





HORTICULTURAL.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Our readers, during the past few weeks, have been furnished with instructions for preparing and planting the ornamental grounds with trees and shrubs, as well as how to make that most beautiful of all objects in a garden, a fine velvety lawn.

Flowering plants are divided into three classes, Bulbous-rooted, Herbaceous Perennial and Biennial, and Annual.

Some of the Bulbous-rooted plants are hardy, like the Crocus, the Tulip, the Hyacinth, and Narcissus, and this class should be planted in the autumn, and in the following spring will flower freely.

The Peony and Dahlia, though tuberous-rooted, are generally classed with bulbous-rooted plants, and no flower garden can be considered complete without a good collection of both.

BALDWIN vs. RED CANADA APPLE.

WHILE the fruit growers of Western New York are proposing the almost exclusive planting of the Baldwin as a market fruit, in Eastern Michigan, a region of similar climate, soil, population, and horticultural wants, and where the varieties of Western New York are at least equally successful, we are assigning it quite a subordinate position, having adopted another favorite, which, in our estimation, quite eclipses this sturdy New Englander, and bears off the palm of profitability.

The manner of its advent into this portion of Wolverinedom was on this wise:—About thirty or thirty-five years ago, a company of traveling grafters, in passing through this region from Ohio, set a quantity of scions in what has since become one of the most extensive market orchards of this section, leaving with the owner a written guaranty that they were Rhode Island Greenings.

It must not be inferred from these remarks that the Baldwin is unsuccessful here. On the contrary it is, probably, quite as successful here as in Western New York. Under these circumstances it becomes interesting to observe the manner in which these varieties have risen to the positions they occupy.

The vigorous, robust habit of the Baldwin, renders it a favorite with nurserymen, while its early and prolific bearing commend it to the impatient orchardist, who is naturally anxious to secure early returns from his investment.

On the other hand, the Red Canada is one of the most slender growers we have; and, for that reason, will not become a favorite with nurserymen. It is not quite so early a bearer as the Baldwin, neither is it unusually tardy; but, when once fully in bearing, it is quite as prolific as that variety, and, in the opinion of many, even more so, as it not only produces a full crop the bearing year, but usually produces more or less while the Baldwin is gathering strength for its biennial effort.

by the heaviest crops. The fruit is even more beautiful and attractive than the Baldwin, unusually perfect in form and even-sized; and, although not a culinary fruit, its flavor and aroma adapt it admirably to the dessert, and though less rich than some others, it proves to be adapted to more tastes than almost any other standard variety known here.

This variety has won its popularity here mostly upon top-grafted trees; and it would, perhaps, have never reached its present position but for the fact that the well nigh universal re-grafting of the orchards of this region gave it a wide distribution, under circumstances calculated to obviate the difficulties arising from its slender growth.

Some years since, the writer, unaware of its identity with this, obtained trees of Red Canada from the East, and by observing the similarity of habit, was led to suspect that they were the same.

The unprofitable character of this variety as nursery stock, coupled with the extensive demand for it, has led some nurserymen here to double work it in the nursery rows, upon the root-grafts of Tolman Sweet, Northern Spy, Romanite, (of the West), and other hardy and vigorous varieties.

GROWING CRANBERRIES.

EDS. RURAL:—In your valuable and interesting paper of the 9th inst., I notice an inquiry, by a subscriber, in regard to the planting and culture of cranberries, the time of setting out, &c. It is to be regretted that so few in the Northern and Middle States have made cranberry culture an object of their attention.

In answer to your correspondent, who wishes to turn his half acre "to profitable account," I know of nothing that promises so well as "set it with cranberries." As he remarks, "it can be easily flooded," the presumption is it can be also drained. If so, as soon as this is done, and the coarse grass, &c., sufficiently dry, it should be burned over, and plowed about six inches deep, and the plants set in rows two feet and a half apart, and about twelve or fifteen inches in the row.

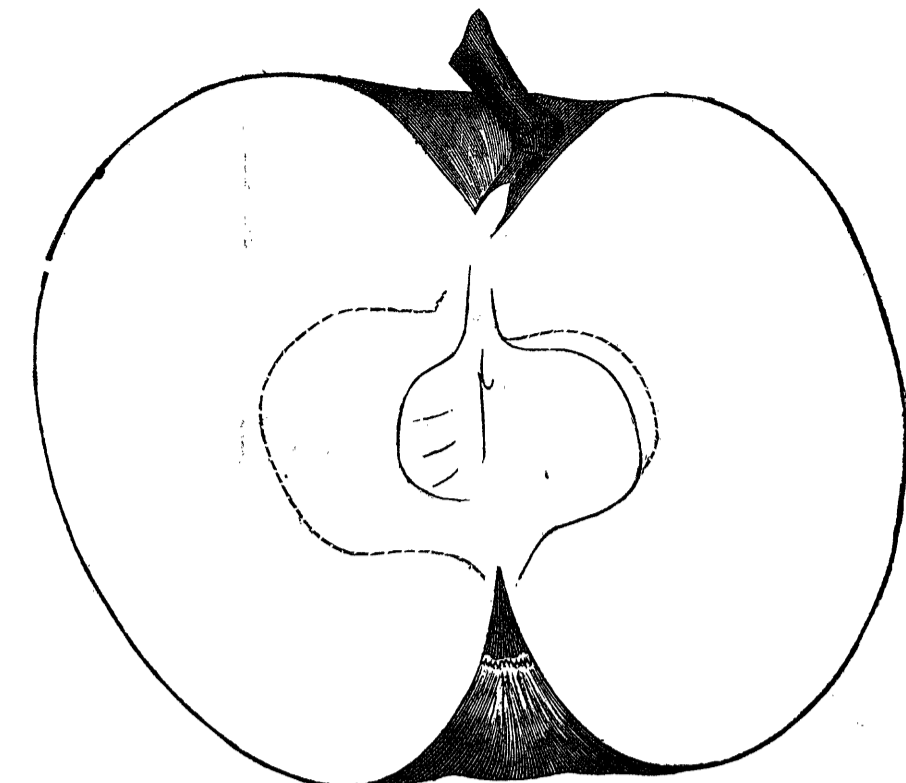
Should it be impracticable to drain the swamp and plow it, the entire surface, with all the grass, roots, &c., may be removed to the depth of about four inches, and vines planted, the same as after plowing. Or, if sand is convenient, the entire surface (after clearing off the grass, &c., as much as possible), may be covered with the sand to the depth of three inches, and the vines planted as before directed.

The spring is always the best season to set out the plants, when plowing is not practicable. It is always better to have a cranberry plot so situated that it can be flooded to the depth of a foot or more, during the winter and spring.

CRANBERRY CULTURE IN MICHIGAN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having experimented on a small scale with cranberries, perhaps my success will interest some of your numerous readers.

It must not be inferred from these remarks that the Baldwin is unsuccessful here. On the contrary it is, probably, quite as successful here as in Western New York. Under these circumstances it becomes interesting to observe the manner in which these varieties have risen to the positions they occupy.



BUCKINGHAM APPLE.

It has been found that some of our best Northern and Eastern apples lose their valuable characteristics when grown at the West. In some cases the trees appear unsuited to the climate, while in others the fruit is much inferior to the same varieties grown at the East, or to other varieties of the same season, both of Eastern and Western origin.

One great benefit of this feeling against old and well-known varieties, has been the introduction to general notice of many very fine apples of Western and Southern origin, and among them is the Buckingham, an apple of very large size, as will be seen by the engraving, which we take from the Transactions of the American Pomological Society.

described, which may be had at from twenty-five cents up to fifty dollars per acre, and our State home-stead law gives forty acres of swamp lands to any one who will settle on them.

THE ONTARIO GRAPE.

EDS. RURAL:—Seeing in your issue of February 23, an inquiry for additional information respecting the Ontario Grape, and having myself, for several years, been seeking for information upon the same subject,—on one occasion traveling nearly 100 miles to see the original, or at least the vine from whose branches were taken the one now called Ontario, by some persons of Port Dalhousie and Buffalo,—I will, with your permission, proceed to state what I on that occasion saw and tasted.

By all means, give us the information. Nothing can be lost, and something may be gained, by a history of this grape, about which so much has been said, and so little is known.—Ed.

Horticultural Notes.

A NEW SILK WORM.

THE London Morning Chronicle contains the following notice of a new silk worm, which feeds on the Alantus, which may be highly interesting to our countrymen, and perhaps revive afresh the interest which existed some years ago.

In March, 1859, M. Guerin-Meneville addressed a note to the Emperor on the introduction into France of a new kind of silk worm, living in the open air, on a very hardy plant, the alantus, or Japan varnish tree, and producing two crops a year of a strong silky fiber, employed for centuries past in China to make clothes for the great mass of the population.

THE PERFECTED TOMATO.—I wish to make an inquiry in regard to the "Perfected Tomato." Last spring I procured some seed of J. M. Thorburn. I planted them carefully, and had good success in raising plants, and there can be no doubt that the plants were from the seed so obtained; but, strange to say, they produced two distinct kinds of tomato, both different from any that I had ever raised before.

Inquiries and Answers.

THE PERFECTED TOMATO.—I wish to make an inquiry in regard to the "Perfected Tomato." Last spring I procured some seed of J. M. Thorburn. I planted them carefully, and had good success in raising plants, and there can be no doubt that the plants were from the seed so obtained; but, strange to say, they produced two distinct kinds of tomato, both different from any that I had ever raised before.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES AND GINGERBREAD.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Thinking that good recipes will be favorably received by you, I will contribute a few for the benefit of your lady readers, which I know to be excellent.

SCOTCH CAKE.—Stir to a cream a pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter; put in the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and a wine glass of brandy. Separate the whites and yolks of nine eggs, beat them to a froth, and stir them into the cake, then add a pound of sifted flour, and just before it is put in the cake pans, a pound of seeded raisins.

ALMOND CAKE.—Beat the yolks of twelve eggs to a froth, with a pound of powdered white sugar. Beat the whites of 9 eggs to a stiff froth, and stir into the yolks and sugar. When the whole has been stirred together for ten minutes, add, gradually, 1 pound of sifted flour; 1/2 pound of almonds, blanched and pounded fine; stir in 3 tablespoonfuls of thick cream.

MEASURE CAKE.—Stir to a cream one teacup of butter; 2 of sugar; then stir in 4 eggs beaten to a froth, a grated nutmeg, and a pint of flour. Stir it until just before it is baked. It is good baked in either cups or pans.

SPONGE GINGERBREAD.—Melt a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg; mix with a pint of nice molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger and a quart of flour. Dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of saleratus in half a pint of milk, strain, and mix it with the rest of the ingredients; add sufficient flour to enable you to roll it out easily; roll half an inch thick, and bake it on flat tins in a quick oven.

HARD MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—To a pint of molasses, put half a teacup of melted butter; a tablespoonful of ginger; a quart of flour. Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in half a pint of water. Stir it in, together with flour sufficient to enable you to roll it out. Bake it in a moderately warm oven.

BLEACHING COTTON—BISCUIT, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The following recipes I have proved to be good, and therefore send them to you.

BLEACHING COTTON.—For every five pounds of cotton goods, take 12 ounces chloride of lime, dissolve in a small quantity of boiling water, and when cold, strain off in a sufficient quantity of warm water to immerse the goods. First, boil the goods fifteen minutes in strong soda, or weak lye, wring out, rinse in clear water, put the goods in the chloride water from ten to thirty minutes, with frequent airing, then rinse well.

SODA BISCUIT.—One and one-half pints of sweet milk; 1 pint sour milk; 2 teaspoonfuls soda; 3 cream of tartar; small piece of butter; mix as for other biscuit.

COOKIES.—One teacup sugar; 1 lb. of sweet milk; 1/2 do. butter; 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar; 1 of soda; 1 egg. Flavor with nutmeg or caraway. Roll very thin and bake quick.

GINGERBREAD.—Two teacups molasses; 1 sour milk; 2 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls soda; 2 tablespoonfuls ginger; 1 teacup shortening; 1 teacup of alum, dissolved in water. Mix not very stiff; roll out like bakers' gingerbread,—bake from ten to fifteen minutes.

JELLY CAKE.—Four eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1/2 teaspoonful soda; 1 teacup cream tartar; 1 tea cup flour. This quantity will be enough for two square tins. When baked, spread with jelly, and roll.

How to MAKE KISSES.—I will send the RURAL my recipe for making kisses. I like this one better than any other.

COOKING APPLES.—Mrs. F. D. Gage, in the Ohio Farmer, thus writes:—One of the most notable housewives and best cooks in the State, has a new way of cooking apples, at least, it was new to me, and will, no doubt, be new to many others. She pares the apples, and quarters them, placing them in a tin plate with the core side up; if dried apples, a little water is added; they are then set in the oven, which is always hot at meal time, and roasted; when done, they are slid on a common plate, and sprinkled with sugar, to be eaten warm, with bread and butter and cakes.

To DRESS RICE.—A lady recommends the following:—Soak the rice in cold salt and water for seven hours; have ready a stew-pan with boiling water, throw in the rice and let it boil briskly for ten minutes, drain it in a colander, cover it up hot by the fire for a few minutes, and then serve. The grains will be found double the usual size, and quite distinct from each other.

A VERY GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Take one large orange carrot, slice and brown very slowly on a griddle, steep, and drink without sugar; or take half this amount of browned carrot, and half your usual quantity of Java, or Rio Coffee, steep, and use sugar.—H. M. G., Sumner, Iowa, 1861.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.] D. B. DE LAND & CO'S SALERATUS.—Thank your stars, if you are superstitious enough,—but be glad, and express your thankfulness that you can procure from your grocer a perfectly pure and reliable article of Saleratus. Be convinced, by a trial, of the truth of our remarks when we say that it is just the quality that has so long been desired by housekeepers.

DE LAND & CO'S CHEMICAL SALERATUS is manufactured at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y., where it is for sale at wholesale. The grocers and dealers generally have it for sale.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] I AM A HIRED GIRL.

I AM a hired girl! There was a time, oh, would it were forgot, And all the days spent in that hill-side cot— The rose tree climbing 'side the old brown door, The honey-suckle, ever drooping lower, To lift the snow-drop as it clambered up, Tasting the sweets from Nature's dewy cup; Glistening in the pure and healthful ray Of the bright sun through the live-long day.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] CAPRICIOUSNESS OF TASTE.

"NOTHING is more capricious than taste," remarks LINDA. Perhaps this is so, but I would like to know what taste has to do with dress? Who dresses according to the dictates of taste? Not Esquire B.'s wife and sister, who wear dark blue bonnets, bearing a profusion of red roses, when they had previously concluded that delicate white ones would add to the beauty of their fair complexions. No, they would not get them, because the village seamstress happened to have a similar idea about her own little head, and innocently bought and wore her winter hat before they did. Not Mrs. D., who is so tall "she knows she don't look well in stripes," nor little Miss DUMPLING, who is so short that the length of her skirt is scarcely sufficient for the width of a half-dozen stripes running roundwise, but must, nevertheless, wear such, because "they are all the go this year." Not Miss JULIA, whose rosy face bears testimony that her taste would not have led her astray, when she exhibited her new brown merino to a companion, saying—"they had a piece of beautiful green there, and I wanted it the worst way, but thought I must get this, because brown is all the fashion this season." Not that young school-girl, who trails her long dress through the mud or snow for a half mile or more, twice a day, just because SARAH SMITH wears one, when a dress six or eight inches shorter would be much more becoming and convenient. Not those who make children's clothes so short they fail to reach the limbs above the stockings, or the chill winds of spring and autumn, yes, and summer, too, render as red as the feet of certain swiss babies for laying the golden egg, causing them not only to look as if they had grown out of their clothes a year ago or more, but to suffer the biting stings of cold, and lay the foundation for weary hours of pain, and sickness, and premature death.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] WHAT WAIT WE FOR?

WHAT wait we for? The day has come, The rising sun and opening flower, And song of birds and wild bees hum, All greet with joy the morning hour. The fields are to the harvest white, The grain its nodding plumes bends low, As if the reaper to invite, And yet we still delay to go.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

THERE is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to the parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper most sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in the presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may sometimes seem difficult for the happy heart to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish, when we truly consider that when gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. It comes to us a providentially as good, and is as good if we rightly apply its lessons; who will not then cheerfully accept the ill and blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness, by perverse sadness and dullness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death rob us of dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness if only for personal profit. It will be your counselor in solitude, your passport and commendation in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] UNDERNEATH.

UNDER our winters lie beautiful flowers, Golden and crimson through all the drear hours, Soft petals folded, secure from the blast, Waiting in patience till winter is passed, Rising in beauty with spring's early dawn, Glory and gladness to lend to the lawn.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] AUNT BETSY ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

WE had been talking of "Woman's Rights," one winter evening, in Aunt Betsy's room, talking girl-fashion, but none the less decidedly or enthusiastically, from the fact that it was a subject we knew little but fancied much about.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE BORROWERS.

IN reply to the article of "Cousin S.," in a late RURAL, under the above caption, I have a few words to say, as her misivie contains so much bitterness toward those "invererate foes of decency." I have been a housekeeper for many years, and my husband was a subscriber to a magazine, and one or two papers. My neighbors usually took one or two papers or magazines, and when I had read mine, I was very glad to change with them, if they desired, if not, I borrowed theirs, in order to secure a greater amount of reading than we were able to buy, counting it a privilege to borrow, or to lend. Now, when my husband "sleeps his last sleep," and two children are looking only to me for support, and while I cannot buy, I am glad to borrow. And as long as the RURAL, and some other papers which I have read for such a length of time they seem like dear friends, are taken by those that are willing to lend, I intend to borrow. Inasmuch as withholding does not enrich (after they have been read), nor lending impoverish, I hope the able will exercise the "Christian graces" thoroughly; meanwhile I am thankful for "fine upon line," &c., waiting with "Cousin S." for the good time coming, when I shall own (I own a bible now) lots of newspapers. Mrs. L. E. W. Hudson, Mich., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] ODDS AND ENDS.

DEFINITION, (founded on fact.) An American female help—an individual who, when her mistress's friends come visiting, puts apple sauce on the table for tea; when her own friends come, puts on preserves.

DING-DING-DING.

I WAS spending a few days in an excellent hotel at the South. The guests were numerous, and so were the servants. When about to retire, I noticed that the barkeeper rang the bell repeatedly before any servant appeared to accompany me to my room. Directly under my room, in the court of the house, was the bell which summoned the waiters to the office. Hour after hour the bell was jingling, the repetition after the first call having more and more of a soothing, impressive tone. The truth I found to be, to my cost, that the servants, naturally lazy, had become accustomed to wait for the third or fourth call before stirring, so that they did not consider themselves really called until the last ring; whereas the simple and invariable regulation to answer the first ring would have secured proper obedience, and all the subsequent ding-dings were not only needless, but mischievous. It would not be strange if they should be entirely disregarded at last.

THE FOUNDATION OF CHARACTER.

THE groundwork of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend on—there is another ground—there is substance at the center. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and forbearing so long as their erring brother is true. It is the fundamental virtue. Ordinary commerce can hardly proceed a step without a good measure of it. If we cannot believe what others say to us, we cannot act upon it, and to an immense extent that is saying that we cannot act at all. Truth is a common interest. When we defend it, we defend the basis of all social order. When we vindicate it, we vindicate our own foothold. When we plead for it, it is like pleading for the air of health we breathe. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your foot into the mire. — F. D. Huntington.

The companion of an evening and the companion for life requires very different qualifications.

MUCH as we may need energetic remedies against contagious diseases, we need them against contagious vices more; and quarantine laws in favor of moral health are the most necessary of all sanitary regulations. — Horace Mann.

THE INVENTORY of articles found on a litterary table, which was a sheet. One portfolio, one candle-

stick and candle, three magazines, four diaries, one coarse comb and one fine-tooth one, one thimble, one breast pin, one cologne bottle, one collar, one volume MOLIERE'S plays and French Dictionary, one Testament, one Italian Reader and Dictionary, one pen-holder, one letter, one newspaper, one blank envelope, one lucifer match, one piece foolscap, half dozen used-up steel pens, one pair stockings, one pair garters, one Spanish Grammar, three pairs hooks and eyes, sundry pins, one inkstand and stopple, &c. South Livonia, N. Y., 1861.

REVERENCE FOR THE BIBLE.—I suppose that the reverence of many persons for the Bible is owing to the confidence which they have in persons they believe to be Christians. I suppose that there are hundreds of men that are exceedingly skeptical in regard to the Bible, who have a certain hidden reverence for it. Why? God sent them an angel, and let her walk with them two years; and then took her home; and they hold her memory with such sacredness, that they say, "It there ever was a Christian, my wife was one; and she believed in that book, and there must be something in it which makes it superior to other books." — Henry Ward Beecher.







THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

dearly this self-possessed exterior, I believe I have
warm and lasting affections."
"Indeed you have! No one can know you as I do,
and not be sensible of that."

"You do not mean to say that if Mr. DUSSELDORF
were to offer you his hand, heart, and a fortune,
which I know is not inconsiderable, that you would
decline them?"

did not think he could ever be more to her than he
had been. She hoped to retain his friendship and
was truly sorry to give him pain.

A C A R D .
The undersigned, Practical Watchmakers and Dealers in
Watches, having bought and sold American Watches for a
number of years past, and having dealt in all kinds of foreign
watches for a much longer period of time, beg to state that
they have never dealt in watches which, as a class, or in individual
instances, have been less satisfactory to themselves or
customers, whether in respect of durability, beauty of finish,
mathematically correct proportions, accurate compensation
and adjustment, or of the time-keeping results, than those
manufactured by the Waltham Company.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LITTLE WICKET.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

To every woman's heart there is a tiny door, whereby no
man may enter, save he who has the key.
They formed a beautiful picture, those two young
girls, framed in, as it were, by that luxurious and
firelit room. DIANA WEST reclined in a large arm-
chair, with her slippered feet stretched out to receive
the genial warmth of the glowing grate. Her long
hair was loosened from confinement, and fell on her
shoulders in a heavy, dark mass, contrasting well
with the rich colors of her dressing-gown. On the
floor beside her sat SYLVIA FAX, one round arm
thrown carelessly across her companion's knee, so as
to form a resting place for the curly head.

"That is a close question, but I will answer it
frankly. I have never seen a man that I did, or do
love, but I cannot say that I never could love any of
those whom I have known, if I permitted myself to
consider them with a view to that object. You may
think me selfish, indeed I am, more so than you ever
believed; but while my wants are so bountifully sup-
plied,—while I have so good a home, with so little
responsibility on my own part, I have no desire to for-
sake it for an uncertain, to me a doubtful good.

"I am not tired, yet it is time we were sleeping.
Let me ask you but one question more. Did you
never see a man whom you thought you really could
love?"
"Is that a close question, but I will answer it
frankly. I have never seen a man that I did, or do
love, but I cannot say that I never could love any of
those whom I have known, if I permitted myself to
consider them with a view to that object. You may
think me selfish, indeed I am, more so than you ever
believed; but while my wants are so bountifully sup-
plied,—while I have so good a home, with so little
responsibility on my own part, I have no desire to for-
sake it for an uncertain, to me a doubtful good.

Corner for the Young.
For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
I AM composed of 26 letters.
My 4, 9, 11, 14, 16, 10 is the name of a city in Ohio.

HARD TIMES MADE EASY!
GOOD NEWS
FOR THE UNEMPLOYED!!
ONE THOUSAND CHANCES
TO MAKE MONEY.
One Million Dollars
WORTH OF WATCHES,
JEWELRY, & SILVER PLATED WARE.
Entirely New and Original Plan!
2,600 AGENTS WANTED.
All persons desiring of securing an Agency in this
NEW ENTERPRISE,
Should send their names at once—and receive by return of
Mail,
OUR INDUCEMENTS,
Which afford a rare chance to make Money without risk.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, THE LARGEST CIRCULATED AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY, IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.