

Hardy Shrubs.

Among the larger sized shrubs which grow freely and endure our Northern winters, we name the following:—

The *Barberry*, although not very showy, is a handsome shrub, growing in a neat symmetrical form, and always "taking care of itself." It has small, handsome, yellow flowers, which come out early in summer in handsome racemes, which produce bright crimson berries, that continue through late autumn and into winter. The barberry is propagated easily by seeds, and may be increased by suckers.

The *Philadelphus* (known by the common name of Mock Orange, and also by the improper name of Syringa), is a very hardy shrub, bearing white flowers early in summer. There are several species, but all succeed well. The least showy but most fragrant is the common *Philadelphus coronarius*. A more showy but less fragrant species is the *P. grandiflorus*.

The *Lilacs* are familiar to every one, and propagate themselves rapidly by suckers. The Siberian lilac is the finest specimen, having larger, richer, and more graceful branches of flowers, and a more airy form of the shrub. The Persian resembles the Siberian, but is much smaller and less showy.

The *Tatarian Honeysuckle* should not be omitted from any collection of shrubs. Its compact form, handsome, glossy leaves, and beautiful white and pink flowers, which appear in immense profusion, render it exceedingly desirable and attractive. The variety with striped flowers is particularly showy.

The *Snowball*, a widely known shrub, long since extensively introduced, has not been eclipsed by any one of the richest of later acquisitions. It has some tendency to run into a straggling form of growth, but this may be easily avoided, and a more symmetrical growth given to it, by shortening in all rambling shoots, and a fine effect is occasionally produced by trimming it for a few inches at the base to a single stem like a small spreading tree. It is readily propagated by layers.

The *Purple Elder* is a handsome and unique plant, and was once established in the soil, grows freely without care. It is not quite so hardy as some of the others, but endures most winters at the north without injury. To keep it in a good form, the straggling shoots must be occasionally shortened in or pruned away.

Among shrubs of smaller size than the preceding, and of hardy character and tree growth, we may name the *Spiræas*, of which there are several desirable species. The double plum-leaved, or Button spiræa, is one of the most beautiful. It needs a little care to keep the form compact and symmetrical.

The *Deutzia scabra* (rough Deutzia) bears a profusion of white flowers, and is one of the most desirable ornamental shrubs.

The *Weigela* are among the most recently introduced shrubs, and have already found their way into extensive culture. The light red or pink blossoms cover the whole plant with a mass of bloom early in summer. *W. andrea* continues longer in bloom than *W. rosea*, but is rather less showy. Both grow freely, and are propagated by layers.

The *Japan Quince*, sometimes a little tender for sharp winters, is too fine a shrub to be omitted from any collection. It needs a little care at first to give good form to its growth. The brilliant scarlet variety, and the white and pink, are both beautiful.

The *Sweet-Scented Shrub* is cultivated for its fragrance, and is very hardy and of free growth.

The hardy *Roses* afford an opportunity for making an extensive selection, but are too numerous for us to make a list on this occasion. We may, however, name the purple *Boursalt* as especially hardy and free of growth, and a great bloomer.—*Country Gentleman*.

The Salem and Wilder Grapes.

Another season's experience with these two varieties of "Rogers' Hybrids" on my own grounds, has tended to confirm my former high estimate of their great value. Both for family and for market, by reason of their beauty, quality, and long keeping properties, they deserve to be much more extensively planted, wherever they will succeed as they do with me.

Just now the requirements are for varieties that are early, and yet that will keep into or through winter. Tons of grapes ought to be preserved for family use, where pounds now are. Not one family in a hundred have grapes for the table on Christmas Day, and yet, they may easily be kept as a daily luxury until March or April. But not all varieties. It is well known that many of the early sorts, as Hartford, Delaware, Concord, Adirondack, &c., though valuable in their season, are yet short-lived, retaining their best qualities but a few weeks at longest. The later varieties, such as Catawba, Isabella, Iona and Diana, can be successfully grown from year to year in only a few favoured localities. The people at large will not plant and cultivate varieties that fail to mature their crop one year in three.

And just here comes in some of these Rogers' Hybrids, which ripening early in September, yet if properly handled, keeping till April. But they are strong growers, and do best on a dry, warm soil, and must have plenty of room. One vine of Wilder, which I had grafted on an Isabella root three years ago, and trained on the side of a building, produced this year fifty pounds of fruit, which will be in good condition for home consumption during the holidays. Nearly one-fourth of an acre in vineyard produced at the rate of four tons per acre, and mostly sold at fifteen cents per pound, when Concord were sold at ten. The Salem is scarcely less productive of better quality, and keeps longer in good condition. Some other numbers of Rogers' are of great value, but these two seem to me to stand at the head of the list.—I. H. B., in *Fruit Recorder*.

The Heath and the Fern.

"There, how do you feel now?" said a purple Heath, growing on a sunny roadside among Furze and Bramble bushes, to a small Fern that had taken a root under the shade of a thick old elm tree. "A short time ago how you pined me, because my days had to be spent working and growing out in the summer heat; pity yourself now. See how the soft warm rain is falling, and never a drop can reach you."

"All the air is full of moisture," replied the Fern; "I felt it coming long before you did. I could not live half my time exposed to the dry fever heat in which you seem to revel."

"You are not going to live long," replied the Heath, "if there is any truth in your looks. How grey, and dusty, and parched you are. Your withered fronds go crack, crack, as the wind passes through them; you are as dry as the soil you vainly endeavour to thrust your roots into, and see how the rain comes down not unmindful of the smallest blade of withered grass; it would reach you if it could; gently, timidly it comes like a too-long-absent friend, and there is a rumbling noise afar off, and bright lights come and go in the sky, not caused by sun or moon, yet you are as thirsty as ever. Your great friend the Elm gathers it all to himself, not a drop escapes through his wide-spreading greedy arms. Poor Fern! you are dying of thirst—dying within sight and sound of running water."

"My turn will come," answered the Fern in a feeble voice, which sounded as though it came from a long distance; "when the good Elm is satisfied, my few wants will be supplied."

"It has been raining for hours," said the Heath, with a great laugh, "and it may cease before he is satisfied, and there be nothing left for you but a few dirty leaf-droppings. If you had taken my advice, you could have drunk your fill now; what a good time; you would have had."

"It would have been all over with me now, Mr. Heath, if I had ventured to live with you out there, exposed to the burning sun through all the long cloudless summer; the shade of this thick tree is welcome to me. I do not care for a blue sky; and a hard, dry, unmoistened atmosphere is a pain to me; it weakens my strength and injures my beauty."

"You do not know what is good," replied the Heath. "Oh how I love it." And in merry mood the gay Heath caught up the passing breeze, and shook out its thousand purple bells; and as though moved by the same impulse the giant elm lifted up and down his heavy arms, thickly clothed with summer leaves, and warm showers fell and moistened the dusty soil, and down his rough dark trunk little rivulets softly stole and tracked their way to the hollow where the Fern waited in patience.

"I am more than content," whispered the Fern; "I can grow green again, and ripen my rich brown spores;" and full of hope the Fern stretched out its faded fronds, uncurling each tender joint, and all the cool air was full of sweet perfume; the very soil sent up a thank-offering.—*Ex.*