

Many species of trees become dwarfed towards the northern limit of their growth. The most northern pines and spruces, birches and poplars, are but little shrubs; in the same way we find this Anis in Kazan, especially when growing on thin soil and without cultivation, loaded with fine fruit, and this, evidently, not one of their first crops, and yet the trees not more than six feet high. We find little trees planted two, three, and even four together in a clump like stalks of corn, three or four to a hill, and these clumps ten feet apart each way. This is strictly true of some orchards, not so of others; for upon richer and moister soil, the trees grew somewhat larger, and, as we went southwards, at each town we stayed at, we found the Anis larger, until, at Saratof, we saw Anis thirty-five years planted which had attained a diameter of trunk of ten inches. In nursery it is a slow and crooked grower such as nurserymen hate to grow and hate to sell after they have grown them. In orchard a slow grower. Trees in different places, pointed out as thirty years planted, seemed very small. In old orchards at Khvalinsk and elsewhere, it was considered the most long-lived tree. We saw there, trees seventy years at the very least. These were fourteen inches in diameter of trunk, branched low as the Anis usually is, and, though some large limbs had been removed some years ago, yet the trees were sound in trunk and top.

The Volga is a very old apple growing region. I am told that old poems, written about the time when Rurik was upon the throne of Kiev, about 850, allude to this. The maiden whose neck was like a swan, and whose lips were like cherries, had cheeks like a Volga apple. The high color of the apples of this dry region is very striking.

A wild rugged race of apple trees have been grown here for many centuries from seedling production, until we have a number of seedlings much alike in tree and fruit, and hence it is that the name Anis is but a family name.

As we used to gallop past these peasant orchards in our Tarantass, a basket on wheels without springs usually drawn by three horses abreast, we were always struck by the beauty, even