

adapted for large trees, where the stock is more than three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The latter is applicable only to seedling stocks, and small trees. The stock and scion ought to be about the same size, that the cut may unite on both sides; but it is nearly as well if the point of union be only on one side, when a stock, two or even three times the diameter of the scion, may be worked in this manner.

The season for grafting is during March and April, and in some localities it may be deferred till May. As a general rule, however, it should be done as soon as the buds begin to swell, and several days before they will expand. The cherry is one of the first trees that begin to show the approach of spring, and therefore should be grafted first—then plums pears and apples.

When scions are kept fresh and in good condition we have had considerably success resulting from grafting trees when in leaf or in bloom. This may be accomplished sometimes with such easy growing sorts as apples and pears, and often with plums, but with cherries never. The composition for grafting is about equal parts of beeswax and tallow, and double the quantity of resin, into which, when melted, dip narrow strips of cotton cloth or calico.

As a general rule scions should be grafted on their own kind, as apples upon apples, pears upon pears, except when some specific object is wished to be obtained. All experiments in grafting the pear upon apple trees on the mountain ash, on the orange quince, which grows so freely in our gardens, will fail, giving the cultivator no reward for his pains. The apricot upon the plum stock is an exception, which however, cannot be successfully grafted, unless a piece of old wood, say three-fourths of an inch, is attached to the scion.

SCRAPS FROM NORMANDY.

A correspondent writes some entertaining particulars from Etratat. The wash tubs spoken of in the last paragraphs are commended to the notice of the ladies:—Writing from Havre, he says

Not being bred to the sea, and thus having no superstitious dread of Friday before our eyes, my hostess, with her son Frank, accompanied me that day to Etratat; a fishing village, and a watering place of some local repute, about twenty miles northeast from Havre, on the French coast of the British Channel. It was an old Roman settlement; though the ancient town, as is believed is now covered by the sea. A reputable tradition is extant, of a very low tide once, during which the ruins of the former architecture was transiently unobscured by the ocean. The same low water, it is said, disclosed also ancient Roman ruins at St. Adresse. A costly Roman road led from Etratat to Lillebonne, which is occasionally now hit upon by excavations; as

when a cellar, a well, or a deep cut for the iron-rail is made.

Etratat heads a narrow, but fertile and populous valley, running back inland. It occupies a *guy* in the high coast, otherwise unbroken for many miles; and consequently does the fishing for quite an extent of country. Indeed, the Etratat fishermen, and fisher-women, are famous in all these parts of France. The women do the *harvest-home* of the piscatory craft the moment it touches the gravelly beach, and assist to run it up out of reach of the breakers. Then to counting, assorting, and unloading they go; while their lords go to the ale-house, or to rest.—To a great extent they are salesmen likewise, which I cannot but consider quite a stroke of policy on their part; since their characteristic neatness, must help them to have a little in the disposal of what they carry.

Etratat is not a harbor; though it was one of the favorite projects of Napoleon to make one of it, artificially. The plan, estimates of expense, and the like, were all completed at the time when he fell. The great warrior wished more harbors, and navel depots, *tete a tete* to those of England.

The sea-cliffs here, stretching many miles away each side of this little gap, are most remarkable and note-worthy, for height, boldness, and beauty. In height they vary from one hundred to two hundred feet; generally presenting a perpendicular front to the sea, though sometimes shelving, and sometimes rightfully overhanging the briny tide. They seem composed of alternate layers of *lime* and *flint*; those of flint being from ten to twenty inches thick, and those of lime from four to six feet. The uniformity of these consecutive layers is most striking.—They are entirely distinct, and completely horizontal. Who laid them down, or piled them up, in there, in that manner?—Who or what separated the chalk and the flint so completely from each other, and then placed them one upon the other, so in unceasing, and unconfused succession, like a vast Voltaic pile, hundreds of feet into the air? Who can read the hand-writing on the wall French coast?

The sea encroaches easily upon such materials and thus has washed in some singular caves, and washed out some as remarkable arches, of enormous height and magnitude. The sea being at ebb, I sallied forth on the slippery floor of stone, and by dint of jumping many yawning crevices, and clambering over ragged barriers of rock, I managed to crawl into one of those sea-guarded caves, which shut me up from all the outer world, but gave me a fine view of the great far-spread molten looking-glass of the waters. What robbers, pirates, or banditti may have rendezvoused here once! How the rage of old ocean must bellow in here, when lashed by a winter's storm?

A few rods further, brought me underneath one of the gigantic arches. The height was giddy above me; and as I beheld the

masses of broken rock which had fallen from above, and some evidently at not a remote day or hour, I could not but feel a degree of insecurity, since a fragment of even a hen's-egg size, from such a distance, upon my head, would suffice to destroy me. Hurrying then my glances around this architecture of the maritime Titans, I retreated. Still further out, not to be reached but by boat, are a few instances of high and slender piles of rock, once composing parts of the main land, but now entirely detached, forming fine specimens of needles; such as are seen between the Isle of Wight and the coast of England.

The inland ascent of these cliffs is comparatively easy, and, notwithstanding the burning noon-day sun, I ascended them, to have one of the finest sea-views imaginable. I plucked there a spire of beautiful trembling-*grass*; which, I perceive, still trembles; at which I somewhat wonder, since its safe removal, and distant transport from those windy and dizzy heights. As to myself, I trembled no more for the cows, who grazed there; lest, greedy for the crest-crowning verdure, or ambitious among the herd of the red of courage, or a steady brain, any one of them should go too near, and topple fatally over. Moreover, Frank was a rash and venturesome youth; and losing sight of him at one time, amid the irregularities of the surface, my heart beat hotly at the bare thought of the possibility of his having slipped and fallen. But ere long he answered my call, alive. His mother had halted, under the shade of her parasol, far down the grassy slope. Two specimens of wild Berkelor-buttons, which she picked and gave me, I still have; though not on my coat.

The beach at Etratat, between the high and low water-marks, is a complete bed of round, large-sized, and smooth pebbles, from among which, when the sea has retired, there issues a great abundance of clear, soft fresh water, most delicious to the taste, and highly serviceable to the towns-people for washing. When the tide is about half ebb, the gravelly wash-room is suddenly occupied by an army of women, with their bundles, or baskets, of dirty clothes. Then tubs are constructed on the spot, by the shovelling out of a hole among the pebbles, which immediately fills with clear, fresh water. Also, continually discharging the soiled water at the top, and taking in clear water at the bottom, an advantage is given to these laundresses over those, I fancy of the whole earth.—Moreover, the pebbly floor being always without taint or soil, and the skies so frequently bright, the garments are washed, spread, dried, and gathered up, long before the returning swell of the salt sea. Mrs. B—said she would be glad of such a washing establishment in her own house. But as Frank shrewdly observed that these tubs had no bottoms, we all wisely concluded that it would be unprofitable to attempt their removal from Etratat.