



### Fresh Eggs the Year Round.

There is poetry on the dung-hill as well as in the meadow or hearth stone. We all remember the cricket in the old-fashioned fireplace; it is a touching little thought, going back far into childhood. There are also the cackling hens and chattering of boyhood.—The cricket now is mainly confined to the field; but the cock struts as proudly as ever on his favorite dung-hill. Eggs are still hunted for and obtained—fresh; but only in the country, and then, alas, not always.

Fresh eggs! It is not necessary to dilate here, or poetize further on the subject—a trick of ours. We will say this much—and we can say it with authority, that fresh eggs may be had at all times, and with little trouble. Is not that an item in the sum of life's experience? We will not eat a spoiled egg; and all but fresh eggs we consider spoiled; old eggs are not fit to eat; they are like old butter.

But how shall we obtain fresh eggs? Hens, it is said, don't pay; many have tried it, and these discourage others. But some have tried it, who continue the practice of raising their own eggs, and sell largely. These certainly must find it profitable, for a man does not knowingly throw away his money. We have seen the process tried and fail; and we have seen it tried and succeed. It is precisely in this as in other things: in making butter, for instance, or coffee, or raising stock. If properly conducted, it will pay; otherwise it would soon cease to be practiced.

To have fresh eggs the year round, and without loss to the producer, must be a consummation devoutly to be wished. It is an easy matter with a little care.

Take one or two dozen of hens, (young hens, and of the same breed, are best), the number agreeing with the size of the family. Let your building (a rough shanty will do), be dry and airy. Hens, as well as men, require fresh air, and dread moisture. They also suffer from cold, so their quarters in winter should be warm, but always dry, and kept clean. It should be often cleaned and sprinkled with lime; and it would benefit it to whitewash the inside. Eight feet by five, or smaller, will do. The roost poles should be three by four (joist), placed along the back part of the building; with a poop in the center of each, about three feet from the floor, and half that distance apart. Place a board for the hens to walk up.

As to feeding, give them almost anything; they will thrive upon variety. They should be fed three times a day, and regularly. Indian meal made into dough and slightly peppered, is excellent to make them lay, with a little meat every other day, and raw onions once a week, and raw potatoes chopped up—potatoes and onions should not be neglected; but corn is the greatest reliance. Let them have access to pure water. Gravel, bits of plastering, and particularly oyster-shells pounded fine are indispensable to laying.

Make your hens happy and contented. This is a great point. Comfortable quarters, enough to eat (just enough and no more), with materials in reach for egg-shells (gravel, pounded oyster shells, etc.), these are the main things; but the minutiae must not be forgotten. A happy hen will lay; and a happy hen is one that lacks for nothing. The lime should be slacked. It keeps away vermin and disease. Of course an aperture must be left for the hens to pass in and out. They should be as little molested as possible; never frightened nor watched. Study to make them a happy family, and they will make you happy in return. And do not be discouraged if at first you are not remunerated for your outlay. They will soon take to their new life. But you must attend to them; they are sensitive towards neglect.

If you have no relish for the thing, you will not be apt to succeed; you will not take the proper care. There is not the sympathy between you and your colony, which is appreciated at once and acted upon. There is philosophy in the treatment of hens, as well as in anything else. There is but one fact about everything, and that must be possessed. The fact about hens is, mostly, good treatment, not in food merely, but in everything. There may be an abundance of food, and yet the hens suffer in other respects. These must be remedied. A warm, ventilated building, (not heated, avoid all extremes) with windows for light; large enough, and undisturbed; quiet, save by the singing or cackling of hens; kept clean, with slacked lime kept on the floor; and pure water always in reach and ready of access; and regularly fed three times a day with what food will be eaten, and no more.

These are the principal things that form the good treatment of hens, and, with the minutiae added, will make them lay. Once fully establish your system, and it will be easy afterward.—[Valley Farmer.

[From the Genesee Farmer.

### Spur Pruning of Fruit Trees.

An article on this subject in the London *Florist* is so well calculated to be useful to all who cultivate fruit trees that we give a part of it, hoping that it will lead to the practice of this much neglected, but much needed kind of pruning. The last season was such a long and dry one that the wood of the trees ripened

very thoroughly, and as the fruit crop in many parts of the country was very light the past year, there is every reason for anticipating a heavy crop for the ensuing season.

Over-bearing is an evil to be guarded against, and spur pruning and thinning of the fruit are the best means of preventing this. The former has a decided advantage over the latter, as it can be done when there is no other work to occupy the attention of the cultivator.

It is entirely unnecessary to have trees bent down one year with the weight of the fruit, and the next year no fruit at all, or else a very inferior crop. Of course, in extraordinary seasons, like the one we have just passed through, nothing will prove effectual, but in nine years out of ten it is possible to have a good crop of fruit by carefully attending to the trees. Go where you may, you will find old trees generally full of old long spurs, with ten times more buds than are necessary, and so crowded that scarcely any sun and air can get to them. Every useless bud which is allowed to expand exhausts the tree and determines the quality of the fruit. When the spurs are crowded, the longest and weakest should be cut clean away, and in those that are left the buds should be well thinned out. All the weak buds those in the end of the spurs should be cut clean off, leaving the roundest and most plump, and take particular care of those at the base of the spurs. When pruned, the buds should be left at such a distance from each other that the sun and air should have a full influence upon them. On old trees that have been neglected, spur pruning can hardly be too freely carried out. We have ourselves operated largely on old trees of all kinds a few years ago. From one old apple-tree, and not a very large one, either, nearly a cart-load of wood was cut, and with the most encouraging results. The trees have regained fresh vigor, and the fruit has been much finer than ever before; and where the habit of the tree had been to bear malformed, inferior fruit, we have gathered as fine and well-formed specimens as could be desired.

People generally blame the season, not their own bad management for the miserable state of their own orchards. They say that "the springs are so precarious that there is no hope of having a good crop of fruit." If they will try spur pruning and thinning the fruit, never allow over-bearing, and give the trees a moderate amount of attention, they will find that the weather is not altogether in fault.

[From the American Agriculturist.

### A Short Sermon on Stables.

The recent improvements in American architecture have not reached the stable, to the extent that could be desired. Brown stone fronts, high ceilings, marble mantel-pieces, costly furnaces for warming and ventilating the dwelling, may please the eye and promote the health and comfort of the occupants, while the valuable horses of the proprietor are suffering from a poorly constructed and poorly ventilated stable.

The fault often lies in two directions. The stable may be too tight, or too open. A horse needs light, as well as air and suitable warmth and food,—the vegetable structure hardly needs light more than he does. Pure air is essential. His blood can not become purified while the air which inflates his lungs is full of foul gases from fermenting manures. Nor is it enough to keep the stalls clean, if they are so tight that the horse is obliged to breathe his own breath over and over again. Digestion is interfered with, and all the functions of life are impeded. Lazy grooms declare that a close, warm stable, helps to make a horse's coat fine and glossy in winter as well as in summer. But in winter, such a coat is not to be desired. Nature provides the animal with long hair and more of it, to defend him from the cold. If the horse is well groomed and blanketed, his hair will be smooth and glossy enough all the year round. The indolent groom ought himself to be shut up for twenty-four hours in the hot, steaming air in which he would confine his master's horse, and see how he would like it. Open the doors of such a stable in the morning, where several horses are kept, and the hot air and the hartsen are almost sufficient to knock a man down. What wonder, then, that horses so used, should suffer from inflamed eyes, cough, glanders, and other ailments! The wonder is that they bear the abuse so long and so well.

Now, the "improvement" to our sermon is simply this: ventilate the stables. Ventilate, both in winter and summer. The outer air should be brought in at certain places near the floor, but not in the immediate neighborhood of the horse, so as to cause hurtful drafts of wind directly upon him. Impure air must be ejected, as well as pure air brought in. This can be done in summer very well by leaving several windows open in different parts of the barn. But a better way is to insert ventilators in the highest part of the building, into which ventiducts, (square wooden tubes,) shall lead from the stalls, and which can be opened or closed at pleasure. These ventilators should be covered with a cap, to prevent downward currents and the beating in of rain. By this plan, the foul air is carried off directly from the stall without mixing with the hay in the loft.

Salt for Cabbages.—Edward Carpen'er, a correspondent of the *Farmer and Gardener*, says that last year he tested the value of salt on cabbages, and with satisfactory results. After planting them out, he watered them, some two or three times a week, with salt water containing about fifteen grains of salt

to the pint. The cabbages grew beautifully, and headed up very finely, while those which had no salt water given them produced loose, open heads, which were unfit for any other purpose than boiling. Rain water was given at the same time, and in the same quantities, as the salt water. He does not know how strong a solution of salt the cabbages would bear without injury, but is fully satisfied that a solution no stronger than that which he used is decidedly beneficial.

### LITERATURE.

As many of our readers became acquainted with Captain R. F. Burton, of Her Britannic Majesty's Indian service, during his sojourn in this city and passage through the Territory in the fall of 1860, we have considered that a notice in the *Illustrated London News* of a new volume from the Captain's pen, would not be uninteresting:

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS, AND ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO CALIFORNIA. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Author of "A Pilgrimage to Medinah and Mecca." Longmans.

The author of this work has earned his title to a literary welcome. The ground which he has broken in his present essay, if not wholly new, is instinct with curious matter, and the field has not been so sweepingly reaped as not to leave a good deal more than mere gleanings behind. It hardly needed Captain Burton's apology for publishing his work so soon after the appearance of Jules Remy's "Journey to the Great Salt Lake City," that the French naturalist passed through the Mormon settlements in 1855, and that five years in the Far West are equal to fifty in less conservative lands. In truth, the Mormonite wonder has been by no means put an end to by the long list of publications relating to it which have appeared; and we are always glad to receive personal experiences and genuine statements to further any desire we may have for the solution of this great social problem in the world.

Our author is a pleasant narrator, and, indeed, if he have a fault, it is that he is too much prone to elaborate jocoseness, and to expand the capabilities of the English language for that purpose. But it will not be denied that the results of the observations of a gentleman of naturally acute perceptions, sharpened by practice and habit, are detailed with a minuteness which is seldom if ever tedious. His reasons for his visit to the Salt Lake are thus stated:—"I had long determined to add the last new name to the list of 'Holy Cities;' to visit the young rival—*soi-disant*—of Memphis, Benares, Jerusalem, Rome, Mecca; and, after having studied the beginnings of a mighty empire 'in that new world which is the old,' to observe the origin and the working of a regular go-ahead Western and Columbian revelation. Mingled with the wish of prospecting the City of the Great Salt Lake in a spiritual point of view, of seeing Utah as it is, not as it is said to be, was the mundane desire of enjoying a little skirmishing with the savages, who, in the days of Harrison and Jackson, had given the pale faces tough work to do; and, that failing, of inspecting the line of route which Nature, according to the general consensus of guide-books, has pointed out as the proper, indeed the only, practical direction for a railroad between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The commerce of the world, the Occidental Press had assured me, is undergoing its grand climacteric. The resources of India and the nearer Orient are now well-nigh cleared of 'loot;' and our sons, if they would walk in the paths of their papas, must look to Cipangri and the parts about Cathay for their annexations." A perusal of the book will show that this is at once a programme of what is to come and a fair specimen of the style of the author.

The question of the choice of the various routes to Utah is discussed in the opening chapter, and in the very outset affords considerable subject of interest. Nor are the descriptions of the preparations on the part of the traveler, and of the mode of conveyance, in which, on Tuesday, August 7, 1860, he started from St. Joe, on a journey calculated to occupy thirty-five days, behindhand in that respect. In the pages of his book the author gives us an account of the route rather in its pictorial than its geographical aspects, and gives less of diary than of dissertation upon the subjects which each day's route suggested; but in the Appendix there will be found a detailed itinerary, showing the distance between camping-places, the several mail stations where mules are changed, the hours of travel, and the facilities of obtaining wood and water—in fact, all things required for the novice, hunter, or emigrant. This is not a book which admits of dabbling with its contents; it must be read as a whole; and, therefore, we do not propose to attempt any analysis of its matter, in the wider sense of the term, confining ourselves in the first instance to a broad and decided recommendation of its merits and its value. Beyond that we may say that it embraces no less than thirteen chapters, besides a "conclusion" and an elaborate appendix. In these the writer dwells with admirable fidelity (judging from internal evidence) on the incidents and circumstances of the line of country which he traversed on his way; gives an elaborate disquisition on the Indian tribes, historical and existent, and of the region through which he passed; and brings his account of his route to a conclusion by a glowing description of the sight which he saw on

reaching the top of Big Mountain, where, on an eyrie 8000 feet above sea-level, he first sighted the object of his long wanderings, hardships, and perils, the Happy Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The disposition of the settlement, we are told, is like that of the nineteenth-century New World cities, a system of right angles, the roads, streets, and lanes, if they can be called so, intersecting one another. Judging from a plan which is inserted in this volume, the city is also one of "distances."

Our author asserts that, during that twenty-four days of his sojourn among the Mormons, ample opportunities of surface observations were afforded him; he saw specimens of every class, from the head of the church down to the field hand, and, being a stranger in the land, could ask questions and receive replies upon subjects which would have been forbidden to an American of the States.

There is, however, in Mormonism, as in all other exclusive faiths, an inner life into which he cannot flatter himself with having penetrated; and all he promises is that what he recounts is stated honestly and truthfully, and uninfluenced by those motives which have rendered the accounts of life in the City of the Saints published by anti-Mormons and apostates so untrustworthy. In this spirit Captain Burton narrates his adventures—if adventures his sight-seeing can be called—which, among other things, comprehended his witnessing a Sunday service in the Bowery Tabernacle, at which addresses were delivered by Bishop Abraham O. Smoot, by the second President, Heber C. Kimball, and by the Prophet Brigham Young himself (who came in late); a ball at the Social Hall, which began at four o'clock, and was opened by the Prophet with a cotillon, he having first ascended a kind of platform, and with uplifted hands blessed those present, and where the supper was by no means among the least considerations; and a personal visit to the Prophet himself.

He was received by Brigham Young in his private office, where he transacts the greatest part of his business, corrects his sermons, and conducts his correspondence—a plain neat room, with the usual conveniences, a large writing-desk and money-safe, table, sofas, and chairs, all made by the able mechanics of the settlement. Among the furniture, however, were a pistol—a newly-invented twelve-shooter—and a rifle within ready reach on the right hand wall. There was a look of order which suited the character of the man. It is said that a door badly hinged or a curtain hung awry "puts his eye out." In this interview the Prophet, having ascertained the author's object in his visit to Utah, was communicative enough on general topics.

There is, it need hardly be said, a great deal of disquisition on the manners and customs of the Mormons, and on some of the delicate social questions which concern them; while the descriptive geography, ethnology, and statistics of Utah, are full, and brought together evidently with great pains.

There is a chapter devoted to the Mormon religion, which will doubtless meet with due attention, and we venture to assert that it is written in a tone which gives it a title to consideration, as the result of impartial and honest inquiry.

The accounts of the author's excursions into the Territory of Utah, as distinguished from the city itself, will be found as full of matter worthy of note as the rest of his chapters.

His homeward route was by way of California, and he spent some ten days at San Francisco, resisting the temptation to do more traveler's work in visiting the Giant Trees, Yohamite Falls—the highest cataracts yet known in the world—the Almaden Cinnabar Mines, with British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, and Los Angeles temptingly near.

On November 15 he left that region for Acapulco, thence to Vera Cruz, debarked at Panama, passed over the celebrated Panama Railway to Aspinwall, and thence over to St. Thomas in the Caribbean Sea, the point of departure for Southampton.

Captain Burton has received the appointment of British consul at Fernando Po. We think the readers of this, his last work, while congratulating him on his accession to an office which, we presume, is to his mind, will, thinking selfishly, regret that his career of travel and consequent narratives has been thus cut short. It ought to be stated that the work contains a number of well-executed illustrations, which would assist the descriptions if they needed assistance.

Since the foregoing was in type, we have seen numerous interesting quotations from "The City of the Saints," in the London papers. The work is evidently creating much interest. The *Examiner* concludes a very lengthy review with the following paragraph:

"In the course of his rapid journey across the American continent, Captain Burton has made a wonderful photograph of a society in a state of transition; and his book will be read with pleasure by every one who desires to form a correct idea of the history and future prospects of that strange religion which threatens to become one of the most important facts of modern times."

—The Rev. Mr. Stockton, chaplain to Congress declared in a recent sermon that he had sometimes thought he would give the world, if he had it to give, to be a boy again; not to remain a boy, but to shape his course under the guidance of his present light, to a higher and nobler end.