

'Book of the Garden.' From the very favourable reviews accorded to this book from the leading agricultural and other journals of Great Britain, we may confidently recommend its perusal, while to those who admire the lighter but more beautiful employment of floriculture, its hints and suggestions will prove of great interest.

And before we add our tribute in praise of this last mentioned branch in the Gardener's calling, we would direct attention to a very beautifully written paper in the February number of Blackwood's Magazine, purporting to be a review of McIntosh's 'Book of the Garden' already mentioned, but in reality an unfolding of the passion the writer cherishes for the dominion of FLORA. It will be read with pleasure by all, as much for its charming style as for the interest it evinces in the cultivation and improvement of flowers. We quote an opening passage.

"The love of man's primeval calling seems yet to linger fondly in the bosoms of the exiled race. The first pleasure of children is to gather flowers from the daisied mead, or to ply their little hands in the allotted patch of garden ground. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy'—some faint visionary gleam from Eden seems yet to rest on the infant soul, and with the dawn of reason the first voice of childhood seems to say that paradise should have been its home, and horticulture its proper vocation. It is sadly true no doubt that adverse lessons in gardening have come to us from paradise—promptings of an apostate kind, from beyond the Euphrates. Boyhood and the succeeding period of immature manhood, with their tumultuous passions and noisy pleasures, shew themselves alien to the tranquil delights of the garden. But years that bring the philosophic mind, and that chasten humanity with their mildening influence, conduct the belated pilgrim back to the garden, and teach him there to find pleasures, serene and unalloyed. The Gentile imagination placed the future home of renovated man in the Elysian fields—gardens of the picturesque type. It might almost seem that the poor worshiper of nature had gathered from some faint tradition or deep instinct of the soul, tidings of the paradise whence man had sprung, and whither it was meant he should be translated."

After this beautiful exordium, follows a dissertation on the poets and others who have loved the flowers and written in their praise, shewing us that genius and beauty ever go lovingly together—that the brighter the hidden soul, the better will it love communing with the holiest things of nature, and draw its enjoyment and luxury from the beautiful things by which it is surrounded, but which the grosser nature would pass by unnoticed. Nothing that we have seen since we bade farewell to those beautiful children of culture and nature—Flowers—bright flowers—has afforded so much pleasure as the article we allude to. Beside the pleasant information it imparts, the light thrown upon the difficult passages in Mr. McIntosh's book, the reference to old customs and new innovations, there is a fragrance from the summer flowers around it, an