

## Agricultural.

## STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

I notice under the heading of "Fruit Growers' Meeting of Western New York," a discussion on the best method of cultivating the strawberry, in which H. E. Hooker, of Rochester, says:

"Take plants in April or the first of May, and land not previously used for strawberries; plant in rows four feet apart and one foot in the row; keep the ground clear between the rows with a horse and hoe until the runners commence running, when the runners should be arranged evenly over the ground. They will fill all but about two feet in the middle of the rows. The next year they will be clear and beautiful, when he would let them bear; after having borne he would plow them up."

I have great respect for the opinion of my friend Hooker, knowing him to be a practical horticulturist. But after growing strawberries as long as I have, and thoroughly practiced the different methods of cultivating them, I cannot help but differ with him in regard to that part of his remarks which are in italics. I usually plant in March or April the same distance he plants—give them the same care—training the vines so that they will make a matted row, say from one to two feet wide. After they are through bearing the first season I then pass between the rows with a plow, throwing together three furrows, which leaves the old furrows only from six to eight inches wide; I then pass over the bed the way the rows run with a harrow, and drag the ground down level, and have boys pass over and pull out what few weeds may be in the rows (there will be none to speak of if they are kept clean the first year, as they are like a clover crop, killing out weeds if they get the start of them); I then have a quantity of manure—the more the better—scattered over the ground. This is all the expense I am at except passing between the rows two or three times with a cultivator, to keep the weeds down and the plants from setting too far out between the rows. I claim that I can get as many berries the second and third years as the first year—that is, of those varieties that succeed the best in rows—such as Wilson's, Jenny Lind, Early Scarlet, etc. I claim also, that the great expense of growing them in the rows is in the first year, killing out the weeds, arranging the runners, etc., while after the first year the expense is very trifling, especially when manure can be had at reasonable prices.

Now for the proof of my position. I have a bed of Jenny Lind's which was in the Spring of 1860. The first year it bore a good crop; the second a better (notwithstanding the great frost on the 20th of May), and this year, regardless of the severe drouth, it was one mass of fruit, yielding a larger crop than at any previous season. I have also Wilson beds set the same year, and the yield was as heavy last season and this as then.

A neighbor of mine has a small bed of Wilson's (quarter of an acre) set in the Spring of 1861. He gave it extra cultivation, growing them in rows. Last year being what is termed the first fruiting season, he obtained about twenty-five bushels (the frost cut off the first part of the crop). After they were through bearing he gave it the treatment I have above described, and, notwithstanding the severe drouth, it has yielded this season over thirty bushels. Now, I should like to have any person convince me that it would have been better, or paid him or myself better, to have plowed under our vines after they were through bearing the first year, and got nothing the next year from our ground but a few cabbages or potatoes.

My practice, after a bed has borne three or four years, is to allow the plants to run broadcast over the ground, and after the berries are through bearing, plow up the old original rows and leave new rows half way between. If the ground becomes too foul or weedy the third or fourth year, I would then plow them under. I claim, however, if plenty of manure is used and they are plowed deep, that this rotation system can be carried out for a number of years, and still pay better than to "plow under" and lose the crop from the ground one season.

I have given very close attention to all the new varieties (many of which I have paid fabulous prices for), but have yet to find varieties that pay me as well for marketing as the Jenny Lind and Wilson. They both stand the drouth well, and last season the first variety named was hardly affected by the severe frost.—[A. M. Purdy, in *Prairie Farmer*.]

EARLY BEETS AND CARROTS.—The

earlier these can be had, the more acceptable they are, and with a little pains they may be brought on much earlier than usual. The soil for both should be light, warm, deep, and rich with manuring the previous season. The best early variety of beet is the Bassano, or, as called by some, the extra early turnip beet. This, though not large, is quick growing, and very good. Soak the seed in warm water for twenty-four hours, pour off the water and keep the seed covered in a warm place until the sprouts begin to show themselves, then roll the seed in plaster and sow. In treating the seed in this way do not let the sprouts get too long, as there is danger of breaking them, but sow as soon as they begin to show themselves as little tender points breaking through the shell of the seed. Sow in drills, twelve or fifteen inches apart, and when the plants are two or three inches high, thin to eight or ten inches in the row. An ounce of seed will sow about one hundred feet of row. As the beet seed is really a sort of cup, or capsule, containing frequently two or more seeds. It often happens that two or three plants will come up so close together as to appear like one. These crowded plants should be looked to, and only one left. If there are any deficiencies in the rows they can be filled by carefully taking plants from the crowded places and transplanting them. Hoe often and weed thoroughly. The Early Horn carrot is the best early. Soaking the seed in tepid water for two days will hasten their germination. A friend informs us that he gets carrots up in three or four days by keeping the moistened seeds in a warm place for five days and then driving off in ashes or plaster. We have not tried this plan. An ounce of seed will sow one hundred and fifty feet of drill. Sow in fifteen inch drills, cover half an inch, and thin to four inches. As the plants are very small when they first show themselves, it is a good plan to sow a few radish or turnip seeds with those of the carrot seed in order to distinguish the rows readily at the first weeding.—[*American Agriculturist*.]

LIME IN TRANSPLANTING.—It appears from an English publication of great merit, that a large plantation of trees has been formed in England within a few years past, without the loss of a single tree; and this, says the writer, has been effected simply by putting a small quantity of lime in the hole before introducing the tree. Four bushels of lime are said to be sufficient for an acre. The lime should be thoroughly mixed with the loam, in order that it may be reached by the roots with equal facility, in every direction, as its principle effect is to push forward the tree during the precarious stages of its growth, and when the fibres, beginning to start and ramify from the top and laterals, require a supply of readily appropriate and corrosive matter throughout their whole extent. I have often used lime—generally its hydrate—in transplanting fruit and ornamental trees, and always with the best results.

CHEAP FIELD FENCE.—A good and sufficient field fence can be made with fifteen inches in width of boards, and fifty rods of fence to one thousand feet boards. Set the posts and nail the first board nine inches from the ground, then make the spaces five, six, seven and ten inches, five boards three inches each is fifteen inches. Now turn the furrow, six inches deep, towards the fence on each side. This brings the earth within three inches of the bottom board, and adds six inches to the height of the fence measuring from the bottom of the furrow, and the ditch or bank makes it very unhandy for animals to get at the fence. This makes a fence four feet ten inches high.

I have several hundred rods of such fence. The first was built five years ago. It has proved perfectly safe and sufficient against cattle that are unruly. It is not racked by the winds like a fence of wider boards. Fourteen feet boards, with one post in the middle, take a less number of posts, and make as good a fence as twelve. I have used white oak boards at about \$22 per thousand feet, and swamp oak split posts at four cents each.—[*Genesee Farmer*.]

BLIGHT IN PEARS.—At a recent meeting of the Ohio Pomological Society, Dr. Kirtland is reported as having talked of a new theory concerning the cause of Pear Blight, based upon microscopic investigation by Professor Salisbury, showing that this disease is caused by the propagation and growth of minute fungi in the sap and albumen of the trees, and giving facts supporting the theory. As a remedy or preventative of these diseases in fruit trees, Dr. Kirtland said the use of copperas, in solution as a wash for the bark, or syringing the

leaves and fruit, was found very valuable; also the application of old iron, blacksmith's sweepings, &c., to the roots. He expressed strong confidence that these applications would be found a complete remedy for the fire blight in pear trees, that worst scourge of the pomologist.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

Four o'clock, and no Ellen yet! What can detain her so—she that is more punctual than the clock itself?

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay-window, with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen," she murmured, "how differently our lots have been ordered in this world, her parents dead—their wealth irretrievably lost and she too proud to accept a cent that she has not laboriously earned. Oh! dear," and Laura sighed again just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half hour.

"She doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. "There's something the matter. Perhaps she is sick—oh, yes, she must be sick! I'll send James to enquire—no, I'll go myself."

Before the sentence was out of her lips she was up in her own room adjusting a soft gray shawl over her black silk dress, and tying the strings of a quiet little brown velvet bonnet, whose one crimson rose, among its trimmings of emerald moss, was not unlike the bloom of her own cheek.

"I don't think it is going to snow," she pondered, looking out at the gray, threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly-fitting kid-gloves. "At any rate I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly-carpeted vestibule a servant approached her.

"A note Miss Laura—it came five minutes ago."

Ah! the rose was several shades in the background now, as Laura Avery broke open the scented seal, and glanced over the delicate, cream-colored sheet, with a bright, half-suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one after all.

MY DEAR MISS AVERY: May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me, I will call for you at half-past seven.

Your most devoted slave and subject,

FLORIAN RICHLEY.

Laura instinctively slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very pictures on the wall should catch a sight of the elegant chirography, and pursued her way down the gloomy street, with eyes that saw the murky atmosphere through a radiant glow of *coleur de rose*.

Meantime the gay October light was fading away from a dreamy room on the third floor of a house situated on one of those side streets where decent respectability strives, hand to hand, with the grim assailant want.

Singularly out of keeping with the shabby and poverty-stricken aspect of the little apartment was a newly finished dress of lustrous purple silk, bright as the dyes of Tyre, that lay folded on the table beside the window, in such a manner that you could see the costly trimming—a wide border of purple velvet, edged on either side with a fluting of white point lace. For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing more important than a hard-working and poorly-paid dressmaker.

She lay on the little white bed in the corner, with her flushed cheek pressed close against the pillow, and her slender figure partially covered by a coarse plaided scarlet shawl, while the occasional involuntary contraction of her forehead bore witness to the pain she was meekly suffering.

As one or two quiet tears escaped from her closed eyelids, and crept softly down her cheek, a light step sounded on the landing outside, and a knock came gently to the panels of the door.

"Come in," said Ellen, hurriedly dashing away the tears. "Laura, is it possible that this is you, dear?"

"Yes it is myself, and none other, Nell! I could not imagine why you did not come and fit that dress, as you had appointed; but I know the reason now. Why did you not send for me?"

Ellen tried to smile faintly.

"I am very sick, Laura; at least, I have not suffered much pain until to-night; and the doctor says that if I only had a little wine—no, Laura, do not draw your purse," she added, with a slightly perceptible sparkle in her eyes, and a proud quiver to her lips. "I am not yet quite so low as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved dearest; you know how sensitive I cannot help being on

some points. It is only for a little while; when I am well enough to take that dress home and receive the money for it, I shall be enabled to purchase whatever I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at her friend's bedside, with soft, pleading eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you surely will not refuse to accept a temporary loan from me."

Ellen shook her head with a grave smile.

"I can wait, Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen with a face of painted perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike her.

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen!" she exclaimed. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Dubour's on the way back and order the wine for you. You will never be strong unless you corset yourself up a little. You will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But, Laura—"

"No buts in the matter, if you please, Nell," laughed Laura, gleefully beginning to fold the rich dress into the little basket that stood upon the table beside it. "Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richley's in Rives Street. Why, Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am folding this dress wrong," returned Laura in a low voice. It was well that Ellen did not see the scarlet blush that rose to her friend's lovely cheek as she stood with her back to the bed, smoothing the lustrous breadths of purple silk. Mrs. Richley's! Laura was almost sorry that she had volunteered to go—but it was too late to retract her offer now.

"What a selfish little creature I am," she mused. "Poor Nelly needs the money so much, and cannot go for it herself, and it isn't at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go—there is an end to it."

"Thank you, dear Laura; it is so kind of you," said Ellen, fervently, as Miss Avery came to the bedside with the basket on her arm, and a blue veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet. "She owes me three dollars for this dress, and there are seven dollars on the old account that she had never yet paid me."

"Ten dollars? I'll collect it, never fear," said Laura, gaily as she disappeared, while poor Ellen it seemed as if the sunshine all died out with the bright presence of her beautiful friend.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BRITISH IN INDIA.—Why should England bother with America, when India, with its 250,000,000 of people, is ready to produce all the staples of commerce and consume all her manufactures? The war in America bids fair to give new life to India. Already it has poured a river of gold into the province of Bombay. The imports of goods and money last year, were \$300,099,000, mostly to pay for cotton. Cotton is King, only he has removed his throne from America to Asia, from the Alabama and the Mississippi to the Indus and the Ganges. The merchant princes of India are heaping up colossal fortunes. New and magnificent temples are springing up, and idol-worship is on the increase; for the English in India patronize the religions they found there. They protect the worship of Brahma, and levy a tax upon the worshippers. The typhoon of Calcutta is now declared to have destroyed 60,000 people. It has been followed by famine, fever, small-pox and cholera, from which vast numbers are dying. The Government is powerless to relieve the suffering, and the rich Hindos comfort themselves that it is fate. As for the poor, they wrap themselves in their blankets and die, with the same comicality—it is their fate. The interests of England are in India and China, and somewhat in Japan, where two British officers have just been murdered, which will be an excuse for new encroachments.—[*London Correspondence*.]

—Arithmetic of Consumption. Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds, one attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis, one coffin.

—The taxable property of Oregon is \$75,000,000 for 1864. This is \$5,000 to each voter. California returned \$180,000,000 which is less than \$1,700 to each voter. From this it appears that the agricultural State is about three times as rich to the head as the mineral State.

—The Paris correspondent of the *London Star* says there is scarcely a street in Paris which does not contain its establishment of baths, which are daily crowded. The society for hot baths for the poorest children distributed last year thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven tickets.