# FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

## SUMMER'S CLAD IN FOLDED ROBES.

BY QUIET WILLIE.

Summer's clad in folded robes,
Passed its golden prime—
And wending slowly on its way
Down the path of Time.
The blossoms sweet upon its brow,
So fragrant day by day,
And all their variegated leaves
Are falling by the way.

Summer's clad in folded robes,
Closely drawn around it,
And faded are the roses fair
Through all its bloom that crowned it.
The days grow shorter as it leaves
Each mountain side and dell,
And to the lake and flower and tree
It softly sighs, farewell.

Summer's clad in folded robes,
And Autumn brown and sere,
Is making shadows o'er the scenes
Where late its beauties were;
The falling leaf will mingle soon
With faded buds and flowers,
And all the birds have hushed their notes
That woo'd its passing hours.

Summer's clad in folded robes;
Sweet season fare thee well;
What friends I'll meet, what fond ones greet
E'er next we meet, oh tell;
But thou hast left one sweet blue flower
To cheer my lonely lot,
Until I see thy smile again—
It sighs, forget me not.

## Hoops and Gardens.

Whether hoops would indeed be a detriment to the successful performance by women of labors in the garden, we are not now prepared to determine. Our correspondent, whose comments we print on another page, decidedly seems of the opinion that they would be. Perhaps he imagined that, having once secured her services in the more agreeable labors of the flower and kitchen garden, we would, by a slight tension of our policy, advise her transfer from the garden to the corn-field. We deny the implication, in toto.

We do not believe in having too many irons in the fire at once and, until we are completely successful in convincing the "bonnie lasses of our mountain hame" that there is no sphere in which a portion of their *precious* time can be more profitably spent than in cultivating a small spot of soil, which we will call the *Young Woman's Garden*, we shall unconditionally demur to their receiving another degree in the science of agriculture, or, in other words, entering into the field with the "lords of the soil."

When they have made themselves proficient in the rudiments, we, as "scribes well instructed," will not withhold from them what their diligence and perseverance may merit—they shall then receive a legitimate extension of their sphere of usefulness, and so continue to receive, if faithful and unfaltering in practising the various lessons from time to time imparted, until they shall have the privilege of raising, not only their own vegetables and flowers, but also their own grain, flax, hemp, wool, pork, beef and molasses, with their own hands! Probably, ere that period shall have arrived, we shall be more fully informed, from the actual experience of the good sisters themselves (and who should be better qualified to judge) as to the utility of hoops in the garden. It is our present private opinion that they would be *quite cool*.

As to long sun-bonnets and dress-sleeves, peradventure, after having served their full apprenticeship in the garden, these, with the hoops, may be wholly dispensed with and "sunshine" have free course. Till then, the wearing of flowing sleeves and overflowing bonnets must be admissible

OUR KITCHEN GARDEN.—We publish, this week, a chapter from that excellent and practical story by an Englishwoman, alluded to in our last. It will be found of interest to all—more particularly to those farmers who have come to the sage conclusion to experiment on the cottage or kitchen garden, which we have heretofore recommended; and, being based upon the experience of an intelligent woman who esteemed it no disgrace to aid in the practical labors of the farm—to hoe and weed in the garden, to bear no inconsiderable part in the management of the dairy and prove herself an "help meet" in deed and truth to her good lord—probably it may possess more attractions for, and weight with, our female readers than if emanating from Henry Ward Beecher or even ourselves.

**The Country Gentleman**, an excellent weekly "journal for the farm, the garden and the fireside," printed in Albany, N. Y., was received per last eastern mail. The various departments of this paper—namely, The Farm, the Grazier, Horticulture, Flower Garden, Kitchen Garden, Domestic Economy, Dairy Husbandry, The Apiary, Rural Architecture, Editorial Notes, The Poultry Yard, Fireside, News, Markets, etc., are ably conducted. Each number is illustrated with appropriate and well-executed illustrations; the whole forming a rare collection of valuable information for the farmer, gardener and all, whether male or female, who essay to delve in the earth, to bring forth from its prolific bosom the rare and delicious fruits that satiate the unvitiated appetite and the beautiful flowers that please the eye and delight the heart of man. It is a handsomely printed sheet, set up in Minion, a small, distinct type, contains a vast amount of reading matter, and published at the rate of $2 per annum, if paid in advance—$2,50 in not paid in advance.

## The Dairy Again.

We trust, ere long, to hear of not only a single successful dairy in Utah, but many of them—that the community may be better supplied with better cheese and butter than we have hitherto been. The following, from the American *Agriculturist*, being the conclusion of a prize series, contains some excellent and practical views, in addition to what we printed in a previous number:

"It may be supposed that all good grass lands are fit for the dairy, irrespective of climate, and that all good dairy lands are equally good for feeding or fattening cattle. Such supposition is a great mistake, and in that mistake large amounts of labor and capital, in the aggregate, have been lost in the misapplication of both. For instance: No finer grass countries exist than large portions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, and several other western States. But they are not dairy lands. They are 'grazing' lands. A bullock or a sheep will fatten astonishingly there—a bullock to an acre of summer pasture in many cases—but there is, comparatively, as we have spoken of the profitable market qualities of the articles, neither butter nor cheese in that grass; while of beef, mutton, and tallow there is an abundance.

In portions of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and the New England States, on the contrary, as we have already stated, there is any quantity of the best butter and cheese in their grasses, yet but little of beef, mutton and tallow. Still, the grasses, in their species and variety, are the same—the climate and soils alone make the difference. Kentucky glories in her blue grass. Her Short Horn bullocks reared upon it, and 'fed off' with their gourd-seed corn, astonish even Englishmen in our Eastern markets. Yet the same blue grass grown upon our northern hills fattens few or no bullocks at all, but produces a cheese which makes the Kentuckian's mouth water, and a butter which will go round the world and come back sweet and palatable. Understand us; by Kentucky, we mean all that broad, rich, western agricultural region, where grasses are so fertile in their animal fattening qualities.

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In an economical view, we consider the dairy, either in butter, or cheese, the most permanent in price of any one branch of our widespread agriculture. Its draw-backs or hindrances are somewhat, to be sure; yet its advantages are many, aside from the uniformity of its income. Let us see: a well arranged dairy establishment requires a comparatively large capital in its proper outfit, embracing a wide range of land, and corresponding buildings. It demands a skill and practice in its own peculiar way. In its season, and that not a short one, it requires unceasing, vigilant attention, and diligent labors.

On the other hand, its rewards are usually sure. Its products are not immediately perishable. Its labor and expenses are much less than the grain grower's. Its localities are eminently healthful—pure air and good water always abounding. Its associations are agreeable, and the finest taste in the way of improved cows, and the possession of the finest models of their race may be indulged with the strictest eye to economy.

The amount of labor to be employed is regular, and not subject to sudden or extraordinary emergencies. The life of the dairyman is eminently pastoral, quiet, and retired. His gains are steady, and although not usually apt to run up to famine prices, like that of the grain, or beef and pork produce, they seldom fall to the nominal prices of grain, or meats, in an over stocked market. In fine, the occupation of a dairyman is healthful and satisfactory.

Our position—that the pursuit of the dairyman should, on a proper soil, be that of the dairy alone—must be taken with allowance, whatever he can produce on his own farm, that his own wants require, not interfering with the most profitable product of the dairy itself, he should produce.

If cheese be worth eight cents, or butter sixteen cents a pound, and he can not make his own beef or pork short of eight cents when he can buy it in the neighboring market for six, he should not make a pound of either, except he can do it on the 'wash' of his dairy. And so in other things—even the bread for his family, and the grain on which he feeds his cows, or horses. His hay he should always cut on his own farm, as that belongs to the cow keeping department as much as pasturage.

We have said enough. With industry, and a well regulated economy, perfect neatness, system, and order in his business, the dairyman will surely succeed, soon to competence, and ultimately to positive wealth."

[From "Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we Made by it."]

CHAPTER XII.

## OUR KITCHEN GARDEN.

"Ours consisted of an acre and, large as our family was, we did not require more than half of it to supply us with vegetables, independent of potatoes.

We strongly advise any one who may have more garden than they may want for vegetables, to plant the surplus with potatoes. Even if the 'disease' does affect part of the crop, the gain will still be great, providing you keep animals to consume them; for they must, indeed, be bad if the pigs will not thrive on them when boiled. Poultry, likewise, will eat them in preference to any other food.

We had something more than half an acre planted one year, when the disease was very prevalent; the crop suffered from it to a considerable extent, but the yield was so large, that we stored sufficient to supply the family from September till the end of April, and had enough of those but slightly affected to fatten four pigs, beside having a large bowlful boiled daily for the poultry. The worst parts were always cut out before they were boiled, and neither pigs nor poultry were allowed to touch them raw.

It is much the best plan to consume all the potatoes you may grow, rather than save any of them for seed. It will be but a slight additional expense to have fresh kinds sent from quite a different locality, and they will thrive better, and not be so liable to the disease.

They should always be dug before the slightest appearance of frost, and placed on straw in a dry place, where they can be conveniently looked over once a fortnight, when any that show symptoms of decay should be removed, and boiled at once for the pigs. By this method very few will be wholly wasted; instead of eating potatoes you will eat pork, that is, if you have plenty of skim-milk. I do not at all know how pigs would like them without they were mixed with that fluid.

We have tried, with great success, planting them in rows alternately with other vegetables. When they are all together, the haulms in wet seasons grow so rankly that they become matted together; and then, as the air is excluded from the roots, it renders them liable to disease. We have tried cutting the haulm off to within a few inches of the ground; but this, the gardener said, proved detrimental to the roots. We afterwards tried a row of potatoes, then cabbage, then carrots, and then again came the potatoes. We once planted them between the currant and gooseberry-bushes, but it was as bad, or worse, than when a quantity of them were by themselves, for when the trees made their midsummer shoots the leaves quite shut out air and light from the potatoes, and when dug they proved worse than any other portion of the crop.

We always found, that the deeper the sets were placed in the ground the sounder were the roots. We tried every experiment with them; and as our gardener was both skillful and industrious, we were usually much more fortunate with our produce than our neighbors.

Carrots rank to the 'small farmer' next in value to the potatoes; not only pigs and cows are fond of them, but likewise horses. The pony always improved in condition when he was allowed to have a few daily.

Our arable acre was a model farm on a very small scale. We grew in it maize for the poultry, tares for the pigeons, lucerne for the cows, and talked of oats for the pony. This our gardener objected to, so the surplus bit of ground was sown with parsnips, which turned out very profitable, as both pigs and cows liked them.

We have told the reader that we reared the calf of the Strawberry cow, and it cost us hardly anything to do so, for it was fed in the winter with the roots we had to spare. The first winter it had to consume the greater part of the ton of mangold-wurzel we had brought "to keep our cows together." Some we had boiled with potatoes for the pigs, and they liked it very well.

An acre of land may appear a laughably small piece of ground to produce such a variety of articles, but if well attended to, the yield will astonish those who are ignorant of gardening. The one important thing to be attended to, is to see that all seed crops are well thinned out as soon as they are an inch above the surface. In very few kitchen-gardens is this attended to, and for want of this care a dozen carrots, parsnips, or turnips are allowed to stand where one would be sufficient. The one would prove a fine root; the dozen are not worth the trouble of pulling, as they can get neither air nor room to grow. To be well done, they should be thinned by hand, and that being a tedious "job," gardeners seldom can be induced to perform the work properly.

As our ground became productive, we added another cow, and more pigs and poultry, but I shall not now say with what success. This little book is only intended for the novice in farming, and details only the results of the first six months of our "Farm of Four Acres."

Perhaps I should have called it five acres, as nearly the whole or the acre of kitchen-garden was devoted to the cultivation of food for our "stock."

We had a very broad sunny border at the back of the flower-garden, which grew nearly all the spring and summer vegetables we required: such as seakale, early potatoes, peas, cauliflowers, and salads.

We have not yet said anything of the money we saved by our kitchen-garden, but we must add to the profits of our six months' farming the average amount we should have paid to a green-grocer for fruit and vegetables.

One shilling a day to supply thirteen persons with these necessary articles is certainly not more than must have been expended. Still, £18 per annum is a considerable item of household expenditure, and scanty would have been the supply it would have furnished; as it was, we had a profusion of fruit of all kinds, from the humble gooseberry and currant to the finest peaches, nectarines, and hot-house grapes, as well as an abundant supply of walnuts and filberts.

Had we bought all the produce of our garden, the value would have more than paid our gardener's wages.

Nor must I omit the luxury of having beautiful flowers from the greenhouse throughout the winter; these superfluous items did not figure in our accounts. We should have purchased nothing but bare necessaries, and therefore entered but 1s a-day for 'garden stuff' in our housekeeping book.

Those only who have lived in the country can appreciate the luxury of not only having fruit and vegetables in abundance, but of having them fresh. Early potatoes fresh dug, peas fresh gathered, salad fresh cut, and fruit plucked just before it makes its appearance at table, are things which cannot be purchased by the wealthiest residents in a great city.

Not far from our residence there were large grounds, which were cultivated with fruit and vegetables for the London market. I have frequently seen the wagons packed for Covent Garden. The freshest that can be procured there would be considered "stale" in the neighborhood in which they were grown. Any fruit or vegetables in that far-famed market, must have been gathered twenty four hours before they could find their way into the kitchen of the consumer; and it is not only the time which has elapsed, but the manner in which they are packed, which so much deteriorates their quality.

Have any of our readers ever seen the densely-loaded wagons which enter that market? The vegetables are wedged as closely together as they can be pressed, which very soon causes, in warm weather, cabbages, greens, etc., to ferment and become unwholesome. I have often seen them so loaded in the middle of the day before they reached London. They are left in the hot sun till the time arrives when the horses are placed in them, and they begin their slow journey towards town. This is seldom till late at night, when the distance does not exceed a dozen miles.

The finer kinds of fruit, such as peaches, grapes, etc., do not injure so much by being kept a few days before they are eaten; indeed, ripe peaches and nectarines are seldom gathered for sale; they would spoil too quickly to enable the fruiterer to realize much profit.—They are plucked when quite hard, and then placed in boxes till they gradually soften; but the flavor of fruit thus treated is very inferior to that of a peach or nectarine ripened by the sun. Seed fruits, such as strawberries, become very vapid in four or five hours after they have been picked, if they were then quite ripe.

I know that the last few pages have nothing to do with 'the money we made' by our farm, but I wish to show the reader all the advantages which a country residence possesses over a town one. Some persons, who cannot live without excitement, think that nothing can compensate for the want of amusement and society.

I was once speaking of the pleasure I experienced from residing in the country, and placed health among its many advantages, when I was answered,

'It was better to die in London than live in the country!'

I think I have said enough to cause my lady readers to wish that the time may not be far distant when they may, like ourselves—for we did all sorts of odd jobs in our garden—cut their own asparagus and assist in gathering their own peas.

It is, indeed, impossible to over-estimate the value of a kitchen-garden in a large family, which numbers many children among its members."

Wonders in Vegetation.—The San Andreas (Calaveras county, Cala.) *Independent* is the author of the following remarkable statement relative to fruit grown in that county:

"A gardener near here has a little riding switch of a pear tree, bearing a healthy fruit, that would five times outweigh the tree; an apple tree in Medina's garden, not taller than a good sized man, and not too heavy for a stage-driver's whipstock, bearing at once over two hundred apples of good size and flavor. But the last wonder is a cabbage tree now growing in Dr. Hepburn's garden, Mokelumne Hill, which, in five years, from an ordinary cabbage plant, has grown to be some nine feet high in the main stalk, and when its full branches were on, a month ago, near fifteen feet high. The stalk has become hard as wood, and it bore this year about fifty or sixty heads of cabbage."