

THE GARDEN.—The Garden is a bound volume of agricultural life written in poetry. In it the farmer and his family set the great industries of the plow, spade, and hoe, in rhyme. Every flower or fruit bearing tree is a green syllable after the graceful type and curse of Eden. Every bed of flowers is an acrostic to Nature, written in the illustrated capitals of her own alphabet. Every bed of beets, celery, or savory roots or bulbs, is a page of blank verse, full of the *belles lettres* of agriculture. The farmer may be seen in his garden. It contains the synopsis of his character in letters that may be read across the road. The barometer hung by his door will indicate certain facts about the weather, but the garden lying on the sunny side of the house, will mark, with greater precision, the degree of mind heart culture which he has reached. It will embody and reflect his tastes, the bent and bias of his perceptions of grace and beauty. In it he holds up the mirror of his inner life to all who pass; and, with an observant eye, they may see all the features of his intellectual being in it. In that choice rood of earth he records his progress in mental cultivation and professional experience. In it he marks, by some intelligent sign, his scientific and successful economies in the corn field. In it you may see the germs of his reading, and can almost tell the number and nature of his books. In it he will reproduce the *see3-thoughts* he has culled from the printed pages of his library. In it he will post an answer to the question whether he has any taste for reading at all. Many a nominal farmer's house has been passed by the book agent without a call, because he saw a blunt bruff negative to the question in the garden or yard.—*Wiliu Burritt.*

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AS A FARMER.—On Saturday the Emperor of the French, accompanied by Marshal Canrobert, Generals Ney and Fleury, and several other officers, went to visit the farms of Bouix, Vadenay, Cuperly Suippes, and Joachery, which had been formed within the last four months by his orders. He expressed great satisfaction at the rapidity with which all the works had been executed. In addition to the barns and buildings for the accommodation of the persons engaged on these farms, each of the establishments has sheds for 100 cows and 1,200 sheep, and stabling for 20 horses; and already 400 cows of the Breton, German, and Swiss breeds, more than 3,000 sheep, with a number of English rams, and 30 fine breeding mares have been collected there. Five other similar farms have been planned out, and will be completed in 1859. The establishment of these farms will be of great benefit to the country, by transforming land which has been hitherto waste into productive property.—*English Paper.*

FLOWERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—The floral beauties of Britain were confined to those wild flowers which are to-day the delight of childhood. The eyes of the "barbarians" looked upon the modest daisy, which then presented the same simple form that it does to-day. Prim-roses, nursed in the recesses of gnarled roots of trees, came forth in abundance in the spring; so did the blue-bell and the violet. These familiar flowers, with dog-roses, fox-gloves, traveller's-joy, flowering heaths, and water-lilies, were the chief beauties of the bouquet of the ancient Briton. Fuchsias, balsams, dahlias, auriculas, hyacinths, pinks, tulips, roses, and a host of other beauties that now adorn our gardens and dwellings, were then quite unknown. Even the wall-flower and the mignonette were strangers to our land; and the honeysuckle, which is now a common inhabitant of the hedges, came to Britain a stranger, and stole out of the confines of a garden, to share the fortunes of our native wild flowers. Nor was the state of the British flora peculiar to the earliest period. It prevailed, with only slight additions and improvements, down to the sixteenth century!—*Phelp's Progress of Agriculture.*