

as she continued—'Do you know the monster, I say?—he who deceived my youth, wasted my fortune, destroyed my happiness, degraded the modesty of my sex and station, and heaped coals of fire on the heads of my children?—who rendered the past a recollection of horror, the present yet worse—the future—O my God!'

'I whom you promised to love and obey all your life. Come, give me an example of obedience,' cried I, pouring out a glass of filthy liquor; come—one bumper more; I swear you shall drink one bumper more to this happy day—come!'

'I will not!'

I rose, and staggering to the other side of the table, where she was sitting, vehemently protested she should drink it.

'I will not!' she again replied.

Who shall answer for the actions of a man mad with drink? A struggle now ensued, during which I became irritated into fury. The children clung affrighted about us, but I kicked them away. My poor Amelia at length struck the glass out of my hand; I became furious as a demon, and threw her from me with a diabolical force, against the corner of the fireplace. She fell, raised herself half up, gave her children one look and moaned another, and sunk down again.—She was dead.

I am now the sober tenant of a mad house. The jury that tried me would not believe a man who acted such scenes as were proved upon me, could be in his senses. They acquitted me on the score of insanity. My relatives placed me here to pass the rest of my days, and recover my senses if I can. But I am not mad. I live in the full horrible perception of my past wickedness. I know not what is become of my children, for no one answers my inquiries—no one will tell me where they are, or whether they are dead or alive. All I can understand is, that I shall never see them more. My constant companion day and night, waking and dreaming, is my murdered wife. Every moment of my life is spent in recalling to my mind the history of that ill-fated girl, and in summing up what I have to answer for to her, her friends, and her offspring. Denied the indulgence of all sorts of stimulants, my strength is gone; my body shrunk and shrivelled almost to a skeleton, and my limbs quake with the least exertion. Guilt grins me in the face; infamy barks at my heels, scorn points her finger at me; disease is gnawing at my vitals; death already touches me with his icy fingers; and eternity waits to swallow me up.

The man to whose charge I am committed has furnished me with the means of fulfilling this my last task, and making the only atonement in my power for what I have done. If there be any one who shall read this, to whom temptation may beckon afar off, at a distance which disguises its deformity, let him contemplate me as I entered on the stage of life; as I pursued my career forward; as I closed or am about to close it forever. Let him not cheat his soul; let him not for a moment believe that it is impossible for him to become as bad, nay worse than I have been.*

—Penny Novelist.

AGRICULTURAL.

ON FRUIT TREES.

The following is an extract from a Speech delivered by Mr. Mostler, before the Essex County agricultural Society, New England, in September last: the climate of New England differs so little from that of Nova Scotia, that the same instructions will in general apply to both countries:—

I now come to a topic, which, though more immediately connected with the department of

horticulture, is still within the objects of this society. I refer to the cultivation of fruit trees. We are told that man, in his primeval state, as he came from the hands of his Creator, and arrayed in purity and innocence, was placed in a garden of fruits to dress and till it. This employment so congenial to the purity and perfection of his original character, has lost nothing of its favourable influence in leading the mind to virtue and happiness. It has often been a matter of surprise to me, that the attention of our farmers has been so little directed to the cultivation of fruits, and especially, when we consider, that they are strongly urged to a consideration of this subject by every motive of profit, health, and pleasure. There is nothing which a farmer can raise upon his farm with so little trouble and so great profit as valuable fruit trees; and yet nothing is more rare than to see a farm house with a variety of valuable fruit trees attached to it. The most that we find is perhaps a few old apple trees, which show the marks of long neglect, and perhaps one or two decaying pear trees, bearing hard and crabbed fruit. With but a few hours' labour every year, a great variety of the best fruits may be obtained. Our climate is exceedingly favourable for the cultivation of apples, pears, cherries & plums. These are trees usually of long life. The apple tree will continue in bearing fifty or sixty years. But a few years since there was an apple tree in the garden of the Wyll's family in Hartford, Connecticut, which was set out by the old Secretary, before the middle of the seventeenth century. The pear tree is usually of longer life than the apple. The old Endicott pear tree in Danvers was planted by Gov. Endicott in 1630, and is more than two hundred years old. Although much decayed it still bears fruit. The cherry and plum tree often live to a great age. It is therefore not one of the least considerations in planting these trees that we are rendering a valuable service to the generations that are coming after us.

As to the matter of profit, I would inquire in what manner an acre of ground, in the ordinary course of cultivation, can be made so profitable as in the cultivation of fruits. Good fruits will always find a good and ready market. After the trees are set out the ground may be cultivated for many years, with little or no injury to the crop, and with great benefit to the trees. The trees themselves will require little other labour than pruning, and this may require one day annually. If the fruit be judiciously selected, it would sell in the market for more than the whole crop of corn, potatoes or grain, and pay for gathering marketing. Even in Newburyport market, good peaches will bring from three to four dollars a bushel, cherries and plums from four to five dollars, pears from one dollar & fifty cts. to two dollars, and apples one dollar a bushel. Take for instance a premium crop of corn or any other grain, after deducting labour &c. fifty dollars would be a liberal amount of profit, and yet I cannot but think that an acre of good fruit would yield a profit of four times this amount.

Fruit is also one of the greatest luxuries which God, in his providence has given to man. Have you not been at a festive board loaded with all the dainties which wealth and taste can collect from this and other climes? And have you not seen that those ripened in our own sunshine have always been preferred? What foreign fruit can compare with the mellow blushing apple, the luscious pear & the peach which fills the room with its fragrance? And yet all these we may have with very little labour and very little expense. If I am told that accidents often attend the cultivation of fruit, which disappoint our expectations, I would inquire what crop of the farmer is not liable to accident?

Frost, and drought which often injure fruit, are no less injurious to tillage crops.

Ripe fruit also contributes greatly to health. I have seldom known a family of children, accustomed to the daily use of ripe fruit, who have much occasion for a physician. It prevents in both young and old, dysenteries, cholics, and various other ills which flesh is heir to, and gives the form of health and strength so essential to our happiness. This is a cheap medicine, much cheaper than that presented by a physician, which we must pay dearly for, and his visit beside.

Every farmer should be well acquainted with the operations of grafting and budding. It is an art attended with no difficulty and may be learned in one hour.* A little practice will enable any person to perform the operations with great rapidity and success. I deem a knowledge of these simple arts so important that I would make a knowledge of them, an essential part of a young gentleman's education.

The peach is probably the most short-lived of all our fruit trees, but it is renewed with very little trouble. Plant a peach stone in the place where you want a tree to grow, and it is very sure to come up and flourish. The better way is, however, to have a nursery. Take a few feet of ground in the garden and in the fall plant a number of stones. At two years' growth the tree may be budded with fruit which you know to be excellent, and in the fall of the year the tree may be transplanted to the place where you wish it to stand. Let it have a southern aspect, at the south side of the house or barn, or on the south side of the hill, and it will for several years produce fruit abundantly, which will repay all your labour and trouble. When it decays let it be renewed by another. In the same manner other fruit trees may be produced.

* Out of forty different modes of grafting, described by Professor Thouin, we have only room for the present to copy the following two, being of most general application:

WHIP GRAFTING or splice grafting. This mode is practised principally on small stocks; and it succeeds best when the scion and stock are of an equal size.

The scion, which consists of the young wood of the former years growth, is cut to the length of about four inches. This and the stock are each to be cut sloping for an inch or more, and tongued. Tonguing consists in cutting a slit in the middle of the slope downwards, and a corresponding slit in the scion upwards; both are now to be very nicely joined, so that one of the sides at least, if not both, shall perfectly coincide, and to be securely bound with a wet bass matting string, and covered with composition or with grafting clay. As soon as the scion and stock are completely united, the string is to be removed.

CLEFT GRAFTING. This mode of grafting is usually practised on stocks of from one to two inches in diameter. It is thus performed: The head of the stock is carefully sawed off at a part free from knots, and the top pared smooth; with a thin knife split down the stock through the centre, to the depth of about two inches, and insert a wedge to keep it open for the reception of the scion. The scion is to be prepared in the form of a wedge; with an eye if possible in the upper part of the portion thus formed perfect success is the more certain when this is the case. The scion is now to be carefully inserted, so that the inner bark of the scion, and of the stock may both exactly meet. Large stocks require two scions, one on each side; sometimes four are inserted. The whole is now to be carefully covered with the composition, or grafting clay, except two or three eyes of each scion. This mode of grafting is equally applicable to very small stocks, but these being weak must be bound with a string of bass matting.

Grafting Clay is made of one third part of fresh horse manure free from litter, one third of cow-manure, and one third of good clay, with a small mixture of hair, well beaten and incorporated several days before using.

* Altered and abridged from a tale, published in the series of 'Stories of American Life,' edited by Miss Mayford. The author's name is not mentioned.