

these elements, constitute the *science of agriculture*. We shall have occasion to again refer to this subject, but shall continue "*our Rambles*" in the next number.

OBITUARY.

We had scarcely closed the foregoing article, when sad tidings reached us, which induced us to take up our pen again, to write what in some sense may be regarded as an *addenda* to it. But it is with feelings of deep and sincere regret we proceed to execute it. Death under any of its varied forms, and under every circumstance, is both a solemn and a melancholy theme. But when the gloom of death, is saddened by the consideration that a life of more than ordinary usefulness, is prematurely brought to a close, by violent means, of a most painful and affecting character; the mind becomes doubly affected by the tidings and that such has been his case whose obituary we now attempt to chronicle in the columns of a journal, which we deem, more than any other, appropriate for that purpose, none who knew the man, will for a moment question. The death of JOHN DODS, Esq., will be heard with sorrow by every one who was favored by his acquaintance; and these were neither few, nor confined to the District or Province, in which he lived and died. It has been our privilege, that we have enjoyed his acquaintance during a quarter of a century, and we have had many opportunities of witnessing his amiable and impartial conduct in the management of the County Agricultural Society, of which he was President, during a considerable portion of that period. We feel constrained to say that if sound practical knowledge, consistency of character, devotedness to the *science of Agriculture*, practical illustration of the importance and profitableness of *high farming*, joined to unassuming liberality, suavity of manner, and, we might add extreme modesty, are attributes of a good President of an Agricultural Society, it is no wonder that Mr. Dods was so many times in succession re-elected by acclamation, to that honorable post. We have often silently contrasted in our own mind, the noble disinterestedness of the President, with the narrow-minded selfishness of some of the other wealthy members. Mr. Dods' ideas of honesty went very much further than the mere letter of the law; and he even seemed abashed, if de-

tected, in doing a generous act. In furtherance of his eminently successful system of farming, Mr. Dods had been an importer of improved breeds of stock, farming implements, &c., long before the County Society entered upon this most beneficial undertaking, which also was commenced under his Presidency; and in this manner, certainly, if in no other, he merited the character of a public benefactor. A visit to Mr. Dods' farm, was indeed a treat, as affording a practical illustration of the value and importance a skilful arrangement of the farm buildings, improved stock, proper implements, rotation of crops, fallowing, subsoiling, laying out of fields, under draining, fencing, and, we may add, all that generally constitutes successful farming when carried out with skill, and adequate means.

The death of Mr. Dods which was caused by the injuries he received from one of his Bulls adds another to the many sad instances on record, of the treachery of this class of animals, which however long they may have acted peacefully, should never be trusted, as they are liable at any moment, to become infuriated; and have been known to retain their resentment for a very long period, waiting a favorable opportunity.

Such men as Mr. Dods not only raise the pursuit of Agriculture to a scale of the very highest respectability—they place this branch of enterprise among the sciences, by shewing that it offers a field in which the talent, and the education, may both profitably and honorably find ample exercise. In his premature death, this cause of Agriculture sustains a loss, which can be best repaired by many others who have known him, endeavouring to emulate the example he has set. His loss will not be confined to the cause of Agriculture alone—the fatherless and the widow may well drop a tear for their lost friend and benefactor. He did not wait till the importunate pleadings of distress assailed him at his own fire side. He more frequently sought it out, in order that by an unknown, and we might say invisible, hand, he might enjoy the luxury of relieving it. Many a time his cart passed near the abode of distress, that it might drop a portion of its substantial comforts to the needy, and we have means of knowing, that these did not always consist of the products of the farm alone, but as the case frequently required,—delicacies not produced in our climate—