

que. Elles sont alignées à égale distance les unes des autres et sont exactement de même couleur, de même forme et de même dimension. L'une d'elles est destinée à recevoir les nombreux visiteurs qui affluent au vignoble, et les autres sont occupées comme résidences d'été par les Montréalais dont nous avons parlé plus haut.

La politesse exquise avec laquelle les propriétaires reçoivent les visiteurs qui désirent visiter le vignoble, la beauté de l'endroit, la vue de ces ceps ployant sous le poids des raisins presque murs, si gros et si nombreux qu'ils écraseraient les ceps sans les treillis qui soutiennent ces derniers, tout cela joint à la nouveauté du spectacle, offre à ceux qui désirent pousser une pointe jusqu'à Beaconsfield, l'assurance qu'ils ne regretteront pas leur voyage.

Si cette entreprise réussit comme il y a lieu de l'espérer, l'industrie vinicole emploiera un grand nombre de bras, l'agriculture deviendra plus rémunérative, le commerce prendra un nouvel essor, la richesse publique s'augmentera de la somme de production qui sera ajoutée à notre actif, et la fabrication d'un vin léger dans le pays aura pour effet de diminuer les causes de l'ivrognerie.

Dieu veuille que ces prévisions puissent se réaliser.

MONTREAL HERALD.

22nd September, 1879.

THE BEACONSFIELD VINEYARD.

In consequence of some disparaging rumors respecting this enterprise, we were invited by one of the proprietors to visit the place, and on Friday last we accepted the invitation. We have rarely been more gratified by the sight of any new enterprise, because we hold that this is one of a perfectly legitimate and natural kind, consisting in the development in a new, and we hope profitable, direction of one of our great resources, and the chief one—that is to say, our fruitful soil, and, in spite of the cold winter, favorable climate. We were accompanied by a highly intelligent gardener, a native of Burgundy, well acquainted with vine growing, and on asking him what he thought of the vineyard, he remarked that it was like Bordeaux. It is not many years ago since Mr. Courtenay, whose views, perhaps, in some respects were very visionary, excited the incredulous contempt of a great many, by insisting in printed pamphlets that there was no reason why Lower Canada should not become a great vine growing and silk producing country. The silk worm culture has not yet been—perhaps never will be—attempted; but vine culture very shortly after the time we speak of became an Upper Canadian industry, and the Beaconsfield Vineyard gives promise of its taking its place in our own Province. We may indeed remark, *en passant*, that we notice an advertisement in a Quebec paper from a nurseryman, seventy miles below that city, who offers for sale vines which, he asserts, constantly ripen their fruit in his grounds and are very lavish bearers. What any one may see, however, a distance of