

CULTURE OF THE APPLE.

From Mr. Ellsworth's Report.

Sir,—At your request I send you herewith my mode of cultivating the apple tree.

For some years I have been experimenting upon the apple trees, having an orchard of 20,000 bearing Newtown pippin trees. I have found it unprofitable to wait for what is termed the bearing year; and consequently it has been my study to assist nature so as to enable the tree to bear every year.

I have noticed that it produces more profusely than any other tree, and consequently requires the intermediate year to recover itself, by extracting from the atmosphere an earthy requisite to enable it to produce.

One year is too short a time for so elaborate a process, and it unassisted by art, the intervening year must necessarily be lost. If, however, it is supplied with the necessary substances, it will bear every year—at least, such has been the result of the following experiments:

Three years ago, in April, I scraped all the rough bark off several thousand trees in my orchard, and washed the trunk and limbs within reach with soft soap, trimmed out all the branches that crossed each other early in June, and painted the wounded part with white lead, to keep out the moisture; then split open the bark, by running a sharp pointed knife from the ground to the first set of limbs in the bitter part of the same month, which prevents the tree from becoming bark bound, and gives the inner wood an opportunity of expanding.

In July, I placed one peck of oyster-shell lime around each tree, and left it piled about the trunk until November, during which three months the drought was excessive. In November, the lime was dug in thoroughly. The following year (1842) I collected from those trees 1,700 barrels of fruit, some of which was sold in New York for \$4 per barrel, and others, in London, for \$9; the cider made from the refuse, delivered at the mill two days after its manufacture, I sold for \$3 75 per barrel of 32 gallons, not including the barrel. In making cider, I never wet the straw. After gathering the fruit in October, I manured the same trees with stable manure, having secured to it the ammonia, and covered it immediately with earth.

Strange as it may appear, this year (1843) the same trees literally bent to the ground with the finest fruit I ever saw. The other trees in my orchard, not treated as above, were barren.

Yours very respectfully,

R. PELL.

Hon. H. L. Ellsworth.

From the Mass. Ploughman.

Mr. Editor.—What a strange itching there is, one in a while, among our young men, to live in the city! To *live* do I say? In fact it is no living at all, compared with the healthy freedom of a country life. Has a farmer a pair of boys in their teens, say from fifteen to twenty, just becoming of use in carrying on business, and in whose care and attention he has all confidence, ten to one if some flippant twit of the city does not come out on a convincing trip, and set them agog for the town. In such a case of what avail is a parent's advice or authority? Go they must, and go they will, and go they do. So the crow-bar is given up for the goose quill, and the plough-handle for the yard-suck. The poor disappointed father, now hns to shift and turn as he can, and manage his husbandry by hook or by crook; getting help, as he can find it. But he moves heavily and sad over his fields, and often lets fall a tear whenever he reflects that his once fond anticipations of seeing his sons settled near him, and participating with him in the pleasures and profits of an agricultural life, are now never to be realized! After a month or two the boys come home on a visit; and how do they appear? Not by any means in their former habit, glowing in robust health, with a new arm, bone and muscle of two young Samsons, with step brisk and energetic, but sallow and nerveless,—victims of dandyism,—mere city goslings!

In the days of my youth, *old* people were the smokers; but now every youngster has a cigar in

his mouth, and cocking it up about forty-five degrees, as he stands braced against some post or pillar with folded arms, he puffs away, looking amazingly wise, and talks largely about business, the price of stock, &c., as if, forsooth, he were a thing of some consequence in the world! O, gracious! Did you ever encounter one of these bits of fustian, when journeying in a stage, reader, with his goat's beard hanging from his chin, his pinch back watch safe around his neck, and sporting his shepherd's crook? What a fog he keeps up to the annoyance of the company! Save me from ever coming in contact with the like nuisance again! And yet, I wish I in truth could say, that such a bit of furniture was never manufactured out of a farmer's boy.

My readers are aware, that occasionally I give them my thoughts in measure. I hope apology will not be necessary, if I descend a little in the present case. Not long ago, I heard with much pleasure, from one of the Boston European Band, the well known song of "Life on the Ocean Wave" &c., and I thought it might by a sort of parody be well metamorphosed into a pleasant farmer's song; and here it is; sing it if you please.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

A life on my native soil;—
A home in a farmer's cot,—
I'll never at labor recoil,
And ask for no happier lot.
The city has not a charm,
With its turmoil, and noise, and strife;
O, give me a snug little farm,
With a kind and notable wife.
A life on my native soil;—
A home in a farmer's cot;—
With my three cattle team will I toil,
And ask for no happier lot.
Gee up!—Gee up!—
Gee up, gee up, and gee O!
On my own native soil here I stand,
Midst blossoming fields around;
While the air is pleasant and bland,
And the hills with cattle abound!
The river is flowing by;
The boatmen singing we hear:
And the laborers, how they ply,
While echo sends round their cheer!
A life on my native soil;—&c.
How cheerful it is to view
Whole valleys of waving grain,
And the husbandman's jovial crew,
With sickles prostrating the plain!
O, the song of my heart shall be,
While earth her sweet products shall yield,
The life of a farmer for me,
A home in the forest and field.
A life on my native soil;—&c.

Now, my kind reader, if you are a musical farmer, just run over the above, while your wife or daughter accompany you on the piano forte, a la mode de Russell. But if to this proposal you demur, as the lawyers say, then call in, and we will give it in our poor, plough jigger style. Cui.

Bedsteads.—Those who wish for neat bedsteads for the ensuing year, should wash them well with boiling water, and then put quicksilver beaten with the white of eggs, in every crack and corner. One white is enough for a bedstead, with as much quicksilver as it will receive. It is the only thing that will keep bugs away when the bedsteads cannot often be attended to. It is a certain poison to bugs.

Fruit Stains.—The fumes of brimstone will remove fruit stains and iron mould from linen and cotton. Moisten with cold water, then hold it over the smoke of the burning brimstone.

DURHAM BULL CALF.—For Sale, by the Subscriber, a very fine Bull Calf. Colour Red, with White Spots; out of a very fine Cow, imported direct from England. Pedigree perfect. Price £25.

ADAM FERGUSON, Woodhill. Waterdown P. O., August, 1844.

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WILLMER AND SMITH'S EUROPEAN TIMES—For some time past, a newspaper, called “Willmer and Smith's European Times,” has been published at Liverpool, expressly for Canada and the United States, which has obtained a large and most respectable circulation in both countries. It is to be further enlarged and improved, and matters relating to English agriculture are, in future, to hold a place in its columns; and, moreover, it is to reach Toronto and other parts of Canada by express, so as to have precedence in the delivery of any other European paper.

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ROOTS.—The Subscriber informs his Country Friends that he is now receiving a large Supply of these celebrated and useful Medicines; and for their Satisfaction enumerates the following, viz.:—White Pond Lily, Root, which Hazel Leaves, Squaw Weed, Bitter Herb, Poplar Bark, Bayberry Bark, Golden Seal, Burdock Leaves and Roots, Skunk Cabbage, Elm Bark, Solomon's Seal, Danielin, Wake Robin Root, Gold Thread, Prickly Ash Bark, Coltsfoot, Comfrey Root, &c. &c. &c.

Likewise a constant supply of all the SHAKERS' Herbs and Extracts, which hitherto have been so difficult to procure in this market; with a general Assortment of Drugs, Medicines, &c.

ROBERT LOVE, Druggist, Yonge Street.

Toronto, June, 1844.

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FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for Sale a thorough-bred DURHAM BULL, five years old, which will be disposed of on reasonable terms. His Dam and Sire were imported from England, in 1833, by Mr. George Simpson, of Newmarket Grange. The herd from which Mr. Simpson made his selection were among the very best improved Durham Stock in Yorkshire. Any farmer or breeder who is desirous of purchasing a very superior animal, of this unrivalled breed, would do well to call upon the subscriber before buying elsewhere, as the Bull in question has been pronounced, by competent judges, to be one of the very best in the country.

H. THOMPSON.

Township of Toronto, May 30, 1844. N.B. Application by Letter to be directed to the Etobicoke Post-office.