



The Hemlock.

It is often objected when tree and ornamental planting are urged, that these objects though beautiful and desirable are costly, and that the money needed for them is not at hand. But many forget that for some of the choicest ornaments of the lawn or shrubbery, no outlay whatever is required. In many localities, there are to be found in a wild state, shrubs and trees fitted to grace the garden of a Prince. Among these may be named the hemlock, decidedly the handsomest of the Evergreen Family. Its graceful appearance, the delicate green of its foliage, its varied colours when the young shoots push forth, and its hardiness, commend it to the attention of all who have a home to beautify. It looks well singly or in groups, and as it bears both shade and pruning well, it is an excellent tree for screens and hedges. It grows rather slowly when first transplanted, but once established it flourishes luxuriantly. Removed from a mucky swamp to upland, it requires only ordinary care to make it bear the change remarkably well. Though it does best in moist land, it soon accommodates itself to ordinary soil. We would say to our readers try the hemlock.

Perennials.

This class of plants do not require the expense of purchasing, or the trouble of planting year by year, and there ought to be a good proportion of them in every flower garden. The *Gardener's Monthly* gives the following list of six kinds, flowering during the summer months, to which many others may be added, —and among them the Phloxes and Sweet Williams ought by all means to have a place.

"While caring for the annuals and grasses, we hope the hardy herbaceous plants will not be forgotten. We give a list of six good ones, for flowering near each of the months annexed. April—*Iberis sempervirens*, Double Daisy, Phlox subulata, *Dicentra spectabilis*, Snowdrop, the Forget-me-not or *Myosotis palustris*. May—*Polemonium reptans*, *Omphalodes verna*, Funkia alba, *Geranium sanguineum*, *Fraxinella*, *Aquilegia canadensis*. June—*Achillea tomentosa*, *Dodecatheon Meadia*, Funkia cerulea, Iris of sorts, *Lychnis fulgens*, *Pentstemon rosea*. July—*Zauchneria Californica*, *Wahlenbergia grandiflora*, *Spiraea japonica*, *Potentilla atrosanguinea*, *Lychnis Chalcedonica*, *Campanula persicifolia* alba. August—*Achillea Ptarmica*, *Clematis revoluta*, *Chelone barbata*, *Delphinium formosum*, *Lythrum salicaria*, *Liatris spicata*. September—*Sedum populifolium*, Double Dwarf Sunflower, *Anemone japonica*, the Lilies, *Dracocephalum Virgineum*, Asters. There are besides a great many other beautiful species, and which others might think even more beautiful than those we have named, but these will at any rate form the nucleus of a good collection."

"MY GRAPE VINES, AND WHEN THEY RIPPENED."—A correspondent of the *Horticulturist* supplies the following brief note of his grape experience last season:—

"*Hartford Prolifio*—ripe 25th August. This variety is popular with my family and friends, and a good bearer—drop easy.

"*Hebecco*—ripened at the same time. This grape is a favourite; a beautiful leaf, early, very pleasant, and prolific; skin rather tough.

"*Concord*—ripe Sept. 4th. This variety, I think, is one of the best. An abundant bearer, large, and good flavour.

"*Delaware*—Sept. 8th. Best of all. Enough said.

"*Union Village*—Sept. 10th. A pleasant grape, but its location is poor with me.

"*To Kalon*—Sept. 20th, ditto.

"*Diana*—Sept. 20th. Stands with us next to the Delaware, and the last season did the best.

"*Isabella*—Sept. 28th. Fine exposure; good.

"*Catawba*—does not ripen well with us, though they bore well the past year, and we enjoyed them after the others were gone.

"Under the best circumstances, for out-door culture, I tried the Black Hamburg and Brinkley, and I am quite satisfied, that under glass is the place for these.

"My other vines, Iona, Israella, Lincoln, Adirondac and Allen's Hybrid, have not come to bearing."

Cultivation of the Strawberry.

NORMAN can be easier than strawberry culture. It only requires the knowledge and observance of a few very simple rules. The first is: *Get good plants.* It is folly to bestow care and culture on a worthless berry. Many persons, to save a little outlay, beg a few plants, without any assurance that they are worth growing. The result, often, is disappointment, and a prejudice against this choice fruit. There are some varieties of the strawberry that are good, but require fertilizing with other varieties. But there are enough perfect berries to render it unnecessary to be troubled with any of this sort. We have tried a large number of strawberries, but have banished from our garden all, except the following:—Wilson's Albany Seedling, Triomphe de Gand, Vicountess Hericart, and Great Austin. The first-named is, perhaps, the best for general culture. It has only one fault, and that is a slight acidity, but even this is hardly perceptible, if the berry is left until dead ripe. The Great Austin stood the frost and drouth of last season better than any other kind in our possession. There are various opinions about the Triomphe and Vicountess. We can only speak in the highest terms of them both, especially the latter. The best mode of planting out strawberries is very concisely given, together with some illustrative cuts, in the following extract from the *Annual Register of Rural Affairs for 1865*:—

"Early in the spring is the best season for setting out strawberries. If the work is done well they will bear a moderate crop the same season, and a heavy one the next. The best plants are the well-rooted runners from last autumn. They should be well taken up, so as to secure all the fibres, lifting the roots out with a spade and shaking the earth carefully from them; if pulled severely by the hand the roots will be torn off. The older and dead leaves should be cut off from the plants, and the roots trimmed to about two and a half inches long. For ordinary field culture they may be set out with a dibble (fig. 1), care having been previously taken to immerse the roots in mud, to prevent drying. But, for garden culture, it is better to spread the roots out like the frame of an umbrella (fig. 2), and set them in a hole broad enough, with a small mound in the centre on which



Fig. 1.—Strawberry plant, set out with a dibble, or in the common way.



Fig. 2.—Strawberry plant, set out by spreading the roots.

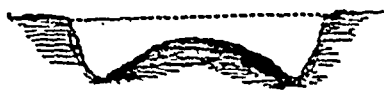


Fig. 3.—Hole for setting the spread roots of a strawberry plant.

the spread roots rest, and form a cap, as shown in fig. 3."

The after cultivation consists chiefly in keeping the runners cut off, except those you wish to propagate, and destroying weeds. No weed should be allowed to show its head in a strawberry patch. Each strawberry plant should be kept distinct, and no matting together allowed. For garden culture, beds four and a half feet wide, containing three rows, are very convenient. The plants should be about a foot apart in the rows.

The Lawton Blackberry.

To the Editor of THE CANADA FARMER:

SIR,—I saw in your issue of March 1st, an article in relation to the Lawton Blackberry, and having had some experience in its cultivation, I will give it you. I have fruited it here for the last five years, without any winter protection, and during that time have not failed to get a crop, though that of last year was rather small (about 300 quarts from a little over half an acre), owing in part, to the extreme cold of the previous winter, which froze the ends of the plants, and the drouth of the summer. The year before, I had from the same patch, which was just beginning to bear, about 2,000 quarts, and I am fully satisfied that with good cultivation in an ordinary season, 5,000 quarts could be raised to the acre. In regard to its hardiness, I think if properly trained, it is a good deal harder than the peach. I should think as a rule, it would be safe to say that wherever the peach tree (to say nothing of its fruit buds), would stand the winter, the Lawton would flourish, for unless the canes are killed you are pretty sure of a crop of fruit; and I consider them as hardy as the wood of the peach, if they are cut back as they should be, and made to mature. My method is to select 3 or 4 of the thriftiest canes which come up in the spring, and train them up, keeping all the rest of the young shoots cut down,—and about the first of September, head these in three or four feet from the ground, thus checking the sap and sending it into the side branches, making the plant more stocky, and maturing the root. I have always found a ready sale for the fruit; the price averaging here at wholesale, from eight to ten cents per quart. The only objection to it as a market fruit is that it will not bear transportation far, when fully ripe, and when not ripe, is too sour for the palates of most people. Many have condemned it the first trial on this account. It turns black before fully ripe, and they have picked it green and pronounced it not fit to eat, when if they had waited until it was quite ripe, they would have called it delicious. I think it could be made profitable for market, near any large town, where it could be picked and taken in the same day. At all events, I think any one who has a piece of ground where peach trees will grow, would not regret raising a few for his own use,—for it is, to my taste at least, when fully ripe, a luscious fruit, and is generally acknowledged very wholesome, besides it begins to ripen when there is very little other fruit, and lasts till frost comes.

Grimsby, C. W.

A. M. S.

Flower Farming.

TAKE a pair of compasses, and strike an arc on the map of the French shores of the Mediterranean, making the Fort of Antilles the centre, open the compasses to Nice, and strike around—the highest point will be Grasse. Then, descending again to the shore in an opposite direction, the compass leg will mark the fringe of the Estrelle hills, and the well-known town of Cannes, with Lord Brougham's villa. From Nice to Cannes it is twenty miles, and from Grasse to the shore ten miles. The three towns form a geographical triangle, having the tideless blue sea for its base. Within this triangle is the valley of the Flowers Farms. There are flower farms in England also, but they are insignificant in comparison with those of France. Elsewhere flowers are ornaments—charming accidents. Here they are staples. They grow like grass or corn, like potatoes or mangel-wurzel. Here bloom the jasmine, the orange, the violet, the tuberose, the jonquil, the rose, the cassia, not as in our beds, not as horticultural gardens, not as gardens, but as fields. Broad acres of colour flash under the hot sun. The atmosphere is heavy with perfumes when the snows are melting on the mountains, and the gurgling Var is rapidly growing into a roaring torrent. Here we enter homesteads not of golden grain, but of lavender sheaves; not of cheese, but of olive oil; not of beer and elder wine, but of orange-flower and rose water in vats; not of clotted cream, but of jasmine and violet butter. It is like a country of the "Arabian Nights." You expect the dark-eyed peasant to answer you in lyrics, and the very dogs to bark in tropes. You are oppressed with the prodigality of splendor. The soil is so fertile that, to borrow Douglas Jerrold's witty conceit, if you tickle it with a hoe, it smiles with a flower; or, as the natives say, if you plant a walking-stick, the forule will blossom.—"Dr. Septimus Piesse," in the *Cornhill Magazine*.