

ment to cities and towns of four-fifths of the expenses incurred by them for isolation and killing.

Editorial Correspondence.

(No. 1)

MANCHESTER, June 5th, 1860.

In the midst of the busiest hive of human industry in the world I resume my pen in the service of the *Agriculturist*, and commence by sending a few hurried jottings by the way. As yet I can communicate but little that is agricultural, having seen for the past fortnight scarcely any thing but the broad expanse of the Atlantic; with the exception however of forests of shipping in the vast docks of Liverpool, and innumerable factories and workshops, which so largely contribute to England's wealth and power.

I may commence by observing that I left Toronto by rail on the evening of May 16, and was fortunate in finding in the carriage Mr. John Wade, the President of the Provincial Association, with whom, and some others, interested in agricultural pursuits, a very interesting conversation on these matters was carried on till we arrived at Port Hope. The late William Cobbett, as an agriculturist, was the principal theme; and it is a little curious that within these few days I have heard the merits of the same gentleman in a political point of view highly extolled by several of his personal friends in this neighborhood,—Mr. Cobbett having represented the Borough of Oldham in Parliament for several years; a duty that is now performed by one of his sons. Cobbett had unquestionably a good practical knowledge of farming and gardening as practised in his day; but he was unacquainted with those sciences which suggest new and improved principles and explain old ones. In presenting the world with an improved edition of Tull's System of Husbandry, he rendered an important service to Agriculture. His Rural Rides contain the most graphic descriptions of English scenery and rustic pursuits; but their beauty is unfortunately defaced by the too frequent introduction of political venom and sheer personal abuse, in which Cobbett was as complete a master as he is universally admitted to be in pure Saxon English. As a descriptive agricultural writer he bears no comparison with Arthur Young, from whose tours any one may form a

pret. full and correct idea of the state of agriculture in his day, while in vain we look to the writings of Cobbett for satisfactory information on the existing state and various details of farming practice.

I spent Thursday in Montreal, and had a agreeable interview with Mr. Perrault, the zealous Secretary of the Lower Canada Board of Agriculture, and with Mr. Anderson, of the Board of Arts, who also conducts the English edition of the *Journal of Agriculture*. Great preparations were making for the reception of the Prince of Wales, and an extensive Exhibition Building, I observed, was in the course of erection. Let us hope that all will cordially unite their efforts to make the inauguration of that stupendous Bridge worthy of the occasion.

In travelling from Montreal to Quebec, I fell in with a party who was going to examine the country about Acton, where it is said copper exists in considerable purity and abundance. It is a little curious that one of the party proposed a theory similar to that of Jethro Tull, which had been discussing last evening, in connection with the name of Cobbett. He stoutly maintained that all the organic food which plants require can be obtained from the atmosphere, and that the soil requires no manure, but simply deep and clean cultivation. The latter condition, by the bye, seldom obtains in American agriculture. It is a pity to find so many adhering to the errors of Tull, after he, by riper observation and experience, had renounced them.

Friday, I spent in Quebec, and found the Legislature about drawing its proceedings to a close. Mr. Hutton, of the department of Agriculture and Statistics, kindly furnished me with a quantity of reports, essays, &c., relative to the condition of Canada, and its advantages as a field for immigration: matters to which my attention has been already drawn by numerous individuals.

On the morning of the 19th, I set sail in the *Bohemian*, Captain Greaves, Commander. The rain poured down in torrents, and continued more or less till we reached the Gulf, thus unfortunately obscuring the beautiful and striking scenery of this magnificent river. In the Lower Province, rain was much wanted, as the crops were suffering severely from drought, and food had for some time been exhausted. The voyage across the Atlantic is usually monotonous; seldom affording any incidents of general interest. After encountering almost continuous head-wind