

Cranberry Culture.

We learn from the *Country Gentleman* that the Cranberry growers on Cape Cod, have held a convention for the purpose of organizing an association for the promotion of their interests. We give the following abstract of their discussion on the occasion, relating particularly to the culture of the plant:

The President, Mr. Small of Harwich, said that he had been engaged in the cultivation of the cranberry for many years, but still he felt there were many things yet to be learned, and presumed that others present felt the same, and he hoped they would discuss the matters before them freely and socially. He was of the opinion that maple and common brush swamps were the best bottoms for cranberries, and that cedar bottom was the next. He had had no experience with sand bottom. He thought that ditches should be near together, not more than three or four rods apart.

Nathaniel Hunkley of Barnstable, said that he had several years engaged in cultivating cranberries, and was satisfied that there was a great variety of the fruit. Some would grow best on high land, some best on low, some on peat, and some on sandy bottom. He could not see any advantage from sanding, so far as his own cultivation was concerned.

Hiram Hall of Dennis, said he owned the cranberry ground, which his father occupied as such 53 years ago, and the vines bore as well now as they ever did, the fruit, perhaps, being a little smaller. When peat was three feet below the vines, the fruit grew the best. Three or four sorts of cranberries came from the place, where only one grew originally.

Mr. Stubbs of Wellfleet, said he had been unsuccessful in his cultivation, from the fact that he could not flow or drain his vines. He had three crops of vine worms in a single year, but had discovered that chickens, let loose upon a cranberry bog, would effectually destroy them. Seventy-five chickens to the acre would destroy every worm without the least injury to the vine or berry. He thought that raising chickens and cranberries should be carried on together, and then wealth would certainly follow.

Bradley Jenkins of Barnstable, said that he had cultivated the cranberry for 24 years, on Sandy Neck. He cultivated on salt marsh bottom, with sand three or four feet deep. Is not troubled with the vine worm (sometimes called the fire-worm,) but suffers some from the berry or fruit worm; can flow only by rains. Sometimes propagates by sowing seed, but generally by the sod. He procures the seed by bruising the berry in a machine, something like a bait mill, then passing the seed through a sieve to separate it from the skins, then washing in water, it being heavier than the pulp, would settle to the bottom, and be as clear as clover seed generally is. He thought that several sorts of vines would come from the seed of a single cranberry, some late and some early, some dark and some light.

Josiah Freeman of Orleans, said he could see no change in the form and quality of his fruit for upwards of 20 years. Gets about one bushel per rod on an average.

Cyrus Cahoon of Harwich, said that peat mud and loose sand were the essential elements for the growth of the berry. He wanted four inches of peat underneath three inches of sand, as the best condition to raise fruit. If the mud was deeper, he wanted a greater depth of sand. If peat is six feet deep, he wanted ten inches of sand. That he can govern the growth of vines by the depth of the sand. He did not care whether the sand was white or yellow, so long as it was loose, and free from any soil, loam or vegetable matter, and when squeezed in the hand, would fall apart on opening it. He had flowed his vines while in bloom, but invariably every flower bud, that had expanded and turned out, would be killed, but those not turned out were not destroyed, but backened several days. He let the water off the 15th of April, and flowed occasionally afterwards. Sometimes had three bushels to the rod.

Nathaniel Robbins of Harwich, would have ditches three feet wide at the top, slanting to nothing at the bottom, in order to prevent their caving, and that the berries might grow on the slanting sides, and thus save ground.

Obed Brooks, being inquired of, stated that one year he had the vines entirely destroyed by the vine worm, and that the next year, the same vines bore a very heavy crop of fruit, without the least appearance of the worm, no measures having been taken by flowing or otherwise to destroy it.

Profitable Culture.

I READ an article from the *Boston Advertiser*, under the caption "Profitable Cranberry Culture," in which the writer states his income at the rate of "the snug little sum of six hundred dollars per acre." I will state my success.

1.—IN RAISING ONIONS.

I harvested, last autumn, from a small piece of ground, twenty-five bushels of well grown and thoroughly ripened onions. There had been taken from the ground, and sold only in bunches, to the amount of several dollars—the exact sum I am not able to state—from five to ten dollars I think. The whole piece measured less than seven square rods. Before I finished taking them up and throwing them into ridges, I thought I was cutting a good crop, and to satisfy myself beyond doubt, measured a square rod in a part that had been the least thinned for early market, and found the produce to be 5½ bushels, which if I figure correctly, is equal to \$80 bushels per acre. These onions sold at \$1.50 per bushel—most of them at the place, without further expense than measuring. Taking the measured square rod as the basis of calculation with the price received, and I find the receipts equal \$1320 per acre.

2.—GOOSEBERRY CULTURE.

I am raising the Houghton Seedling gooseberry with fair results, and so far without a single failure from any cause. The only marks of mildew I have discovered were upon a few berries on the side of bushes standing near a bush of English gooseberries, which were entirely destroyed by that pest. Eight years ago I planted out in rows five feet apart, and in the row three feet apart, six square rods of land, with the above named gooseberry plants. For the three last years they have produced three and a half barrels of fruit yearly. I do not remember the price at which they sold in 1863; in 1864 some of them sold in Boston at \$14 per barrel; in 1865 they averaged about \$11 per barrel. Taking the two years together the price does not vary much from \$12 per barrel. Taking them as a basis, we have \$1124 per acre. Besides the first plantings, I have about fifty square rods in this kind of gooseberry that are beginning to pay. In 1864 I received for the fruit from this latter lot \$75, and 1865 \$103.90, after paying freight, &c.

I have a very thrifty orchard of apple trees, planted at the same time the bushes were, on the same ground; and the trees, I can assure you, are not injured by the cultivation the bushes receive; while the bushes are to be benefited by the partial shading afforded by the trees. I intend to enlarge my gooseberry patch, and shall plant five feet apart each way, so as to work a horse and cultivate both ways between the rows.

N. FOSTER.

—Maine Farmer.

Cultivate Flowers.

I WOULD cultivate in children a love for flowers, and give them one to tend and care for, as soon as they are capable of doing it. It is a work that tends to beget kindness and tenderness of feeling, and will lead them to seek to be good and lovely, tender and gentle in word and deed. Who would indulge in anger among flowers?

Every Farmer's wife should have a few plants, one at least, to cherish and love. It would lighten her harder labour, and relieve her greater care, and often soothe her perturbed feelings, to give it merely a look, a thought, a draught of water in its need—to watch its growth and catch the fragrance of its opening petals. Perchance I hear one say, "I have no time to spend in that way; I have to work, work, from morning till night, and go to bed with much left unfinished." Well, I know how that is, having had some experience in that line; but the worst part of the matter is, that the spirit, the temper is so worried and fretted. By all means, calm that, though no work be done for a week; attend to your flowers; they have a soothing, calming influence. Your "husband doesn't know nor care how hard you work, or how tired" you are? Well, he truly doesn't know—but then it is not likely he ever will know; and this sin of ignorance in him had better be winked at, than fretted over. Again, I say, cultivate plants and flowers; let no day pass without listening, quietly, attentively to their whispering voices, and in your silent communings with them, learn to

"Bless God for flowers,
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts they breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine to life's hours."

—FLORE, in *Rural American*.

The Common Houseleek.

I SUPPOSE it would be a rather difficult task to find a plant of its kind to surpass in beauty the common houseleek of the cottage walls. It is one of those few fortunate plants that cannot be kicked out of cultivation, for it is the favourite of the poor, and so its life is never at the hazard of fashion, and its beauty is never put to any test of comparison, for usually its owner rejoices in his possession without perplexing his mind with critical considerations. I confess that when I spend an hour in taking stock of the plants on my Roman wall, I always get bewitched with the great patches of houseleek that spread, spread, spread about on the summit, and cling fast to shelves and chimneys where there is not a particle of soil, as if quietly proceeding to usurp possession of the whole as genius of the ruin which Time has not made. And it would be no mean feature in a garden, a good ruin completely covered with the thrifty growth of *Sempervivum tectorum*, with its imbricated crowns that look so fat and "life-long," so bronzy and hard, so quietly persistent, so like the rock itself, immovable and unchangeable, the best emblem of eternity we can find among plants after the palm tree, which by classic prescription holds this high place exclusively. It has been my custom now for many years past to direct the attention of amateur cultivators to families and groups of plants that—as I view the case—are entitled to much more attention and admiration than they receive, because in the first place, they are beautiful and interesting, and calculated to stimulate inquiry and thought; and in the second place, because to cultivate them well does not demand much sacrifice or entail any great expense. Everyone to his taste, of course; but for myself, a score of really interesting plants would any day give me more delight than a fulsome of fine colours, except in some very peculiar cases and circumstances. It may be good for trade when amateurs order in bedding plants by the thousand, and pay their tens and twenties, as many of them do, for a blaze of colour; but it is better, doubtless, for the spread of knowledge and the improvement of taste, and the furnishing of the individual mind, when individual plants are prized, grown well, watched in all their phases, and their botanical and morphological relationships made matters of study. Then it is that botany and horticulture come into the service of the muses, furnish materials for the advancement of art, and give a rosy hue to the quieter aspects of human life, for well-chosen hobbies are among the best of secular agencies for increasing the sum of human happiness.—*Lubbock's Gardeners' Magazine*.

KEW GARDENS.—Taken for all in all, Kew is the botanic garden of Europe, and is recognised as such by our continental friends. When these gentlemen shall have feasted their eyes upon the Great International Flower Show which we are preparing for them next month, the very next thing they will want to see will be the gardens, the houses, the museums, the herbaria of Kew. The fame of these has gone abroad; the reputation of the former as well as of the present director is as well established on the Continent as here. Not alone in Europe, but in our several colonies in every quarter of the globe, is Kew known. It is hardly possible to estimate fairly the benefits to our colonies that, directly or indirectly, have had their source from Kew. Nor can it by any means be denied that even greater results may accrue from the maintenance in a due state of efficiency of the several departments of these gardens, than any that have hitherto been arrived at. Much has been done, and still doing, but even more may be expected in the future, if no unwise parsimony or official red tapeism be allowed to hamper the proper working of this vast establishment. Well might a question be put, as it was recently, in the house of elective wisdom, as to the unfinished state of the great temperate house—the winter garden at Kew. There is the "temperate house," incomplete in itself, buried in the backwoods, from the want of proper means of access to it; set-off by workman's sheds, which, however useful, are not ornamental, and assuredly were not intended to be permanent erections in such a situation; though from the fact of the building of a bald, ugly brick engine-house within only a few yards of the building, we begin to think, after all, that the sheds we have alluded to do really constitute an integral part of the Government design. However this may be, it must be a matter of profound regret that Government should continue to delay the execution of what has been long promised, and long since sanctioned, and of what is so urgently needed.—*The Gardeners' Chronicle*.