

tivated, turn out about sixteen hundred pounds of tobacco, which, at ten cents a pound, would give the farmer one hundred and sixty dollars, a pleasant little *cirrenne* for the *jour de l'an*.

At Saint-Simon, all the crops were looking well, except the hay which was not quite up to its usual mark. A number of acres in Tartarian oats, though of course I could not see of what colour. Not that the colour signifies much, as we always found, in England, that the yield was about the same, or, perhaps, that the white Tartars yielded a little more than the black.

I mentioned in the last number of the Journal that Mr. Gylling's oats, grown on the Fosbrooke farm, were black oats but not Tartars. Now, this is a curious thing, as I never before saw black oats growing on both sides of the stem, like potato oats. The loss in yield will be very great, as instead of from 72 to 76 bushels which I fully expected they would turn out, there will not be more than 60 at most.

From Saint-Hyacinthe to Saint-Paul d'Abbotsford the crops were poor on both sides of the rail. Except two pieces of barley, I did not see one good field of grain, and the hay was miserable. Two or three patches of Mellilot—*trèfle odoriférant*—were visible, and I am told they were sown for fodder! Well, if cut very young, cattle may eat it, but except for bees, I should think some other plant would pay better, even buckwheat, of which, strange to say, I did not see one good crop all the way from Saint-Guillaume to Abbotsford.

From Abbotsford to Saint-Césaire the land seems good, but the farming poor. At the foot of the mountain a useful sand, fit for roots—of which I saw none—and barley. The man who drove me said that he sowed three bushels an acre of barley; I fear from what I saw that he did not get much for his pains. Certainly not twenty bushels an acre. There goes something more than plenty of seed to produce a crop. There was one first-rate piece of oats on the right of the road, but in general the spaces between the ridges were for too wide: in some cases there was, I am sure, one-tenth of the land bare. Of course, this arises from the neglect of ploughing out the *crumb-furrow* properly, as I pointed out in the August number, p. 120.

From all I could learn on the spot, the farmers of the Saint-Césaire district have determined to devote their land entirely to the production of hay for the supply of the market of the United States. They sold off all their stock last year, at most ridiculous prices; cows, heifers and all, and I did not see a single sheep anywhere along the vale. "Every body knows his own business best" is a very old saying, and in some cases it may be a true one, but certainly not in this case. It seems to me utter madness to trust, even in our climate, to one crop for the whole profits of the farm. Wages are high, it is true, and labourers not very trustworthy, but time and immigration will cure those defects, and any one can see with half an eye that, good as may be the vale, it cannot go on producing hay for long without manure. The time will come, and that quickly, when the meadows, consisting of nothing but timothy, will wear out, and then the stock must be replaced at an expense as great as the price at which the farm was denuded of stock was small. Besides, the Great West is sending immense quantities of hay into the Eastern markets, and I fear the prices for the only article the farmers I speak of have for sale will not long be satisfactory.

On my arrival at Saint-Césaire, I had a long chat with M. l'abbé Provençal, the curé of the parish. It is to this gentleman, aided by M. Aries and some other men of earnest minds, that the establishment of the Cercle Agricole is due.

The venerable curé seemed a good deal discouraged by the want of interest displayed by the farmers in this most useful

institute. He complained that it was difficult to attract them to the meetings of the club, and bewailed, in touching terms, the general apathy that possessed them. Well, I could only counsel him to persevere in so good a road, though I must say that where farmers have given themselves up to the slothful practice of growing hay as their sole crop, it would be hopeless to look for any energetic support from them for even so useful and cheap an assistant as an agricultural club. It does not become me to say that the lectures read before these *cercles* are of any great advantage to the audience, but of one thing I am sure: the friction that goes on between mind and mind at the monthly meetings must inevitably sooner or later strike out some sparks of light. If agricultural clubs and their periodical meetings do good in countries like England and Scotland, where agriculture is so far advanced, still more good must flow from them in a country so very backward as is the province of Quebec.

But I must not depreciate the *cercle agricole* of Saint-Césaire: it would be an act of great ingratitude on my part to do so. On Sunday, after High Mass, I lectured to that body, and to my astonishment found not less than 350 gentlemen assembled in the town-hall to greet me. Now, really, I never expected to see an audience exceeding by one hundred at least, the, to my mind, enormous audience which did me the honour to listen to me at Sainte-Ursule last Spring. It was very satisfactory, and encouraged me greatly, but I wish some of the farmers had asked a few questions. The part of the lecture which seemed to interest them most was, as I anticipated, the part describing the practice of growing rape to be fed off by sheep. The Hon. J. Chaffee, who is the proprietor of about 600 acres of first-rate land close to the village, seemed particularly struck with the idea, and before I left Saint-Césaire I had a long chat with him on the subject. I made a model of the hurdles used to fold the sheep—such a model! my fingers, except in fly-fishing, fencing, billiards, cricket, &c., are all thumbs—and I do not doubt but that next summer will see twenty or thirty acres of rape grown in the neighbourhood. It is rape land, every inch of it, and where it is in good heart will grow that vegetable without manure, though six or eight bushels of bone-dust, or four bushels with one hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia, would doubtless, add greatly to the produce. I rather envy Mr. Chaffee his fine estate. He cultivates two farms himself, and the rest he lets out to tenants on shares. But of this more anon. In my next I shall proceed to describe, as well as I can, the system of cultivation pursued on some of the more remarkable farms of the neighbourhood.

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DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

Mutton.—As there is a good deal of interest being taken just now, in the United States, in the quality of the mutton yielded by different breeds of sheep, I note the following from one of my English exchanges:

At Canterbury, it was determined by the farmer's club to slaughter three picked specimens of each of the three principal short-wooled breeds of sheep, for the purpose of ascertaining which breed gave the best quality and the greatest proportion of meat. The three breeds to be experimented upon are the Hampshire-down, the South-down, and the Shropshire-down.

A very interesting experiment, and one well worth trying. Here, in the province of Quebec, we really do not know what *good mutton* means. The sheep slaughtered for consumption are either long-wools, or the little Canadian sheep. The former are coarse, over-fat along the back, and dry, in the lean parts; the latter so lean, hard and flavourless, that one might