

The Planting of the Apple Tree.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Come, let us plant the apple tree!
Clear the tough greenward with the spade,
Widen its hollow bed to make
There gently lay the roots, and there
Lift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet,
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen to leafy sprays;
Branches, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall hunt, and sing, and hide her nest
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors,
A world of blossoms for the bee;
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room
For the glad faint springs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June
And redden in the August moon,
And drop, as gently as come by
That fan the blue September sky.
What children, wild with rosy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when above this apple tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds so howling through the night,
Gills whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth.
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of rosy bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous green,
And loosen when the frost-cold comes,
The crisp brown leaves in the soft shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's song, the autumn sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree,
O, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the sward below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be
Aid the tolls, the strife, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Shall waste this apple tree?

Atlantic Monthly for January

VARIEGATED HEMLOCK.—Quite an addition has been made to our variegated evergreens by the accidental growth of a variegated variety of our hardy and well-known hemlock. This beautiful plant originated at the Evergreens, the residence of Dr. E. G. Kelley of Newburyport. The discovery of this Silver Hemlock a hedge of small seedling hemlocks, this one showing was as follows:—In the Spring of 1856 Dr. Kelley set out a marked difference in appearance, but not enough to discard it. Supposing it to be less healthy than the rest, he gave it a close trimming. The new growth was still so very white and apparently fading, that he cut it the second time, and again every shoot was so destitute of the normal green that he concluded it would only survive for that year. The next spring the obstinate little tree grew more rampantly than ever, but with the same persistent character, and it then, for the first time, occurred to the proprietor that it was a distinct variety. It was, however, too late to incur the risk of losing it by removal, and it was not till the following spring after growing it in the hedge-row two years, that it was transplanted to where it could receive proper attention and development. The tree is now about seven feet high, in a very flourishing condition, and, indeed one of the most beautiful specimens of silver or variegated foliage. This is probably the only known variety of *Abies Canadensis*, the most graceful and hardy of all our indigenous evergreen trees. Dr. Kelley proposes to call it *Argentæa Kellegi*.—*Hort. Mag.*

Corn keeps best on the cob. Shell such only as is needed for winter use. The second quality, or smaller ears, if kept in narrow, well ventilated cribs, will make good feed for commencing the fattening of swine next autumn.—*Genesee Farmer*.



Poultry Yard.

The production and rearing of domestic fowls, though one of the lesser interests of the farm, is well deserving of more attention than it usually receives. It is an old proverb, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and comparatively insignificant as this branch of rural economy may seem, it can be made to pay a handsome return for the time and trouble devoted to it. Moreover, a good supply of poultry and eggs all the year round, is no mean item among the conveniences and comforts of the farmer's home. No agricultural interest, however small, can possibly be thrifty and prosperous if left to take care of itself. Many a farmer shakes his head in grave doubt whether it is profitable to keep poultry, and what wonder if the hens are left to steal their nests; rats, &c., permitted to rob them of their eggs, and the only taste of chicken ever got is now and then a half-starved bird, that has lived precariously, and been caught and killed "promiscuously." Every tiller of the soil has the facilities for keeping poultry profitably, and can, if he will, make them comfortable and thrifty. But in order to this, he must be willing to take a little care and trouble, in the way of providing houses, nests, and other conveniences. With simple, inexpensive, yet suitable arrangements, very little attention will be required to make poultry-keeping both pleasant and profitable. The daily care of the poultry-yard,—feeding, watering, and otherwise attending to the comfort of its inmates, may usually be left to the farmer's household. Properly managed, it will be rather an amusement than a toil to them.

Taken in the aggregate, poultry and eggs form important articles of commerce, and could we get at the exact value of their annual production and consumption we should be surprised at the accumulation of such a large and immense totals. It is, however, only approximate estimates that can be made, yet these give some idea of the real importance of a branch of agricultural economy, which at first strikes the mind as trivial. Thus it is computed from reliable data, that the annual production and consumption of poultry and eggs in the United States cannot be less than \$17,000,000. Monsieur de Lavergne estimates that the poultry of Great Britain for 1861-2 was of the value of twenty million francs (\$4,000,000); while the total value of the two products—poultry and eggs—in France, at the same period, reaches two hundred millions of francs (\$10,000,000.) This last estimated product leaves a large margin for exportation from France over and above the requirements for home consumption, which surplus is sent chiefly to England. In 1861, the whole value of poultry and eggs imported into England was £385,000 stg., or nearly \$1,800,000. This, of course is independent of the large quantities raised by England on her own soil. These figures are quoted briefly, to show the importance of this branch of rural economy in other countries, and thus to suggest its magnitude in our own. In relation to Canada, the only figures at hand are those furnished by the Trade Returns for 1862, viz: Poultry exported, \$20,546; Eggs ditto, \$53,940; total, \$74,486. All the poultry, and nearly all the eggs, were sent to the United States, and but for the unfavorable state of the money market, an immense poultry and egg trade might have been done in that direction. If there be added to the export returns the quantity and value of these articles consumed at home, it will be seen that the tenants of the poultry-yard are by no means to be despised, but are entitled to more appreciation and encouragement. While, therefore, we dilate on the merits of the Short-horns and Galloways, Southdowns and Cotswolds, Suffolks and Berkshires, we shall not forget the Dorkings, Spanish and Cochins, and their congeners of the poultry-yard.

FRESH EGGS ALL WINTER.—Hens will lay about as well in winter as in summer, if "circumstances" permit. To produce eggs well, fowls must be comfortable, and must have animal food. When the ground is open, and worms and insects abound, they get their own material. They must have gravel to keep their gizzard-mills in good working order, and lime to make the shells. Sometimes a hen drops a shell-less egg, but she is ashamed of the skinny, unprotected thing, and seldom does it twice. Sometimes she will drop an egg where its life is sure to be frozen out, but her instinct teaches her better, and she stops doing so, if possible. Here is the whole secret of having plenty of eggs all winter,—we have tried it long, and so have others, with good success always; and as eggs will sell well this year, owing to the high price of meats, we advise attention to the matter:

1. Give the fowls some warm, thoroughly sheltered place of retreat, and keep it clean. Take out all the droppings at least once a week: they are excellent guano, worth half the cost of the food. (We have a nice, plastered, warm room in the sunny south-east corner of the second story of the barn, provided with roosts and laying boxes, having the entrances turned so as to be out of sight of the rest of the poultry. Hens are modest animals, always seeking hidden places for nests. A narrow enclosed stairs leading up from the barn-yard is freely used.)

2. Let them have unfrozen water always accessible. Semi-fluid eggs cannot be made out of dry grain.

3. Hens are not gluttons. Let them have grain in abundance, and they will eat only what they need.

4. Provide a wide box of gravel, earth, sand, ashes, and old plaster, or finely-broken oyster shells, for them to roll in, and to pick out such materials as they require.

5. Give them two or three times a week, if not daily, a moderate supply of fresh meat, (never any salt.) Nothing comes amiss—bits of cartilage, intestines, any waste scraps. They will pick bones very clean. We depend upon a cake of scraps from the bone or glue boiler's. The hard scrap-cakes, of 50 to 100 lbs. each, which are sold at 3 to 12 cents a pound, are just the thing. This material does not decay, and the hens amuse and feed themselves by picking off little bits from time to time. The waste vegetables, clippings from cabbages, potato skins, cold potatoes left over (if not cooked in salt water,) are relished by the poultry, and turned to account.

The above simple directions, if rightly followed, seldom if ever fail to secure a full and profitable supply of eggs all winter.—*Am. Agriculturist*.

A PROFITABLE STOCK OF FOWLS.—The *Boston Cultivator* of December 12, makes the following statement:—Knowing that Hiram W. Jones, of Dover, Mass., had for several years paid considerable attention to the raising of chickens and the production of eggs for market, we requested him to furnish a statement in regard to the business. In compliance with that request, he has given us certain memoranda, from which it appears that on the first of January last he had 15 hens and two cocks, worth \$8.50. From January 1st to November 30th, (eleven months,) the cost of food, consisting of Indian corn, buckwheat, and boiled potatoes, consumed by all the fowls on the place, was \$23.75, making the outlay \$32.25. During this period he sold 123 7-12 dozen eggs for an aggregate amount of \$27.95. He also sold during the same time, 101 fowls of various ages, for \$50.80. The stock on hand on the 30th of November, was twenty-seven hens and one cock, worth \$14. The aggregate returns are therefore \$92.75, deducting from which the value of the original stock and expenses, \$32.25, and there remains \$60.25.

No account was made of all the eggs required by a family of eight persons, which may be offset against the care of attendance, this being given by Mrs. Jones. All the eggs and chickens were taken by the market-man, who sold them in Boston, and the sums named were returned to Mr. Jones. The highest price obtained for eggs was 30 cents per dozen, and the lowest 18 cents, the average being a fraction less than 24 cents. More than half of the chickens were hatched before March 13th, and the sales commenced on the 6th of May, when six chickens were sold for \$4.20. Of the eggs set 70 per cent., hatched, and of the chickens brought out, 90 per cent. were saved.

Mr. Jones states that his fowls are a cross between the Dorking and "old-fashioned barn-yard fowls." They have heavy bodies, with short, yellow legs. They are kept most of the time in their house and yard, which is warm in winter and cool in summer.

A MAN'S boots get tight by imbibing water, but the wearer never does.

LADIES, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be roses, but don't be *prim* roses.

WUR is wealth left by a miserly parent like a grub.