

factured, viz. from 2 lbs. to 2½ lbs. each, must have made the crop at any rate a small one. But why this passion for sowing on the raised drill? The reason is clear: all the best farmers on the Island, following the practice of Scotland, where the plan originated, do it. Yes, but, stay a moment: is the climate of Scotland like our climate? By no means; it is always damp there, so damp, that whereas in the South of England we can sow our turnips in rows on the flat and still clean them well, if the Scotch farmer were to try the same plan his crop would be choked. Another thing: when Swedes, and Mangels are on the raised drill, the earth can be pared away with the horse-hoe up to the very plants, leaving only three inches wide, at most, for the hand hoe, and when this narrow ridge is well pulled down in singling, so that the plants are left almost naked, the greatest possible crops are the result. Again, the drill economises manure, if that is desired, but this reason vanishes when the dung is ploughed in before winter. No, depend upon it the only way to get a crop of sugar beets which will pay the farmer, and satisfy the manufacturer, is to drill on the flat at 18 or 20 inches apart, and horse-hoe with an implement like Smith's, v. p. 62, vol. 3, French j.; p. 64, vol. 1, Eng. j., which will do three rows at a time, covering six or seven acres a day, easily, and ought not to cost more than \$25, at most.

The sugar beets on Mr. B. Crevier's farm, which joins that of his cousin, Mr. A. Crevier, have been treated very differently. They are after potatoes well manured, they have been well cleaned, and singled, at what an expense I hardly dare calculate, and the crop, which looked so well as to win the third prize at the County of Jacques-Cartier Exhibition, will, I regret to say, be far from remunerative. Why? Because the drills are too far apart; because the cultivation was been too superficial; and because the dung was pretty well worked up by the potatoes. What practice can be more erroneous than to follow potatoes by a root-crop to be drawn off? In Hampshire, Eng., it is no uncommon plan to let swedes follow turnips; but both crops are fed off by sheep, and two grain crops are taken afterwards. Here, the fresh earth, and the well mixed remains of the dung, start the beet plant, and keep it going for a few weeks, but, if I understand the theory rightly, the sugar is secreted in the latter part of the beet's growth, and just at that time, the support fails it, the leaf becomes flaccid, and the whole plant hard and stringy. I fear the Managers of the factories will grumble a good deal this winter if the beets are generally like what I have seen this last week. Whether the *habitant* will try again, and do better, I don't know, but if he persevere it can only be from his own ardent desire to succeed, and this will bring its own reward with it:

.....Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem

Movit agros; juris acuens mortalia corda,

Neo torpere gravi passus sua Regna vetero. (1)

By the bye, to-day, Oct 9th, the Messrs Crevier tell me that they have received advices from the Berthier Sugar Factory to set to work getting up their beet crop.

The potatoes are just being dug, only a moderate crop, about 90 bushels an acre, I should say. Straw-fed cattle won't make rich manure, and poor manure, in no matter what quantity, won't grow a full crop of potatoes.

The wheat crop on these two farms was, really, very fair, two pieces, about 4 acres each, would yield, I should guess,

(1) When man first learned the art of husbandry, his teacher did not care that its practice should be too easy, but sharpening man's wits by the trouble he imposed, the Creator prevented his own domains from lying fallow through his pupil's laziness.

some 24 bushels an acre. I was sorry to see the careless way in which the crop was treated; after standing till it was dead ripe, it was cut down with a mowing machine, the horses walking on the grain, and the whole allowed to lie several days to be splashed with rain and dust, until it pleased the owner to rake it together and carry it to the barn!

The hay was very poor, and no wonder, for it was quite fit to cut on the 26th of June, and it was never touched till the 20th of July! In the interval it shrank in bulk, and how much it lost in quality it is hopeless to calculate.

When I found the people here were planting their tobacco in the middle of July, I gave them a few lectures on the subject, which I hope will bear fruit another year. M. Lavigne, of St. Marie, who has a farm and market-garden about half a league from St. Anne's, errs on the other side. He began to set out his tobacco in the middle of May, and, in consequence, the plants, though rot cut off, were checked so much by the frost that the crop was injured. Thousands of pounds were destroyed in this neighbourhood by the great and unexpected frost of the 4th of October, a time by which all the tobacco ought to be half dry. If this crop is to succeed regularly here, it must not be planted before the 5th of June, and should be harvested by the 10th of September. As for expecting to do any good without a hotbed it is ridiculous; it may answer in an exceptional year, but very, very rarely. There seems to have been a large quantity grown this year, so large that it will affect the price, which, for good samples, seems to be about 25 cts., duty paid.

Large quantities of pease are grown here by French-Canadians, with the effect of making the land as foul as possible. Perhaps as they have begun to horse-hoe their sugar beets, they will, some day, drill their pease and cultivate them properly. Plenty of buckwheat, which seems to be a good deal injured by the early frost.

I observe a few vines in all the gardens; some of them fairly pruned, but the majority running half wild. Dr. Girdwood tells me that his grapes have ripened regularly for seven years, and generally before the 20th of September. I know that in the very backward year 1879 he sent me a basket of *Dutch Sweetwater* on the 16th of that month, perfectly ripe and inimitably good. The Delaware, at Isle aux Prunes, matures with the *D. Sweetwater*, but Mrs. Girdwood thinks the latter is the more profuse bearer, and its flavour and *meat* are perfect. I cannot understand why more vines of this sort are not planted—there is positively no pulp. By the bye, Isle aux Prunes is worth seeing, as a specimen of what the energy and enterprise of one woman can effect on a most unkindly rock. Sixteen prizes fell to Mrs. Girdwood's share at the Exhibition, not in the *amateur*, but in the *professional* classes. I take the liberty, as Mr. Pecksniff would say, of thinking that this lady is over-scrupulous; if every exhibitor in the skating-rink who sells his surplus stock were to enter his plants in the professional classes, there would be very few amateurs on the price-list.

A bunch of grapes, the produce of an unnamed vine, but closely resembling the *Brighton*, was shown by Mrs. Girdwood at the *tasting* meeting of the Montreal Horticultural Society. Mr. Burnett, President of the Ontario Society, pronounced it the finest out-door grape he had ever eaten! It was bought, about three years ago, of a traveller, under the *nom de fantaisie* of the *Windsor*; it will be carefully compared with that valuable sort, the *Brighton*, and if non identical, may be a fortunate *trouvaille*. I observed last month that dessert grapes will not make good wine; I reason from analogy: the pear from which the finest Worcestershire *perry* is made is hard and bitter, in fact, quite uneatable; the *Cochlague* pippin, from the cells of which flows the finest Devonshire *cider*, is also hard and bitter; and so of the wine grapes of