

showy specimens of the Shah and Cameleon, which set off the tables to good advantage.

The collection of fruit shown by James Dougall, of Windsor, was a marked feature of the exhibit. He displayed thirty-five varieties of French apples, grown on imported trees, besides his collection of American apples, pears, and plums, of which some were seedlings of his own raising, and all of which were remarkably well grown. His Belle Lucrative, Kingsessing, and Oswego Beurre pears were perfect models of size and beauty.

The committee on seedling fruits brought in their report, which was received and referred. The report says of a seedling summer apple sent by Seth C. Wilson, of Whitby, though now past its season, that it is quite equal to the Early Harvest, and for the table superior; and that a Crab marked 260, raised by Townsend G. Vidal, Esq., of Sarnia, is fine, large, and handsome, and highly commended.

After passing a vote of thanks to the mayor and council of Sarnia for the use of their very commodious council chamber, and many expressions of thanks to the Sarnia members for their kind attentions and interest in the success of the Association, the meeting adjourned.

THE HENRIETTA RASPBERRY.

And still they come. How wonderfully prolific nature is, to be sure. Our readers will have hardly recovered from the effects of the account of that wonderful berry, the Pride of the Hudson, and taken a long breath after its perusal, and now, in the very next number, they are asked to read the story over again under a new heading. When raspberries take a notion to astonish the world, it is surprising what very wonderful feats they can perform. It seems as though there was a rivalry springing up in this matter between the States in the great republic on our southern border. New York has hardly inscribed on her banner, Pride of the Hudson, and nailed it to the mast; than staid old Connecticut, that land of steady habits, seems stirred to her very depths, and in the spirit of Heine, seized Norway's tallest fir, and dipping it in Ætna's crater, with the flaming brand writes on the forehead of the sky, "Henrietta."

This Henrietta is a wonderful creature, she too was never made, she "grewed." A chance seedling in the garden among the currant bushes