

beans or turnips. That is the system generally pursued here, and with great advantage, as they are in the habit of sowing winter wheat as late as Christmas, and it then does well. This gives them a long season for feeding off the turnips from the ground before sowing their wheat. Their ploughs are at work nearly all the time. This is one great advantage they have over us in Canada.

On Wednesday we took leave of our kind friends and came to Edinburgh, passing through a tract of finely cultivated country. We arrived in time to go to Holyrood and Calton Hill, the churches, the college, &c., and left in the afternoon for Dunblane, where we staid until Friday morning, when we got into the wrong train and went north for a short distance before discovering our mistake. This caused the loss of a day, as we had to return to Dunblane station, and then take train for Callendar, were too late for the Boat on Lake Katrine, and had to stay at the Trossacks all night. This mistake was not without some compensating advantages, as we had the opportunity while waiting at Dunblane, to see the old Cathedral there, and take a walk round the place, the views about which are delightful, including a fine rapid river. We had also time to climb up the mountain at the Trossacks until we were tired. Saturday morning was very wet, but we went by the first boat up Lake Katrine, and by cars across the hills to Loch Lomond, thence to the head of the Loch, and then down to Glasgow, where we found ourselves one day later than we had intended, and were prevented from getting to our friends at Conaie until Monday. I had written to my worthy friend John Thomson of Mouldy Hill how we were situated, and he met us with his carriage at Gretna, and drove us to his home a very delightful drive of ten miles. After dinner I went on a tour of inspection over the farm, and the next day our friend drove us up the valley of the Esk to Bonize, past Laugholme, in all a distance of about fourteen miles. This is one of the finest drives in Scotland, and the country is extremely interesting. Several very fine mansions are included in the views. The Holmes, or what we call the Flats, are very fertile, the hills rising to a great height on each side, covered with the finest herbage to the very tops, and dotted over with sheep. These are of the Cheviot breed mostly, though some take a cross from a Leicester Ram when they intend to sell the lambs, as many of the best farmers do, and feed off the ewes, buying fresh ewes every fall. The crops in this part of Scotland, and indeed all over the island of Great Britain, have been very much injured by the extreme wetness of the season. The general opinion is that the wheat crop will be below an average, and in this part the bean crop is very seriously injured, as well as the potatoes, and the turnips have been got in much later than usual. It is said to be the wettest and coldest season they have had for many years. The sportsman will not have their usual shooting, as the young game have been destroyed by the excessive wet and cold.

On Wednesday morning we left for Livery via Carlisle, passing through some fine tracts of country, and many of the manufacturing towns in which the chimneys of the manufactories are smokeless, the business being very seriously affected by the scarcity of cotton. The distance to Liverpool, 1.9 miles, was performed in four hours. We arrived here about 8 o'clock, and embark on board the "Bohemian" to-morrow, bidding good-bye to the shores of glorious Great Britain, Glorious in every sense of the word. May we of Canada long rejoice in the privilege of forming an integral part of the Empire of which she is the head.

Yours, &c,

E. W. THOMSON

A FEW MAXIMS ABOUT MANURES.—With manure no good farming is possible. The way to purchase manures is only by analysis. For practical ignorance cannot be blessed; less it be pleasant to buy things at double value, and lose good crops into the bargain. In manuring grass lands "it is the safest and soundest economy to obtain the effect at once and not by niggardly or piecemeal applications." Manure is the farmers' capital.

Letter from a Canadian in England

[We take the liberty of appropriating for pages the subjoined extract of a private letter addressed to one of the conductors of this Journal, by Mr. James Fleming, seedsman and florist of this city, dated London, July 1862.—Eds.]

I intended writing you a few lines on this, but really there are so many things to attract the attention in this immense city one's time is wholly taken up by sight-seeing. I have enjoyed my trip exceedingly, but as climate is concerned I prefer Canada. The weather here has been unusually cold since the commencement of spring, and the crops have of course been affected accordingly. There are symptoms now of improvement if summer set in, in earnest, the harvest will not far short of an average. My impressions on seeing land on the Irish coast were not of the most pleasing kind; the scenery looked damp and black, the weather had kept back vegetation, and the landscape appeared denuded of trees. However, the appearance of the farms and gardens very improved as I got into the country, which is very pretty, and in favorable spots highly productive.—We landed at London, a fine old town, surrounded by walls, occupying an important position in Irish history. At breakfast I walked round its walls and to Belfast, which is a fine city, full of life and commercial life, and which of late has greatly increased. This is the centre