

It is a free-grower, but, so far, rather a shy bearer. The fruit is green, and of a good size.

The Red Astrachan, which is the next earliest kind, is a remarkably handsome, rapidly growing tree, and produces a splendid large scarlet apple; but the flavor is very poor, and so far as our experience goes, the crop is very small. We have, however, no trees over twelve or fifteen years old, and most sorts produce much more abundantly after that age.

The Ribston Pippin is an immense bearer, and the fruit is handsome and of pretty good quality. It is an early autumn apple in this region, and does not keep well.

The Keswick Codlin is also an immense bearer, producing a green apple suitable for cooking purposes.

The American Summer Pearmain is an early Autumn apple of a handsome mottled appearance, moderate size, and very excellent flavor. In this latter respect we think it next to the Fameuse, and it will keep about as long. The tree which is a free grower is, however, so far as we have seen yet, a shy bearer.

William's Favorite. This is a long scarlet fruit of great beauty, which ripens early in September. A tree about ten years old, which has latterly grown with remarkable rapidity, has come into bearing this year for the first time, and gives promise of being one of the most useful orchard varieties. The flavor is pretty good, the flesh reddish and somewhat dry, and we think it would keep two or three months. The American books speak very high of this variety.

The foregoing are all the sorts of any importance that we have tested, except two good kinds which we suppose to have been seedlings, and of which there are probably no other trees in existence. One of these—an old tree which we have called the Canada Reinette—bears abundantly, a handsome, rather small, sweet, dry, and good keeping fruit, and the other, which we have called the Acid Apple, bears the greatest abundance of fruit we ever saw, which, however, requires an extra allowance of sugar in cooking.

Our experience respecting planting apples or pears does not confirm the general opinion that young trees from the United States or Canada do not thrive so well as those raised here. We have been, and know others who have been, alike unsuccessful with all. The great point is to have the trees in good order when they are planted, with roots neither dried nor frozen; and there is more danger of drying the roots in transporting trees carelessly for a mile or two, than in a journey of several hundred miles, if they are properly packed at the nursery.

The prejudice against trees from a distance is mainly owing to the dried condition in which they are delivered by tree pedlars, or to the exposure which they suffer at auction, when sold in that way.

Trees may be translated here from 15th October to the setting in of the frost, and from the drying of the ground in spring to the 15th, or even in some years, the 20th of May.—*Montreal Witness*.

A PICTURE FOR THE FARMER.

In the August number of the *Atlantic* is an article on "Farming Life in New England," which exposes the errors and defects of the system of agriculture in the Northern States, and portrays the effects of the wasteful, "shiftless," and unskilful management exhibited in the first, greatest and best department of human industry. The following picture of a farmer's home will be recognized as a truthful portraiture of many—perhaps the majority—of farm houses even in this "Garden of the New World:—"

"A square, brown house; a chimney coming out of the middle of a roof; not a tree nearer than the orchard, not a flower at the door. At one end projects a kitchen; from the kitchen projects a wood shed and waggon cover, occupied at night by hens; beyond the wood shed a hog pen, fragrant and musical. Proceeding on further in this direction, we look directly across the road, to where the barn stands, like the hull of a great black ship-of-the-line, with its port-holes opened threateningly upon the fort opposite, out of one of which a horse has thrust its head for the possible purpose of examining the strength of the works. An old ox-sled is turned up against the wall close by, where it will have the privilege of rotting. This whole establishment was contrived with a single eye to utility. The barn was built in such a manner that its deposits