

They are left standing for a day or two, until the water has run out of them. The plants are then fit to spread on the ground, in thin layers. When dried on one side, turn them over, and a few hours of sunshine will complete the operation. Do not take them in unless thoroughly dried.

THE FEMALE PLANT.

When the seeds harden, the female plants ought to be pulled. It would not do to wait until the seed is quite ripe, because the bags containing it will then burst, and the seed drops on the ground and is lost. The seed is allowed to ripen for a few days on the field, care being taken to prevent the head of the plant, which contains the seed, from resting on the ground. It must not be beaten out with the flail. It is too soft for that, and would be crushed. The best plan is to bring barrels or boxes to the field, hold the handful of hemp with one hand, the heads of the plant placed inside the barrel or box, and with the other hand, armed with a small stick, beat the heads until the seed drops, after which operation the female plants are retted in the same way as the male plant.

When the seed is extracted, it is taken under shelter and laid in very thin layers, not more than a couple of inches thick, for it is very apt to heat when not thoroughly dry. It is well to turn it over from time to time. After a month or so, when well dried, the seed is winnowed and put up into bags or barrels.

Such is the European mode of harvesting. The Kentuckian method will be described next month.

ENTERPRISE, INDUSTRY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

At a recent meeting of the London Farmers' Club, Mr. James Howard, M. P., read an elaborate paper on the existing systems of farming in European countries,—from which we extract the following instructive description of an amateur's farm in France. If some Halifax hardware man would clear 3800 acres of bog and wood, and cultivate it as M. Cail does, we might then have some hope that our farmers would arouse themselves. A few emigrants like M. Cail would soon make our country prosper:—

"I now refer to the large farm of M. Cail, which is situated at La Briche, near Tours, 200 miles south-west of Paris. M. Cail is proprietor of one of the largest engineering establishments in France—a great builder of locomotives; his farm of La Briche consists of about 3800 acres, which he has reclaimed from waste land—bog and wood. Being a thorough utilitarian, not a tree or a fence of any kind has been left: the whole is laid out in

large fields, some nearly a mile across, which have been drained, and good hard roads made through the whole property. One good central homestead and eight minor ones have been erected. It requires but a glance to be convinced that the proprietor of such a place is a man with an iron will. The central homestead, the most wonderful place of the kind I have ever seen, is worth making the journey to see. The corn barn, with a triple roof like a railway station, is 366 feet long and 130 feet wide, and 32 feet high in the walls. It will contain 1250 acres of unthreshed corn. A line of shafting with pulleys runs down the centre throughout the length. The threshing machine, a portable one, is drawn forward as the threshing is accomplished. Everything is on the same scale—sheds for 600 bullocks, a covered fold for 3000 sheep, a huge granary for threshed grain, tramways to every part, a large beetroot distillery at which the roots are made into sugar or spirit according to the prospect of the market. Every vehicle on entering and leaving the homestead passes over a weigh-bridge at the gates, and the weight of the load is recorded and charged to or credited to the respective fields. The farm is cultivated on the three-course shift:—1st, Wheat; 2nd, Beetroot; 3rd, Clover. I rode over 1250 acres of fine beetroot, beautifully cultivated. Little attention is given to the hoeing of corn by Sugar-Beet growers, as the land is supposed to be thoroughly cleaned when under the root crop.

"Boys sent to reformatories in France are employed in agriculture till their turn comes for conscription. The reformatories are called agricultural colonies, and are distributed over the rural districts. I found at La Briche 130 of these boys, from 14 to 18 years old: they work in gangs, under a superintendent sent with them from the Mettray Reformatory.—During the winter evenings they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and measuring. The condition of the labourer in this part of France, as in most others is a very hard one. At each of the eight homesteads is a married couple, who supply food to the labourers employed in their division, the greater part of whom are unmarried. The team men sleep with the cattle, two in a bed, or rather in a box, on a sack of straw, a rude floor being put up at one end of the sheds. Up to that period I had never seen men so nearly reduced to a state of slavery. I arrived at the farm about daylight, and found all hands at work. The hours in summer, I learned, were from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m.; and, mark you, till noon on Sundays. The wages, without perquisites for these long hours, are 1s. 8d. per day. A good crop of wheat was being cut, the men using a fagging-hook; 5s. was the price paid for cutting and binding an im-

perial acre; and the wages paid by M. Cail are higher than the current wages of the neighborhood. In spite of the rigid condition in which the labourers of La Briche work, I noticed a deal of apparent good feeling, as well as an approach to familiarity, between employer and employed. The men addressed M. Cail with a kindly salutation, whilst, to my astonishment and intense amusement, this gentleman, of polished exterior living in great style at one of the most elegant houses in Paris, saluted the various foremen by kissing them on both cheeks, receiving a corresponding salute in return. I managed to keep my risible faculties under restraint until arriving at the blacksmith's shop, when a similar scene between M. Cail and the foreman, a grimy son of Vulcan, proved irresistible. M. Cail is a shrewd man of the world, and, noticing my amusement, remarked that conforming in this way to the custom of the province had given him a hold upon the people he could not have obtained had he totally disregarded their notions of equality and fraternity."

BOTANY AND HORTICULTURE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Nova Scotian JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE appears to think that because in our report of the York Agricultural Show, we did not feel disposed to give the botanical names of the plants and flowers on exhibition that the taste for Botany and Scientific Horticulture is, therefore, not increasing in our Province. That the very opposite of this is the case any one may satisfy himself by a visit to our gardens at the proper season of the year; and we do not think we are risking too much when we say that we believe they will compare favorably with any gardens in our highly-favored sister province. It is too bad that from an act of simple indifference on our part, the people of this Province should be subjected to a charge of want of good taste. We thank the JOURNAL for giving such prominence to our report of the York County Show, but we must venture to correct an impression which the heading of the article, as used in the JOURNAL, is calculated to convey, that the show was a Provincial one, the words "New Brunswick Agricultural Show" being used. The exhibition in question, as the few first lines of our article indicates, was merely a local affair, and did not even embrace a third of York County.

Next year the Provincial or "New Brunswick" Agricultural Show will take place, and is to be held in Fredericton. We hope the Editor of the JOURNAL will then find it convenient to be in our city, when, if we mistake not, he will entertain a better opinion of our tastes for Botany and Scientific Horticulture, and form a