

possessed of the practical brains as well as the kind heart for which the world gives him credit. There can be nothing more charming than the account some of the General's recent visitors give of the manner in which his love and labour have in little more than ten or twelve years contrived to turn a bare rock near the coast of Sardinia, not only into a smiling garden, but also into a richly productive estate.

It was natural to expect that a man of Garibaldi's simple tastes and abstemious habits would have chosen his island hermitage for the mere sake of its barren and desolate look, and that the tilling of a few acres for wheat, and the growth of the commonest vegetable, should have met all his requirements. But the cultivation of the mere necessities of life would not have filled up the cravings of an extraordinarily active mind. Unlike most of his countrymen, Garibaldi did not gratify his ambition by setting masons to work. He charged Nature with the embellishment of his home; and so marvellous is that Mediterranean climate that in this short time luxuriant groves of laurel and myrtle have sprung up to overshadow his lowly roof. All round, in the hollows, wherever shelter could be found or made, the orange and lemon are growing in thickets, while on more exposed sites there spreads a wide plantation of olive and almond, overtopped by the cypress, the pine, and even the date palm, though the latter bears no fruit. Garibaldi himself drinks no wine; but he is, nevertheless, a wine-grower on a large scale. His hill-sides are covered with low, closely pruned vine-stocks, an importation from the most celebrated Piedmontese and Tuscan vine-yards; the young vines, planted in straight rows at a metre's distance from one another, and never suffered to rise above two or three feet from the ground, and never bear more than 2 or 3 bunches of grapes. By this thrift the General is enabled to place choice wine before the guests who crowd upon him, while the Marsala and Malaga grapes growing at will in his lofty arbours supply the dessert with such luscious fruit as the South alone knows of. The General's orchards do not yield many apples, pears, or peaches, but the prickly-pear and the carob-tree are so prolific that their produce is thrown with a full hand to fatten swine. Garibaldi's dairy is supplied with milk and butter by six cows of the tall Cremona breed, but numerous herds of cattle roam at large in the island, needing no shelter at any time in the year, and providing the establishment with mountain-fed butcher's meat, in return for the lucern and clover which the General coaxes out of artificial meadows where the grass is cut five times in the year. The same constant prosperity does not attend all the Gene-

ral's undertakings. All his efforts to root out a poisonous weed with which the island once teemed have not been altogether successful, and the propagation of his flocks and herds is thereby sensibly checked. In the same manner the attempt to acclimatize the silkworm has turned out a failure, the soil being unpropitious to the growth of the mulberry. Garibaldi, however, points with exultation to the flourishing condition of his potato-fields. No species of the favourite root is neglected, and there is no treat he so heartily enjoys as a dish of his own potatoes, baked under embers, with his own hand, in the open air—a treat which calls up reminiscences of his camp life on the Tonale or the Stelvia, or of his pioneer's experience in the backwoods of the Mississippi or the Plate. Garibaldi indulges in the luxury of a flower-garden, but the bees which he has lately introduced, and of which he has already nine hives, "the object of his assiduous and almost paternal care," are not dependent on his beds for their honey, but cull it out of the fragrant shrubs with which both Caprera and the adjoining

minister to his wants. It is not every man who could turn even such advantages to so good a purpose. Garibaldi, however, loves work for work's own sake; and he brings to his work that energy of will and that magnetic ascendancy over other people's will which fit a man for the subordinate forces as a mere instrument whether the work in hand be the conduct of a campaign, the government of

a state, or the more management of a large farming establishment. It is, in the meanwhile, not a little interesting to see a man who has played so striking and yet so unequal a part in contemporary events, who has had his sublimes, and again his next-door-to-sublime moments,—to see such a man, we say, give so solid an evidence of strong sterling sense in a matter in which he takes counsel from himself alone.

It would be well for Garibaldi's countrymen if they would spare a little of their admiration for their hero in action to bestow it on their hero in repose.—The world has heard enough of Garibaldi as a Camillus or Marcellus. It would be well if Italy could appreciate his worth as a Cincinnatus. It little matters whether or not the Italians have learnt from Garibaldi how to fight, for others have in a great measure done that work for them, and they can now afford to think their fighting days are over. But it would be well if they would learn from Garibaldi how to work; if they would strive to make as much of their rich plains and verdant hills as he has done of a naked rock which before his time was hardly deemed fit for human habitation. A body of well-meaning gentlemen have been lately "inaugurating an Agricultural and Sylvicultural Institute at Vallombrosa." It is to be hoped that a school of husbandry under those classical and monastic shades may have better results than to afford sinecures to a new batch of Professors in a country where the teachers so very nearly outnumber the pupils; but agriculture in Italy, unless we are greatly mistaken, is less in want of public help than of private exertion. It is not of model farms that Italy is in need, but of model farmers—of gentlemen and men of substance to speed the plough, to take the work from the hands of the mere labourer, and bring intelligence and energy, as well as a capital, to multiply the forces of mere toil.—*Times*.

DROUTH BETTER THAN TOO MUCH RAIN.

A Kansas correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes:—"Still it rains—it will average a rain every hour. My hay all rotted, barley has sprouted, and wheat is sprouting. Oats cannot be harvested. This all happens in dry, parched, sun-scorched Kansas, and it has been so nine out of twelve years. Give me a drouth; I can do better farming in a drouth than in a flood."—This is the true doctrine. It is what we have always asserted. We can do much to guard against drouth, but comparatively little against too much rain and too little sun. Underdraining will help, but we can do nothing without solar heat. The sun is