

berries. Frosts, drought, or deluge have no considerable effect upon this variety. Our plants are as loaded, and the berries nearly as large, as in the most favourable season. The late frosts destroyed thousands of the early flowers, but more came, and the fruit is abundant.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PLUMBAGO CAPENSIS.

Allow me to say a few words about a special favourite of mine, the well-known half-hardy plant, *Plumbago capensis*.

I wonder why it is not more freely used in the decking of gardens, for it will prosper out of doors, at least during the three summer months, and its delicate beauty, which, I think, I may call unique, more than compensates for the trouble of sheltering it before the advent of cold weather.

So zealous an advocate am I of my favourite that I would not fain, perhaps in unconscious defiance of botany, transfer to it the name *Agathaea caelestis*, which is bestowed on a plant with fewer characteristics (as it seems to me), suggestive to the country where nothing ever fades. All flowers are heavenly, all are endowed, either collectively or individually, with the dignity of symbolism. The fragrance of one, the purity of another, the grace of a third; the endurance, preserverance, unobtrusiveness, or majesty of many more, are palpably indicative of high and holy things; but I think no flower is gifted with loftier or more varied eloquence than the gentle *Plumbago capensis*. It seems the flower of truth pre-eminently. Mark its delicate transparency, its wide-open innocence, the exquisitely clear purity of its colour, pale as if in condemnation of all things exaggerated, but deepening in its own sweet tint in pencillings that stream out lightwards from the flower's heart. In virtue of its long-tubed throat, the *Plumbago capensis* (I repeat its second name to distinguish it from *P. larpenae*), may rank among the up-springing plants, as the sweet flower of the west wind, and all the *Amaryllis* and *Crocus* tribes; and this habit of darting upwards, emulating in charity of hue "the Shechinah the blue" beyond the clouds, is additionally typical of "things that are not seen." Again, the fragility of this plant's physique proclaims it to the fanciful mind a stranger in a world of storms. Among such blossoms, immortalized, we feel our beloved in the church triumphant, might fitly dwell.

The *Plumbago capensis* is, in point of scent, negative; but with the loyalty of an enthusiastic partisan, I declare it to be on that very account the better fitted for the work-table, the sick-room, and the various circumstances of everyday in-door life. In common with many others, I suffer physically from the near neighborhood in rooms of the *Hycinth*, *Lilac*, *Syringa*, and many of the *Lily* tribe. The *Plumbago* ministers, but never oppresses—never "makes faint with too much sweet," those who permit its presence.

My little flower garden is not much more than 20 yards square, and my greenhouse correspondingly unpretending; but I could not over-rate the joy they give me. I believe I speak the sense of all lady gardeners when I say that none who have not personally wooed flowers can guess how gratefully they respond, nor with what full measure soothing, elevating, and delighting their cultivators. Calmly

faithful always, they brighten through life our gardens, and in death our graves.—*Cor. in Cottage Gardener.*

GARDEN GLEANINGS.

Fifty-seven thousand baskets of peaches reached New York on Tuesday, and in an incredible short space of time were thrown upon the market.

DUCHESS OF OLDENBURGH.—The Wisconsin Horticultural Society report that this variety is the most hardy apple in cultivation in that State. They find next to it the *Red Astrachan*, *Talman*, *Sweet*, and *Snow Apple*.

Because a Michigan orchard, which a rascal had girdled, bore a heavier crop after the girdling than ever before, some one has started the theory that girdling is a good thing to increase the fruit-producing power of trees. It would be better to wait on the girdled orchard a year or two longer. The final result may tell a different story.

Cap. Pierce, of Arlington, N. Y., a very successful orchardist, finds that the best time for pruning so as to have the cuts heal rapidly, is the last week in May, or the first week in June. His time for removing surplus wood is in the Fall. He cuts off a limb six or eight inches from the place where it is to be cut for healing over, and then, at the time specified, he goes over and cuts off these stumps, close up, with a sharp saw. So says the *Boston Cultivator*.

The *Country Gentleman* says that cultivators frequently allow raspberry bushes to run rampant the season through, and do the pruning the following Spring, when much severe cutting is requisite in bringing the plants into shape. A proper share of attention at the right time, and a small amount of labour, will enable the owner to bring them into a suitable form, retain all their vigor, and obviate much of the care required for staking the plants.

A correspondent of the *San Francisco Pioneer* says that Mr. Smith of Anaheim, South Carolina, has raisins of his own curing which are equal to any that are imported. He simply cuts off the bunches and throws them on the ground to dry. He plants about 1,000 vines to the acre, and says that when in good bearing condition they produce about 20 pounds of raisins to the vine.

Celeriac, or turnip-rooted celery, is cultivated to some extent by market gardeners. It is a strong grower, and as it does not require to be blanched, it does not need to be earthed up like "stalk" celery. The *celeriac* form a bulb like a turnip, and is much esteemed by the people of Germany and France, who boil the root, and form it into a salad by pickling and slicing.

The *Massachusetts Ploughman* says that many of the apple blossoms, of which there was no great abundance this year, proved abortive owing, no doubt, to the excessive draught of last year, and the want of a full supply of pabulum, or elaborated nutriment, to develop them. Fruit has not "set" very fully in consequence.