

willow, with its unwelcome roots and shade, was too near.

A word here with respect to the policy of sending out trees for trial. My personal experience is that when the recipient tastes the delicate fruits, and contemplates the beauty of the flowers, he feels the cords of affiliation drawing strongly, may I not add, tenderly. At all events, they address him in the name of the Association in the most eloquent language of progress and refinement. Nevertheless, the suggestion of H. M. Switzer, Esq., of Palermo, is worthy of consideration; perhaps both enterprises are possible. But of this, in its proper time and place.

You may expect me to say something of the hardiness of varieties. Hardiness is largely a matter of the *condition* of the tree at the time of trial.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Six years ago I selected a young native plum, about six feet high, vigorous, and standing on a clay bank, facing south-east. Sometime after it had completed its season's growth, the last of August, I mulched it heavily, kept it moist, and succeeded in starting new growth, I kept it at that till frost. Well, the winter killed that hardiest of trees, and killed nothing else that I had, not the tenderest.

AN OBSERVATION.

In 1884, just as the leaves of trees were about one-third grown, there came, at the last of May, a severe frost, accompanied by a wintry wind from the north-west for two days. Within a week I observed the leaves on the Black Ash all withering on high and low land alike. The trees never rallied. Our Black Ash are all killed, yet the Black Ash is a hardy tree. Why then was it killed? Because it was in just that *condition* which made it as susceptible to frost as a tropical plant. Some other foresters suffered slightly, and

some fruit trees considerably, at the same time.

This locality is not one to test the property of hardiness. Although inland, north-west of Lake Ontario about a dozen miles, and about eighteen north of Hamilton city, yet nearly everything that thrives there can be grown fairly well here. I have peach trees seedlings thirty-two years old. The arctic winter of 1884 and 1885 thinned them out. Some survived and bore here and there a peach, in spite of the 64° of frost they had endured. This unusual hardiness is due to *position and soil*. The country lies high and rolling, occasionally rolling up into the picturesque. Nature, when she made our mountain, decided that it should be unique. To prevent the building of any more just such mountains, after laying down the strata of shale, gray band and limestone, composted the surplus debris, detritus and lithic chips, fragments of slate and granite, and a large percentage of clay, underdraining, and occasionally top coursing, with sand and gravel. Then gashed and scored her work everywhere with gully and gorge of all imaginable depths, through which flow numerous streamlets limpid and trouty. Thus she has supplied herself with a comprehensive laboratory, filter, crucible and alembic, all in one. She is prepared to welcome almost every kind of tree and plant, and give each his proper food "in due season." What with steady and not fitful growth, perfect drainage, and well ripened wood, our trees attain the utmost healthiness and hardiness possible to the genus, species or variety. I have never seen a case of mildew on the grape. No pear blight that went further than to discolor the leaves. I have never lost a branch, so doubt it being true pear blight. The Black Knot never attacked our plum and cherry till it had ravaged the sand and calcareous soils adjacent