



### WORK AND WAIT.

Oh, learn to work and wait,  
For if the cause be just,  
'Tis certain, soon or late,  
Succeed you really must.  
Our country's vast estate,  
On which ne'er sets the sun,  
With all that makes us great,  
By labor hath been won:  
Then learn to work and wait,  
For if the cause be just,  
'Tis certain, soon or late,  
Succeed you really must.

"All things their level find,"  
Like streamlets as they stray;  
The low, the lofty mind,  
The same great law obey.  
The true, the nobly brave,  
In time assert their right;  
The slow receding wave  
Returns with ten-fold might.  
Then learn to work and wait,  
For if the cause be just,  
'Tis certain, soon or late,  
Succeed you really must.

### "WORK AND WAIT."

A writer in the *North American Review* very pithily and critically handles those unphilosophical individuals who, in Dr. Johnson's style, growl about "the frightful interval between the seed and timber," drawing therefrom a paltry plea for allowing their grounds to go unadorned and unimproved by fruit-growing trees and shrubs. To such (but we trust none are found among the readers of the News) the perusal of the story of the student who, on being told that the crow would sometimes live a hundred years, bought a young crow to try the experiment, might be highly beneficial.

How many of the choice varieties of luscious fruit—that, during the past few years have adorned the tables of our agricultural exhibitions and gardeners' meetings, and enhanced the attraction of "Our Mountain Home," and so largely contributed to the comfort of our families—would be produced, had the short-sighted, time-serving policy obtained among us? We say, therefore, to all who are dwellers in these mountain vales, for your own personal, private and peculiar profit and gratification, plant trees. Plant fruit trees and plant shade trees. Plant vines and plant fruit-growing and ornamental shrubs. Complain not of the shortness and uncertainty of life. Have benevolence enough to plant for posterity. Transmit to your children an inheritance of rural beauty, that shall be before their eyes as a delightful remembrance of paternal providence.

Nor let the work be ill done. Train and feed your trees from year to year and guard them from injury; and, adopting the sentiment of an old planter, what joy may you have in seeing the success of your labors while you live, and in leaving behind you, to your heirs or successors, a work that, many years after your death, shall record your love of home and country.

### LOOSE ANIMALS.

We notice many cows, oxen and calves running at large in various parts of this city, doing damage to fences and trees, also by destroying fodder, and in other ways.

It may be said in palliation of this that, if all fences were in suitable repair, no damage could accrue. To this we reply that, though the fences on the outside and around the blocks may be generally good, yet all owners, it is well known, have not fenced in their lots separately—some, perchance, from inability, others from absence—and the consequence is that, if bars are left down or a gate open at any one point on the street, the vagrant quadrupeds are admitted to the freedom of every one's premises not separately inclosed.

Self interest alone should prompt owners of stock to keep up their animals in secure corals or yards, or turn them out to range; for while thus running loose, they are much exposed to serious injury. Now, if to the usual degree of self interest possessed by most men, we add the amount of interest that should be felt by Saints in the personal and pecuniary well-being of each other, we can see no excuse for carelessly permitting stock to make common range within the boundaries of this city.

### EXAMPLE IN AGRICULTURE.

"If men are to be made intelligent," says Henry Ward Beecher, "give them specimens of intelligence." And he illustrates the influence of example as follows:

"Let a man go into a village where the houses are all going to decay, where the fences are all tumbling down, and where no pains are taken with trees and flowers, and build a neat house, and enclose his grounds with a good fence, and tastefully decorate his yard with comely trees and beautiful flowers, and his example will be a blessing to the place. It will not be three years before there will be twenty neat houses, with good fences, and yards decorated with trees and flowers, as the result of his judicious outlay of means. The taste of the whole village will be educated and improved by the influence that he will exert through the instrumentality of the advantages which he possesses over them."

We have observed the same thing in agriculture. When a thorough practical farmer goes into a neighborhood of "worn-out" farms, and engages in the work of reclaiming and improving his new purchase, his success is sure to awaken a spirit of inquiry, and his example can but exert an improving influence upon all who witness or hear of it. He is seen to grow better crops than his neighbors on a soil which has been comparatively sterile heretofore, and the methods pursued are sought out by those around him. It is found that he does not grow crop after crop of wheat, corn or grass on the same field, but he grows good crops of these products upon different fields in a series of years, entering at once on a system of rotation. He introduces new and improved varieties of grains and seeds, the products of which are seen at a glance to be better than those commonly grown—at least they command a better price in market. The same is true of his orchard and garden. Better fruits and finer vegetables are introduced, such as at once attract the attention of the observer. The improved breeds of live stock with their better care and feeding, cannot fail to gain the notice of all around him. With improved plows and other implements of tillage he accomplishes a more thorough cultivation of the soil, giving a deep and mellow seed bed, insuring the crops against the excess of drought or moisture, and bringing abundant crops despite "the season" so unreasonably complained of by the careless farmer. But as the real basis of improvement he is particularly careful in making and saving manure, seeking in every way to increase the fertility of his soil—to feed his crops, that they may produce large and profitable returns for his care and labor. An example of clean culture is also given, and it is seen how much more the soil can do for the farmer's crop if no self-sown intruding weeds are allowed to rob it of its proper sustenance.

These improvements, and many others we might particularize, as remarked before, exert an influence on the farms of those who witness or hear of them. Their owners may cavil for awhile, but the unmistakable signs of prosperity—of the paying nature of the new system of management—will generally influence the most incredulous into some sort of an imitation, which is nearly always followed by better returns, encouraging further progress—and thus the work goes on until the whole neighborhood shows the influence of the example. In this way, and by the constantly recurring lessons of an enlarged experience, a better system of culture has been in part introduced, and thus also diffused and extended.

Those who learn by hearsay, we remarked, are also influenced. The agricultural fair has its part in this teaching; but its great apostle is the newspaper, filled in large part by the writings of experienced and skillful farmers, who can not only tell how to work profitable results, but draw their illustrations from their own experience. Though no period in the history of agriculture has been without its examples of productive farming, at no period, on the broad acres tilled by American industry have so many bright spots shown out to gladden the hearts and encourage the hands of the friends of improvement. As much room as there evidently is for advancement, a comparison of farming now with that of even ten years ago, shows marked progress. May it go on until thorough work shall make our land teem with golden harvests, with the finest flocks and herds in the world, with peace, plenty and universal liberty and intelligence.

**PRESERVING POTATOES.**—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* gives publicity to the following mode adopted by himself, by which he has kept potatoes for four years—not losing a bushel during that time after they were harvested, and this, too, when half diseased as taken out of the ground:

"Dust over the floor of the bin (or cellar,) with lime and put in about six or seven inches deep of potatoes, and dust with lime as before. Put in six or seven inches more of potatoes, and lime again; repeating the operation till all are stowed away. One bushel of lime will do for forty bushels of potatoes, though more will not hurt them—the lime rather improving the flavor than otherwise."

**DRINKING WINE ON TIME.**—Twelve cents per hour only is charged in Burgundy for drinking wine, so abundant was the grape crop this season.

### LOOK TO YOUR GARDENS.

Though the season is now somewhat advanced, there may yet be a short interval for making needed fall preparations to improve and enrich the house garden.

The action of frost on the soil during winter will pulverize it, also destroy many of the insects, and doubtless impart elements of fertility, derived from the melting snows combined with the favorable action of the wintry sun and air upon the upturned loam.

This is especially true of cold, heavy soils, such as generally compose the lowlands of Deseret. It is now too late for such operations on an extensive scale, but we would here recommend breaking up in the fall to all of our farmers who have to work clayey or other stiff soils, as a general practice.

Our present hints, however, are more directly designed for the denizens of Great Salt Lake City and other cities and settlements, where commendable pride and emulation exists to improve in the substantial cultivation of their home-grounds and city lots.

So long as the weather continues favorable, small plats of ground intended for vegetables next year may be spaded, letting the lumps remain as thrown up. Spade deeply and thoroughly. In the spring it will be very mellow and the labor of re-spading for spring planting will be trifling.

We are of opinion that by this practice the culture of "adobe" and other lots in low, moist localities might be rendered not only more easy and profitable, but also capable of being worked earlier in the season—which premise, if proved true by well tried experiment, would be of no small benefit to all concerned.

**CREAM IN COLD WEATHER.**—It is well known that cream, in winter, does not ordinarily come to butter so quickly as in warm weather. Various probable reasons have been assigned for this, and numerous methods derived to obviate it. We give our readers the following modes, not particularly new, but simple and readily tried:

*First.* Set the pan of milk on the stove, or in some warm place as soon as strained, and let it remain until quite warm—say until a bubble or two arises, or until a skim of cream begins to form on the surface.

*Second.* Add a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of cream when it is skimmed.

Thus prepared, cream will generally come to butter in a few minutes. The salt, it is said, acts upon the coating of the butter globules and makes them so tender that they break readily when beaten in the churn.

**A VERMONT DAIRY.**—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following statement of the yield of a small Vermont dairy of fifteen cows:

The average yield of butter per cow for the year was two hundred and thirty pounds, which was sold at the highest market price. The regular winter feed was hay and straw, with the addition of two quarts of unground oats per day—the oats being given at 9 o'clock p.m., the last feed before sleep.

When seen in March last by this correspondent these cows looked as sleek and thrifty as a bullock for the shambles.

### STRONG ARGUMENT VS. STRONG BUTTER.

"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is with the butter side down?"

"I don't know; it hadn't orter, had it? The strongest side ought to be up, and this is the strongest butter I ever seen."

"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it, the great lazy thing?"

"What, your aunt?"

"No, this here butter; to make the poor old woman churn it when it is strong enough to churn itself."

"Hush, Zeb; I've eat a great deal worse in the most aristocratic houses."

"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"'Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! what makes you talk so smart?"

"'Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue."

"Zeb, don't lie; I can't throw away the butter."

"I'll tell you what I would do with it, keep it to draw blisters; you ought to see the flies keel over as soon as they touch it."

**ANIMAL FOOD.**—A down east rustic (certainly not a mountaineer) had been ill and, on recovering, was told by the pill and powder man that he might now take a little animal food. "No sir," said he, "I took your gruel easy enough; but hang me if I can eat your hay and oats."

### ONE OF 'EM.

An odd-looking person joined the passengers on the New York and Erie railroad the other day, at a distant western station. When he entered the spacious car, he looked around in utter amazement at its extent, and the comfort and elegance of its accommodations. And he now began to talk to himself, which he continued "by-the-way" until the cars arrived at Piermont. "Wal," he commenced, "this is what they call a car, eh? Wal, it's the biggest bildin' I ever see on wheels! Thunder and light-nin how we do skit away!"

In this way he ran on, staring around, and talking at everybody, and finding nobody to talk to. At length he saw his man. A solemn visaged person, with a "choke" tied at the exact point where "ornament is only not strangulation," a straight-collared coat and a flat broad-brimmed hat, sitting on a distant seat, "caught the speaker's eye."

"Hello, Dominie! Be you there? Goin' down to York? How do they do down to L—? How's Mr. Williams gettin' on now? Pooty 'fore-handed, ain't he! Where be you goin'? Goin' to preach in York? Ain't goin' to California, be you? Did'n't know but you might be; almost everybody seems to be goin' there now!"

As soon as there was sufficient pause in this avalanche of unanswered queries, the grave passenger replied, "Yes, I am on my way to California."

"Lord-a-mass, you ain't though, be ye? You ain't 'gin up preachin', hev ye? 'Pears to me I would'n't; I was to camp-meetin' when you telled your 'xperience and strugglin'." You had the dreadfullest hard time gittin' 'ligion 'at ever I see in my life! Seems to me 'atter so much trouble, I would'n't give it up so. None o' my business, though, o' course. So, goin' to get gold, eh?"

As soon as the roars of laughter, which now filled the car had subsided, the grave gentleman explained that deeming California a fruitful field for missionary labor, he had determined to go forth as a pioneer in the good work, and he was therefore to sail from New York in three days for San Francisco.

**THE RUSSIANS IN PALESTINE.**—The Russian Government is carrying on extensive improvements in Palestine. A piece of ground outside the walls of Jerusalem, on the Meidan belonging to Russia, and containing nearly 16,000 square yards, has been inclosed by a stone wall, several houses erected on it, and four tanks constructed for a supply of water. The cathedral of the Holy Trinity is ready to receive its cupolas and a large house for the ecclesiastical missions has been nearly completed, a hospital to receive sixty beds has reached the first floor, and the foundation of an asylum capable of receiving three hundred male pilgrims has been commenced. Inside the city the ground belonging to Russia, near the holy sepulchre, has been cleared of the rubbish which covered it to the height of thirty-five feet. During the excavations remains of porticos and pillars were found which formed part of the principal entrance to the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre in the time of Constantine. Before the end of the present year an asylum for female pilgrims will be commenced.

**ONE OF THE EXEMPTS.**—Surgeon: What's the matter with you?

Would-be-Exempt: Weak back, sir—very weak back.

S.—Weak knees, you mean!

W.—Yes, sir, weak knees. Very weak knees; can't march.

S.—Yes, I'll give you a certificate. (Writes)

"Upon honor I hereby certify that the bearer, —, is weak in the knees, a great coward, who shrinks from defending his country. Hope he will be put in the front ranks where he can't run away. —, Surgeon.

W.—(Handing the surgeon a quarter.)—Thank you, sir. I knew I was entitled to a certificate. This rebellion must be put down. It has done my heart good to see the energy of the President in ordering the draft.

(Here he reads the certificate and faints.)

MANY years ago, at a dinner party in Glasgow, there was present a lawyer of rather sharp practice, fond of giving toasts or sentiments. After the cloth was removed, and the bottle had gone round once or twice, the ladies withdrew to the lighter pleasures of the drawing-room; all but one very plain old maid. She remained behind; and the conversation began to get a little masculine. Our friend of the long robe was anxious to get rid of the "ancient," and for this purpose rather prematurely asked Thrums the privilege of giving a toast. This being granted, he rose and gave the old toast of "Honest men and bonny lasses." The toast was drunk with all honor, when the dame, who was sitting next the lawyer, rose from her seat, gave the lawyer a poke in the ribs with the end of her finger, and after having said, "Mr. —, that toast neither applies to you nor me," left the room.

**OLD AGE.**—In Moravia there is a man living, a peasant, who is one hundred and forty-seven years old, and still hale and hearty. He was formerly a soldier, and re-married at the age of ninety. He lives on milk and potatoes.

The next thing we shall hear of will be a "milk and potato" society in New England, and every man, woman or child refusing or failing to join it will be arrested for treason.