

into a snug little lawn, with a few ornamental trees and shrubs here and there. Instead of this, we see places either utterly neglected, or perhaps cabbages or potatoes grown by way of adornment, where the fragrant Heliotrope or the flaunting Geranium should flourish; or perhaps a few ragged Hollyhocks and a matted and tangled rosebush exhibit the taste and culture of the proprietor. One of the most infallible indications of the want of refinement is the neglect of the garden. The absence of it betokens a certain amount of idleness. Those most busy either in the field or the counting-house, will be those whose gardens are most flourishing, where weeds do not grow, and where neatness and order reign supreme. Thus, it is the home of the wealthy gentleman or farmer which proves generally most attractive. Not because the owners can better afford it than their poorer neighbours, but because the industry and natural talent, which lie at the root of their prosperity, beget in them the love of improvement, and the garden affords the widest scope for it. The poor man's establishment may be small, but it will be well filled, and the pleasure he derives from it will, perhaps, be keener than that felt by the proprietor of a large and handsome place. It is also a stepping-stone to something better, for no true horticulturist allows himself to fall back. "Onward" will be his motto, and for this reason the day of small things must not be despised.

Let us hope that the end of the present year will show a marked improvement, and that the taste for gardening will be extended and developed throughout the country. Let horticultural exhibitions be encouraged, and an honest rivalry maintained. Dig up your old, neglected flower beds, and re-plant and re-arrange them. Plant more trees and shrubs, and take better care of those already out. Clean and trim up the neglected paths and walks. Keep your spades and rakes busy enough to wear the rust off them; and "last but not least," extend as much as possible the circulation of THE CANADA FARMER.

W. T. G.

The Best Early Radish.

The Radish delights in a warm, mellow soil, and cannot be grown in cold, damp ground; especially is this the case if sown early. To be worth eating, the radish must make a quick growth. The best variety we know of is the *Rose Olive-Shaped*, sometimes called *Early Oval Rose*. It bears forcing well, will stand more heat in the hot-bed than most other sorts, and is tender and excellent if tolerably well grown. We give an engraving showing the form of this radish; it is dark rose coloured.

For culture in the open ground, make a bed of fresh, mellow earth, from the woods, if possible, and if this cannot be obtained, mix with sandy soil a quantity of leached wood or coal ashes; charcoal dust is better if it can be had. Sow the seed about the 1st of May, and as soon as the young plants appear, sprinkle them with ashes, or dust of any kind, every morning until the rough leaf appears, when they are safe from the attack of insects. For a later crop, sow a few seeds in the hills of cucumbers and melons. Here they will grow well, and may be pulled before the vines need the room.

The *White Naples* is a good variety, and with the red sorts, makes a fine appearance on the table, as does the *White Turnip*. Many of our gardeners mix the seeds of three or four kinds together before sowing, and in this way they secure a great variety of colour and form with little trouble. *Rural New Yorker*.



Relations of Science to Horticulture.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Gardener's Improvement Society, Prof. Buckland delivered a very able and interesting address on the relations of Science to Horticulture. We have space only for a very brief abstract. The Professor commenced by showing that an art is simply a particular manner of performing a thing—science explains the reasons for doing it. History shows that in all pursuits art has preceded science. Tillage of the earth is an art of the greatest antiquity; but the science of these indispensable operations, that which gives us the reasons or principles, belongs almost entirely to modern times. Of late years, the labours of the chemist and vegetable physiologist have elevated these primitive pursuits to the rank of a science. It was a great mistake to suppose that Horticulture is so simple as to require little or no special instruction other than can be obtained from the ordinary routine of the garden. Horticulture, like its sister art—Agriculture—demands the work of the brains as well as of the hands to carry it towards perfection. It is a complicated art, and much of its rationale remains yet to be discovered. Only think how much is implied in what is termed earth, or soil;—its origin and distribution, chemical composition and physical condition, its density and relations to heat and moisture, comprising an almost endless variety, and yet each condition having a special adaptation to some particular class of plants and mode of culture. Heat and light, air and water, had their indispensable functions in relation to vegetation. A seed is deposited in the ground, by the influence of warmth and moisture it germinates, sending downwards a root and upwards a stem, which soon expands into branches and leaves, obtaining food from the earth by means of roots, and from the air chiefly by its leaves. It is in this way, from the earth and air, that the substance of all cultivated plants and fruits, and even the gigantic monarchs of the forest, is alone derived. Upon the facts involved in these truly marvellous changes in their relation to practice, the success both of the farmer and gardener materially depends. It will be evident, on reflection, how intimately chemistry and vegetable physiology are related to horticulture. The choice of a site for a garden or an orchard should be determined by those various physical conditions which observation and experience, aided by science, can properly decide—a remark that will apply to the whole practical routine of the garden. After giving several illustrations of the application of scientific principles to vegetable, floral, and fruit productions, the Professor went on to remark the refining influences which horticulture exerts on the taste and tone of feeling of a people. He knew instances of this in many a lovely village in England, when by the erection of comfortable cottages, covered by the rose, jessamine, ivy, &c., with gardens, tastefully laid out and well stocked with fruit, vegetables and flowers, at rents not exceeding five or six pounds a year, the physical, domestic, and moral condition of the working classes had been greatly improved, and vice, in its grossest forms at heart, absolutely banished. The pursuits of horticulture, with its varied, delicious, and beautiful products, must powerfully tend to refine and elevate the taste, and lead the mind accustomed to the contemplation of nature up to Him who is Nature's source. In a new country like Canada, there is indeed much to do in this direction. Our people are getting substantial and comfortable homesteads in many parts of the country, but very little has yet been done by way of ornamental planting and tasteful arrangements, that need not necessarily involve a heavy or inconvenient expenditure. It was gratifying, however, to observe in some places signs of improvement in this respect, and in Toronto, Hamilton, and other localities, not only had ordinary kitchen-gardening advanced, but also fruit culture, and the higher branches of the art.

CABBAGE STALKS.—Here is something new for the lovers of cabbage, extracted from the *London Spectator*:—Take the stalks, scrape them, leave them in water all night, and the next day cook them like vegetable marrow. It will be found delicious.



Poultry Yard.

Experience of a Young Poultry-Keeper.

To the Editor of THE CANADA FARMER:

SIR,—I am rather shy of contributing any experience or science in poultry-keeping, but as you would have no correspondents at all if this feeling prevailed generally, I answer your enquiry for statistics, as follows:—I have for upwards of five years kept game fowls, not for sporting purposes, but because after trying every shape of long-legged Shanghaes and Braham Pootras, I am satisfied my favourites will compare with any others.

I have had for some time past two cocks and twenty-three hens. The cocks are Black Reds, not very large, but well-bred, handsome birds. The hens are some black, some fawn colour, some bronze, but are all purely bred without cross, and are now, this year, entirely of my own rearing, and I can speak confidently of each. They are excellent mothers, and very fierce when surrounded by a brood of chicks.

In January, 1863, they gave me 26 eggs; in Feb., 14; in March, 237; in April, 235; in May, 237; in June, 191; in July, 272; in August, 267; in September, 208; in October, 210; in November, 84; in December, 28. Total, 2,029.

This is equal to 169 dozen, and as I may fairly estimate the value of all the year round at about a York shilling a dozen, I call this \$21 12½c.

From Eggs - - - - - \$21 12½c

Then we killed 10 or 12 pair of fowls and chickens, and I price them at three

York shillings a pair, say - - - - - 5 00

\$26 12½c

I feed my poultry upon wheat screenings, about two quarts every morning, and upon kitchen scrapings every afternoon. The wheat screenings cost about 20 cents a week, or say \$10 a year, and I therefore believe I am justly entitled to a profit of \$16 a year.

In summer my poultry have a good yard, and grass, and all the garden pickings; in winter, a warm stable and dunghill, with lots of bones and meat scraps from the kitchen. Without this latter, I am certain I should not have an egg; neither can it be said to injure the hens by forcing them to lay, as one of your correspondents hath it. My hens are fat and in good order, and a young game cock hung for a fortnight or three weeks is as good, if not better, than any prairie chicken. "GAME COCK."

London, 18th Feb., 1861.

NOTE BY EDITOR CANADA FARMER.—The author of the above letter is only a youth, yet he has "upwards of five years" experience in poultry-keeping to narrate. We are much obliged to him for his business-like, straightforward communication. Game fowls have many points of excellence. They are very beautiful birds. No one can observe without admiration the bold, stately, majestic step and carriage of the cock. Independently of their beauty, they are valuable for the goodness of their flesh, their hardiness, and the long continuance of their vigour. Game hens are good layers, careful sitters, and excellent mothers. The one objection to this breed is its pugnacity. Even broods of chickens will sometimes fight fiercely and use each other most cruelly. The black-breasted Reds are considered the purest game birds. Our young friend will bear with us if we venture to criticise his accounts a little. But for the kitchen scrapings, garden pickings, and table waste, we fear he would have a very small margin of profit to show. It is, of course, an important item in favour of fowls that they are such excellent scavengers, consuming what would otherwise not only be wasted, but become a nuisance. But so large a number of hens ought to have produced more than an average of 85 eggs each per annum. Double that number would have been nearer the standard yield. Occasional change in the grain fed, extra care in providing plenty of lime, water, comfortable and secret nests, &c., would probably increase the egg-yield, and improve the balance sheet.