

straw-hat, which effectually concealed his features, turning some hay, I called to him, and for answer was astonished to hear, "I'll tell you all about it. Mr. Jenner Fust, if you'll wait till I can get up to you!" It was Mr. Sydney Fisher himself, whom I had come to visit, and I was rather glad that my enthusiasm had manifested itself before I knew to whom the clover belonged. I found that here every one held the right opinion: clover cut green is preferred by stock of all sorts to every other description of hay. Mr. Williams, Brome Lake side, told me that, in 1879, he cut some very early, and all his animals refused the best Timothy for its sake. I hope this question is now settled, for it must be accepted as an axiom, after all these trials, that clover should be cut before even the whole is in bloom, turned once, put into cock, and carried thence, to the stack preferably, if not, to the barn; but at all events that, if possible, it should not be stirred at all after once being in cock, for it is at that time the leaf is beaten off and lost.

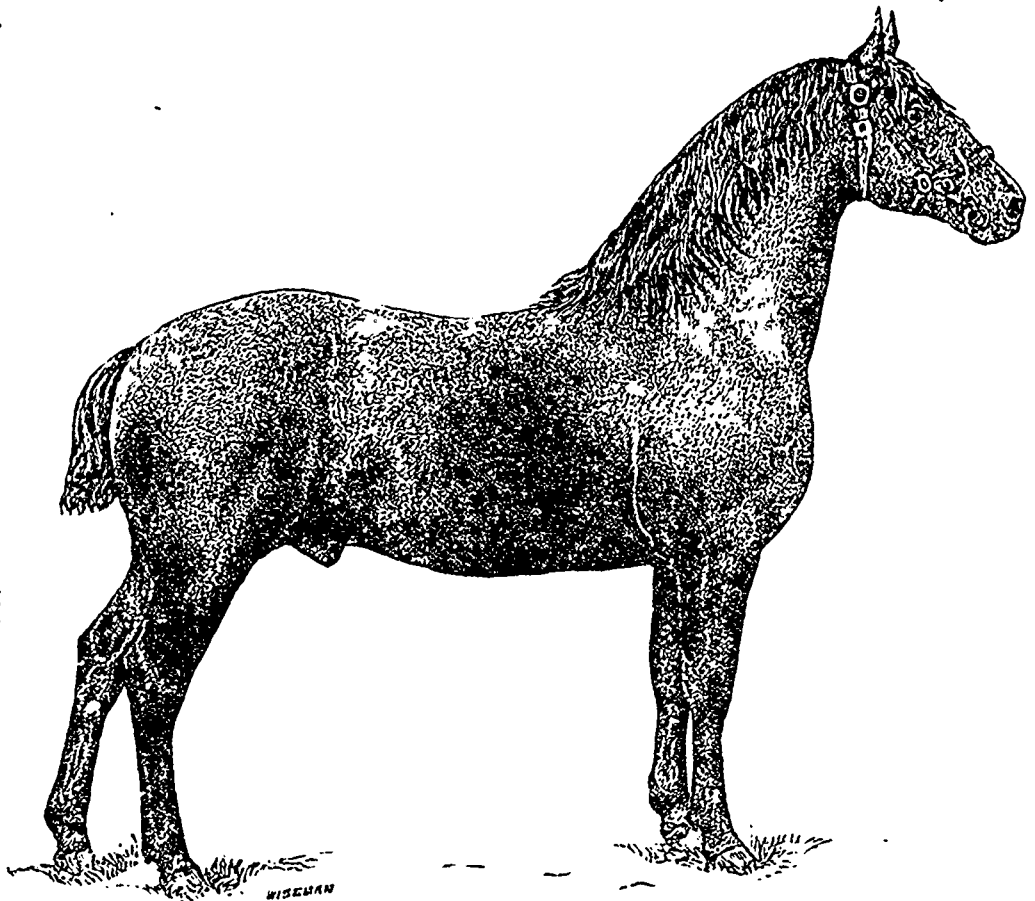
Mr. Fisher's farm lies on the road from Waterloo to Knowlton. The house, a new building, is most commodiously planned and the grounds are laid out with much taste and skill.

Now, it is something new, in this country at least, to see a young man of education and means, one who has had the advantage of foreign travel, to say nothing of 3½ years at the University of Cambridge, devoting himself to the cultivation of the soil. It is not playing at farming, at all, that Mr. Fisher contemplates. He is up early, and down early too, or else the candle, burning at both ends, would not last long.

There is no show here; all is ship-shape, the barns, yards, &c., are in good form, but not fancifully ornate. The cows are half-bred Ayrshire, the Bull Jersey, and useful animals for dairy purposes I should think, this being Mr. Fisher's principal object. The milk cellar was exquisitely clean; this I must say is the invariable case throughout the Townships. During the months of July and August, the Cooley Creamer is used; at other times the milk is set in old fashioned shallow pans, as experience shows that more butter is made in this way than by deep-setting. It may be so; but the opinion of practical men is to the contrary. Cooley's arrangement I don't like myself. I prefer a perforated cover, like the Aylmer tank; but, anyhow, the deep-setting ice-pail system is stamped with the approval of both practical and theoretical men, and I think it would be a retrograde movement much to be deplored if it were to be given up.

The butter, I think, would be purer-flavoured, i. e. the animal odour would have a greater chance of escape, if the milk were exposed to the air for some time before putting the tops on the cans. But if any thing is certain, it is that setting milk for twenty four hours to turn sour before it is skimmed is a thing of the past.

Mr. Fisher's barley is a full crop all over. His oats, particularly an acre of *Australian* oats, which, from the description I heard of them, are only the old *White Tartars* under a new name, are very heavy; some part, I should think, would lodge before harvest. These Tartars weighed 42 lbs. per bushel; a heavy weight indeed, for with us, in the South of England, they rarely go over 38 lbs. Why on earth they should be called *Australian* I don't see. Perhaps from a prejudice I found existing at Richmond, that horses



Hackney Stallion.

would not eat *Black Tartars*; a prejudice that would make my old friend John Day, the trainer at Danbury, laugh consumedly, seeing that he, Mat. Dawson, Scott, and the other horse-men at Newmarket, &c., never use any other oats than *Black Tartarians* as long as they can get them. It would be well to recollect that there only two sorts of oats which bear the *pamides* all on the same side of the *rachis*, the *black* and *white Tartars*. Of the latter, my friend Mr. Rigden of Hove, Sussex, grew, in 1849, the enormous number of 420 bushels on 3 acres of land! They went down of course, and only weighed 33 lbs. to the bushel, but think of 140 bushels to the acre, 4620 lbs.!

Mr. Fisher's root crops were looking well; there are about 5 acres of them. Potatoes about here yield from 150 to 200 bushels per acre; but I was told that Mr. Williams had grown as much as 400 bushels per acre. This is a real crop,