

who has taken time by the forelock and done all his ploughing in the fall. There is no rain until June, so that the farmer has two whole months for his seeding. This enables him to put in his wheat early and gives him plenty of time after wheat-seeding for oats, barley, flax and other grain. When the seed-drill has done its great work, and everything is sown and planted, the gentle rains of June drop their fatness. Then do the cattle grow stout as London aldermen; then the hum of the milk-carrying buckboard is heard in the land, and the farmers' wives and the cheese factory and creamery hands enjoy their hard, but very profitable, work. The haying and the barley harvest next dispute the farmer's time, and then comes the *chef d'œuvre*—the great wheat harvest.

It is no uncommon thing for one man to have seventy-five acres of wheat to cut. This he is enabled to do by means of the self-binder and the climate. By working the binders all night, under the light of the harvest moon oftentimes, and by storing the wheat, not in the barns, but just where it is cut in scores of massive golden stacks, of conical form, as seen in the first photograph, one man has managed to cut and save seventy-five acres of wheat. To do this he needs help, of course, for a few days in stacking time, and also in harvest time. The second and third engravings—also from photographs—represent threshing on a farm near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. The *modus operandi* of threshing is simple. A space of frozen ground is cleared of stubble and dust and snow—there is little snow before Christmas—and upon that clear space the colossal threshing machine, with its steam engine, is placed. This machinery can prepare three thousand bushels of wheat for the market in one day, and nothing less would do on so prolific a soil. In an article in the *Century* for June, somebody said that the Argentine republic was the richest agricultural country in the world, because it had shown a yield of thirty-five bushels of wheat per head of the population. Manitoba had, last year, a yield of one hundred and twenty bushels per head, and in all probability will do better this year. In the third view given here of winter threshing on the prairie, we have a close sight of the busy scene around the threshing machine. Four or five men, with forks, are supplying the human feeder, who is always the best man in the party. In the picture he is facing the machine on the right. Two horses are kept busy hauling away the thrashed straw, which will be burnt when the threshing is over. In the middle two men are absorbed by the duty of loading the No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat into waggons as fast as the bags are filled. The first view is a general aspect of the threshing, showing the powerful steam engines which drive the machinery, a loaded farm waggon, and another empty waggon waiting for its load. This view has, as its foreground, a loaded waggon on its way to the railway station, where, in a few minutes, the wheat will be turned into cash.

These grain stacks are very dear to sportsmen, because upon every stack they are sure to find, in the early morning, a round dozen of prairie chickens. These chickens are increasing very fast, in spite of the fact that one hundred thousand people are supplied with them steadily for months. Shooting them is very good sport. It is no uncommon thing to find a farmer's house stocked with three or four hundred prairie chickens, which is his winter's supply.

If farming is sometimes prosaic, it has a decidedly interesting side in these great farm lands of our new country. Some people may get enthusiastic about the glories of Banff, the majesty of the Selkirks, and the wild gorge of the Fraser, but to the writer there is nothing more beautiful in the world than that magnificent nineteenth century pastoral, harvesting and threshing in the Canadian West.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The statesman who did most to give shape and consistency to American politics was Thomas Jefferson. He is the father of the "Monroe Doctrine," on which we promised, last week, to say a few words. In the beginning of the year 1802, news was received in the United States of the cession by Spain to France of Louisiana and the Floridas. Mr. Jefferson, then President, at once wrote to Mr. Livingston, American Minister at Paris, saying that "there is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans," through which he adds that three-eighths of American territory must pass to market, and which commands a valley bound to yield more than one-half of the products of the country and hold more than one-half of its people. About the same time, the President wrote to M. Dupont de Nemours: "In Europe nothing but Europe is seen * * * but this little event of France possessing herself of Louisiana * * * is the embryo of a tornado which will burst on the countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and involve in its effects their highest doctrines." Jefferson feared nothing from the powerless Spaniards, the former owners of the territory, for a short time, but he knew that it was the First Consul's intention to colonize it thoroughly, and thus make it a threat to the business interests and social growth of the western country. He offered to buy the fair region, and ultimately succeeded, but it was his purpose to resist French occupation, if Napoleon persisted in holding the colony.

From this time forward we find occasional references, in Mr. Jefferson's works, to what he calls the "American system." The notion grew with him, and, after his withdrawal from public life, he worked it out in detail and force in several letters. Writing to William Short, in 1820, he recurs to his "American system of policy, totally independent of, and unconnected with, that of Europe." He adds: "The day is not far distant when we may require a *meridian of partition through the ocean* which separates the two hemispheres, on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard, nor an American on the other." He holds that the principles in the United States and Europe are radically different, and that it is the duty of American patriotism to interdict in the seas and territories of *both Americas* "the ferocious and sanguinary contests of Europe." His letter of October 24, 1823, addressed to President Monroe, his friend and disciple, touches on the threats of the Holy Alliance against Spain and her American provinces, and, in this important paper, he lays down the two correlative propositions: first, that Americans should never entangle themselves in the broils of Europe; and, second, that they should not allow Europe to meddle with Cisatlantic affairs. For, said he, "America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and particularly her own.

She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe." From his retreat at Monticello, the aged statesman would not shrink from war in support of this principle, and writes quite belligerently on the subject.

Several weeks after receiving this letter, Mr. Monroe gave official proclamation to the views that it conveyed in his famous message of December 2nd, 1823. This instrument states that "we owed it to candour to declare that we should consider any attempt to extend their (European) system to any portion of *this hemisphere* as dangerous to our peace and safety." From the time of this message Jefferson's "American system" received the name of "Monroe Doctrine," and it has ever since been looked upon as a cardinal principle of American policy—but not by men of all parties. This should be remembered to-day. The Jeffersonians—that is, the Republicans (as they were primitively called), the Democrats or strict Constructionists, of our day, as distinguished from the John Adam's Federalists, Hamiltonians and Old Line Whigs, forerunners of the present Republicans, held this doctrine as essential to their code, in opposition to the latter, who always voted against it. The debates on the Cession of Louisiana, in 1803; on the Acquisition of Florida, in 1819; on the Spanish Provinces, in 1823; on the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war of 1844-45, fully show this division of parties. Strictly speaking, it is a Democratic doctrine, and, from their past record and present stand, the Republicans cannot consistently call it to their aid.

Later writers have maintained that the Monroe Doctrine excluded all monarchical government in this hemisphere, and pledged the country never to allow any but republican institutions in North or South America. No such proscription is found in the writings of Jefferson, Madison or Monroe, nor in the great debates of 1824. The Empire of Brazil, the Sovereignty of Iturbide, and the almost Vice-royalty of Canada are proofs to the contrary. Having thus briefly traced the origin of the Monroe Doctrine, there remains an examination thereof on its merits, political and otherwise, which we shall make next week, but in a separate paper, owing to the length of the matter under discussion.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mary E. Ryan, one of the new writers from the South, earns an income of \$6,000 by her pen.

Rev. Principal Grant, of Kingston, is at the antipodes to-day, travelling for his health, which is said to have much improved.

J. M. LeMoine, whom General Strange called the Irving of Quebec, is at work on a couple of new volumes in his own field of research.

A statue of Shakespeare is to be erected in one of the most conspicuous and fashionable parts of Paris, but it is at the expense of an Englishman.

Perhaps the best paid woman writer in the United States is Mrs. Southworth, who receives an income of \$7,000 a year from the *New York Ledger*.

A proof of what literary tact can do in making even a political and shipping paper interesting is given by the *Quebec Chronicle*, in the hands of Dr. George Stewart, jr.

Mr. George Murray is enjoying his well-earned holidays in the solitude of Ste. Sophie, County of Terrebonne, "far from the madding crowd," and in communion solely with the woodland muse.

In our next number we shall have a treat in a fairy tale, from the cultivated pen of John Hunter Duvar, of Hernewood, P. E. Island. It is a pleasure to publish anything from the author of "Enamorado" and "De Roberval."

Our readers will be glad to see a little poem from "Sarepta" in the present issue. It is in his usual clear-cut manner. You always know what "Sarepta" wants to say, and he generally manages to say it in a keen, intelligent manner.