

country at railroad speed, was enchanting, and the Impression made upon my mind, I think, will never be effaced. In reference to London it is not necessary that I should say anything; it is a great world of itself, and where the choice products of the earth centre. After spending a week in London, I proceeded to Paris, taking Southampton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight in my route, and entering France at Havre. From Havre to Paris we had a most delightful day, and the country through which we passed had a fine appearance; but I must say, I think our Canadian agriculture much before that of France in general. The splitting up of farms into narrow strips is an evil; to get rid of which is a difficulty I see no remedy for; nevertheless the Imperial school of Grignon, and several other schools of like nature, established in different Provinces in France, will, in twenty years, place her second to no agricultural country on the continent. I spent a considerable portion of eight days in the Universal Exhibition, and it is impossible for me to say anything which will add to the credit of Canada more than what has been said. In the Exhibition of 1851, we were much indebted to Mr. Logan, and we are again much indebted to him, and to Mr. Perry, of Montreal, for the arrangement of the products of Canada in Paris. The essays published must be of the highest possible advantage, and will make Canada known throughout the world. I scarcely know anything that could occur to place her in a higher position than that which she now holds before the French and British public.

"After spending between three and four weeks in France, I returned to London by Boulogne and the Thames, and this gave me a good view of the Thames from Gravesend to London. Among other things I saw the immense iron vessel of 20,000 tons, now building; by Scott, Russell, & Co. After spending a few days more in London, I went to Edinburgh and called upon James Usher, Esq., and examined his steam plough, which I hope will yet prove a successful undertaking. I then went to the Lowlands to examine the high state to which farming had been carried in East Lothian. I was much pleased to find that their best agricultural implements were made after the same model as our own; there were very few implements indeed that we have not as good in Canada. The steam-engine and high chimneys are nearly the only things in which we are deficient. On enquiry of a most intelligent Lowland Scotch farmer, he informed me that the secret of success in their farming consisted in three things—*underdraining*, the *rotation of crops*, in which the root crop bears a very prominent part, and the *application of Guano*.

If the Sheriff can find time to give us any facts of a practical nature, bearing on the subject of agricultural improvement, which he may have noted during his tour, we shall be glad to give them insertion in the *Agriculturist*.

LORD REDESDALE.—Judging from Lord Redesdale's uncomplimentary allusion to the ladies who thronged the galleries of the House of Peers on a great debate night last session—that their presence made the House resemble a casino—one would be led to suppose that the aforesaid Lord Redesdale was a somewhat crusty, musty, &c., old bachelor. However, nothing of the kind. Instead of being cross-grained, yellow, shrivelled, bloodless, Lord Redesdale is plump and good-looking, with a fresh colour, not gained by sitting up o' nights, or by bachelor irregularities. If appearances are any guide in such matters, he is a man to whom few ladies would like to say No. But then, he is undeniably eccentric—wears no gloves, always affects a yellow nankeen waistcoat, a shabby hat, and a blue coat with brass buttons—and is altogether an odd person. An anecdote is told of him which shows at once what the outward man must be. His lordship called one morning at the house of a friend, a peer, and was set down without hesitation by the footman, who opened the door to him as a brother servant with a message for personal delivery to "my lord." Acting on this conclusion, Jeames, who happened to be thirsty, accosted the caller with a "I say, there's nobody in just now to send; I wish you'd go to the corner, and bring up a pint of half-and-half—there's a good feller." The supposed footman entered into the joke, not only ordered, but brought the mixture of Barclay and Perkins, in its native pewter, with his own (ungloved) hands, and entered into friendly converse with the "precious dry" hall Cerberus. Presently "my lord" came in, and shook the shabby person by both hands. "Halloo, Redesdale! In the hall? How's this? Hope you haven't been waiting long." What Jeames's feelings were on the occasion the story does not pretend to relate; they may be left to the imagination.