

CANADIAN REPUDIATION.

What next! Our own currency is not now taken at par in our own country. What is the Postmaster General doing? What is the Bank of Montreal doing? What are the Government officials doing? They are damaging the reputation and honor of our country; they are causing great inconvenience to our merchants, and the farmer to be maltreated and robbed in every imaginable way.

Yesterday a farmer wished to mail a letter, and went to a store where postage stamps are usually sold. He put down five Canadian cent pieces and asked for a stamp. He was informed that he must pay another cent. He then went to the Post Office where the 5 Canadian cents were also refused. He applied to the Post Master who informed him that the Montreal Bank would not take them from them.

This may appear a very small matter to write about, but what is the consequence? In the millions of little transactions the farmers have daily throughout the country, who are the losers? The farmers. Who are the gainers? Ask the Government and their monitorial tyrant the Montreal Bank. Ask who caused the Bank of Upper Canada to suspend payment? And yet the Montreal Bank will not even take our Canadian silver on deposit.

We long since spoke of the necessity of establishing a Farmer's Bank. The Banks may act apparently fair enough to the farming community when money is easy, but the moment a pressure sets in the farmers are the first to be shut down on.

Farmers, we have advocated our rights in a fearless manner, and we intend to expose anything detrimental to our interests. Our rights we justly and fairly ask for. Are we to be trampled and ground down with unjust oppression? Let our answer be no! Let us be united. Rally to the standard, come forward at once, and support the only Farmer's Advocate that is issued in Canada.

A GLARING FALSEHOOD.

The Editor of the *Canada Farmer* in the last number gives us a representation of what should be the best Agricultural horse in Canada. Just look at it. Does not the engraving disgrace us as an agricultural community, as it carries with it the impression that such is our best stock. He states below the engraving that the Prince of Wales Prize is annually awarded to the best Agricultural horse, which every stockman in Canada knows to be untrue, and we consider it intentionally stated to mislead.

Improved Berkshire Hogs.

In the "*Canada Farmer*" for January there is shown a plate of what the editor terms an improved Berkshire hog. We should think the facilities that are afforded to the editor for information, having the Agricultural Hall Library at his command, the Professor at his elbow; Agricultural papers at his hand; Agricultural Societies and Exhibitions under his eye, he certainly ought to know enough about the different breeds of animals, to give us a truthful picture of any breed. The proprietor may perhaps have greased the editor's pen with a few cut. of lard, and thus the country is misled. We do not think there is a breeder of the improved Berkshire hog in Canada, but will agree with us when we say, that the proper marks of the breed are white feet and white on the nose. Some may have more or less a few white hairs may appear about the back part of the shoulders, for a small white spot or two. A black hog does not represent the true characteristics of the breed. The hog that the editor represents being entirely black, is only a disgrace. If he has no better specimens close by his own door, let him come to Middlesex. We will show him what an improved Berkshire is. We think the Editor is more at home writing for a country paper, over the signature of "Philo Fling," than editing a Farmer's Journal. A pig-sty, a stable, or sheep-fold, are not just the places where the Rev. Editor feels at home. Patent hives, bees, and bees honey, may suit his taste best. Perhaps he might inform us how many bee-hives he had presented to him, or how many cut. of honey to sustain him on the bee question.

If he wishes his paper to become a favorite, let him take up the subjects on which we have been treating, such as the Dairy, Canada as a Fruit growing country, the Apple, the Stock of Canada, the management of Agricultural Societies, advocating fairs and markets, and give honor to whom honor is due. We in the Western section and heart of Canada, want to know about stock, crops and implements. We are pleased to see that our December number did cause him to turn his attention a little further West than usual, and that more names of Western men appeared than before. There is also some stock in Montreal. We will give him a little information about that if the Railroad Co., accord us equal privileges with him. We have but just applied for it. We sincerely hope he may favor us in future with a little more original matter and practical ideas, and less attic scrapings and less clippings, unless he furnish the source from whence derived. We thank him for the fish tails, but they do not thrive in this Western soil.

Farmers when you come to town, just walk through the Arcade under the City Hall, adjoining the Market Square where the Vegetables are sold. Stand at the Iron Gates and see our sign which was presented to us by Mr. Griffith, who keeps a Paper Warehouse and Paint Shop under Strong's Hotel. Give us both a call, and support those who advocate the Farmer's interest.

WESTWELL FARM.

In our last issue we promised our readers a description of the Westwell Farm and surroundings, with the accounts of stock, crops and implements, the young family, the proprietor, &c. We will first touch on the farm from which it derives its name—Westwell farm. It is situated adjacent to the Town of Tenterden, in the County of Kent, England. It is composed of 52 acres of land. It is divided into 12 fields of various dimensions, by growing hedges, having ponds of water accessible for every field. The ponds are surrounded by trees that keep the water cool and prevent too rapid evaporation. The hedges are composed of beech, ash, oak, thorn, and other wood. This kind of hedge affords considerable fuel every year, as some of the hedges have to be cut and remade every season, thereby giving a constant supply. There are also some hedges of quick or thorn alone—they make the best hedges but afford no wood for fuel. The land is of good quality, and is all rolling and accessible to the plough. What may surprise our readers is, that having a knowledge of the farm from our infancy, we never remember having seen a plough on it. It is used entirely as a grazing farm. Sheep are the only stock kept on it, except a horse and a cow. They are considered by the proprietor the most profitable and undoubtedly are. The profits of sheep husbandry, treatment, management, &c., may be touched on hereafter. The house is a large, majestic, substantial structure, having stood the test of centuries, without showing the first symptoms of decay. It must have been built on the masonic principal, being as near as we can remember 52 by 52 ft.; height from cellar, 52 ft.; windows 52 in number; a pack of hounds used formerly to be kept on the premises consisting of 52. The proprietor's family including his brothers, sisters, his wife's brothers, his sons, sons' wives, and sons' children now make that number. The above are, we believe, correct. Attached to the Westwell house are beautiful gardens for flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The garden is surrounded with a brick wall, on which are trained grapevines, peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, cherries, &c., &c., such as we cannot so successfully grow here. It took one million bricks to erect the house, stables, walls, and out buildings. Such a place, kept up in such order and neatness, we have never seen in America, and what is more no one ever will, as many of the shrubs that beautify the grounds of Westwell house would be frozen in the northern part of America, or burned in the south. Such durable timber America does not produce.

In that fine old building may now be seen an ancient couple, with spectacles on, reading the *Farmer's Advocate* and epistles from sons in various parts of England, from Australia, India, California and America. Their mandate has been given; go through the land and take possession, fulfil your duty to God and man.

From this farm we had an occasional journey to adjacent arable farms occupied by relatives. The largest to which we had access was to an uncle's of the name of Samuel Selmses, of Knell farm in Beekley, Sussex. He occupied 1000 acres of land, keeping 30 yoke of working oxen, and cultivated hops on a large scale. In the hop picking season he would have between 200 and 300 hands at work. He gained considerable prominence by his judicious breeding of the now celebrated Sussex cattle. They are a very handsome breed of cattle, of a red color, evenly and beautifully formed, slick hair and good thrivers. They compare favorably with any stock. We would prefer them to any we know of, on comparing size, beauty, kindliness, and milking qualities.

Mr. Selmses Hall and Dining room were decorated with more expensive ornaments, that he had gained as prizes, than any place we have seen.

To be Continued.