

they may. As we have said our soil is nearly a pure sand very suitable for Grapes; and having a greater fancy for this beautiful fruit than for a crop of corn, we determined to plant largely. Accordingly we had three trenches dug two feet deep, two wide and one hundred feet long. Having the previous autumn obtained a large quantity of black mold from the swamp, and in the winter-time as many dead animal carcasses as were within reach, consisting of one prize bull, two cows, and two horses, we thus used them. The latter carcasses being quartered were thrown at intervals into the trench—upon them was placed a layer of the gravel—then one of mold—followed by another of gravel and so on till the trench was filled. We then obtained a number of fine vines from Mr. Leslie of Toronto, consisting of 25 Isabellas—25 Black Cluster, and 25 Clinton Grapes—and planted them four feet apart in the row—the rows being eight feet apart. A cedar stake eight feet long driven at each vine completed the work. And now for the result. Some of these vines grew two and three feet above the poles: none of them showed the least symptom of being affected by the long drought of last summer: and in the autumn we gathered from many of them one and two beautiful bunches each of fully ripe Grapes. Had these same vines been planted in soil only one spade deep, many would surely have died, and all would probably have made a very feeble growth. As it was they commenced growing vigorously, and the roots had descended to a depth at which moisture was always found before the dry weather commenced—and when it came it could not injure them. The experiment seems so conclusive that we intend gradually to trench our whole garden, and feel encouraged to believe that from dry weather we shall not again have serious reason for mourning and lamentation. If it be necessary to strengthen the force of this experiment, read the following statement from the late Mr. Downing, most unquestionable authority in matters Horticultural. He says, “whatever the soil of a garden our experience has taught us that it should be *deep*, it is impossible that the steady and uniform moisture at the roots, indispensable to the continuous growth of many crops, during the summer months, can be maintained in a soil which is only *spade* deep. Hence we would *trench or subsoil plough* all kitchen-gardens, (taking care first that they are well drained) whether sandy or clayey in texture. We know

that many persons, judging from theory rather than practice, cannot see the value of deepening soils already too porous. But we have seen its advantages strongly marked in more than one instance, and therefore recommend it with confidence. It is only necessary to examine light soils, trenched and untrenched to be convinced of this. The roots in the former penetrate and gather nourishment from twice the cubic area that they do in the latter; and they are not half so easily affected by the atmospheric changes of temperature.

BONES—AND BONE DUST.

Enough of manure, a farmer, unless he keep a very heavy stock cannot yearly make for his farm, especially if it be large. Many fields consequently suffer greatly from the absence of necessary nourishing ingredients, which through a course of years have been abstracted from the soil. But there are excellent substitutes for barn yard dung in many cases; and few of them will be found more efficacious than bones ground to powder. Scatter in early spring two bushels of bone dust intermixed with four of dry hard-wood ashes on each acre of old pasture ground, and it will effect a reviviscence of dead grasses, and a healthy growth of the few that are alive, astonishing only to the *unknowing* ones. If a pasture field so manured, be fed off by milch cows it will be found that the milk both in quantity and richness, is greater than from other and even good pastures. Our farmers in general little know the worth of the bones they throw annually away, or they would save them—for it requires but little trouble—nor can they dream of the worth to them of the ashes they sell, or they would not grudge them to their lands. We saw a farmer a short time since sell his good ashes for four-pence per bushel when it is *very probable* that they are worth to him three-shillings and nine-pence.

THE RASPBERRY.

There are few persons who are not fond of this fruit—and some, (though we are not of the number) prefer it even to the Strawberry. Freshly gathered from the bush it is considered cooling, refreshing and healthful. That it is a general favourite with Canadians must be allowed, or why do multitudes sally forth to collect it. Troops of blushing maidens, and blooming matrons we see in the fields and at the woodside, in abundant seasons, undeterred by scratched hands, torn garments, and the saltry heats of July and August. And we