

No doubt you too, Mr. Editor, would gladly open the pages of the HORTICULTURIST to any members of such a botanical society, who would prepare popular articles upon their favorite subject.

Thus our Association, being fed on one side by a stream of entomological information, and on the other by a stream of botanical service, would surely live and flourish, "as long as grass grows and water runs."

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

BY REV. VINCENT CLEMENTI, B. A., PETERBOROUGH.

Those persons, if any such there be, who have been indulging the pleasing hope that the swarm of potato beetles, *Doriphora decemlineata*, is becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," will, I fear, find such hope a fallacy.

I had set out in my garden a dozen fine tomato plants, six of the Improved Trophy, and six of the Acme, and had carefully protected them from the sun by day and from the frost by night, when, on Saturday the seventeenth instant, I discovered the terrible pests above named feeding upon their leaves, and in so lively a condition that they were evidently preparing for the propagation of their unwholesome species.

I have intimated that I had to protect the plants from the frost at night as well as from the sun by day, for whatever the nocturnal temperature may have been in your more genial climate, with us, on the night of the eighth instant, my self-registering thermometer ran down to 30°, and again, on the thirteenth the spirit rose in the afternoon to 86° in the shade, a variation of 56° in five days.

Another and far more agreeable "harbinger of spring," a so-called robin, which, however, is really a thrush, (*Turdus migratorius*), built her nest on the capital of one of my verandah pillars, within a few feet of the front door; and notwithstanding the disturbance occasioned by the passing to and fro of many people throughout the day, has succeeded in hatching out her progeny, and, aided by her mate, is now diligently supplying her callow brood with their favorite food, the luscious worm or the juicy caterpillar.

My lawns, thanks to a good top-dressing of old manure given them last fall, are looking beautiful, never more so, and have already been subjected three times to the operation of the mowing machine.