



Cullings from the "Horticulturist."

This valuable American monthly has commenced the new year with a very interesting number. We should like to transfer some of its longer articles to our pages, but that being out of the question, we compromise the matter by condensing and clipping. The author of "My Farm at Edgewood," contributes a characteristic article, "On not doing all at once,"—a thing, by the way, which is not very likely to be thought of, except by some wealthy man of taste whose extravagancies take a rural turn. We cut out a tit-bit or two from this article:—

"I would say to any one who is thoroughly in earnest about a country home—make it for yourself. Xenophon, who lived in a time when Greeks were Greeks, advised people in search of a country place, to buy of a slatternly and careless farmer, since, in that event they might be sure of seeing the worst, and of making their labour and care, work the largest results. Cato, on the other hand, who represented a more effeminate and scheming race, advised the purchase of a country home from a good farmer and judicious house-builder, so that the buyer might be sure of nice culture and equipments,—possibly at a bargain. It illustrates, I think, rather finely, an essential difference between the two races and ages;—the Greek, earnest to make his own brain tell, and the Latin, eager to make as much as he could out of the brains of other people. I must say that I like the Greek view best."

So do we.

"Half the charm of life in a country home, is in every week's and every season's succeeding developments. Your city home—when once the architect, and plumber, and upholsterer have done their work, is in a sense complete, and the added charms must lie in the genial socialities and hospitalities with which you can invest it; but with a country home, the fields, the flowers, the paths, the hundred rural embellishments, may be made to develop a constantly recurring succession of attractive features."

"For my own part, I enjoy, often for months together, some startling defect in my grounds—so deep is my assurance, that two days of honest labour will remove it all, and startle on-lookers by the change. Thus, if I am not greatly mistaken, we are accustomed to regard some favourite sin—thinking with ourselves—it will be so easy to mend that, so simple to reform it all; and we go on coddling the familiar pipe, or glass, or the trifling stretch of our credit, and what not, meditating with high glee upon the profound satisfaction with which we will come down upon it all some fine morning—as farmers do, by spasms, upon their weed patches. But (herein lies the excellence of the rural activities I commend) we keep the sins green and growing, and the sweep never comes;—while the old wall and the riotous weeds are one day whisked away under the besom of a new purpose, and the change is magical, inspiring and exhilarating. I don't mean to say the conquest of a favourite sin would be any the less so; I only mean to say, that your chances of making the conquest are far less."

The chances are less because the inclination is less, and the "new purpose" fails to address itself to the work.

George E. Woodward, author of "Country Homes," has a suggestive paper entitled, "How to remodel an old farm-house," which comes in very well after the counsels of "Ike Marvel" of Edgewood, but of which we can give no further account for want of the illustrations,—“The farm-house as it was,” and “The farm-house as it is.” They show very clearly that many “an old farm-house,” might be made a very desirable home, at far less cost than it would require to build a new one.

The author of "Ten acres enough," next furnishes an account of himself and his neighbours, which perfect strangers to both will read with much interest.

Here is an extract about a gravelled turapiko leading from Burlington to Camden, on which Mr. Morris's far-famed "ten acres" front. It shows that good highways raise the value of property not less than railroads in some cases:—

"The road bed is level, smooth and hard, almost equalling a tenpin alley, and superior to any race course. A dash of iron contained in the gravel, imparts to it a remarkable solidity. It is so well cared for by its owners, that a bad road is altogether unknown. Its construction has doubled the value of every farm upon its track. Everywhere it is lined with improved dwellings, better fences, finer orchards, and more productive fields. Loaded waggons roll over it, by aid of a single horse, where two were formerly required, and the pleasure carriages of the neighbouring gentry invariably select it for an evening drive. There could be no more convincing illustration of the transformation in improvement and population which follows the creation of a superior road. It draws old settlers from remote neighbourhoods to locate upon it, and with strangers looking for a lodgment it is the determining element which fixes their choice. Thus population clusters about it; and as it is population that gives value to land, so as that thickens do values increase."

The writer's success in making a garden out of a bog is note-worthy:—

"An adjoining swamp of a few acres has been added to my ground, not because ten were not really enough, but because it was a neighborhood nuisance, grown up, since the foundation of the world, with ferns, and skunk root. Some patriot must abate it, and why not devolve the task on me? It is now, after three years' labour and attention, drained, filled in, and producing, on a four feet deep foundation of clear peat, a strawberry crop which annually refunds the entire cost of reclamation. Drought never pinches the plants, and manure is wholly unnecessary. Wherever the raspberries, come within reach of this deep, rich, and ever moist deposit, the growth of canes may be said to be amazing. My Philadelphia, thus situated, have been the admiration of all who have examined them. It has been a great success, though it drew down upon me the hearty pity of my neighbours, as they drove by and noticed my incomprehensible beginning; but now, when fully completed, securing their equally hearty commendation."

Describing a neighbour's place, he gives the following particulars respecting an unusually fruitful vine:—

"There is an extensive trellis which is annually loaded with the Isabella grape. Until tasting these this fall, perfectly ripened as they were, I never knew the Isabella grape was fit to eat. Struck with the admirable flavour of the fruit, as well as with the perfect condition of each particular grape, I inquired why the fruit of these vines was so remarkably fine? The owner smiled as he told us that the earth around the roots was the general burial ground for all the cats, and dogs, and pigs, and mules, and horses which had there shuffled off their mortal coils since he had been upon the farm. What marvellous elaboration there is in nature, I concluded—'from seeming evil still educating good.' Try as one might, he could detect no twang of pork, nor the faintest flavour of a mule teak."

A S Fuller, an eminent grower of grapes, and author of a work entitled "The Grape Culturist," reviews the grape experience of 1865. He gives its history thus sententiously:—

"Rotted badly; mildewed some; very poor; rose-bugs played the mischief; excellent in our section, and brought a good price. The above, I believe is a fair report of the grape crop of 1865."

This writer deals very sarcastically with the idea that some lands are thought to be made for vineyards, while others are not, and while admitting the special adaptation of some soils and some locations for this fruit, contends that it will grow over as wide an extent of country as apples or pears, and in as great a variety of soils. Speaking of diseases affecting particular localities, he says:—

"I believe that the only disease that is at all fatal to the grape east of the Alleghanies, is one that is often found west of them, viz., neglect."

In answer to the question, "What shall we plant?" he says:—

"For my part I would not hesitate to plant, for profit, any of the following—Delaware, Iona, Israelita, Concord, Croveling, Hartford, and Rogers' Nos. 3, 4, 15 and 19. If this is not variety enough, you may add Adirondac, Clinton, and Isabella."

Peter Henderson, in an article headed, "What not to do," has the following paragraph:—

"A rascal of a tree-peddler, not content with victimizing a poor farmer near me, in the sale of two hundred worthless apple trees, added still further to the injury by inducing him to put a bushel of stones in the bottom of each hole for drainage; which was done at an expense that the poor man was ill-able to bear. I need not tell your intelligent readers that the advice had better not been given. Apropos to this subject is the so-called draining of plants grown in flower-pots, almost universally practiced by amateurs and private gardeners, and recommended carefully in detail by nearly all writers on green-house plants. Now, in the face of all these hosts of instructors, I contend that this practice is not only useless, but something worse, as it robs the plant of just so much soil as is displaced by the drainage (?) without benefitting it in any way whatever. Yet such has been practice of the thousands for a century, each one following the lead of his predecessor, stupidly and blindly, as we think."

An able article on "The longevity of trees," hardly admits of abridgment, especially as these "cullings" are growing too lengthy for our limited space. "A plan for laying out a square acre lot," with its accompanying diagrams, maybe transferred in a future issue, bodily to our columns. "The gardens and parks of Germany;" "A trip to Vineland;" "New hybrid pink;" "Sarah Howard," with a cut; "Editors' Table;" "Correspondence;" and "Book Notices," form the remaining contents of the January number of a serial which we highly value, and unhesitatingly commend to such as can afford it. It is published by the Messrs. Woodward, 37 Park Row, New York. Price, \$2 50 per annum.

Report

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE UPPER CANADA FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, HELD IN THE CITY OF HAMILTON, ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1866.

After reading of minutes, the Treasurer submitted his report, which was approved. The publication committee reported that full minutes of proceedings had been regularly published in THE CANADA FARMER. The President's annual address was then read, for which the thanks of the Association were unanimously voted, and a copy requested for publication.

The following officers were then chosen for the ensuing year:—

His Honor, Judge Logie, *President*, Wm. H. Mills, Esq., *First Vice-President*; Dennis Nixon, Esq., *Second Vice-President*; D. W. Beadle, Esq., *Secretary and Treasurer*.

FRUIT COMMITTEE.—Wm. H. Mills, Esq., Chairman; and Messrs. Geo. Laing, W. Holton, R. N. Ball, and Chas. Arnold.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.—The Secretary, Rev. W. F. Clarke, and Mr. J. A. Bruce.

MEETINGS FOR 1866.—On Wednesday, July 18th, Town Hall, St. Catharines. On Wednesday, October 3rd, at Grimsby.

Notice was given by Mr. Clarke, that he should move at the next regular meeting, to amend Act III. of the constitution, so that the second clause should read thus: "Two other general meetings shall be held, at such times and places as shall be determined at the January meeting."

The Secretary was instructed to furnish the Publication Committee with a complete list of fruits, recommended by the Association, for publication in THE CANADA FARMER; and the committee were instructed to have one hundred copies of the list struck off for the use of members.

The Wagner and Sweet Rough apples were advanced to the list for general cultivation, and the Lowell, Early Strawberry, and King of Tompkins County, placed on the list for trial.

The Sheldon pear, Pond's Seedling, and Columbia plums, and Belle Magnifique cherry were placed on the list for trial. The Early Richmond cherry was placed on the list for general cultivation in all parts of the Province.