

was planted at the same time with nursery apple trees growing near them. The latter had not commenced bearing. The Black Walnut, too, grows rapidly in the proper soil, and produces one of the best of nuts.

From the large variety of evergreens to be found in the nurseries, fifteen kinds will embrace all the *well-tried*—all that are certain to withstand the irregularity of northern winters without protection. Foremost among them, all things considered, may be placed the Norway Spruce, Hemlock, and black Spruce. They are all beautiful specimens of true architecture, and complete types of the two kinds of character in evergreens. For too little has been said in praise of the Black Spruce, owing partly to the fact that it has been little cultivated as yet. Its growth and size are about equal to the Norway Spruce; but it has a much denser foliage, and, with the Norway, the same association of color is attained as verdigris and French green afford. Its depth of coloring sometimes gives it rather a sombre expression. To me that very dark green is especially pleasing in the melting days of summer. In the yard of some of my friends there are specimens, the tallest of which is, perhaps, thirty feet high, with a close, unbroken foliage. They have been universally admired by tree connoisseurs. Some specimens transplanted into my father's grounds in—eight years ago—trees twenty years old from the seed—are almost always the most admired in a collection of ten or twelve evergreens. Beside them the much overrated Balsam Fir shows thin and lank. The Black Spruce has been sadly prejudged by those who have gone the wrong way to work to get it. Like the Hemlock, you greatly mistake its domesticated character by judging it from its appearance in the close forest, or by specimens taken from the forest. Like most evergreens, too, it must be a thin, slow growing tree for many years, if transplanted from its native wilds; while, if taken from thrifty nursery collections, it is sufficiently thrifty, and grows thick and compact. Then there is the Red Cedar, a tree that no good collection should be without. It is often serawny in its wild, native retreats; but it is not often so with good care in open culture.

THE PEACH YEAR.

The destruction of the peach tree this year was unusual in degree, and occasioned by an unusual cause. The hard frosts of December 17th previously had, apparently, destroyed most of the fruit buds. The winter, though unusually cold, was favorable to the health of fruit by its great uniformity. Apple trees and healthful plums passed through it safely, while plum trees that had been injured during the summers of 1850-51 by the mildew of the leaf, (in consequence, I think, of hot, damp weather,) were killed.

On the 14th of April I passed through all my peach trees, and removed such trees as I have found uniformly yielded late and poor fruit. On that occasion I was pleasantly surprised at the healthful state of the wood and the proportion of fruit buds yet alive, especially those situated about the base of the limbs. Certainly, there had been no winter of the eight during which I had cultivated the peach, more congenial to its health. April 26th the temperature rose to 68°, there hav-

ing been but two or three days as high as 54° previously. At this date I deemed my peach trees in a fairly hopeful condition, with the exception of the large loss of fruit already noticed.

April 27th to 30th, inclusive, were four bright days, with a brisk wind, which was cool except during the last of them. These four days were undoubtedly the turning point in the health of the peach. At the conclusion of them, much of the young wood was shrivelled and drying up, even to the eye, and much more to the test of the knife. The change was so sudden and extreme as to leave no room to doubt, even on the most cursory observation. The sun and wind combined seemed to have annihilated the sap of the young wood—the weather previously having been too cool to excite the roots to action.

Gooseberries were now slowly coming into leaf; pie-plant was partially expanding; peach, but especially cherry buds, were here and there swelling. May 1st there was rain copious enough to make the Mohawk overflow its banks. May 3d to 6th were four frosty nights. From the 6th to the 9th, inclusive, were four hot days—the temperature on the 7th reaching 83°, and on the 8th it was probably as high, though the indication was not reached. The peach broke into flower slowly and irregularly from the 15th to the 22d, when it was about in full flower. This was just ten days later than usual, it ordinarily being in full flower on the 12th. While these were coming into flower they encountered three November days from the 18th to the 20th, which resulted in frost on the morning of the 31st. By this time it was evident, that of some five hundred trees that had exhibited apparently fair health less than one month before, full one-half were substantially ruined—some being dead (as the result soon after showed), root and branch, others killed to the ground merely, and others still having here and there a live limb. The remaining half were injured less in various degrees. Soon after flowering these was a considerable development of the curled leaf malady, though I think it was less than in 1851. It deserves to be noticed that trees that stood in the grass, and so had made less succulent wood the preceding year, were less injured. I have read several general statements of the death of the peach during the last severe winter. It would be gratifying to know whether this destruction was occasioned by an influence acting strictly during the winter, or whether, as in my own experience, it was, more properly, the influence of an irregular spring. I closed my note book a year ago, when writing on the curled leaf, in a tone of considerable confidence in the possibility of cultivating the peach somewhat successfully, even in Oneida county; but the experience of 1852 is, I acknowledge, not a little discouraging. Others about me, with a few trees, on a heavier and less excitable soil, have suffered less than myself. A tree of mine, also, that is budded on a plum tree, has been vigorous. But it is sufficiently obvious that, in a climate with such liabilities, the cultivation of the peach must ever be precarious.

CULTURE OF INDIAN CORN.

As the time for planting corn is approaching, and being myself a practical farmer of some ex-