

Agricultural.

[From the Country Gentlemen and Cultivator.]
HOW EVERY MAN MAY RAISE HIS OWN PEACHES.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Many of your readers, though perhaps not all of them, have realized the difference in flavor between a fully ripened peach taken from the tree, and the same insipid fruit that we find in our market, obtained from orchards located from one to four hundred miles distant. In the latter case, in order to have this fruit in a condition to bear transportation, and to last until it can be sold without decaying, it has to be picked in a green state. The consequence is that when there is a good crop in Western New York or New Jersey, our markets overflow with peaches, but scarcely one is to be found fit for eating out of hand, or cutting up into cream for the table. Such peaches have often an attractive appearance when seen piled up on fruit stands, or exposed in baskets, but they are not worth much except for preserving.

Having discovered a method by which every man may raise his own peaches, and have them in abundance and perfection, it affords me pleasure to communicate it to the public for the general benefit, and especially for the information of all lovers of good fruit.

To raise my own peaches I proceed as follows: I commence by digging the earth away from one side of the tree, at the distance of about 12 or 15 inches, deep enough to sever all the roots that interfere with my object. Running the spade also under the tree, so as to cut all the roots that descend vertically, the tree is in a condition to be bent over on one side and laid flat on the ground. Several of the stronger lateral roots on that side are not cut at all, but only curved upward somewhat as the tree reaches the ground. This does not injure them. The branches of the tree being brought as close to the earth as possible, they are still further flattened down by laying an old post or some similar weight upon them, care being used not to break the limbs. The object is to get the top of the tree pretty close to the surface. A mound of earth is then raised over the upturned roots; so as to prevent them freezing in the open air, and the fruit-bearing wood is covered lightly with some kind of litter, enough to conceal them mostly, but not so heavily as to furnish a harbor for mice. I use my old tomato or cucumber vines, potato tops, asparagus stalks, or any thing of that kind. My trees are now ready to be covered with snow as soon as winter sets in, which I keep piled over the whole top of the tree from six inches to a foot in depth. This is all that is required. The whole process may be described under the title of *burying your trees in the snow*. Keep the snow on all winter until it goes off in the spring, and your fruit buds will come out as fresh and lively as they were when laid down at first.

In the fore part of April, or after the buds begin to show signs of starting, set your trees up again by clearing out the space on which they stand, so that the shortened roots will go back naturally to their proper positions, and can be secured there by pressing the earth in around them, or throwing up an extra quantity around the base of the trunk. Trees thus treated will exhibit no signs of injury, but will grow as vigorously during the summer as though their roots had not been disturbed, I think, however, the operation is somewhat a dwarfing one; but the health of the tree is not in the least affected.

To grow peaches in this way, I shall depend mostly upon young and small trees. When they get to be old and stiff, it may be better to throw them out altogether, and replant. As far as is practicable, the tree should be forced into a fan-shaped form. This brings the branches closer to the ground for covering. My old trees are now ten feet high, and measure ten or twelve through the branches at the widest. Instead of having a spindling growth from the ends of the limbs, they grow quite bushy, and have new wood within three or four feet of the surface. Trees set in the spring of 1863, have many hundred blossom buds on them, and may bear a peck of fruit. Trees set last spring have many blossom buds, and will produce as much fruit as it will be safe to allow the trees to bear. I think it pays to get a dozen fine peaches from a single tree two years old from the bud.

I have tested this method two years, in succession successfully, with complete success this last season. The trees experimented upon were five in number, all of the fine sorts, and have been growing in my garden ten or twelve

years. They were annually headed down with the hope that some mild winter would transpire, which would reward me with a crop of fruit for my pains; but they never produced a single peach, though setting largely with fruit-buds in the fall. I tried several other experiments, which all failed, until in the fall of 1862 I bethought myself of this plan. My five trees were laid down, and one of them only littered as above prescribed, the rest merely covered with snow, after snow fell, which was not until the 1st of February, and there lay over 4 inches in depth on the ground. That was in 1863. The mercury only fell to about zero, until after the snow came in February, when it once or twice went down to 8 or 10° below, and all the peach buds on standing trees were killed. The tree which had the straw protection beside the snow, produced a fine crop; one of the others had two peaches on it; the other three failed. Whether this was owing to the want of straw, or the lack of snow previous to the month of February, I could not determine, but last fall I treated all my trees to a litter. The snow in this section was light last winter, but it came earlier, and was at one time eight inches in depth, and I was able to keep my trees covered all winter. Their extreme height was six or seven feet. The fruit-buds were preserved beautifully, although the mercury went down to 8 or 10° below zero, and the buds on all the standing trees in my neighborhood perished. My best tree bore 250 perfect peaches, another 150; the others not so many, but still handsome crops. They all ripened finely on the trees, and I enjoyed what nobody else did under similar circumstances—quite a supply of the most delicious fruit in the world, grown upon my own grounds. My trees are now eight or ten feet high, quite spreading, are healthy, and vigorous and full of bearing wood. The blossom buds on them may be counted by thousands, and as they are to be subjected to the same process as before, I have no doubt they will produce me several bushels of fruit next year, let the severity of the weather be what it may during the coming winter.

As soon as I found out what could be done in this way, I increased my stock of trees, having set new ones in both 1863, and 1864. They now show numerous fruit-buds, and I shall bury them all in the way I have described, although some of them are mere shrubs. I shall be satisfied with a dozen peaches on these, although the largest will probably bear from four to six dozen.

Some of your readers may think the amount of labor requisite for this object a serious matter, but I do not. Two men will lay one of my largest trees down in ten or fifteen minutes, and replace it in the spring in the same time. They will have to be watched during the winter to keep the snow on, and in this region of light and fugitive snows, they should be attended to at every fresh fall until a foot in depth is accumulated upon them. In my case, whenever we got an inch or two of new snow, I went out with a broom and swept it up for a considerable space around my trees, and threw it up on the pile over them. In more snowy regions, after the work was once done, this close supervision would not be requisite.

In the natural peach-producing sections, recourse to this method would not be necessary; but where the blossom buds are liable to be killed by the extreme cold of winter, and where the snow can be depended on, every man who tills a farm or cultivates a garden, can always produce a peach crop at least for family use, and I see no greater obstacle to its being done in a small way for the market. The cultivation of one hundred trees would not involve a very large expense, and if confined to the varieties which bring the highest price, as the Morris Whites, for example, which sold in this city last fall, for seven dollars per basket, it might be made quite remunerative.

The simple substance of this plan is to plunge the peach beneath the snow during that portion of the season in which the mercury is liable to fall below six degrees below zero. In any part of the country where this extreme degree of cold occurs, and yet where snow is found, if the tree itself can be carried over the winter, so can the fruit-buds. I think the peach can be grown anywhere in the Northern States where these conditions may be found.

The time for laying trees down, is in the month of November or December, before the ground freezes solid. Pile on the first snow that comes, and keep them covered as long as the snow lasts.

I hope this article will be in time to induce some of your readers to give my method a trial this winter. If others shall succeed in it as well as I have, it

may result at least in stocking a good many gardens with the peach, where it is now not known that it can be grown.

V. W. S.

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov, 16, 1864.

The foregoing is probably in time for a trial in all localities in Utah, where peach buds are killed by frost, as the ground is frozen but little, if any; and several inches of frost will merely add a little to the labor.

Varieties.

—Since June of last year United States Marshal Keyes has paid over to the United States treasurer, as the proceeds of captured blockade runners adjudicated at Boston, over \$5,000,000.

—The monument erected to the Danes who fell at Duppel is a large cubic block of granite with the inscription "Here lie the bodies of 200 Danes."

—They are using coal cutting machines at the mines in Yorkshire, England, to supply the places of striking miners.

—Sorghum sugar, costing \$9 per hundred pounds, made at Chicago, is on exhibition at the Agricultural Department in Washington. It has the appearance of bright Havana sugar, and, at the price stated, must find plenty of buyers, if it is anything like as good, and we see no reason why it should not be.

—The following are the numbers of persons which the following European cathedrals will hold: St Peters, Rome, 54,000; cathedral at Milan, 37,000; St. Paul's, at London, 25,000; St. Sophia, at Constantinople 23,000; Notre Dame de Paris, 21,000; cathedral of Pisa, 13,333; St. Mark of Venice, 7,000.

—We learn that the cotton crop has been very successful this season in Southern Illinois, paying better than any other product. Near four hundred bales have already been shipped from Carbondale, and more than as much more will be shipped.

—Liebig, the chemist, has written from Munich a letter on the utilization of the London sewage, in which he says that "if clearly understood and properly managed, the employment of sewage will prove a blessing to agriculture, and those who by unwearied perseverance have at last seen the consummation of their labors may justly be looked upon as the benefactors of their fellow-men."

—One of the attractions of the sailors' fair at Boston is the sea serpent, or, at least, a fish that comes nearest to the description of that monster of anything yet discovered. It is a very queer fish, brought into Fairhaven on Friday. It weighs about four hundred pounds, and is thirteen feet in length, of which nine feet taper down to a serpent-like tail. It has the mouth of a shark, with two rows of teeth, a fin on his back and a full eye, like a bullock. In color and motion it resembles a serpent in the water.

—The new railroad route from Paris to Madrid is a tripartite one. From Paris to Bordeaux the traveller is on the "Chemin de Fer d'Orleans," extended to the latter city. Thence to Irun the travel is by the "Chemin de Fer du Midi," and from Irun to Madrid by the Norte de Espana. The latter is the affair of the MM. Perifre, the well-known great French capitalists. It connects Madrid with the important cities of Valladolid, Burgos, Vittoria and St. Sebastian—the Boulognesur-Mer of Spain—and also with Santander, by a branch at Buenas, as likewise with Bilbao, by another bifurcation at Miranda.

—The *Universal German Gazette* is making war on the gaming-houses in Germany. It publishes a list of the suicides which have taken place at those resorts. At Wiesbaden it gives the number as seven; at Nauheim, three; at Homburg, thirteen; and at Wilhelmsbad, two. By adding to the above the suicides which have not precisely taken place in the gambling towns, but which have been caused by the effects of play, that journal brings up the number to thirty-four.

—A physician passing by a grave-stone maker's shop, called out:

"Good morning, neighbor; hard at work, I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait I suppose, to see who wants a monument next."

"Why, yes," replied the old joker, "unless somebody is sick and you are doctoring 'em, then I keep right on!"

—The Winnebago Indians are in a starving condition.

—Private letters from Egypt mention that on the evening of the 25th of September the city of Alexandria was lighted for the first time with gas, the works having been erected by a French company. Heretofore a municipal regulation has required everybody going abroad after nightfall to carry his own lantern, but this is no longer necessary.

—The tongue makes deeper wounds than the teeth.

KEROSENE PAPERS—MRS. JEREMIAH KEROSENE AT HOME.

Well, Jerry, if this here aint suthin like livin'! Who'd hev thought when we lived down to Wicktown in that little one story frame house, when I did my own washin, and ironin', and milked three cows and made butter to sell, (it'll dew to talk of now there haint no company here,) that we should ever see the day when we owned a brown stone house in the fashionablest quarter of the city, and had velvet carpets, and lace curtains to the windows, and a kerridge of our own to ride into when we want to go a step, besides servants to do the work while I an' the girls goes a shoppin'. Refineryment come as nat'ral to me as—do be kerful and not crumble up them curtains. You are alwus so awkward, trippin up on my ottermons or else opsettin them little stands. Anybody'd know you want used to gentility. I ruther imagin I'd pass for a well-bred lady anywhere. Speakin' of curtains reminds me they aint nigh so nice as Mrs. Flamminses and I aint a goin' to be outdone by nobody like her; it frets me to think of it. I'm goin' to put them in my bowdoor and hev some that cost mor'n her'n, if possible. As if we warn't as good as she is any day. I ruther guess when Sol. Flammins kept a soap factory afore he made that big contraction with the Government, he never thought uv expirin to a manshun next to us.

Well, what if it wan't but three months afore, that you struck ile on the farm. We come here first, and I look down on em, and they know it. I like to cut her once in a while,—She was in here fother day, an' I asked her ef she didn't remember meetin' Miss Hihlow last winter, but law, sex I, 'I forgit you was out to Wicktown keepin' house at that time.' I could see she winced, but she tried to come it over me, and bimeby illuded to the war, and how dreadful it was, and how we all ought to stan'd by the Government, and she was very thankful that her husband was servin' the Government, and the Guverment must be supported. 'Yes,' sez I, 'percticerly, while Guverment snpports the Flammins family so well.'

All of a sudden she thought of suthin that called her hum mighty quick. Showed her ignorance there, for ef she'd ben as used to fashionable life as I hev, she'd knowed that no lady would hev, anything to do to hum. But she does beat all!

Well, as I was going to say, I've only just begun to enjoy life, and ef I be past 40, I'm bound to put it through and hev a good time. I'm goin' to buy every-thing that's high priced, whether I want it or not. I'd make a tower to Europe ef I wan't afeard of bein' sea sick (spose, you hev to go by boat part of the way,) and I never rode on the canal boat down to Lampville without bin' awful sea sick.

How well Sophony and Araminty does get along with their masters! Their education only needed a trifle of polish any how. How sweet they do speak French! They had'nt took but one lesson before Sophrony come into my bowdoor where I was settin, (readin,) and begun a sayin something in such a queer way it scar't me.

I thought perhaps she'd lost her wits; sez I, 'do set down, that's a dear, don't you know me?' Then I thought she was comin sech a rigmarole on me for fun. 'Law, ma,' sez she, when I begun to laugh 'that's French.' I never was so took back. She'd only took one lesson and lart a long verse.

What a fortinit thing that I named them girls as I did! don't tell me I didn't hev a presentiment that they was to hev a high standin' in society at some futile time. Ef it hadn't been for me they might hev had some sich name as Mary or Sarah. You would just as leave, you was alwus so ploddin' and slow and easy. You owe a great deal of your success in the oil bizness to your wife, Jeremiah. Did I set them oil wells in operation! For land's sake don't be a dunce. Who said I did? I ment that I had judgment to suspend this money in the right way, which you never had, not even when you was as poor as Job's turkey. Oh, walk in Miss Hihlow; I didn't hear your name denounced by the footman.