

watch with deep interest this singularly beautiful and instructive affair.

Yours, REPORTER.

On May day, in a quiet glade, on the southern side of the New Forest, the strawberries, according to previous decision, held their annual assembly. Its purpose was to compare notes, and to receive suggestions for the promotion of the general good. The attendance was large. I note particularly Triomphe de grand, Jenny Lind, Sir Harry, Hovey, McAvoy Superior, Boston, Brighton Pine, and Longworth's Prolific. By previous order Triomphe de grand presided.

He addressed the meeting, to the following effect. My friends, by your good will I fit the chair at this our annual meeting, an honor I duly appreciate. We are here to learn with what success we have weathered the wintry season, and what are the prospects of yielding a good supply of our delicious fruit the coming summer. I congratulate you my friends, upon the evidences of health and vigor I see around me. The verdure of your leaves and plumpness of your crowns shew sufficiently that you have borne uninjured the trying posts. No former meeting has been so numerously attended—none so promising. I miss however the presence of one, who was with us on several former occasions. Our friend Hooker is not here, and lest his absence may give rise to sinister suggestions, I beg leave to say, that from good authority I have it, that the wintry cold has almost destroyed his vitality. His physicians are of opinion that an instant removal to a more genial clime, shall that can save him. You know how severe the winter's cold is here, and none but strawberries of the strongest constitutions can survive it. We ought my friends indeed to protest against being left in a state of nakedness as we generally are, to rough it as best we may. I would suggest the passing unanimously of a strongly worded resolution against his practice. Why even a thin blanket, in the shape of a light covering of cut straw, or leaves would be to us most acceptable, (Hear, Hear), and it is certain that without it we cannot bring forth a full cup. The best cultivators, who are ready to acknowledge how countfully we repay any like kindness or attention, do not think of exposing us unclad to every blast of an hyperborean winter. They could not be so barbarous. But I will not just now occupy your attention.

Mr. Albany Seedling, rose, and said,—Mr. President, before proceeding to the ordinary business of the session, I rise to a point of order. We must have regard to our dignity. And I hold it is unseemly for one of the male sex, to adopt a female cognomen. Jenny Lind is known to be of the harsher sex, yet he calls himself, by a female name. This sort of thing should be put down; it causes confusion in men's minds. As to what you have said about

covering, I agree. My constitution is supremely hardy, people even say, slanderously of course, sour, yet I would not object to a little shelter. I should feel the better for it, and my fruit would be larger.

Madame Hovey, followed,—Mr. Chairman, I was very sorry to hear, the remarks of my much respected friend who has just ceased utterance upon my dear companion Jenny Lind. He is not at all to blame, it is not his fault if he is mis-called, the choice was not his. It is indeed a misfortune that so young, vigorous and handsome a gentleman should be nick named. He is so energetic, hardy, beautiful, productive that I shall like him under any name. Mr. Chairman—I am an old settler, years before your advent to this land—25 years ago I was born here. A long time sir for a strawberry—equal to centuries in other existences. And I have maintained my position in the first rank, being equal to any when properly treated. In size, beauty, excellence, productiveness, and vigor, second to none. The only one indeed on which you can rely for a full market crop. But then sir, I am often grossly abused. Other and inferior kinds are often called by my name. Of course their crop is light, and I am blamed. Again, I am frequently compelled to dwell alone. Now Sir, let men praise as they like a solitary, and hermit like life, it does not suit me. Society is essential to my welfare, I cannot thrive well without it. This is the only disadvantage under which I labor, if indeed it be a disadvantage. No one can hope to combine in himself all good qualities, Providence does not thus distribute its bounties. In the society of others I am cheerful and vigorous, I am no misanthrope. Let Mr. Albany Seedling, or Jenny Lind, or perhaps best of all Boston Pine, grow with me side by side, and I will shew what a good crop of fruit is, and what is so seldom seen. Sir, I am, under good and suitable treatment, immensely prolific. Let what I have now said be remembered.

McAvoy Superior, in evident haste rose, and said, (she had a slight defect in her speech)—Mr. Pres-president, I protest against the self-self laudation of Mistress Ho-Hovey. Why do these old dames put-put on such airs. It is to co-coquette with the gentlemen, (cries of order, amidst a general rustling of leaves). She is old, sue-she-looks wrinkled (fie, fie, oh!) Well, I will say no-no-more on this point. But I pro-protect against such a jing jingling-jumbling of terms as we now-now hear. Instead of plain male and fe female plants, we hear, Stam-Staminates, Her-Hermaph-Hermaphrodites, and Pis-Pis Pistilate plants. No wonder simple folks are discouraged. It should be stop-stop-stopped.

Mr. Jenny Lind succeeded.—It is time Mr. Chairman that I spoke for myself. As to my name, none can regret it more than I do, but