

Mr. Editor, I expect that there's a good many of these lying tree agents going round, and if they find any nursery has got a good name, why then right off they say they are agents for that nursery. Somehow, they will contrive to get one or two of the catalogues and other fixings, so as to look all right, and then they will go and get a lot of cheap stuff and bring it to you, and make you believe it came from that nursery. And then you will be mad at the nurseryman, and swear you'll never buy another tree from him in the world. Round here the people used to have a pretty good opinion of Mr. Beadle's nursery, but since that agent brought those miserable sticks here this spring, I don't believe you could sell another tree from that nursery to any person that saw them things last spring.

I wonder, Mr. Editor, if there is no way to punish the scamps that go around telling such lies. And how are we ever to know where our trees are coming from? I want to get some good trees to set out next spring, but I am afraid to subscribe for any more, for I don't want to be cheated in this way again. Will you be so kind as to tell us what we are to do?

J. J. N.

St. Mary's, Dec., 1869.

NOTE BY HORTICULTURAL EDITOR.—If every farmer, when buying trees of travelling dealers, or, as they call themselves, agents would take the precaution to get from the seller a guarantee that the trees shall come from the nursery which they say they are selling for, and that they shall be of a specified size, age and quality, then if the dealer fails to fulfil his contract and brings trees of a different quality or from a different place, the buyer can prove the bargain and refuse to take them. But that does not meet the whole case. Having prepared to plant, it is a great disappointment to be put back another year. To obviate this, he must take care not to buy of any man that he does not know to be an honest man. There are honest dealers in trees who can be relied upon. Nurserymen have tried to prevent this sort of imposition by giving those who were dealing with them a certificate to that effect over the nurseryman's signature, but it was found to be a very easy matter to forge these certificates by any dishonest man.

Another remedy is to apply directly to the nurseryman. If farmers would club together and make up an order of a thousand trees or more, and send to the nurseryman they wish to deal with they would doubtless get their trees at a reduced rate, and be sure of being free from the impositions of a dishonest agent. This remedy would be effectual but it requires too much painstaking.

We know there are many very dishonest tree dealers, men who make it their practice to buy trees of the very cheapest quality wherever they can find them, and supply them to their customers as the produce of any of the most reliable nurseries of the

province. It is but a few weeks since we called at a nursery establishment in the State of New York, and the proprietor told us he had sold a thousand dollars' worth of second quality trees to a dealer who took them to Canada, but took great care to scratch off every mark which should indicate that the trees had come from the State. And this will continue just so long as there are careless men to be cheated by cunning knaves.

The Gardener's Dream.

BY THE REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

On the 14th of September last, I waited for the train at Coventry—no, not Coventry, at Ratcliffe-on-Trent—and waiting with me were two working-men, of whom the one was sober and the other was not. The other was what is called by a mendacious g'oss, one of those flimsy cloaks out out by the evil one to hide the ugliness of vice, *fresh*. In truth, he was so especially stale that the sober man, wearied by his beery bosh, requested him to depart, as having had "too much drink." Whereupon he drew himself up with the solemn imbecile air of drunkenness, and said: "Now, just you listen to me. Do you think a mighty power'd mak' barley grow in the fields, and mak' 'ops grow, and then put it into the minds of other parties to mak' 'em foment, and me not meant to drink 'em? Why, you know nout." "I know this," said the sober man; "a mighty power never meant you to go and mak' a be-ast o' yoursen." Whereupon I got into two trains—the Great Northern and a train of thought—and I thought what an excellent sermon I had heard and seen upon the text, "using this world as not abusing it." I thought that the sermon taught a lesson concerning the moderate enjoyment of other things as well as of beer, and among them I included tobacco. Believing that tobacco was made to be smoked, and not being an ap'is, nor a red-spider, nor a mealy-bug, nor the Dean o' Carlisle, I smoke it. I had attached myself, consequently, the other evening to the slimmer end of a big Bresseley pipe, and my mind in musing about many things, settled, finally, like a weary butterfly upon a rose, on the recreations and amusements of life. And when I had asked myself which of them all brings the longer and larger happiness, there appeared amid the smoke the vision of a man.

He was tall, erect and active, and though Time's snow lay on his broad brow, his winter days were those of a merry Christmas, when the air is pure and bracing, and the heart is full of love and hope. He took a few preliminary puffs, as if to test the quality of my Latakia, and then addressed me thus: "You call yourself a gardener and a florist, but if you were so, earnestly and thoroughly, you would not be now inquiring what recreation brings to man the longer and larger happiness. You would have known ere this that 'gardening,' as Lord Bacon tells us,

'is the purest of human pleasures, the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man,' and that 'the life and felicity of an excellent gardener is,' as truly now as when Evelyn wrote, 'to be preferred before all other diversions.' Hear evidence which you cannot dispute, but must sign, seal and deliver as your own act and deed. This very day, in the most dismal month of our English year,—

No sun no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No—vember

you have had your chief enjoyment from your garden. After breakfast you went into your rosery, and you cut a bouquet from Glorie de Dijon, Madame Masson, Jules Margottin, Madame Domage, Senateur Vaisse, and Souverin de la Malmaison, which placed on your writing table, brightened your room throughout the day. Tired with a long correspondence, you refreshed your spirit with a survey of your little greenhouse, gay with chrysanthemums—with those Hybrid Pelargoniums, which recall so pleasantly dear, quaint, old Donald Beaton—with Primula, and Fuchsia and sweet with Violets, Genista and Heliotrope. At luncheon you feasted on the half of a Marechal de la Cour pear, whose growth you had watched for weeks, and which weighed eighteen oz. when it fell. In the afternoon you opened, with the keen glad interest which a schoolboy feels when he cuts the string of his hamper from home, a bundle of new rose trees from one of the great nurseries. Then having looked into your fruit-room, and counted, like a miser, your golden store, you went into your vinery and out those grand bunches of Muscats and Hamburgs, which not only made you a dessert fit for an Emperor, but taken in part to a sick neighbour, brought you a far greater luxury 'the luxury of doing good.' And so it is, that every day brings to a gardener its especial interests. There is always something worthy of his care and admiration, some new development of beauty, some fresh design to execute, some lesson to learn, some genial work to do, * * * And not only is the gardener's happiness thus in its duration sure, but it is in its peculiar essence of a very sweet and gracious quality. It ministers health to the body, and it ministers health to the mind. It brings pure air to the lungs, and pure reverent thoughts to the heart. It makes us love our home, content and satisfied with those two pleasures which neither sting nor pall; and yet, when we leave that home, it follows us wheresoever we go." * * * I looked up to express my consent and penitence, but my ghostly adviser was gone. I awoke from my dream, and from my doubts. My eyes were opened from a darker blindness than sleep, and I had learned to verify in the happiness of a life the lessons of my Gardener's Dream.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

THE SABLE QUEEN BLACKBERRY.—The *Horticulturist* considers this new variety to be worthy of being added to our present list of blackberries; having this year found it exceedingly productive, perfectly hardy, not as luxuriant in growth as the Lawson or Kittatinny, and therefore more easily kept within bounds and cared for. The berries, it says, are of good, large size, though not equal to some of the mammoth specimens of the Kittatinny, yet averaging as good size as the Lawton (or new Rochelle); in color, a fine black, of excellent flavour, pleasant and sweet, entirely free from the acidity to be found even in the Kittatinny, and ripens a week later than any variety now grown.