

which was driven by, certainly, the stupidest boy, it was ever my lot to meet with. He (the boy, not the horse) had only one idea; his master (*boss* was his expression) did not know how to feed horses, where as he, the boy, having passed a season at Boston, knew all about it; and yet this deplorably ignorant *boss* would not submit to be guided by the superior knowledge of his servant; to his infallible ruin, as the boy announced his intention of resigning his position at once, and asked me if I could find him another. I, unfortunately, was not acquainted with any one worthy of the services of so great a genius (he may have been thirteen years old), and parted with him at the door of my friend Mr. Charles Gibb, pondering the ultimate fate of so much early self-confidence.

July 1st.—Up at a very early hour, and into a fragrant, bracing air which soon dispelled all sense of weariness from me, alas! a dweller in cities for three years past.

The hay-harvest had been begun on the 24th, and the clover, which had been manipulated in accordance with my views, (v. June number of Journal), was in cock, sweet-smelling, green as when cut, and with all the leaves firmly adhering to the stem; worth, without doubt, twice as much as the wretched, sapless stuff one too often sees in the market of Montreal.

A great endeavour has been making here for some years past to arrive at a decision, sure and determinate, as to the most profitable kinds of fruit cultivable in this part of the Province. I was told by Mr. James Fiske, whose nursery is so well known to our readers, that, without the assistance of Mr. Gibb, comparatively no progress would have been made. The gentleman, it seems, has for the last few years devoted his energies, time, and means, to the development of fruit culture. Situated as his farm is at the foot of Yamaska Mountain (why have we not kept more of those Indian names instead of such wretched hybrids as *Georgeville*?) on a *stone-brash* soil: a finer site for orchard experiments would be difficult to find. The exposure, nearly South, is good, and the shelter from cutting winds nearly perfect. Seven acres of young thrifty apple-trees of all sorts, half an acre of pears, plums, and cherries, by their well grown tops bear witness to the attention show them in the early stages of their growth. The great drawback seems to be the danger of a too early flow of sap, arrested later by a return of cold weather.

The principal objects of cultivation at Abbotsford seem to be fruit, hay, butter, and honey. Mr. John Fiske's nursery is a model of good tillage and of careful work in general.

Experiments have been making here for several years on various kinds of apples, and the opinion seems to be that the Russian importations, particularly the *Duchess of Oldenburg*, *Tatofsky*, &c., are of great and permanent value. The *Duchess of Oldenburg*, Mr. Fiske informed me, will bear any amount of forcing, and pay for it. The great want is a good apple that will keep.

A curious incident, I was told, and I partly verified it, happened with respect to a Rougemont apple. Last year a single bud was taken from a tree that bore an enormous fruit, the origin of which was unknown, but it was a seedling. This bud was worked at Abbotsford, took, and is healthy and doing well. The parent stock, as I myself saw, is dead: this one tree, its infant, being the only scion of the parent stem in existence! Now if my friend was in the habit of wandering about with his eyes shut, this valuable *trouvaile* would have been inevitably missed. Fortunately, he is wide awake, and will, doubtless, watch carefully over the youngling which he has saved from so sad a fate. Regardless of grammar it is proposed to call it *Gros de Rougemont*, and I wish it good luck.

The *Ben Davis* is a favourite here, being a good fruiter and keeps well, but the flavour is only so so.

Of the pears, the *Flemish Beauty*, which I think we call in England *Beauté de Gand*, is a favourite, and so is the *Beurrie de l'Isle*, which I don't know by that name. It is not 30 years since it was always *Bury d'hiver*, *Bury de pâques*, with our gardeners, so the names are, at best, doubtful as to spelling.

I don't think it is quite fair of Mr. Cotton Fisko to keep so large a stock of bees. He has 85 colonies, and his brother tells me they choose all the smaller proprietors' bees out of their fair share of the pasturage! I hardly believed it, at first, but my incredulity ceased when I found that the rest of the people of the village had given up keeping bees! The usual yield of this apiary is about a ton a year, and very careful is the management to secure so good a result.

A prize is given at every meeting of the Royal Ag. Soc. in England to the man "who can, *without gloves or veil*, drive the bees out of their hive, catch the Queen, and transfer the swarm to a fresh hive, in the shortest time." Mr. Fiske and I tried the experiment we took the combs apart, drove out the bees, but could not catch the Queen. To my astonishment I did not get one sting.

Last year, one colony gave 100 lbs. of honey comb! I am not learned in bees, but this seems to me an enormous yield, and I fancy there must have been two families in one hive.

The grapes seem to be a failure, except (*horresco referens*) the Beaconsfield! Whether the rain and wind had driven off the blossom of the other sorts before they set, I know not; but, while they had only a few berries at irregular distances, the so-called Beaconsfield (it might be called by any other name and taste as well) was well furnished, and decidedly promising. It is a pity its flavour is so inferior, as in other points it is evidently a very valuable acquisition; perhaps this better season will improve it.

Mr. Gibb is trying conclusions with various sorts of forest and ornamental trees. Of the former (not that it is not beautiful as well, with its heart shaped leaves and lovely top) stands prominent the *Catalpa*, of which a notice appeared in the Journal for May. The *Copper Birch*, the *Silver Maple*, the various variegated foliage-trees, *Oaks* and *Cutleaved Maple*, are well represented in the *Arboretum*, which was not so clean as could be wished; but I saw the horse-hoe started in it before I left, and I dare say it will not be neglected again.

The land here is only moderately good—what I call, useful. The cows are a mixed lot, half-bred Ayrshires, principally, two or three decent Ayrshires, and the bull a good pure-bred of the Irving strain. The herd is kept entirely for dairy work, and is a fairly good one. I think I see a decided beginning of the end of all half-bred bulls, may half-bred mules of all sorts follow them quickly!

I observed a pile of compost making here which I cannot say I coveted. If the industrious farmer would keep as strict an account of the number of day's work of man and horse expended on it, and would use the same value in bones, I do not think, I am sure, he would ever make another compost heap. The case is very different, as we shall see after, where a tannery is at hand to supply the *nitrate of lime*; but *muck*, *bog earth*, or what ever you may call it is not worth two straws, except as an absorbent in the rear of the cowstalls, and even there its services are dearly bought if it does not lie handy.

No sheep kept here; but the time will come, when the lower slopes of all these hills (mountains if you like) will be grazed by sheep, which will be folded on the fallows at night, and do for Canada, what they have done for my own country, viz, restore the riches which the ignorant practices