

Olive Culture.

The olive, of which the oldest and one of the finest groves in the State is at the San Diego Mission, is propagated by cuttings. It grows slowly at first, begins to bear at four years, under favorable circumstance, but does not yield a full crop until the tenth, or even the twelfth year. It should then return an average, for the orchard, of 25 gallons of olives per tree. Sixty trees are planted to the acre, here, by the most experienced men. The olives are sold here at this time, for 60 cents per gallon in the orchard, and the few olive groves now in full bearing about here, at that rate, are worth, gross, \$900 per acre per annum. No doubt, as new groves come to bear, the price will go down; but there is here an immense margin, as you will perceive. The finest olives I have ever tasted, I ate at the San Diego Mission; and the olives of this State, when carefully pickled, are far superior to those we get from France or Spain. They are of moderate size, but very plump, juicy, and full flavored. Pickled olives fetch here 75 cents per gallon. I am told by proprietors of olive orchards that it is more profitable to make the fruit into oil than to pickle them. From five to seven gallons of ripe olives go to one gallon of oil, and this is worth now \$5. The machinery for pressing the oil is very simple, and usually stands under a shed in the orchard; the pulp is crushed from the pits, and stuffed into strong rope nets, which are then pressed, the oil running down into a tub of clean water, on the surface of which it collects. I am told that the refuse and the crushed seeds, on pressure, yield a quantity of oil of a lower quality, which is boiled to clarify it. The first oil needs not even bleaching here. The olive tree, with its curious grayish-green foliage, does not at first seem beautiful to you; but it grows on the sight, and I think there is no finer object than a grove of these healthful, finely grown trees. There are several young orchards about here, and Santa Barbara is likely to become the center of this culture. The olive is not particular as to soil, and it does not, here, need irrigation. The gopher eats the roots of the young tree, but this is its only enemy. That you may not think I have exaggerated the olive tree's productiveness, I will add that one tree, in this town, now thirty years old, bore \$48 worth of olives for three years in succession, another, at twelve years, bore over two barrels of olives. At San Diego, a tree, reputed to be seventy years old bore this year over 100 gallons; but in that old orchard, which has been shamefully abused, some trees did not bear at all this year; and this one tree may have had a rest for years past. I do not know the cost of working an olive orchard; the cultivation should not cost more than that of the almond; but the picking is probably expensive as it would employ a number of hands. Children, however, are used in this labor. The fruit does not ripen all at once, and it must be picked by hand.—*C. N. in New York Tribune.*

An American Abroad on the Alabama Bother.

LIVERPOOL, May 27, 1872.

Editor of the Journal of Commerce:

What a relief it is to see the Alabama bore so near an end, as we suppose it to be now that the Senate has approved of the supplementary article—a fine phrase that for the decided back-down of Brother Jonathan? For the sake of our reputation, and to spare us further humiliation, it is to be hoped that the "verbal amendments" are unambiguous and in the sense required by England. The manner in which this vexatious question has been handled by our government has brought dishonor on American diplomacy; nay, it has lowered the American people in the estimation of the world. Is it that the Republican party is wanting in training and experience in state craft, and hence cuts this lamentable figure, or have we no great men now, no Webster, no Marcy? To-day the opinion of England brands America as slippery, tricky and quibbling; no more courtesy, say all the newspapers, Liberal and Tory, no more courtesy in our dealings with such a government, nothing but blunt, plain, unambiguous language, which will leave no loophole for subterfuge or shuffling! It cannot be denied that our reputation has suffered considerably, but fortunately a better understanding and appreciation of America is daily gaining ground here, and the example set to the world by the two peoples, who alone possess liberty,

of settling their grievances by means of arbitration, is worth some sacrifice. The suspicions which bungling and stupidity have brought upon the American character will soon disappear, and the world be a gainer from a good understanding between America and England. But however much America may have lost in reputation, she is not likely to derive much pecuniary advantage from the final settlement, as it appears from an appendix to the card, just published by the British Foreign office, that the commission appointed by the Board of Trade to examine the claims, amounting to \$17,763,910, report that they will be amply met by \$8,039,685; and the commissioners appointed by the Admiralty to examine claims of expenses incurred by the United States Navy in pursuit of the Confederate cruisers, report that the greater part of the claim—\$7,080,478—is inadmissible, and that \$1,509,300 will more than suffice.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

An English Landscape.

There we were, writes an American traveler, in the midst of it. The country, and such a country, green, dripping, glistening, gorgeous! We stood dumb stricken by its loveliness, as from the bleak April and bare boughs we had left at home, broke upon us that English May—sunny, leafy, blooming May—in an English lane; with hedges, English hedges, hawthorn hedges, all in blossom; homely old farmhouses, quaint stables, and haystacks; the old church spire over the distant trees; the mild sun beaming through the watery atmosphere, and all so quiet, the only sounds the hum of bees and the crisp grass-tearing of a silken skinned, real, unimported Hereford cow, over the hedge! No longer excited by daring to think that we should see it, as we discussed the schemes round the old home fire; no longer cheering ourselves with it in the stupid, tedious ship; no more forgetful of it in the bewilderment of the busy town; but there we were right in the midst of it! Long time silent, and then speaking softly, as if it were enchantment indeed, we gazed upon it, and breathed it—never to be forgotten! At length we walked on, rapidly, but frequently stopping, one side and the other, like children in a garden; hedges still, with delicious fragrance, on each side of us, and on, as far as we can see, true farm fencing hedges; nothing trim, nice, and amateur like, but the verdure broken, tufty, low, and natural. They are set on a ridge of earth thrown out from a ditch behind them, which raises and strengthens them as a fence. They are nearly all hawthorn, which is now covered in patches, as if after a slight fall of snow, with clusters of white or pink blossoms over its light green foliage. Here and there a holy-bush, with bunches of scarlet berries, and a few other shrubs mingle with it. A cart meets us—a real, heavy, big-wheeled English cart; and English horses—real big, shaggy-hoofed, sleek, heavy English cart horses; and a carter—a real apple faced, smock-frocked, red-headed, wool-matted carter—breeches, stockings, hob-nailed shoes, and "Gee up, Dobbin," English carter. Little birds hop along in the road before us; and we guess at their names, first of all selecting one to be Robin Redbreast. We study the flowers under the hedge, and determine them nothing else but primroses and buttercups. Through the gates we admire the great, fat, clean-licked, contented-faced cows, and large, white, longed-wooled sheep. What else was there? I cannot remember; but there was that altogether that made us forget our fatigue, disregard the rain, thoughtless of the way we were going—serious, happy, and grateful. And this excitement continued for many days.—*Ex.*

There was always something irresistibly comic in the story they used to tell about a foppish passenger on a Mississippi boat, who had just for a little fun jumped on shore at a landing, and drawing a bowie-knife, rushed to a gawky looking fellow at a wood pile and exclaimed: "I've found you at last, you're the man I've been looking for." The gawky looked at him for half a second, then straightened out his arms like a jibboom, and knocked the fellow overboard into ten feet of water. Resuming his position against the wood-pile, he drawled out, "Is there anybody else in that boat looking for me?"

THE GRENADEER GUARDS BAND AT THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

ONE of the salient features of the Boston Jubilee is the band of the British Grenadier Guards. The band numbers 58 pieces, led by Mr. Dan Godfrey, the celebrated composer and author of the "Guard Waltz." He is a professor of the Royal Academy of Music, and was appointed to his present position by Prince Albert, on the choice of Sir Michael Costa, in 1856. Dan's father led the band of the Coldstream Guards nearly fifty years. Another son succeeded him in that band, and a third is leader of the band of the Horse Guards. The second officer in the band of the Grenadier Guards is Sergeant Hill, who has been a member of the band for the last 21 years.

The band is composed of enlisted men, but they only wear uniform when on duty, and they are not confined to barracks. They can make any engagements not interfering with the requirements of the service. All perform in operas, concerts, or theatres. Godfrey realizes \$7,000 a year from his engagements. The duties of the band are not to accompany the troops, but to attend the Queen and court, in London or at Windsor, occasionally play for the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and attend guard mountings and parades. Previous to coming to America they never left London and vicinity, except in 1865 and 1871, when they accompanied the Prince of Wales to Ireland.

Mr. Inman gives the band a free passage to and from America. On the voyage they had their own dining room, first class fare in second cabin, with wine *ad libitum*, both voyages costing \$10,000 in gold. The band must receive further special permission from the British minister or government, or it cannot play in this country outside of Boston, or accept a reception.

The Boston Post thus describes the appearance and the performances of the band and the scene at the Boston Jubilee on the second day—

The second part began with the performance of the band of the Grenadier Guards. Expectation had been on tip-toe to hear them, and as they appeared in their brilliant scarlet coats with rich gold facings, their bearskin hats, and with soldierly bearing marched down the long aisle in single file, the audience broke into a perfect passion of applause, that was no less born of admiration for the strikingly manly and imposing appearance of the Englishmen than of a laudable and heartfelt desire to accord them a brotherly and a hearty welcome. They ranged in a circle and placed their music on the desks before them, after which Mr. Godfrey made his appearance and was welcomed in a manner that must have been highly gratifying. The first piece played by the band was Macfarren's Overture to "Robin Hood."

It was executed with the most refined taste, both in point of expression and sentiment. It was a revelation on the subject of military bands. We have nothing in this country to equal it. We have fine artists and experienced and accomplished leaders, but we lack the system of organization and the esprit du corps that produces a band like that of the Grenadier Guards.

In reply to an encore, they gave the overture to "Der Freyschutz," in the most faultless style. Every shade of expression was brought out with the utmost nicety, and the extremely difficult violin passages that prevail throughout the allegro, were given with the most extraordinary precision and completeness by the clarionets. It was a beautiful performance, artistic, refined and majestic from beginning to end. It was a marvel for a band of wind instruments to perform this overture in a style of such exquisite perfection. The audience evidently thought so, for it applauded to the echo, to which Mr. Godfrey gracefully responded by directing his own charming and deservedly popular "Mabel Waltzes." The cornet solos in which this pleasing composition abounds were delightfully played, and in a tone of the utmost beauty and purity. The vulgar and obtrusive sound of the instrument to which we have become so accustomed was entirely absent, and instead we had a pure, soft and exquisitely tender tone, almost flutelike in its delicacy and roundness. The entire piece was played with the most fascinating crispness.

A prolonged round of applause followed, which did not cease until Mr. Gilmore ascended the conductors' stand to direct the English national anthem, "God Save the Queen."

The band and the grand chorus and orchestra the big organ did not run well together over the anthem, and the Post thus continues—

The audience however redemanded the piece, and, as Madame Rudersdorff came forward in response, Mr. Gilmore gracefully yielded his baton to Mr. Godfrey, who took the chorus and orchestra energetically in hand, and produced a grand and noble performance of the glorious anthem.

The applause that followed had scarcely ceased when Mr. Godfrey gave the signal to his band, when they struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." The scene that followed baffles description. The entire audience rose to its feet, moved by an irresistible impulse, cheered and applauded with an enthusiasm that was almost wild in its fervor. The immense chorus shared in the excitement, and waved their handkerchiefs. It was a stirring and a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Men unaccustomed to the melting mood shed tears, and every heart present seemed to be full to overflowing with the rapture of the moment. An encore was demanded and accorded, and the thunders of applause again greeted it. The excitement attendant upon this inspiring scene did not subside for some moments, and even then, as the red coats retired the plaudits recommenced and lasted until the last one had disappeared.

The New York Herald has the following—

There were many high feathers on to-day's programme. Some grand chorus, soprano, gold, an operatic ensemble, a few orchestral pieces, and the first appearance of the British Grenadier Guards under Dan Godfrey. The last embraces all that will be remembered about the second or English day of the great Boston musical glorification. Every one who left the Coliseum this evening came away with but one idea—that they had heard only Godfrey. Five times this bearskin-hatted band attempted to escape encores, and five times the frantic audience called them back. The reception of the English band was something to be remembered forever, and yet the enthusiasm was but a faint idea of that which followed. The pieces played by this matchless body of artists commenced with a work by Godfrey, written in a rather severe classic style.

The band opened the eyes and ears of the audience to a new and unexpected world of music. There was an entire absence of that disagreeable harshness of tone which seems to be irremediable in an American brass band; cornets soft as flutes, clarionets sympathetic and melodious as the violin of Ole Bull, the basses thrilling with expression and velvety richness, and, over all, a precision and equality of sentiment, a oneness of idea and an ensemble so complete and so perfect as to appear phenomenal. These made Godfrey's band the lion of the day. At the end of the fantasia occurs a long, intricate figure in the bass, which was rendered with a sureness and evenness that would have almost paralyzed the legs of any pedal finger organist that ever existed. The effect was indescribable—so harmonious, so soft, so full of expression, and, in fine, so artistic.

A hurricane of applause followed, and when the band next played the overture to "Der Frieschutz" a still greater success awaited them. The grave, solemn opening, with its calm, melodious theme, was rendered in a style such as placed it in a new and more glorious light. The crescendo and diminuendo of the basses were graduated to a nicety, and there was not the slightest taint of the obtrusive brass nature about it. One would think that he was listening to the succeeding wail from the incantation scene revealing a new wonder—the tremulo of the clarionets and the swell of the horns in the brief ejaculatory phrases that speak the disturbed feelings of the agent of Zamiel and his victim. Then comes the test of the band, the syncopated movement, in which each note was staccatoed with the ease of a string orchestra. The other movements, even to the storm finale, were simply perfect in the rendition.

"Nice weather for corn!" said a minister up the Connecticut valley to one of his parishioners, the other day. "Yes," said the old farmer, "but bad for the grain and grass." A few days later they met again. "A fine rain we had yesterday," said the minister, "good for grass and grain." "Yes," was the reply, "but awful bad for corn!"