

Three Days of Happiness.

{ Boreham, Sussex, England,
June 2nd, 1874.

On Saturday last, we were in the midst of the bustle, noise and throng of the city of London, near one of the finest railway stations in the world, about to depart for the country. We casually turned our head as a lady stepped out of one of the business establishments in the city. Our eyes fell on the lady; the next moment our hand was extended, which she clasped, and a sweet embrace ensued. This was our only sister. We had not seen each other for 20 years. Neither of us expected to have met the other, but knew each other at the first glance. We arranged to accompany her to her husband's, took our seat by the side of herself and two nieces in a train bound for Battle, in Sussex. The country through which we passed appeared more picturesque than any other through which we had travelled. On arrival of the train, a carriage awaited us, into which we were invited, and after a drive through the prettiest part of England, we arrived at Boreham, a small but neat, clean and well-kept village. Our time passed in unspeakable bliss. Nothing could possibly surpass our feelings of pleasure and delight. We write this seated in an arbour in the garden, in front of which is a well-kept croquet-lawn. Adjoining is a meadow of newly cut hay, emitting its fragrance. The scene beyond is a succession of rolling country, beautiful valleys, woodlands and cultivated fields, dotted here and there with farm houses and buildings. The wheat fields are waving now and again like the motion of the sea, as now and then a wind sweeps over them. In the fields may be seen four horses, hitched one before the other ploughing a summer fallow. The cattle are grazing in some of the fields; in others they may be seen lying below the wide spreading branches of some of England's oak trees, which are so peculiarly handsome, with very large spreading tops and short trunks. The lark is sending forth its melodies, soaring in the air above; numerous birds are chirping and singing in the fruit trees and shrubbery close by, even now and again flying into the bower in which we write. Upon turning round and looking through the arched foliage of the bower, we see a beautiful and well-kept garden. A bower of roses faces us; standard roses on trees about four feet high flank the walk with a profusion of flowers of such large size, rich and varied colors, the perfume of which is now and again wafted by us. The scenery beyond is another succession of beautiful farms. In the distance the barques and steamships are seen passing to and fro along the sea coast. At a distance of half a mile apart are seen the cold, stern towers erected for England's defence. But what is still more enchanting is the fond, endearing conversation of our only sister, for whom we always had the greatest love, respect and attachment, being near the same age, and not having seen her for 20 years, and the present being the anniversary of the death of our dear mother. We take walks or rides with her, or her and husband, or nieces, sometimes all together. As we pass the hedges, we must stop to pull a Canterbury bell, the honeysuckle, the wild roses or ferns, and numerous other wild flowers and plants that decorate these beautiful hedges, and

are such reminders of our young days. In some fields we saw partridges, pheasants, hares and rabbits, this being one of the finest shooting districts in England, where the game is protected. We shall never have the same in Canada. Everything is so green; the flowers here last, whereas with us in Canada, they blossom and die in a short time. The weather is quite cool and pleasant. An overcoat is not needed, but a good, thick undercoat is not too warm.

In this vicinity some of England's greatest battles have been fought. The remains of several castles are in this district. We have visited four of these old castles, the dates of construction of which are rather uncertain. One house we visited, called the Standard House, is said to be on the spot where William the Conqueror planted his first flag-staff in England. The house is now over 600 years old. The two lower stories are handsomely furnished with all the comfort of modern times, but the upper part is not used. It is one of the most remarkably constructed ancient dwellings we have seen, much of the timber is apparently as sound as ever, although the floor has been much worn and worm-eaten; but there remains pieces of wood on the outside of the building, on which may be

Fall Wheat.

When in England, we examined some of the growing crops. One of the finest pieces of wheat we saw there was a piece of Australian wheat. The heads were long, the straw was stiff and stood well. The wheat was bald, the grain not being sufficiently advanced to tell what it would be, although from its appearance we should judge the crop would yield sixty bushels per acre. This was growing on a farm in Kent. We also saw on this farm winter oats. They are sown in the autumn, and are not affected by the frost. We hope to introduce both of these varieties to you for trial. Of course, we shall only get a small quantity. The wheat, which is the most important, we shall not be able to procure in time for this fall.

In York Township, there has been another variety of wheat introduced, which appears to be doing very well. A small quantity was brought from the States last autumn. Some was sown in Oct. It was ripe the 25th of July. This is also a bald wheat; the chaff is red, the grain is white.

A company has been formed in Montreal for exporting fresh meat from Canada to England, capital two million.

THE GREEN FLY.

If slugs and snails are the terror of gardeners in reference to their culinary crops and other productions near the surface of the ground, the numerous tribes of aphids are equally obnoxious to the well-being of his trees and shrubs. They also thrive with provoking fecundity in frames and green-houses. The present season is distinguished by the ravages of the minute creatures, who do injury in various ways. They do not eat up the plant on which they dwell, but they constitute a sad incubus on its power of life, both by their own pressure and by the gummy excrement they so plentifully discharge. Gardens are so generally infested by these insects, and the damage they do is so well known, that any contribution to the modes of counteracting their influence must be acceptable.

It is well known that tobacco smoke, when properly applied, effectually clears the plants in the frame of the greenhouse from the aphids, but the same agent when used in the open air is almost useless, for although a puff of smoke will dislodge the enemy it will not kill it—it is only intoxicated for a time, and will speedily return to its predatory attacks.

Having myself a collection of roses scattered rather plentifully over an acre of ground, and all much disfigured with green fly, I therefore commenced operations with gas water. After having then diluted

it with six times its bulk of water I plentifully syringed some climbing roses trained against the wall, but to my vexation the insects were unmoved either by the smell or the taste of the dose. What followed I relate as a warning. If the aphids was unaffected by the gas water, other things were not. Despairing of cleaning my trees by any solution or decoction, I resolved to have recourse to the labor of the hands, and recklessly to crush the bodies of those I could not poison. I went over the bushes and drew my fingers up the shoots infested, thus slaying thousands in a minute. In this way I pressed to death all that I found on the rose buds. The operation is very disagreeable, but it is more effectual than any other I know. As the juices of the insects thus destroyed form a sort of gum on the branches, they must be well syringed with water as you proceed. By this mode I have brought the enemy under, although he is far from being quite destroyed. As the aphides begin to move when the branch is



GARDEN OF THE TUILLERIES.

plainly seen various Scripture texts. This house is over 600 years old. Some of the castles date back between one and two thousand years. In some parts the walls of the castles are 25 ft. thick. The mortar and stone appear to be almost impervious against time, so tightly are they bound together. The ivy claims the walls as its inheritance, and beautifies their rugged tops and sides. Our space will not allow further descriptions or thoughts about these old bulwarks at the present time. No description or painting can do justice to the beauties of reality.

Garden of the Tuilleries.

We present above one of the beautiful places we visited while in Paris. In a future number we will give some more Parisian sketches, with descriptions.

PRIMULA JAPONICA.

D. T. Fish, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, calls this exceedingly valuable plant the King of the Primroses. It has proved itself hardy in England, having stood the past winter in Suffolk County, and also in Scotland. It is grown readily from seed, and does not sprout. It is becoming a great favorite, and deserves to be in general culture in any flower garden.

Ploughing Match.

An international plowing match is on the tapis. The Toronto and Washington boys are making the preparations. We hear a car or more will be sent from Canada to convey the plow horses and men to and from the place of trial. We hope these international exhibitions may increase. We may learn something from the Americans. We do not fear but Canada can hold her own in regard to plowing. Such meetings tend to awaken a friendly feeling between both countries.

THE Durham stock still appears to be advancing. We thought that America had carried off the palm as regards the highest prices; but England has eclipsed them, eight thousand dollars having been paid there for a Durham calf. The highest price paid in America was seven thousand dollars for a calf. We would all like to receive such prices, but few only can afford to attempt to reach the highest priced animals, many will fail in the attempt.

A plague of grasshoppers has visited Southwestern Minnesota. The ground is said to be literally covered with them, and the destruction of all vegetation in that section appears inevitable.

disturbed, I think the shoot which is covered with them should be held over a basin of water, and then gently brushed so that the insects may fall into the basin. These modes of procedure may appear very tiresome, but it is to be understood that a well-regulated garden is only made so by tiresome processes.—EX.

GRASS WALKS.

The *Country Gentleman* advises grass garden walks. A correspondent spaded up all his walks, added good soil enough to raise them to a level with the adjoining beds, raked and rolled them till they were firm and even, and then sowed them with mixed landgrass seed, scratching in with a rake. "In three weeks I had the pleasure of walking on green velvet instead of gritty gravel, and with the help of the lawn mower have no further trouble with my paths. Always green and pleasant to the foot and eye, never wet, being above the garden level, they are a 'joy forever' and the perfection of garden walks."

GRASSHOPPERS IN IOWA.

We learn from the Council Bluffs *Globe*, that the grasshoppers by the million are destroying the growing crops. In some sections they are sweeping everything before them. Unless they soon develop their wings and are carried off by wind, the scourge will become general.

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