

that, to a considerable extent, depend on the mechanical condition and fertility of the soil. Perhaps more to these than to the character of the variety. This season none are exempt from rot. In low spots the rough skinned sorts seem to have suffered most this season.

ROBERT HAMILTON.

Turnips—Mr. McCombie, the great Aberdeenshire cattle-breeder, fed his bullocks for the great London Christmas market on nothing but turnips and straw until one month before they were sent off to the block. This I venture to state for Dr. Hoskins' benefit, in confirmation of the views of the butcher mentioned in an extract from the *Vermont Watchman* in last month's Journal.

Potatoes.—Mr. Terry writes to the *Country Gentleman* stating that he planted in the spring 165 lbs. of a new sort of potato, and had just dug the crop, which amounted to 304 bushels = 18,240 lbs. = 9 tons! A hundred and ten for one is not a bad increase. The sets were cut small, and planted 32 x 32 inches.

Culture intensive.—A good example is being set at St. Hilaire by an old Frenchman and his sister who have set to work on a couple of acres of sandy soil, and are cultivating their tiny farm in a most marvellous manner; at least so says one of my daughters who has just returned from a visit to the Iroquois House, and who knows what she is talking about. The vegetables are described as superb: "equal, in fact, to anything I ever saw you grow, Papa," and the grapes are in material and flavour far superior to any of the sorts usually cultivated. But—and this is a sad but—the poor creatures have hardly any rest! The man watches the fruit till midnight when he wakes his sister, who continues on guard till sunrise, otherwise their labour would be thrown away, as they are continually subject to the incursions of pilferers from the village. Poor things; I feel deeply for them, as they are clearly enthusiasts.

Jerseys and Dairy-shorthorns.—Last month, in England, there was a sale of Jerseys, the property of the well known breeder Mr. Triender, of Aylesbury. The average price of the herd was \$80.00.

On the same day, Mr. Simpson's dairy-shorthorns were sold; averaging \$126.00. In England, therefore, the dairy-shorthorn is valued, if these sales are any guide, at 56% higher than the Jerseys.

Lambs in England.—The price of mutton is not so high as it was in England, still, at Wilton fair, where, on the 10th September, upwards of 50,000 sheep were offered, lambs of the Hampshire-down kind sold up to 50s. a head! Ten dollars is not a bad price for a lamb a few days over 6 months old, is it?

Sainfoin &c.—Mr. Wm. Evans will have new sainfoin seed to sell in the spring. I have succeeded in convincing him that "Paceys" perennial rye grass has never been tried on his farm, but only the common per. r., which I know will not stand the climate; so, next season he will try the Pacey's.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

SUFFOLK STALLION from the *Country Gentleman*.

We re engrave from a catalogue of Suffolk Punch Horses, issued by Mr. ALFRED J. SMITH, Rendlesham, Woodbridge, Suffolk, Eng., the portrait of a very high-bred specimen of the breed, a stallion called Queen's Diadem, 1721. He was got by Weldon's Diadem 1553 out of Queen of Newbourn

10.0 by Capt. Snap, 142, and is now five years old. The picture shows to perfection the typical formation of this useful kind of horse, and it is not surprising that the original has carried off a long string of important prizes.

The word Punch is never used in England to describe the large Suffolk. The *Punch* is the smaller horse mentioned in the article on the Exhibition in the last number of the Journal. (Crowded out last number.)

ARTHUR R. JENNER FUST.

M. C. F. Bouthilliers's farm.—The farm I am about to notice briefly is situated on the banks of the Ottawa, near Ste-Thérèse. The moment I saw the house, I exclaimed to my friend Mr. Tylec who was with me; Why, we are not in Normandy, are we? The whole buildings, courtyard, stables, &c., are just what one would expect to see on a large Norman farm! And the peculiar part of the construction is that the material consists entirely of stone gathered from the surface of the land, which utilitarianism is perfectly in accordance with the views of the great English ecclesiastical architects, the Streets, Gilbert Scotts, &c., who hold that all buildings should be composed of the best materials to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of the place in which they are to be used. Butterfield's church in St. Margaret Street, London, is a fine example of this style. The whole exterior, except the spire which is of stone, is of brick in three colours, red, yellow, and blue-black, in couches several feet wide, and a most charming effect it has.

The stables at Bleury are well arranged, with several loose-boxes and plenty of room. As M. Bouthillier is an ardent lover of horses, the principal object he has in view is the rearing of good, stout colts, and if the brood mares I saw in the stalls, served by the thoroughbred stallion he bought from Mr. Dawes of Lachine, do not turn out some rare weight-carriers, I know nothing of horse-breeding.

The mares are six in number, big, upstanding animals, chiefly brown in colour, and one of them I really thought would approach 17 hands, though I since find that she does not much exceed 16½ hands. As I guessed her height when in the stall, I may be pardoned for such an error. These mares do all the work on the farm. What with colts, &c., there are 15 horses of all kinds on the farm.

The stallion, Kindkead by name, comes from the purest English racing stock, being by Waverley, out of Brenna, by Knight of St. George—see the English and American stud-books. Besides serving his owner's mares, his former possessor, Mr. Dawes, sent four mares to him this season. Unfortunately, Kindkead broke down on his off fore-leg, so he did not distinguish himself on the turf; but the defect is purely accidental and not at all due to any local weakness. He is as handsome a chestnut as I have seen, and appears to be as perfect in temper as in build.

As for the young ones, there is one two year-old that is a sight to open the eyes of the neighbouring farmers; any of whom might be pardoned for taking him for a four year-old. He stands 16 hands high, and is furnished like a mature horse, with really amazing power all over, particularly in the loins, quarters, and hocks. If he goes on well, he will make a model hunter for the heavy countries in Hampshire (below the hill), Sussex (in the weald), &c. His only fault is that, if he keeps on growing, he will perhaps be a little too big, but he will always fetch his price as a brougham-horse.

A pity to dock the young ones' tails. The fies were tormenting them terribly, and the vile modern fashion of short tails for all sorts of horses will not last for ever. In my breeding days, the dealers used always to say; Pray don't touch their tails, Sir; leave that for us to do when we get them into our stables. We know what tail will suit each!