

When we come to look so far back as 1843, and to able writers on the subject of flax culture, when at the same time our wheat crop produced abundantly, and brought more money into the Province than all other crops combined, how much more now should the cultivation of flax be urged on the farming community, when the cultivation of that formerly very important crop (wheat) is a total failure. I don't write this for the purpose of being published; but I wish to draw your attention closely to the subject I have been writing upon. Knowing that you have always taken a lively interest in the welfare of our splendid Province ever since your arrival amongst us, and to impress upon the Board of Agriculture,—and to impress it very strongly, too,—the great importance of taking action on the matter of the cultivation of flax, and that that Board would bring the subject before the Government, and to recommend the importance of taking prompt measures to accomplish what seems to be so very desirable at this time to the community at large. I observed before, that I did not intend this article for publication; at all events, it would be too lengthy for the newspaper press, and being not in the habit of writing articles for publication, the one I have just penned would be rather an awkward production to be placed before the public view; but if, at the same time, you can glean anything from the foregoing that you may think would be interesting to the public, you are at liberty so to do.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

JOHN GIBSON.

SHORT RAMBLES IN KENT AND SUSSEX.

(Continued from page 35.)

I must now leave Rye, and direct my steps to the ancient town of Winchelsea, formerly a place of great importance, but now only a large village, about three or four miles distant. My walk was over a perfect plain, consisting of extremely rich pastures, judging from the thickness and softness of the sod, and the thrifty appearance of the numerous cattle and sheep, which were everywhere to be found, with scarcely a cottage, and only here and there a solitary shepherd, or cattle-man, with his dog. This rich alluvial tract is a continuation of the extensive marsh, extending eastward from Rye to Hythe, and was doubtless formerly overflowed by the sea. The most conspicuous object on this dead level is the ruins of Winchelsea Castle, situated on the margin of the Channel, erected by Henry the Eighth, for the protection of the coast. There is nothing particularly remarkable about this ruin, which is now only tenanted by bats and owls, and other kinds of creatures, which frequently, without ceremony, take possession of buildings when vacated by man. In the distance, on an elevated bank, stands the decayed town of Winchelsea, surrounded on all sides by trees and underwood, green pastures, smiling corn fields, and beautiful hop gardens. I climbed up on the east, a steep bank, thickly wooded, and entered the town by one of its ancient gates, two or three of which are still in a good state of preservation. It would appear that the site of the former town was in the low ground near the ruins of the castle, and that it was entirely destroyed by the inundation of the sea. The following occurs in one of the old parish records:—"Be it remembered, that in the year of our Lord, 1287, in this even of St Agath, the Virgin, was the town of Winchelsea drowned, and all the lands between Climesden and the vocher of Hithe. The same year was such plenty of corn throughout all the counties of England, Scotland, and Wales, that a quarter of wheat was sold for two shillings." Soon after the new town had been erected on a high eminence, in the reign of Edward the Third, the French attacked it, and did much damage, and in the reign of Richard the Second, A. D. 1379, they landed again, and "slew all such as did oppose them, sparing no order, age, or sex." Queen Elizabeth, in a tour she made along the southern coast, in the year 1573, passed through this town, and was so much pleased with the place and situation, that she called it Little London. The remains of three extensive parish churches, Lombard affirms, were standing within living memory, when he wrote in 1575, one of which, at least a part, now remains in the midst of the central square, and must have been originally a capacious and beautiful building. The church only is now used for public worship; it is