

South of England had a beautiful appearance, highly picturesque: consisting of woods and pastures, orchards, hop-gardens, and corn fields, stately mansions, comfortable farm houses and neat cottages, often literally covered with the jessamines, ivy, honeysuckle and rose. In France I found the weather getting better and the crops more forward; in the more immediate vicinity of Paris they looked abundant. The farmers in forward situations were busy with harvest work.—In what little I saw of French agriculture the implements employed were exceedingly primitive and rude; but I am told that great improvement has commenced in these matters, as well as in the breeding of stock in some districts.

Paris is indeed a beautiful city, every thing so clean, and the public buildings and ornamental grounds are extensive and magnificent. I cannot attempt details. I spent a day at Versailles, far too short to afford but the merest glance at the Palace and Royal Gardens. The Parisians have excellent opportunities for relaxation and rational amusement in the city and its environs, which, judging from the vast numbers of people every day crowding the public places, they fully appreciate. The *Jardin des Plantes*, and *Vilmorin's Horticultural Grounds*, are exceedingly interesting and instructive to visitors, displaying great skill and systematic industry.

I shall depart in a few days for Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield, and when in the latter place hope to see Chatsworth, and shall afterwards proceed to Scotland. I must now conclude these hasty and very imperfect observations, trusting that I shall pick up information and a number of plants and seeds that may be turned to some good account for Canada, after my return.

Farming Prospects Northwards

EDITOR OF THE AGRICULTURIST.—DEAR SIR, Having just returned from a trip to the foot of Lake Superior, I can give some opinion of the value of the country I have passed through as a farming country, and although to people who have made the same journey my remarks can have little interest, yet to those who have never seen the country they may be acceptable.

From Toronto to Barrie the crops looked exceedingly well, although I had seen and heard many complain that they would be ruined for the want of rain. On this section much of the fall wheat was cut, but still in the field, and on my return day before yesterday all was cut, and some housed. Every farmer that I talked to said much in favor of the fall wheat, especially, and most agreed in thinking the spring grain and roots would be a fair crop.

Looking at the wheat harvest going on I could not but think what a benefactor to this country, especially, was the man who invented reapers. The whole crop of fall wheat within a district can with their assistance be cut and

stacked within one week, without subjecting the Farmer as in old times to the annoyance a delay of cutting with cradles and reaping hooks at extravagant charges.

From Barrie to Collingwood the road runs through a most uninteresting country, very wet and flat, chiefly sand and poor timber. With few exceptions, here I saw no fall wheat, indeed no farming worth mentioning. I have frequently traveled the road before and each time formed the same impression. Collingwood much improved, and the long wharf (where two steamers and some vessels are lying) covered with Western and Northern produce, much of it indeed Indian corn Chicago, gives one the idea of a business place, very different from that formed some years ago when visiting the "Hen and Chickens" as it was then called.

From Collingwood to Owen Sound the country is very pretty showing some, good looking farms and farm steadings. Here the steamer *Clifton* makes a daily passage each way, whereas only a few years ago the Indian canoe was the only boat. Owen Sound is becoming quite a town, with every evidence of prosperity about it.

From Owen Sound to Shebananing the scenery is very fine. The latter place is a little Indian village, apparently very old, and there are not ten acres of cleared land about the whole establishment. Strange to say the post office here is called Killarney. I suppose please some immigrant or the whim of some traveller. It was originally called by its Indian name, and the post master allowed me to look at the old post office stamps which he has yet and would be delighted to use again permission were granted. Few things could display worst taste than the altering of the ancient and aboriginal names of this country, surely as much respect might be paid to the ancient tribes of this beautiful country, as the wishes of old country people who desire to perpetuate old country names. At all events there are new places every day springing into being, where such names may be indulged without injuring the feelings of a race not yet extinct, though fast degenerating and disappearing before the vast strides of Canadian civilization.

From Shebananing to the Sault St. Marie the country is as beautiful to the eye as it is worthless to the settler for farming or timbering. I must, however, make some exceptions in favor of the Sault, for I saw at the Hon. Col. Prince who is the judge of the new district of Algoma some land as fertile as I ever saw. His plots are eight feet long, and everything else grows with equal luxuriance. The old Colonel, or, he is better known to many "Shot Accordin", lives in good old English style, extending hospitality with open hands to rich and poor. A settler he has done more than all the rest together, as far as I could see. He has built