

## THE SEASON AND FRUIT IN ENGLAND.

BY T. RIVERS.

It is with great pleasure that we present our readers with a letter from that veteran pomologist, Mr. T. Rivers, written to the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, through whose kindness we have been favored with this communication. We annex the letter from Mr. Wilder, accompanying that of Mr. Rivers:—

Mr. Editor,—I have just received the following interesting letter from Mr. Rivers, the great pomologist of England, from which you are at liberty to extract. In regard to the hybridization of peaches and nectarines, I witnessed his results last year, they are indeed wonderful. Respectfully yours, MARSHALL P. WILDER.

My Dear Old Friend,—How I wish you were here as last year to have a good long spell of talk. I fear I have not much to say, and that I am almost too idle to write; for only think of our tropical weather, 90° to 92° in the shade, and so dry, for we have had no rain here for more than two months, so that our lawns are of the same color as our roads, and even shrubs are beginning to feel a little unhappy. As to such things as green peas and other succulent vegetables, of which we always have an abundance, they have, I suppose, gone to comfort our antipodes. We have, however, in this heavy land district grand crops of wheat and barley. I was at an auction sale the other day in this parish, in which the wheat was reported, at from 7 to 9 and 10 quarters per acre. It was in fact so exuberant as to seem as if the earth had given her utmost produce: it was indeed a glorious sight, the *golden* harvest, for not a speck could be seen on the straw. There is something in harvest that takes one away from earthly thoughts, and one thinks of the promise that has never failed,

and then one looks at the bright straw, and humbly hopes to be as clear and bright, and to be crowned with golden ears, as full of life-giving grain. Our pastures are very brown, and we have no turnips as yet, or mangels, but if summer showers come there will be plenty.

With regard to fruit we had a most abundant crop of pears set, which swelled to the size of the point of one's finger, and then nearly all dropped off, although when dissected, or rather bisected, no injury could be found in the core. This has taken place all over the country. Apples are a fair crop, but very "buggy," owing to the dry weather. Plums dropped off much as the pears did, but on many trees the crop is most abundant.

My seedling early peaches turn out well; a grower from New Jersey came over in spring, and took trees of all. They will make his fortune, only because they are so very early, and ripened as follows, all the trees in pots, and standing near together in the same room: Early Beatrice, July 4; Early Louise, July 8 (these are both of a deep crimson, and fine for market); Early Rivers, July 13 (this is white and exquisite, but too melting for market); Hale's Early, July 20. Early York, still hard, will ripen on or about the 30th. The fortnight's difference between Early Beatrice and Hale's Early will be of great value in your country.

Apricots, in our orchard-houses, have been most abundant ever since the first instant, and cherries, in the cherry house, ever since May 25; the late Black Bigarreus are still in fine perfection.

I have noted your new tariff. It seems unjust to allow *you* to import trees duty free, and make nurserymen pay it. Your rulers do very odd things. I had the pleasure, some weeks since, of lunching with Mr. Darwin, and was much delighted with him and all about him. You must get his books, "Animals and Plants under domestication."

The weather is so hot that my hand trembles while I write.

I am thy humble friend, ever truly yours, THOS. RIVERS,  
July 22, 1868.

Thermometer, yesterday, at 2 P. M., in the shade, 94°, to-day, 92°. In the sun, 120°.