

day, in the stateliness of a beauty that is given alone to evergreens. Our attention was speedily drawn to a group, or indeed a little forest of pines, looking down upon the river and singing with ten thousand voices the song of every passing breeze. Here, we are told, the people of the neighborhood love to hold their picnics, and oftentimes upon a summer afternoon the waters of the river on the margin are dotted with boats, in which many a young man and maiden commence that endless voyage together that terminates only on the shore of the great glassy sea of eternity.

A little up the stream, and mostly on its farther bank and near the centre of Bellevue, lay the village of Plantagenet, with its 500 or 600 inhabitants, where the blacksmith was swinging his hammer and the shoemaker driving his pegs, the schoolmaster tending his little French and English boys, and where, indeed all the rounds of North American village life were being lived in all its phases, within the whitewashed and painted dwellings and places of business. This village is largely owned by Mr. Hagar. The grist-mill, the saw-mill, the woollen-mill, and other branches of industry, are all the product of the one versatile mind.

Above and beyond the lower valley, half hidden with the fringe of trees, lies the beaver farm, comprising over 200 acres, divided into two fields, apparently level, but with sufficient drainage—without stone or stump, and running up to the base of the grand old hills that in the various forms of pretty vegetable life that grow upon them, were bidding us welcome by their attractions. Two large barns stood near the centre of this charming plateau filled to the roof with cured hay.

Away beyond Plantagenet, apparently on a sunny slope, lay the little village of Curran, with an air of quiet beauty that was in keeping with the stillness of the atmosphere, the inhabitants of which seemed to live in proximity to the sky.

To the right lay field and forest, hamlet and steading in a widening basin, in the midst of which—3½ miles distant—lower down the river and at the head of steamboat navigation thereon, the smoke of Mr. Hagar's principal sawmill lazily floated about, and far beyond, the grand old hills on the farther bank of the Ottawa rose in their strength, shorn of all severity of look by the green trees clinging to their steepes.

To the left lay a wide stretch of forest, 500 acres in extent, where the evergreen trees crowd each other for a place, and yet they make room for their deciduous brethren in many parts, thus teaching another lesson as to the hatefulness of that selfishness which would prevent the distinctions of race from dwelling peacefully together.

Reluctantly we turned away from this wide panorama of beauty, sighing for that artistic inspiration that would enable us indelibly to stamp its impress on the page of Canadian story, never to be obliterated so long as printer's ink shall make impressions, and Canadians can read.

The farm, over 450 acres of which were cleared by the present proprietor, is made up of various soils. Here are the sandy loam of the ridge, from which we first beheld its beauties, the black mould of the heavy bottoms just below, the warm, mellow limestone and interval land between these and the river, and the rich clay flats covered with black muck on the western side—these allow ample scope for the growth of every description of crop requisite in stock-keeping.

The steading of Bellevue is situated below the village and on both banks of the river, and to avoid the roundabout way of crossing by the village bridge, carriages and full loads of hay and grain are driven over

the limestone bed of the river during the summer season, an additional means of transit being a large canoe, built, we suppose, it not after the pattern of that of Hiawatha, after the model furnished by some of the tribes of his race. The dwelling of the proprietor faces the Montreal and Ottawa road, and is built upon a rounded ridge, high and narrow, formed by the junction of a streamlet emerging from the deep dark glades of a Bellevue forest across the way, where a vast army of evergreen second-growth trees growing out of the ashes of some mighty conflagration which wrapped the forest in one winding-sheet of flame, and the story of which has been buried in the graves of an equally forgotten generation, are there fast growing up into usefulness, which cannot always be said of the young men of our country.

In the depths of that woodland we drank from the invigorating waters of a sulphur spring, and not far away from those of one strongly saline; and in the evening of the day beheld the herds of Bellevue wade through the running waters of the Nation, to take their evening drink, and with one accord, from the streamlet, fed in part by the waters of these springs. If mankind would show but half the wisdom of these herds, taking only what was best for them, the millions upon millions that are wasted in nostrums would be saved, and the hideous lies about them that stain the pages of newspapers otherwise respectable, would be left untold.

Either slope of this ridge of land is lined by gracefully slender pines and tamaracks, with oaks and elms intermingling, and each, unlike the persistent keepers of scrub stock, looking for the light. So completely do these fringes protect the dwelling, that in the dark days of winter, when the mighty tempest beats about the heights of North Plantagenet, the proprietor of Bellevue only hears their voices much subdued, murmuring in the pines.

The outbuildings across the river are numerous, so much so that they suggest the thought of lumberman proprietorship. They include farm house, a private dairy, ice house, barns, sheds, and conveniences for the different kinds of stock with yards attached, like the tenements and garden plots of a village. The root-cellar is overground, and attached to one of the large stables, the walls consisting of a double lining of boards six inches apart, and filled with sawdust; then outside of this a large layer of tarred felt paper covered by the sheeting boards. This has been found sufficient to keep the frost at bay during the sternest of our recent winters. From the side of a hill nearly half a mile away, the waters of a spring gambled down into the valley in other years, with the indefiniteness of aim that characterizes a thoughtless maiden. Mr. Hagar arrested these with a dam, and then through bored wooden pipes had them conveyed to the barns, whence the overflow is carried in pipes to several of the surrounding fields.

For long years Mr. Hagar has had a taste for keeping good cattle, and indeed the same may be said of his father before him, along with Mr. Rodden, also of Plantagenet, who keeps choice Ayrshires. Mr. Hagar has, for years, in the stock line, been hanging out a light in a dark place, for \$25 milch cows are very abundant here, although on the day of our visit he (Mr. H.) sold two of these (Shorthorn grades) for \$65 each, to a Montreal buyer. The grade cattle kept in former years were of a large class, and for long have been dashed with the Shorthorn blood, many of them now bearing all the characteristics of Shorthorns. The grades of this class now number 120 head, a contingent of 30 head being sent to Manitoba last winter.

The first Shorthorn brought to Bellevue was the bull Duke of Newcastle in 1863, bred by the late John Bellwood, of that place, sired by Sultan, and from the dam Newham Lily. In 1869 Prince Albert was bought at Guelph, a red in color, calved 1868, and bred by Samuel Barber, sired by Grand Duke of Mer ton [324] 5732, dam Eita, by Derby [65] 4690. He proved a good stock getter. The late Mr. Benson's (Cardinal) Baron Grenville followed, but before doing much service unfortunately broke his leg in the stall, and had to be slaughtered. Then followed Prince Albert 28336, a Princess bull, raised by Geo N. M. Curtis, Ogdensburg, N. Y., a rich roan, calved October, 1876, sire Saladin 10938, and dam Princess of Oxford, by Earl of Oxford (8072), which did well, and in 1883 he was sold to Angus McMartin, Laggan, Ont.

In 1883 Nero, bred by C. Marsh, Port Perry, got by Waterman —1554—, dam Blossom, by Royal Barmpton 32996, was bought, and is still in the herd. He has a good front and head, and is a strong, compact Cruikshank bull, now held for sale. The other stock bull is Soldier Boy, calved Dec. 24th, 1883, and which, along with his dam Sunbeam, appeared in the December JOURNAL of 1884. His sire is Lord Glamis (48192). He has made good progress, is large for his age, clean and strong in limb, nicely proportioned, and retaining that style which characterized him as a calf. At the time of our visit, though only in safe breeding condition, and 20 months old, he weighed 1450 lbs.

Along with Baron Grenville came two cows which have not done well, and with Prince Albert from Guelph, a heifer calf, Sweet Rose of Milton, of the stock of Joseph Kirby Isabella, bred by John Miller & Son, Brougham, calved March, 1882, is a good shapely cow, got by Crown Prince of Strathallan, and from the dam Isabel 6th, by Young Mayflower (41863) along with a number of other females of good type and lineage. They will soon build up a strong herd of Shorthorns. It now numbers 16 head.

Mr. Hagar has done something in breeding thoroughbred horses, and owns two beautiful stallions coming three and five years, by the horse Figaro. They are black in color, very pretty, and possess unbounded life. Figaro, brought out by Captain Moore of the Guards, at the time of the Trent affair, is described as a beauty, and was highly bred. Brought to Bellevue in 1871, he proved a very serviceable horse, yet it has been Mr. Hagar's experience that there is more money in breeding heavy horses.

The Clydesdale stallion Prince Imperial 2nd, bought in the winter of 1885 from H. H. Spencer, Brooklin, is a beautiful beast, well coupled, and finely ribbed, with broad flat bone, clean limbs and good feet.

The fine old road mare Dolly, which conveyed us from point to point, is worthy of perpetual remembrance in the story of horse lore. She is 22 years old, and during that time has only been once shod in her front feet, and yet is perfectly sound. Indeed, there is no blemish upon her in any part. She has the life of a colt, and yet will go through a snow bank up to her back in safety. She has frequently carried her owner 80 miles in a day, without apparent fatigue.

Here too are Shrops, a very good lot of 15 breeding ewes, imported, and from the herds of Mr. Fowler and Mr. Farmer, of England. The stock ram, from the former breeder, is a fine fellow, with short limbs, and well woolled on head, body and legs. Ten of these were purchased from John Dryden, M.P.P., Brooklin, in 1883. The lambs of both sexes are very good.

There are also Berkshires of a good type. They came originally from such men as Dawes & Co.,