

years; and Mr. Finnie, whom I mentioned, has this year six hundred acres under the plough; both of them, though rich men, are only tenants. The tables of some tenant farmers, who are men of wealth, are covered with silver, and furnished with wines of the most costly character. They took me to visit the farm of a Mr. Hope, in their neighborhood, who also is a tenant, and who has made a fortune of sixty thousand dollars by farming. I never saw cultivation so fine as his farm, and the extent of his cultivation is absolutely immense. The farmers here are what we should call gentlemen-farmers. They never do the slightest work of any kind themselves; but, then, they are thoroughly acquainted with their business, and make it as much a matter of calculation and study as any professional man or merchant does his business. They have none of their laborers in their houses, and, in most cases, the laborers provide for themselves. You would be surprised to find how poorly they live; at least, we should think it so. They have oatmeal porridge and skim milk for breakfast; bread and potatoes for dinner, with beer; and porridge again at night. They cook their porridge for themselves, and, I was going to add, do their own washing.

CROPS IN ENGLAND.

In New England you hear nothing of the crops; in England you hear scarcely any thing else. In the United States there is no dread, and not even a thought of a famine. In England the population increases at the rate of more than four hundred thousand per year; there is, more than the whole population of the city of New York; and how they are to be fed becomes a matter of great concern to every one. In England, likewise, the incomes of most of the people are limited, and they live up to them. They have no extra resources. They confine themselves to one business or pursuit; and if that fails, or the profits are diminished, they are reduced to hardships and distress. The price of bread affects the price of almost every thing else, and therefore becomes a matter of universal solicitude.

THE FRENCH FARMERS.

I was in the midst of the land of grapes, travelling for miles and miles, and day after day, through vineyards loaded with their products, and seeing hundreds and hundreds of men, and women, and children, gathering the most abundant harvest which has been known for years. I have never seen, so far as they have come under my observation, a more civil, clean, well-dressed, happy set of people than the French peasantry, with scarcely an exception; and they contrast most strongly, in this respect, with the English and Scotch. I seldom went among a field of laborers in England or Scotland, especially if they were women, without some coarse joke, or indecent terms; and seldom without being solicited for something "to drink your honor's health;" and never, especially in Scotland, without finding them sallow, haggard, bare-footed, ragged and dirty. In France it is the reverse; they are well clad, with caps as white as snow, or neat handkerchiefs tied around their heads; the men with neat blouses or frocks, and good hats. I have scarcely ever seen a bare-footed or a bare-legged woman in France; let them be doing what they will, they are always tidy; the address even of the poorest (I do not at all exaggerate) is as polite as that of the best people you find in a city; and so far from ever soliciting money, they have repulsed it in repeated instances, when, for some little service, I have offered some compensation. Count de Gourcy told me again and again, that even the most humble of them would consider it as an offence to have it offered to them. I do not believe there ever was a happier peasantry than the French; drunkenness is entirely unknown among them; and they are pre-eminent for their indus-

try and economy. I went into one field, with a large farmer, where there were nearly a hundred, principally women and children, gathering grapes, and I did not see one among them, whom I should not have been perfectly willing to meet at the table, or in any other situation.

I visited several plain substantial farmers, and several of the old nobility. They do not live in the same splendour as the English; they have not so many horses and carriages and servants; but they live elegantly. Their houses are most comfortable, and their tables are covered with more luxuries than I almost ever before saw brought together in the same abundance.

DEATH OF THOMAS BATES, ESQ.

This celebrated English Agriculturist is no more.—He departed this life at his old residence Kirkleavington, Yorkshire, after a short illness, on the 26th of July last, Mr. Bates has been well known in the agricultural world for more than half a century, and was widely esteemed as an honourable and upright man. Many of our readers, especially those from the old country, are well aware that Mr. Bates held through a long life a prominent and well sustained position as a scientific breeder, especially in the department of short horn cattle—his extensive herd being distinguished for purity of blood and the most perfect combination of the characteristic points and qualities of that celebrated breed.—The world renowned reputation of his *Duchess* herd of short horns needs no advocacy at our hands. That blood has been known for years both in Canada and the United States. Mr. Vail of Troy, and Mr. Sherwood of Auburn, may be instanced as possessing it; and among ourselves we may mention the Hon. Adam Fergusson, and Mr. John Wetenhall; and we may just call the attention of our readers to a letter on this subject from the former gentleman, that appeared in our last number.

PLOUGHING, &c.—Friend Holmes:—Some days since, I had the pleasure of a few hours' ride in the cars, with that Prince of Agriculturists, the Hon H. L. Ellsworth, of Fayette, Indiana. I was not only amused but much instructed by his conversation, and the information imparted—one piece of which, I give you for the benefit of your friend, "a Down East Farmer," and others who may wish to adopt the most economical method of ploughing. Mr. Ellsworth, by attaching the plow-beam to an axle of a pair of low wheels, in such a manner as to keep the colter perpendicular, is enabled to entirely dispense with the service of a plowman. And as one of the wheels or one of the cattle may be made to go on the furrow, a mere lad can drive the team—a saving of labor of great importance to a man who frequently has ten plows, or more, in the field. If one plow can be connected with the axle, why not two? Enlarge the team and save the labor of another teamster.

This is the gentleman who, this year, raised a thousand acres of corn, which will average quite fifty bushels per acre. He has now in the field, twelve hundred hogs, eating it up, fattening themselves, and preparing the land for wheat. The next season, he will put one hundred acres into flax seed. His crop this year produced him seventeen bushels of seed per acre. It would seem that his method of plowing might be adopted on much of the lands in Maine.—*Maine Farmer.*