

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1856.

VOL. XXI. NO. 13.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

Original Poetry.

[FOR THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.]
LOVE-LIGHT OF HOME.

BY ANNA DARLING.

Through sunlight and moonlight,
Whence we roam,
No light gleams with bright dreams
Like the love-light of home.
We may glide o'er life's billow,
May roam where we will,
But the home shading willow,
We pine for it still.
The home-blooming roses
Seem richest in hue,
And the sky o'er our cot
Of the most beautiful blue—
The birds in the roof-trees
With sweetest notes sing,
And our village church bells
Most melodiously ring.
And greener the turf
That our willing feet press,
Where the elm waves its arms,
Home's loved scenes to caress—
The fountain is fairer,
The rivulet's flow
Is flecter and sweeter
Than others can know.
The sad heart rejoices,
Go where'er we will,
To think that home voices
Are echoing still;
That loved ones are bending
At noon and at even—
For us are ascending
Petitions to Heaven.
Oh, be glad in the love-light
Of home while ye may;
When life's duties call thee;
Thou, too, must away.
Through all earth's gay seeming,
Wherever ye roam,
Ye will find no light gleaming
Like the love-light of home.

Select Miscellany.

From the New England Farmer.
THE PROGRESS OF SCANDAL.

The good people in Tarrytown were thrown in consternation because a strange gentleman had lately taken quarters with the Widow Condry—yes, the veritable woman who had so often declared that "all men were alike to her since the death of her dear husband." And had she not also shown a most profound respect for his memory, by wearing the deepest weeds for the space of two full years, although Mrs. Spicer would insist upon it she avowed to her that she considered "real handsome deep mourning the most becoming dress one could wear."

Now the widow's cap was certainly very becoming to her little round face, and a stray curl that had been coaxed to peep out at either side when she stood alone at the mirror, somewhat heightened the effect of the plaited crape de lise which never looked soiled or turned at the edges, as if it did not like its companionship with flesh and blood. Besides, the widow was never visited by any but married gentlemen, with the exception of the bachelor beau, who was a privileged character, and had so often declared, in reference to ladies, that he felt like straying in a garden filled with choice flowers, where the gardener sorely puzzled him by permitting him to pluck but one out of the splendid show, when he desired a branch of all to make his bouquet complete; and of course, such a beau would never think of enlisting the affections of a widow. O no, they always look at the twigs, not the full blown roses on thorny stems; so that the widow Condry's having a beau was a singular affair; but there he sat, at the front window, with all the ease of one perfectly at home, with his feet extended to the chair beyond him, and a newspaper from which he was culling the choicest "items," wherewith to entertain the widow.

The longer the man stayed, the more the people talked; until by-and-by, when he went to church, and took the head of the pew, and walked out and waited upon his lady, Mrs. Jones said "she never did—she never could—she raly somehow believed they might be married after all;" and when she communicated this to Mrs. Slack, and she told what Mrs. Jones told her—why Mrs. Frost said she had heard that many believed that the widow Condry had been engaged for many months. To be sure it was nobody's business whether the widow were married or not; but it did seem to be a great pity that one should keep so close about such an affair—and "how odd, that a bride should still retain such deep mourning."

When the sewing circle met, that week, the usual reading was omitted—one of the number hoarse, another had a severe headache, and a third was exceedingly anxious to finish a piece of work she began at the last meeting.

"Well," said Mrs. Cummings, "I suppose you have heard the news—it's out now;" but she whispered in a low tone to Mrs. Eberly, don't quote me. "I wouldn't have Mrs. Condry know it for the world; but

my husband says, if he isn't greatly mistaken, he met Mrs. Condry with her gentleman last evening, walking very leisurely upon past clay ponds—just think of it; where could they have been in that lonely part of the town, and at night; for—she whispered still lower, "they do say, people in that vicinity are—well, I may as well say it, as think it—they are no better than they should be."

Mrs. Eberly looked over her spectacles, and knotted her thread, and looked intently upon her work but never sewed a stitch and by this time, Mrs. Flint moved her chair up to Mrs. Cummings, and said she, "You may as well tell me as not for I see you are terribly amused and astonished about something or somebody."

"Now I live so far up town, that I tell my husband if it wasn't for coming to the circle and staying between meetings, and going to conference meetings, I never indeed should know what is going on—and at our last Friday evening's conference I couldn't get a chance to ask sister Slade what she and Mrs. Newcomb was whispering about just as brother Cary finished his beautiful exhortation—I thought he was very excellent; he raly did seem as if the spirit moved him to utterance about the sins of the church—the vice of scandal, &c. O, I did so wish sister Carnes had been there, she is such a busy body—not that I think sister Carnes is an unregenerated woman, O no; but she has such a love of hearing and telling what is new and strange."

"Well, for my part," says Mrs. Cummings, "I was thinking all the while about brother Evans. You know what a man he is to put a meaning to every one's conduct. I do declare, I raly think such sins call for a rebuke as much as heavier transgressions—you know the Bible says, 'He that steals from me my good name, takes that which no man can enrich him but makes me poor indeed.'"

"Sister, that is not gospel truth. I believe Pope says it in his book called Easy Man."

"Allow me to correct you, Mrs. Berry—you mean Pope's *Essay on Man*; but you are a little mistaken in the authorship—but I won't tell you the author, lest you should misquote me; you have the sentiment, and that's enough," replied the little Miss Edgerly. "I think the love of scandal one of the most destructive of sins."

"O, so do I, and so do I," was the general murmur—but if we only dwell more upon original sin, and the fall of man, and the good Hopkinsian doctrine of election, ladies we should be so enlightened by the spirit we should not need to look twice upon our poor degraded natures; whereupon all the sisters groaned a most cordial assent, and having appeased their doctrinal appetites by a few sage and moving remarks, they resumed the old subject, far dearer to their natural tastes.

"Now," said Mrs. Flint, "sister Cummings, do tell me what that story is, you and the other sisters are so interested about. Has it anything to do with Jake Austin?"

"Why no; what about brother Austin? He hasn't fallen from grace, I trust."

"I fear he never had any grace in his heart, sister. Haven't you heard about his borrowing that money of my husband, and promising to pay the next day, and when the next day came, he sailed to Calcutta without saying one word. But dear me, John don't allow me to speak of it. Now for your story, Mrs. Cummings."

"Well, sister, there is strange actions in the widow Condry; that man whom you saw at church with her last Sabbath has been locked into her house for near a fortnight, and folks do begin to talk, as well they may."

"Well I never," replied Mrs. Flint, "I'll wager my life it was that very couple my husband and I met as we were going over to Ekan's to spend the afternoon. He's light complected, aint he? And wears great huge whiskers, and carries a cane, and walks like a sea-captain."

"Yes, the very same. Well, then we met 'em yesterday afternoon, but the widow had on a green veil and I didn't know her."

"O, she'll drop, drop, her mourning by degrees. She will soon be clad in garments suited to mitigated grief, I'll warrant," said the stylish Mrs. Singleton.

"What kind of grief, sister?"

"You'll see the article on Mrs. Condry, pretty soon."

And so they were away the afternoon in guessing and wondering, and being almost certain, that Mrs. Condry was a different woman from what they had supposed her—and every member told their husband about the agitating topic when she returned home. By this means the Deacon mentioned it to the Parson, and the Parson

went himself to the widow to get satisfaction, as to the whereabouts of the mysterious stranger, and the minister's wife told some of the sisters that her husband would send a letter to the next meeting of the Sewing Circle, informing them all the particulars elicited by such a visit of inquiry, and we append the letter for the benefit of those similarly situated. It ran thus:—

"DEAR SISTERS:—A rumor respecting the inexplicable conduct of Mrs. Condry, who is a member of our church, led me to investigate, as it came to be a serious affair in the eyes of many of our worthy brethren and sisters. To the first charge of her having been seen in familiar terms of friendship with a gentleman, I paid no attention; but when I was informed that she had been clandestinely married to said personage, I called upon our worthy friend and obtained the following particulars."

Here the Pastor paused, leaving the members time to adjust their glasses, throw back their cap-strings, and give diligent attention when he proceeded.

"I was exceedingly mortified at the explanation which followed. Mrs. Condry, about six weeks since, heard with great joy that her only brother had returned from a foreign voyage, after having been shipwrecked and cast upon a desolate island, and his life despaired of, so that she had heard by report of his death, many months since. But once more he appeared before her, and her house and hospitality of course attested her affectionate heart, which once more recognized in Capt. Guy, an only brother, to whom I was introduced in this interview. Their visit at the *Cay Ponds* was to give some needed aid to a poor widow whom the captain formerly knew and whose son perished on board his ill-fated ship. That he took a seat in her pew, and walked with his sister, was no strange event—but that the tongue of scandal had assailed so fair a character as our beloved sister, was to me a mortifying reflection. Moreover that it had its origin in our sewing circle, I deeply regret, and that a similar scandal was there propagated respecting my husband, was doubly repulsive to me."

to acknowledge a debt before sailing to Calcutta I regret inasmuch as Mr. Flint this day informed me that the money was left with his wife, who delayed the payment until her husband's departure, owing to the pressure of his engagements.

Now, my dear sisters, I grieve that such infamous tattling should be passed around our Christian circles without a shadow of proof, and on next Sabbath morning, God willing it is my intention to discourse upon the management of the tongue, selecting for my text, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth,' and I trust you will all be present to hear my exhortations.

Your faithful pastor, G. SPICER.

Who next spoke after the reading of the above letter, was remembered. You might have heard a pin fall on the carpet so silent was every member, and when it became necessary to speak, Mr. Cummings went over to Mrs. Flint to inquire of her how she came to betray her confidence; whereupon Mrs. Flint laid the blame to Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Allen, and such a crimination and recrimination as took place very poorly became those who professed better things. It is needless to say the circle was never so full afterwards, nor was reading ever again omitted; but a great many of the ladies were so ill on the following Sabbath that they were obliged to forego hearing the excellent discourse of their worthy Pastor, but he very unexpectedly reported it at the next conference meeting, and each one made such a personal application of it that they all returned to their own homes without once telling of whom they were thinking when it was delivered, and a more charitable, lenient, anti-faultfinding, unconscious people, cannot be found than are now the good people in Tarrytown.

So we perceive the love of scandal can be arrested, if the specific is seasonably administered.

COURTSHIP OF JOHN ADAMS.

Some ten years ago I spent a college vacation in the town of Weymouth, Norfolk Co., Mass. While there I attended church on Sunday morning at what was called the old Weymouth meeting-house, and heard a sermon from the venerable pastor, Rev. Jacob Norton. About the same time I made Mr. Norton a visit, and became much interested in the old gentleman.

I mentioned my agreeable visit to an old lady of the parish whose acquaintance I had made. She informed me that Mr. Norton was ordained their pastor when he was about twenty-one years of age, and that he had been with them nearly forty years. She observed that most of his parishioners could remember no other pastor; but that

she could well remember his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, and that he and Mr. Norton had officiated for the last forty years.

"Mr. Smith," said she, "was an excellent man, and a very fine preacher; but he had high notions of himself and his family—in other words, he was something of an aristocrat."—One day she told me the following anecdote of old Parson Smith and several other persons of distinction.

"Mr. Smith had two charming daughters. Mary was the name of the eldest; the other's name I have forgotten. They were admired by the beaux, and envied by the belles of the country round. But while the careful guardians of the parson's family were holding consultation on the subject, it was rumored that two young lawyers, and Mr. Cranch and Mr. Adams I think both of the neighboring town of Quincy, were paying their addresses to the Misses Smith. As every woman and child of a country parish of New England is acquainted with whatever occurs in the parson's family, all the circumstances in the courtship soon transpired.

Mr. Cranch was of a respectable family of some note, was considered a young man of promise, and altogether worthy of the alliance he sought. He was very acceptable to Mr. Smith, and was greeted by himself and family with great respect and cordiality. He was received by the eldest lover; and was in fact a young man of great responsibility. He afterwards rose to the dignity of judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts.

The suitor of the other daughter was John Adams, who afterwards became President of the United States. But at that time, in the opinion of Mr. Smith and family, he gave but slender promise of the distinction to which he afterward arrived. His petitions were scorned by all the family, excepting the young lady to whom his addresses were especially directed. Mr. Smith showed him none of the ordinary civilities of the house; he was not asked to the hospitalities of the table, and he was frequently seen shivering in the cold and gnawing the post at parson's door on long winter evenings; in short, it was reported that the parson had intimated to him that his visits were unacceptable and that he would confer a favor by discontinuing them.

He told his daughter that John Adams was unworthy of her, that his father was an honest man, a tradesman who had tried to initiate John into the arts of husbandry and shoemaking, but without success, and that he had sent him to college as last resort. He begged his daughter not to think of making an alliance with one so much beneath her. Miss Smith, among the most dutiful of daughters, but she saw Mr. Adams through a media very different from that in which her father viewed him. She would not for the world offend or disobey her father, but still John Adams saw something in his eye and manner which seemed to say 'persevere,' and on that hint he acted.

Mr. Smith, like a good man and affectionate father, had told his daughters that if they married with his approbation, he would preach each of them a sermon on the Sabbath after the joyful occasion, and that they should have the privilege of choosing the text. The counsel of the eldest daughter Mary stood, and she was united to Mr. Cranch by holy bonds with the approval, the blessings, and the benedictions of her friend Mr. Smith then said: "My dutiful girl, I am now ready to prepare your sermon for the next Sunday. What do you select for the text?"

"Dear father said Mary I have selected the latter part of the 42^d second verse of the tenth chapter of Le. 'Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.'"

"Very good, my daughter, said he; and the sermon was preached."

Mr. Adams persevered in his defiance of all opposition. His many years after, and on a very difficult occasion, and in resistance to very difficult opposition, that he uttered these words: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive parish, I give my heart and hand to this cause." But though the measure was different, the spirit was the same. Does he had already carried the main part of attack—the heart of the young lady—and he knew the surrender of the citadel must soon follow. After the usual hesitation and delays that attend an unpleasant affair, Mr. Smith, seeing that resistance was fruitless, yielded the contested point with as much grace as was to be expected from a prudent father who had done and since

that time. Mr Adams was united to the lovely Miss Smith. After the marriage was over, and all things settled in quiet, Mrs. Adams remarked to her father: You preached sister Mary a sermon on the occasion of her marriage. Wont you preach me one?"

"Yes, my dear girl, said Mr. Smith, choose your text and you shall have your sermon."

"Well, said the daughter, 'I have chosen the thirty-third verse of the seventh chapter of Luke. 'For John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine and ye say he hath a devil.'"

The old lady, my informant looked me very archly in the face when she repeated this passage, and observed, "If Mary was the most dutiful daughter, I guess the other had the most wit."

I could not ascertain whether the last sermon was ever preached. It may not be inappropriate to remark how well these ladies justified the preference of the distinguished individuals who had sought them in marriage. Of them it will be hardly be extravagant to say, they were respectively an honor to their husbands, the boast of their sex, and the pride of New England. Mrs. Adams in particular—who from the elevated position in which her husband was placed, was brought before the public eye—was supposed to hold the same elevated rank with the gentle sex that Mr. Adams did among men, and she is reported to have rendered her husband much assistance in his multiplied labors of the pen.—*Life Illustrated.*

FUNERAL EULOGY,

As delivered in the Florida House of Representatives, 1848.—(Verbatim.)

MR. SPEAKER:—Sir, our fellow citizen Mister Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this legislature is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the brownreturs, and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where he had been for some time. He was an ingenious creator, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our State militia since the last war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington first President and commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mt. Vernon deeply lamented by a large number of friends, on the 14th of December 1799 or there abouts, and was buried after his death with military honors, and several guns was bust in firing salutes.

Sir, Mister Speaker, General Washington presided over the great continental sandhedrum and political meeting that formed our Constitution; and he was indeed a great and good man. He was just in war, just in peace and just in the hearts of his country, and tho' he was in favor of the United States Bank, he was a friend of education, and from what he said in his farewell address I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1836 if he had been alive and hadn't died sometime beforehand. His death was considered at the time as rather premature on account of its being brought on by an ordinary cold.

Now, Sir, Mister Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we were crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn till to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins who is dead, and died of the brownreturs yesterday in the forenoon.

She is Dying.

She is dying. Hush! she is dying.—The sunlight gleams through the plate glass windows—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the southern flowers—large, milk-white African lillies, roses a nightingale would stop to worship, cape jassamine, and camellias, with their glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the music of playing fountains and the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty.—The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary; and the lark raises his note higher and higher on the perfumed air. Why do you clench your hands till the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin skin? Why do you shut your teeth together and hiss between one word—"hush!" It's a beautiful home, I'm sure; and that lady, with her head upon your bosom, is only as any dream vision of the painted.—Surely nothing can be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those golden curls.

And she loves you, too? Ah! yes, any one can read that in the violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar, and placed her hand in yours.

For twelve long, golden, sunny months an angel walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom. You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine! No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory from the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly above all such noisome things as your earth worms call care and trouble. She is an angel; and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of the pleasant June time.

"Hush," you say; but you cannot shut out the anthem notes of Heaven from those unsealed years! Louder higher, swell the hymns of the seraphs; and brighter grows the smile on your wife's lips.

She whispers, "Dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by-and-by, and I am going to ask God to bless you! But you cannot bear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the eyes.

You held her there on your bosom all day—all night; you are tired? But you cannot answer. Closer—closer you clasp the slight fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow. She is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright? What that its cheerful rays fall on the broad land—your lands? What is it now—now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—her death?

Few people knew her; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours; your all! No, yours and God's; and your era of joy is over, and she rests on his bosom now in Heaven. They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daisies and violets. You go there, and sigh, and pray, and ask God if you, too, may come home? And when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness and with the bitter, wicked words on your tongue, you pause; for your guardian angel looks down from Heaven, and whispers—"Hush!"

To KEEP JAMS, JELLIES AND PRESERVES FROM MOULD.—The closet in which sweetmeats are kept should be perfectly dry and cool. If that is the case, and the following recipe used, preserves will keep for years. Cut a round circle of writing paper, the size of the interior of the pot, and one about an inch and a half larger.—Take the white of an egg, and a paste brush, and lay a coating of white of egg over the surface of the smaller circle, and then lay that piece on the top of the jam, with the untouched side of the paper next to the jam. Take the larger piece, and coat that on one side with white of egg, and let the surface thus coated be the one turned inward. This circle is to cover the pot; and the white of egg renders it adhesive, and pastes it firmly down all round the edge of the canek.

REVOLUTION ANECDOTE.—"It was once in my power to have shot General Washington!" said a British soldier to an American, as they were discussing the event of the great struggle at concluded peace.

"Why did you not shoot him, then?" asked the American; "you ought to have done so for the benefit of your countrymen."

"The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit," replied the Englishman, "for we depend upon him to treat our prisoners kindly; and, by heaven! we would have sooner shot an officer of our own!"

KILLED WITH JOY.—A shoemaker at Lowestoff suddenly dropped down dead from excitement at unexpectedly meeting his son in the streets after his return from the Crimea. He had known of his return but came upon him suddenly, and for a while did not know him. The father went home and was about to tell his wife, when he expired.

SALAD OIL.—"The baby is sick, my dear."

"Well, give it castor oil. Dennis bring up the castor oil!"

"It's all gone, sir—not a drop left!"

"Gone! why, we have not yet opened the bottle."

"Sure, you have it every day and I have seen you use it myself on your salad."

"Why, you scoundrel, you don't mean to say that I've been eating castor oil every day during the salad season?"

"Sure you have, sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labelled castor oil?"

"Sure I did, sir, and didn't I put it in the castor every day."

Farmer's Column.

ORCHARD.

The Ground for an orchard should be dry soil, well drained, thoroughly and deeply cultivated. Every farmer who knows how to prepare his grounds for a good crop of corn or wheat, will need no direction on this point. When the ground has been well prepared, planting is a simple matter. Dig a pretty large hole for each tree, and after examining the roots, and cutting off all that are bruised or damaged in any way, fill up the hole with fine good earth so as to leave the tree only an inch or so deeper in the ground than it was when growing in the nursery. The collar, or part where the trunk and roots unite, should be only slightly covered with earth. After the hole you have made is sufficiently filled with fine earth, place the tree in it, spread the roots in their natural position, fill in the earth a little at a time, and pack it in carefully between the roots. If after the hole is nearly filled, some water is thrown in it will aid in setting the earth firmly around the roots.

Even when a tree has been removed from the nursery with great care, a large portion of the fine roots are unavoidably destroyed in the removal; consequently there are not sufficient to sustain the top, and unless the branches are pruned so as to make up for the loss of roots and thus keep up a balance between the branches and the roots, the tree will languish, and perhaps die. It will therefore be of the greatest advantage to prune pretty closely after planting.

After your orchard is planted, cover the earth around the trees, two feet or more each way, with coarse manure, chip manure, or any convenient material that will keep the earth cool and moist, and prevent the growth of weeds.

Soil and Treatment.—Different kinds of fruit require somewhat different soils, as well as different treatment.

The Cherry should not be very highly manured, especially the Heart and Bigarone classes, as highly manuring causes a growth so rapid as to endanger bursting of the bark upon the body and main branches, and also increases the danger of winter-killing.

The Peach, also, although good for nothing in a turf, or if deprived of good cultivation and frequent stirring of the soil, is not benefited by any excess of barnyard manure. A simple crop of wheat, oats, or other sown crop, will almost ruin a Peach orchard; while potatoes, beans, roots, and even corn will not injure the trees, especially if not planted too close to them, and accompanied with light manure.

Dwarf Pears, on the contrary, being worked on Quince stocks, require high cultivation and liberal manuring. The Quince roots being fibrous, and not disposed to go deep or far for nourishment, must have a liberal supply near by, to enable them to meet the great demand which the Pear in its productive state makes upon the roots. Soils with a considerable proportion of clay, if well cultivated, are consequently well adapted for these trees.

The Plum, also, seems to prefer a stiff soil and will bear liberal manuring.

The Pear upon its own roots, that is when worked upon Pear stock, is quite easily suited as to soil and manure; but if highly manured, its rampant, succulent growth makes it easy prey to the fire blight if attacked. Deep and thorough stirring of the soil is generally sufficient for them without much manure, but in poor soils manure will be necessary.

The Apple is perhaps the most tractable of all the fruits, growing upon all soils and struggling along under great difficulties; but it will show care and manuring as soon as any, and should be liberally manured when the soil is not already rich.

Grape Vines also delight in being well manured, and will not give the best satisfaction without a dry bottom, and abundance of rich soil.

Where the circumstances permit one to choose among various soils, we should prefer to plant

Pears upon the most clayey portions. Dwarf Pears on Quince stocks upon clay; and if any trees are to go in cool and damp situations, plant the Dwarf Pears.

Cherries, only upon dry, warm situations, sandy, gravelly, stony or loamy.

Peaches do best on sandy loam, gravelly or stony land, and even upon quite poor sand.

Plums do best on clayey loam.

Quinces do best on rich clayey loam. Grapes, and all the berries and small fruit, do best on a strong loam dry and rich.