

trees from the first sowing of the seeds in the ground, is rather a pleasure than a labour; and one which I have taken a delight in from my earliest years.

When I was a child of eight years old, I assisted one of my sisters two years older than myself, under my father's direction, in planting a nursery of walnuts. Those trees now form a fine avenue, and have borne fruit for many years.

Little children can be made to sow the stones of plums, cherries, and apple-pips, in the nursery: these in time will increase and bear fruit in due season: they will all bear fruit without grafting or budding, and they are growing while you are sleeping. In a few years they will be a source of comfort and luxury to your family, and you will not then lament the care that you bestowed upon them.

In the early years of our infant settlement on the banks of the Otonabee river, above the town of Peterboro', all the ladies worked in their gardens, raised their own vegetables, and flowers, and reared the fruit trees which in after years almost overshadowed their dwellings. They felt this work as no disgrace to them, but took pride and pleasure in the success of their labours.

My own garden was full of stumps, and stones, roots and wild bushes, and it cost some trouble to reduce it to smooth working order. I got some help to overcome the first difficulties. The stones, some of them of large dimensions, were removed with a handspike, and built up into a heap. Around the stumps, turf and rubbish of all kinds were heaped, and finally covered with a depth of fine black mould, on which gourds, cucumbers, or melons, were planted, the grass roots and weeds nourishing them as well as a regular hot-bed would have done: by this simple contrivance we got rid of much rubbish, which by degrees was converted into the best of manure, and hid many an unsightly object; the vines of the cucumbers &c. running down the steep sloping sides of the mound, and also covering the stumps with their leaves and fruit.

As I disliked the rough unsightly look of the rail fences, I got an old English settler to enclose my garden (which swept in a bold curved line from each corner of the house) with a wattled fence: this looked very picturesque, but did not last more than three years good. I then collected wild gooseberry bushes, currants, bush honey suckles, hawthorns, wild cherry and plum trees, with all sorts of young bushes, and planted them within side my fence, to make a living fence, when the other should have decayed; and had I remained long enough to complete my plans, I should have had a nice hedge. If we could have procured the proper sort of wands, fit for the purpose, I have no doubt my fence would have proved as lasting as it was pretty to look at. It was the admiration of all my neighbours, and many came to look at "Mrs. Traill's fence."