

AGRICULTURAL SEEDS.

About the beginning of May every year the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture receives a large number of letters enquiring for seed grains, grass seeds, new potatoes, and seeds of other root crops. These letters are mostly from Agricultural Societies. We wish to call the attention of the officers of these Societies to the fact that the Board of Agriculture, with all its powers, has not the gift of prophecy, and cannot be expected to know what the various Societies will require. But if each Society will, in the month of February, send in a statement of what seeds its members wish to have, it will give the Board great satisfaction to arrange with some one for the importation of any reasonable quantity of seeds, and supply them to Societies.

REMARKABLE PLUM GROWTH.

John Northup, Esq., has handed to us two shoots from a Magum Bonum Plum tree grown in Mr. Troplet's garden, Gottingen Street. These shoots, from a tree which ripened fruit during their growth, measured respectively 7 ft. 1 inch, and 7 ft. 9½ inches. Such growths as these, in one season, show that our Nova Scotian summer is peculiarly favorable for the growth of fruit trees. The following particulars from Mr. Troplet's garden diary will show the progress of the shoots during the season. Dr. Honeyman says they have larger shoots at Antigonish, for they had some at the Antigonish Show as tall as Miss Swan. It is an easy matter to get a very long sucker from a strong root,—but these shoots of Mr. Troplet's are not suckers, but the year shoots from a fruit-bearing tree.

FROM GARDEN DIARY FOR 1866.

- April 25—Willow catkin swelling; goose-berry leaf one inch long.
 May 8—Emperor moth first seen.
 “ 25—Garden Yellow Bird heard.
 “ 28—Plum trees in blossom.
 June 19—Plum scion 8 inches long.
 “ 27—The two plum scions measured 1 ft. 8 in. and 1 ft. 10 in.
 July 28—3 ft.
 Aug. 3—(Mr. Northup) 5 ft. and 5 ft. 2 in.
 “ 7—5 ft. 2 in. and 5 ft. 7 in.
 “ 21—6 ft. and 6 ft. 5½ in.
 Sept. 10—6 ft. 11 in. and 7 ft. 5 in.
 “ 24—7 ft. 1 in. and 7 9½ in.

SIDE SADDLE FLOWERS, PITCHER PLANTS—(SARRACENIAS).

Some interesting articles have lately appeared in the London *Gardener's Chronicle* on the cultivation of Pitchers. These plants, on account of their beauty and

grotesque forms, are much esteemed in England, but the difficulty hitherto has been to grow them. This may seem odd to persons here who are accustomed to see them shooting up like marsh marigolds in the swamps, only more abundantly. We do not think there can be any real difficulty in raising *Sarracenia*s, if they are rationally treated. *S. purpurea* is an extremely hardy plant, capable of bearing the hottest sunshine of a Canadian or Western summer, so long as its roots are kept wet, yet it is necessarily embedded every winter in a solid mass of ice; it should obviously be kept cool, and not stewed in a stove, as is the method of killing by kindness adopted by many English gardeners.

One fact we wish to mention. Two years ago we found the *Sarracenia* luxuriating in an exposed peat bog, on the top of a hill seven hundred feet high, in the cold island of Cape Breton. It was growing side by side with the cloud berry, (*Rubus Chamamorus*), a sufficient evidence that it was exposed to a cold summer as well as a severe winter; for it is only high up on the Scottish mountains or elsewhere, except in Arctic countries, that the cloud berry grows.—Let cultivators of *Sarracenia* think of this, and of how the great white bear pants by the side of his cool bath in the Regents' Park Garden, even on a day that is not warm to a Briton, and then he will hesitate before he puts his pot of *Sarracenia*s in an orchard house or even a cool fernery. *Sarracenia* must be cooled down to rest in winter and gently warmed into life in summer, like the snakes, and *always* kept floating in water, with its stringy roots in peat.

FELICITIES OF FANCY FARMING.

The editor of the *Gardener's Monthly* treats us this month to a treatise on the “Illusions of Country Life,” through which runs a vein of humour sparkling with grains of golden truth. The article is too long for our columns; we have therefore thrown it into our editorial pan, and here are some of the larger particles from the washings:—No land is bad, but some land is worse, for it takes a salary to maintain it; many who thought “ten acres enough” have found to their sorrow that less than ten is a great deal too much. The author's friend, JESSE RURAL, is a perfect enthusiast, and has had some sad experiences in his time. Jesse planted his raspberries with long canes attached to the roots, and fruited them the first year. “Ah, my boy!” said he, “look at that for a city farmer!” Poor Jesse; fruiting his canes the first year destroyed his costly plants. Now he went into ever-bearing raspberries, those marvellous sorts that fruit through the four sea-

sons. In two years he had half an acre of them, but ultimately concluded that his nurseryman had made a slight mistake and sent him the *never-bearing* instead of the ever-bearing sort. Jesse took to dwarf pear trees, and planted them in holes four inches deep with smooth mounds of earth about them; the mounds soon got hoed away, the hot August sun dried up the roots, *Saperda bivittata* laid its eggs upon them, and—they died. So now, done with surface planting, he planted in sod and mulched his trees heavily with litter. The mulch made a nice shelter for the mice in winter, and these interesting Rodents neatly girdled all the trees. Jesse, with indomitable energy, planted again,—standards, large trees so as to get the fruit early; some were full of fruit buds, and he expected to have fruit in two years. More than half of these trees died from natural causes the first season, and a pet goat finished the remainder while Jesse was at the sea shore. Other trees were planted in the garden and experimented upon with manures to heighten the colour and improve the flavour of the fruit; they dropped off mysteriously, one after another, and “aridity of the atmosphere” and “fungous at the roots” were the verdicts found.—His peaches were attacked by the peach worm; he applied gas tar, killed the worms and—the trees. The strawberries were the next summit of ambition; he planted Hovey's seedling in trench: rich land, and wondered why he got no fruit. He now grows Wilson's seedling in plain soil and succeeds better. Plum and cherry trees grow luxuriantly and the curculio, black knot, aphid and birds divide among them the spoils. He always had good potatoes, but wished to improve them; so he sent to England for seed and imported a new kind of rot along with his new seedlings. Jesse read in his favorite horticultural journal that if peas were planted 18 inches deep they would come up strong like bushes, and a single row of vines might be cropped the whole season. Jesse planted accordingly last spring, but the peas are not yet up. His melons were affected with insects, and he sprinkled them with petroleum; the bugs disappeared, and the plants went into a decline. Let it here be observed that it was the *Gardener's Monthly* that first recommended the use of petroleum, and the *Nova Scotian Journal of Agriculture* that first pointed out the danger of using it, and that our remonstrances have subsequently been fully borne out both in Europe and America. Jesse put too much brine on his asparagus bed; he hatched 400 chickens in winter in the loft of his barn, and tried to make his hens hatch by force, shutting them up with eggs, &c. Some rebelled, some died on the nests, the rats killed many small chickens, the pip took others, and of what