

has thereby compensated to the farmer the fall in price, which necessarily followed.—Fresh butter, which sold, in 1817, for 1s. 6d. per pound, in Montreal, may now be had for 6d. In summer it is a perishable article, and must be sold when it comes to market. But hay, straw, potatoes, &c. and the very soil itself, are becoming, in the vicinity of Montreal, what an Angus farmer termed to me, “*mischievously dear* ;” and those who are in possession of farms in that vicinity will reap an abundant harvest.—My Angus friend, who seemed to be in the enjoyment of very easy circumstances, affords a proof, among hundreds, of what an industrious and steady man may do for himself in Canada. He came out in 1817, was wrecked in the Gulf of St Lawrence, suffered many hardships, and finally landed at Montreal, devoid of every resource, save his own hands and good spirits. He soon found employment, and in due time took a lease of a farm, which he finds to succeed extremely well. His wheat and potatoes, he says, are excellent ; oats inferior. He cultivates green crops, taking mangel wurzel instead of turnips, which suffer from the fly. He uses horses in preference to oxen ; has iron-ploughs, and follows what he called a *sort* of rotation,—1st, Wheat ; 2d, Green crop ; 3d, Clover ; 4th, Timothy for hay ; and 5th, Pasture. Several farms are at this time to let in this quarter. The rent expected is 10s. or 12s. per acre.

The Canadian farmers pursue the old Scottish practice of infield and outfield, taking crop after crop of grain from their fields, until nothing but weeds remain, and looking to Nature for that renovation which their own industry ought to have effected.

It may appear almost incredible, but I was assured of the fact, that it was by no means unusual, as winter occupation among the *habitans*, to drive out dung from the farm-yards, and deposit it upon the glassy surface of the St Lawrence, there to await the breaking up in spring, as a riddance from what they consider a worthless incumbrance.

In tracing a route upwards from Montreal, the eye of an emigrant is speedily arrested by the junction of the Utterwas, or Grand River, falling into the St Lawrence. I did not visit the settlements of this district, and do not therefore speak of them from personal observation ; but they