

## The Garden.

### THE MEXICAN EVER-BEARING STRAWBERRY.

We have thus far, as our readers will have observed, done nothing to give this much-lauded strawberry novelty publicity in our columns. Our first sight of the highly-coloured engraving of it used by agents, excited suspicion that it was only the old Alpine variety either enlarged by culture in a warm climate, or exaggerated by the artist to secure the sale of plants. This suspicion is greatly strengthened, if not changed into conviction, by a variety of paragraphs that have come under our eye in our American exchanges. We observe, too, though it escaped our attention at the time, that at the New York State Fair last September, the Fruit Committee decided that this strawberry, exhibited under the name "Maximilian," was only the old bush Alpine. We have no doubt that facts will prove this to have been a correct decision. The Alpine is of delicious flavour, but in this country it yields a very small fruit, scarcely as large as the wild strawberry, and is a very shy bearer. It should be a monthly according to its antecedents, but it only fruits semi-occasionally, and very sparingly. At least such has been our experience with it, and we grew it until our whole stock and store of patience was exhausted, when we plucked it up as a cumberer of the ground—just what we venture to predict the patrons of the Mexican ever-bearer will do when they get tired of nursing their pet, and are obliged to pronounce it seriously, what mothers do to their pets ironically, "good for nothing." They will find that the berries will be "like angels' visits, few and far between," so much so, that "never-bearing" will seem the most appropriate name for the plant; and they will find, too, that each berry will need to be looked through a powerful magnifying glass to appear as large as an ordinary Wilson. If any of our readers do better with it than we predict, they are welcome to relate their experience in our columns.

Since writing the above, the following has come to hand in the *Horticulturist* for July:—

"We regret to see the extent to which this

humbag has caught hold of many of our Western journals and fruit growers. It possesses very little merit, is nothing more than the old Red Alpine, which has been known for over three hundred years, and appeared here several years ago under the name of the Maximilian. Few or none of the names attached to the certificates are persons of any horticultural reputation, and even if the fruit were ever-bearing, it would be of little use for aught else than as a novelty.

"It is useless for publishers to say that they have no responsibility over their advertising columns. We say that if a publisher prints an indecent advertisement, he is the proper subject for censure, as committing an offence against the morals of society; and if, for the sake of a good fat advertising contract, he allows other parties of little or no responsibility to gull his readers out of a few dollars apiece for something as yet of untried merit, and then, in addition, editorially indorses it, when he virtually knows little or nothing about it, we think he is almost as bad as the thief himself. It is not necessary in all cases for a publisher to guarantee that all the advertisements in his journal are perfectly truthful and reliable, nor to decline advertising from respectable and responsible parties; but when something unusual appears, he should consider the wishes of his readers by satisfying himself of their reliability. Rural journals are admitted nowadays to be the very best advertising mediums of the country, because the advertisements are read regularly with as much interest as the literary matter. But public confidence gradually gets weakened in any journal where it is abused by the insertion of paid matter of doubtful character.

"There are very few journals that are able to refuse large advertisements; human nature is weak, and journalism needs money to grease the printing wheels; so conscience is laid on the shelf for a little while, to be taken down again at a more convenient season. These things ought not so to be.

"In addition to what we have heretofore exposed concerning this berry, we now close our remarks with the quotation of a correspondent who has grown the plant, and is well able to judge:—'I cultivated it two or three years by the side of several other varieties, and consider it inferior to any other I have raised. It is a very poor yielder. I do not think, with any ordinary culture, it would yield a quart to the square rod during the whole summer. The fruit is very hard, small, and seedy. From the flaming advertisements of this berry, many will be induced to invest, even at the price of \$3.00 per dozen plants, but it is nothing but a humbug—the most inferior berry I ever saw. In Mexico, it may be very good, but Mexico and Wisconsin are two quite different places. I have one or two thousand plants, which, at \$3.00 per dozen, would amount to several hundred dollars; but I will take, in round numbers, \$0.01 per thousand—provided purchasers do not bother me to dig them.'"