

by Mr. Wright, viz., that the land should not only be in good tillth, but that it should also be well fenced. Mr. H. here made some humorous allusions to his own troubles with bad fences. He had found some difficulty in cultivating his orchard lands; when he ploughed close to the trees, the whippetrees knocked off the bark, if the ground was seeded down, the trees became stunted in their growth.—Latterly he had adopted a different plan—he had seeded down his orchard with grass, but had dug a space of three or four feet around each tree; he intended to turn in his sheep to graze; and in order to prevent the sheep and mice from doing any harm, he had surrounded each of the trees with a box. With regard to the address, Mr. C. had evidently proved himself a good *orchardist*; he had *pruned* his essay of all technicalities, so that every one could understand it; and he (Mr. H.) begged to move him a vote of thanks.

Mr. Wright seconded the motion. With regard to the essay, he thought it would, if published, be of great service to many a one.—Every one who had travelled must have seen the evils spoken of; this was especially the case with regard to bad fences. Mr. Caulfield had remarked that his orchard comprised some of the strongest and hardest ground on his farm, and had found the ground benefitted by planting. He (Mr. W.) had no doubt that such ground would be improved by being planted with fruit trees; for it would certainly yield more if shaded than if exposed to the full heat of the sun. He had been rather more successful than Mr. Harland; he had no trouble with whippetrees, for in ploughing his orchard land, he used oxen which needed no whippetrees. After going as close to the trees as he could with the plough, he dug the remainder. With respect to mice, Mr. Harland had adopted the practice of boxing his trees. Now, he thought Mr. H., in so doing, had made a box for the mice, for he would have to make holes in the boxes to admit the air, and the mice would run up and get in. He had tried other methods himself, but he thought the only remedy for the mice was the *cats*. He would like to know whether Mr. Caulfield had observed the “wood louse” on his trees, and whether he had found the soft soap a sufficient remedy: or whether he knew any person who had found it to answer.

Mr. Caulfield replied that he knew several.

Mr. Harland said he would like to reply to what Mr. Wright had said about his (Mr. H.’s) boxing system. Now, they all knew mice would

not exist where there was no grass, and by turning sheep into the orchard that would be effectually kept down.

Mr. Wright had seen trees killed by mice where there was no grass.

Mr. Caulfield said that in winter the mice would run under the snow. He had himself lost ninety trees by them. The only remedy he had found to answer was to plough the grass down well, for if the mice had nothing to eat they could not exist.

Mr. Kench had heard it remarked that trees were apt to be barked when ploughing orchard lands. This might be remedied by using a small plough lately invented, and which might be obtained in Guelph, by the use of which they could plough close to the trees.

Mr. McCrea had not much experience; but he had lost trees by all the means mentioned. He had an orchard one year which he lost by the gates being left open. This orchard was on a piece of new land, and he found it did not answer well; he accordingly left it for several years longer, and then got it fenced, took out the stumps, dug the holes for the trees, and mixed a compost to put in, instead of putting in a few shovelfulls of the subsoil. He thought it of the greatest importance that they should plant the *natural* tree, which would produce fruit in two or three years; if the fruit did not suit, let them take scions from trees in their neighbourhood, the fruit of which suited them. He thought Mr. Harland’s plan of boxing would not succeed. His own plan was to plough between the trees with a span of horses, as close as possible, then take one horse and plough across, the portion which the plough would not touch might be hoed. Grass, he thought, would not answer in an orchard—it would only harbor mice; and the only way to get rid of the mice was to starve them out.—He thought, therefore, the best plan was to keep the land in good cultivation. He had not much experience in growing peaches, but he thought the land in this part of the country too high for the purpose. The plum appeared to be a native of the country, the only fear being its over-productiveness; but this might be checked by nipping off a few of the blossom buds. Pears he had not tried, for he had never met with any in this part of the country that were worth growing.

Some desultory conversation followed; after which the club adjourned, to meet again the last Friday in February, when the “Best and most efficient mode of underdraining,” will be introduced by Mr. Thos. Kench.