

ORANGES.

Bear me to the *Citron* groves:
To where the *lemon* and the piercing *lime*,
With the deep ORANGE glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.—*Thomson*.

THE migration of oranges into England, will, no doubt, render some account of this universally admired fruit acceptable to our readers: it is extracted from *Mr. Phillips's Pomarium Botanicum*. The China, or sweet oranges, with which this country is now so amply supplied, and at such moderate prices that all classes of society enjoy them as perfectly as if they had been indigenous to the climate, were introduced into Europe about the eleventh or twelfth century. At this time, several varieties of the orange were cultivated in Italy, whence they were taken to Spain and Portugal. The orange is now grown to so great an extent in Italy, that there are almost forests of them. Prince Antonio Borghese, at his palace near Rome, has upwards of seventy sorts of orange and lemon trees, among which are some very rare kinds; it is a fruit so much esteemed in Italy, where it thrives well, that apples, pears, and cherries, have almost become extinct in that country. The delightful perfume of an orange-grove is such as to scent the air for miles: and the tree gives a succession of flowers during the whole summer, on which account it is cultivated in all greenhouses, and large orangeries have been built for the express purpose of housing these trees: the most magnificent one is that of Versailles, built by Louis XIV. A fine orange-tree in this collection is called the "GREAT BOURBON," and is more than four hundred years old!

Oranges were known in this country in the time of Henry VIII.; but it does not appear that they were cultivated prior to Queen Elizabeth's reign. Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., had an orange-house and orange-garden at her mansion, Wimbledon-hall, in Surrey; and when this property was sold by order of the parliament in 1649, we find that forty-two orange-trees, "bearing fayre and large oranges," were valued at ten pounds a tree, one with another; and a lemon-tree at twenty pounds. Orange-trees have been grown in the southern parts of Devonshire for more than one hundred years past. When trained to walls they produce large handsome fruit, but not of equal value to the lemons grown in the same situation. Most of these were raised in this country from seeds, and they are thought to be more hardy than trees imported; but the orange-trees which are brought every year from Italy, and sold principally at the Italian ware-houses, in London, are as large as those of our own growth would be in twenty years. With proper care, these trees will have good heads, and produce fruit in about three years. The Mandarin orange was not cultivated in England until 1805. We have lately seen orange-trees imported from the south of France, which have arrived in small tubs; and so well packed that the fruit and blossoms remained on the trees when they reached the neighbourhood of London.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 114, there is a very remarkable account of a tree standing in a grove near Florence, having an orange stock, which had been so grafted on, that it became in its branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, three-formed; some emulating the orange, some the lemon or citron, and some partaking of both forms in one. These mixed fruits never produce any perfect seeds; sometimes there are no seeds at all in them, and sometimes only a few empty ones. The Maltese graft their orange-trees on the pomegranate-stock, which causes the juice to be of a red colour, and the flavour to be more esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his *Natural History of Barbadoes*, mentions the golden orange as growing in that island. He describes the fruit as a large fine orange, of a deep colour within, from whence it derives the name of *Golden Orange*. He adds, "this fruit is neither of the Seville nor China kind, though it partakes of both, having the sweetness of the China, mixed with the agreeable bitterness and flavour of the Seville orange."—*Time's Telescope* for 1828.

MISERIES OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

The Groans of Pædagogus and his Usher, with a few Sighs from his Wife.

Pæd. Having a boy brought to your school, with the character of a great genius, which you soon find out to consist in doing everything he ought not to do, and avoiding every thing he ought to do.

Usher. Being accountable for this boy out of school hours.

Mrs. Pæd. Receiving a long letter once a fortnight from a maiden aunt, requesting me to see that he takes his medicine every night, and puts on his hat whenever he goes into the playground.

Pæd. Explaining a difficult passage, and suddenly discovering that the eldest boy in the class has drawn a caricature of you on a blank leaf of his Virgil, and is handing it round to the rest.

Usher. Finding you have been walking half a dozen times to and fro before a lady's boarding school in the neighbourhood with a paper on your back informing the world that you are an ass.

Pæd. Being informed by a parent that he is very well satisfied with your school, but he thinks his boy would come on faster, if he were removed now and then.

Usher. Yes, upon the same principle, I suppose, that a gardener transplants cabbages, to make them grow more rapidly.

(Enter servant, bringing letters. *Pædagogus* opens and reads.)

Sir.—Per Defiance I send back to school my son William—think him partic. deficient in correspondence—Please let him write me as often as convenient to improve his style. I shall always answer per first opportun. to show him how things ought to be done. Know the old prov. prac. makes perf.—Brings with him