

Ill., Isaac Underhill has five hundred acres in orchard. He has in the last two years planted out 12,000 grafted apple trees, and 7,000 peach trees.

**STIR THE SOIL.**—The greatest horticulturist, almost, of the present day, says:—

If I had a 'call' to preach a sermon on gardening, I should take this for my text: **STIR THE SOIL.**

**HARD TO SUIT ALL.**—At the American Congress of fruit growers, in 1848, a fruit committee of nine persons prepared a select list of fruit worthy of general cultivation. Although many hundred sorts of the pear have been fruit in this country, all perhaps pronounced 'excellent' by the nurserymen who sold them, yet there were only two that the fruit committee could unanimously agree upon to recommend, namely the **SECKEL** and **BARTLET**.

**DEEP SOIL AND DEEP ROOTS.**—A. J. Downing says: "I have seen the roots of strawberries extend five feet down into a rich soil; and those plants bore a crop of fruit five times as large, and twice as handsome and good, as the common product of the soil one foot deep."

**CROCUS.**—There are upwards of one hundred varieties of this vernal flower in cultivation, attended with universal success. They delight in rich soils, and may either be planted in beds or rows, at least two inches deep, and six inches from row to row. They seldom require removal; every three or four years will be sufficient. They can be purchased at seventy-five cents to two dollars per hundred, according to quality. When they are done blooming, the foliage should not be removed till perfectly decayed.

**PRUNING.**—It is said that the donkey first taught the art of pruning the vine; man being merely an imitator on seeing the effect of cropping the points of the young shoots. It is not always the greatest wisdom to originate, but to turn to good account whatever by thoughtful observation comes within our reach.

**LUCK WITH TREES.**—We have noticed that certain men always have much finer peaches and pears and plums than most of their neighbors, and are called *lucky*. Their luck consisted in the first place, in doing everything well—taking what their neighbors call foolish pains—leaving nothing unfinished; and in the second place, in taking good care of what they had; that is, giving their trees wide, deep and mellow cultivation, applying manure when necessary, and especially the liquid manure from the chamber and wash tub. Great pains taken, whether with fruit trees or with children, scarcely ever fail to produce good results.

**CRESS.**—There are three kinds of this herb, plain, curled, and broad leaved,—the former of which is in much use as a salad herb, with mustard, rape, radish, &c.; the curled and broad leaved sorts should be thinned to half an inch asunder, but the plain is to be sown thickly; the curled makes a pretty garnish. In the cold months, this salad herb, as others, is sown on the gentle hot-beds, giving plenty of air, and, as the spring advances, in warm borders, or under hand glasses; the London market gardeners sow just within the glasses which cover the cauliflower plants, &c. In summer it should be sown in shady, cool ground, and daily watered, or it may be sown in the most sunny situation, if hooped over and shaded with a mat. Break the mould fine, and draw level shallow drills, and cover only a quarter of an inch; it may, however, be sown as broadcast, the ground being just raked very smoothly, and the seed just covered with finely sifted mould; let it be sown on an average, once-a-week, and cut young; if that which is sown in open ground at an early season be covered with a mat, it will forward the germination. The American cress is much like water-cress, only more bitter; it answers as a winter and early spring salad, being sown in August broadcast, or rather thin in drills; the plants being cut, or the outside leaves pulled off, shoot again.—*British Banner*.

## FARMER'S CREED.

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. We believe that the soil loves to eat, as its own owner, and ought to be manured.

We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making the farmer and the farm rich at once.

We believe the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without this lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano, will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, a clear conscience.

We disbelieve in farmers who will not improve—in farms that grow poorer every year; farmer's boys turning into clerks and merchants—in farmers ashamed of their vocation.

The good Farmer wears russet clothes, makes golden payments, believing in tin buttons, and silver in his pockets. In his house he is bountiful both to a stranger and poor people. He seldom goes far abroad, and credit stretches farther than his travel. He improveth his land to a double value by good husbandry. In time of famine he is the Joseph of the country, and keeps the people from starving.

**THE SHANTUNG CABBAGE.**—A correspondent at Shanghai, writes to a gentleman in England, that he is about to send him some seeds of the Shantung cabbage, which one of the French missionaries had produced in the north of China. He says that it somewhat resembles the Savoy in appearance, is of a delicious flavor, and weighs 60 lbs. It is supposed that July or August is the right month for sowing.

**PLANT WHOLE POTATOES.**—We always prefer to plant whole potatoes in preference to cuttings or parings, though pieces of potato often produce well. Some farmers cut out the eyes and plant them instead of the whole potato, but they run a greater risk by this practice than by planting whole ones. Sometimes not half a crop is obtained from eyes or parings.

**HOW TO GROW MELONS.**—A correspondent of the *Horticulturist* says:—I had the pleasure of eating some very fine musk melons at Cottage Lawn, the seat of Thomas W. Ludlow, Esq., and he kindly gave me the following account of his method of treating them, which is so much less expensive and more simple than the usual manner of protecting the young plants with hand-glasses, which require a small fortune devoted to them alone, that I think it may be useful to some of your readers:—"After the young plants have been 'started' in a frame, they are set out in the melon patch, and each one is enclosed by four common bricks, laid flat on the broad side, and the space at the top is covered over with a pane of ordinary window-glass. This enclosure remains until the plant reaches the glass, when the bricks are turned up on one side, and the glass replaced. By the time they have grown up to this 'root,' they are strong enough to do without protection, and the season so far advanced that frost is not feared. The fruit, resulting from this treatment, was uncommonly fine and large, and the vines very healthy and strong. The seeds may be sown at once in the melon-bed, if more convenient, and enclosed with the brick and glass."

THE strong men usually give some allowance even to the petulance of fashion, for that affinity they find in it. Napoleon, child of the revolution, destroyer of the old *Messe*, never ceased to court the Faubourg St. Germain; doubtless with the feeling that fashion is a homage to men of his stamp.

True charity consists in the performance of every duty of life, from the love of justice with judgment.

A few days ago an enormous mass of copper was discovered at the Lake Superior cliff mine. Its dimensions were forty feet long, eighteen feet high, and from six inches to three feet thick. It probably weighs three hundred tons, and the miners have not yet reached either the end or the top of the sheet.



## The Literary Gem.

### LIGHTS, SHADOWS, AND BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

When after the sleep of winter animated nature, recruits her strength and the fields are ready to send forth their grassy verdure, and their lovely flowers—when the forests and shrubs are covered with showers of opening buds and flowers, just bursting into beauty and bloom; seeking to inhale the glorious rays of the sun—when thousands of insects—the tinted butterfly—the assiduous spider—the busy ant—the laborious bee, and myriads of flies and worms have again commenced the career of life, acting over the grand drama of animated nature; all by some secret impulse rejoicing in life and opening their petals and their tiny voices, to praise their great and Almighty Architect:—then it is sweet to wander forth and with every thing around us, in silent musing praise, and worship God in secret! Christ sought the desert—the highest mountain tops—the silent fields and the shaded gardens in which to pray to God. He was true in this to nature, as he was in all things. Give me the wide prairies—the extended fields—the solemn forests surrounded by the sweet things—the sweet breath of nature in which to commune with God!! In such places and scenes we see the finger marks—the goodness and purity of our Creator. Who bids the blood of trees and plants from the long sleep of winter with a mighty impulse, to rush hundreds of feet into the air, circling into the topmost branches, and appearing in balmy leaves and beautiful flowers? Who bids the grass to clothe the fields in green? Who bids the insect tribes to come forth in myriads full of joy, or the feathered tribes in one vast chorus to open their throats in song? It is God who holds in the hollow of his hand the ten thousand systems of worlds, which float in sweet and perfect harmony through a universe without any limits! These are the lights and shadows and beauties of nature. Let us behold a few more. It is June,—the sun sinks into the west, grand and silent, buried in a vast ocean of light, the product of his rays. The forests and the flowers seem to bend towards him in worship. Millions of insects flit in the air dancing to his departing beams. Thousands of little birds perched upon green boughs, turn their bright eyes and open throats to the glorious scene, and sing him to rest. The peasant comes whistling to his home, and the little children are skipping on the green before their father's door. The maiden carries her pail of rich milk to the dairy humming some glee, and the playful lambs gam-