cools quick, an unusual position will most certainly produce cramping, and at the same time make him irritable. A horse that has stood for some time in the cold, uneasy, and suffering with anxiety to get home, is in a bad condition to stand the bangs, and often painful position, of shoeing, and too often fretted to that degree that he never gets over it—too often forced to stand and endure the pain of severe cramping, pricking, etc., until he will never forget it, and often refuses to enter the shop again.

Some horse shoers have a habit of raising the foot and leg so high that no common horse can stand it, and thus he will shoe horses half his life-time before he knows that the fault is in himself. The awkwardness and ill-temper of some shoers is sufficient reason to withdraw your patronage, although they may do their work well. The damage done by forcing the horse to stand in pain, and the injury to his disposition, is infinitely more injury than to go ten miles, and spend a day and pay double price to one who has some sympathy, and shoes him without pain—one who exercises some reason and judgment and patience, and seems to sympathize with the suffering animal—has little or no trouble, and does no damage.

I once knew a horse that if he was minus a shoe, would go by himself to a particular smithy, and there stand until the shoe was set. I once owned a horse that was shod three or four years without any trouble—at last he was sent to a shop to be shod, the shoer being a little intoxicated, frightened him, beat and abused him in such a manner that he ever after feared to approach a blacksmith shop, and if forced to enter one, would tremble with fear.

I think I shall be justified in saying that one-half of the horse shoers are incompetent to the task, saying nothing about their workmanship of setting shoes. I have no doubt but some fancy shoers are the cause of splints, bogs, and curbs, as well as kicking, cringing, pulling at the halter, etc.

Reader, if you are the owner of a good horse, go yourself and see him shod unless you are well acquainted with the shoer, and know him to be careful, patient, mild tempered, and humane. Withdraw your patronage from all reverse characters, before you sustain a loss. Never submit to, or employ a shoer, whose character and intellect is inferior to that of your horse. If you do, you may have him lamed, abused, and spoiled."

The above embodies no inconsiderable points in the gospel for the salvation of horses. Blacksmiths and horse-owners, "take notice, and govern yourselves accordingly."

Plowing by Steam.

A steam plow was tested by a committee, at the late Illinois State Agricultural Exhibition, by which an acre of land could be plowed in twelve minutes. The fifth section of the statement of the committee says that "a strip of land, 246 yards long and twenty feet wide, was plowed in four minutes; and the headlands of fifty feet were crossed—one in twenty seven seconds, the other in thirty; the plows being elevated and lowered to and from the ground in the time."

Having in detail answered the interrogatories propounded to them by the Executive Committee of the Exhibition, the committee on the steam plow added the following on the practicability of employing steam for plowing and other farm purposes:

"The experiments with Fawkes' steam plowing engine have demonstrated to our satisfaction that it is practicable and that, in a few years, a large portion of the labor now performed by animal power on the farm will be superseded by steam, especially in prairie countries and on well improved farms, where but few stones or other obstructions exist.

The engine here exhibited is intended only for large operations, being capable of breaking from twenty five to forty acres per day; but we see no reason why its size may not be reduced very considerably (say to one fourth), and still successfully compete with animal power. A skilled engineer, sent to witness this trial, by the largest machinist in Ohio, has reported favorably to his employer, and a contract has already been made by him with Mr. Fawkes to build a small engine for his farm of 300 acres.

We estimate the cost of plowing by it from the following very liberal data:

	USED PER DIEM.	
One ton of coal	5	\$5 20
One cord of wood	3	3 00
Labor of three men—engineer, fireman and ass't.	4	4 00
Oil, etc.	1	1 00
Ordinary wear and tear	2	2 00
Interest ten per cent. on \$4,000	1	1 12
		\$16 12

A premium of \$3000 was offered by the Illinois State Agricultural Society and \$1500 by the Illinois Railroad Company, for the best steam plow.

The committee awarded the \$3000 premium to Mr. Joseph W. Fawkes, of Christiana, Lancaster county, Pa., for his steam plow.

Oregon Apples.—The San Francisco Bulletin notices some fine specimen apples, exhibited by Mr. Knapp, of the new Oregon produce depot on Washington street, in that city. The largest of them weighed two pounds each. One of them, a Gloria Mundi, measured 16 1-4 inches in circumference. Nearly twenty five varieties were shown.

The Oregon apple trade in California is beginning to assume considerable importance. Last year there were about 36,000 bushels sold in San Francisco alone. The sales this year, thus far, it is stated, amount to double those during the corresponding period of 1858.

The soil and climate of Oregon must be peculiarly adapted to the apple.

The late frosts have done but little damage to the roots yet in the ground. They should be at once taken up—the frost-bitten ones put in a convenient place for immediate use and the sound ones stored carefully in the cellars, that nothing be lost.

SUBTERRANEAN OIL FOUNTAIN.—A company of capitalists from Yankeedom in 1846, leased the Rock Oil Springs, near Titusville, Pa., who did not begin operation until May last, when they undertook to bore for salt, or find the source of the oil; which is so common along the banks of Oil Creek. Last week, at the depth of 71 feet, they struck a fissure in the rock through which they were boring, when to the surprise and joy of every one, they found they had tapped a vein of oil and water, yielding 400 gallons of pure oil in every 24 hours.

The pump now in use throws only five gallons per minute of water and oil into a large vat, when the oil rises to the top and the water runs out from the bottom.