

Plain, Rock Island, and Derby Line, I naturally applied to the Conductor of the Junction line for information as to hotels &c. He would not give me any, but was as perfectly rough and ill-bred as any *borderer* I ever saw. This was the only approach to incivility I met with in my whole tour. Many were brusque in manner, but every one assisted me in my investigations with kindness and frankness, although it was a busy time with them.

Stanstead is superb! By far the finest spot for farming as for beauty in the whole province. Everything was in first-rate condition; cattle, horses, all larger than elsewhere, and, as a whole, better bred. The influence of the late Carlos Pierce still survives, and there is a general rich look about the place which is rare to see, in spite of the decadence of the manufactories on the little stream that tumbles down its rocky bed, serpentineing its way through the village down to the flat, affording many an opportunity, unused I am sorry to say, for the formation of acres of valuable irrigated meadows.

There has been no emigration from Stanstead to the States this summer. Why, I don't know, but so it is. There are, I should think, judging from what I saw, a good many people of easy means in the village. A considerable number of *loafers* too, more than I saw anywhere else in my journey. There must be something peculiar in the formation of the floor of the hotels between the "stoop" and the bar-room; for I remarked that, although very much travelled, the effect seemed to be not on the boards, but on the shoes of the travellers, and those who passed to and fro most frequently had a proportionate number of holes in their boots. I am not a tea-totaller, but there seems to be a good deal too much drinking here, and of course its usual concomitant, idleness, is not wanting. I am told that at one time no less than eleven coaches passed through Stanstead, daily! This lounging habit derives no doubt from those times; it is, or was, quite observable in England, wherever old posting-houses, or places where coaches changed horses, were done up by the railroads.

A delightful farm is Mr. Ball's (Manager of the Eastern Townships' Bank). He told me he was not a practical farmer, though he wished to be. He was a very good imitation of one, at all events. The hay-crop was very heavy, 2 tons all round I should say; and, mind, two tons are more often talked about than got. Oats heavy, though rather late, as is all the grain in the Townships. Here is a fine herd of Ayrshires, which are well known far away from Stanstead, and some of which I hope to see again in September, at Mile End.

Two or three miles beyond Mr. Ball's farm, lies, back in the woods, that of Mr. J. Borland. Now, here is a thoroughly practical man who, once a labourer, has in ten years raised himself by degrees into the position of a farmer with a valuable estate of 200 cleared acres. Mr. Borland has five pupils, young men learning agriculture, all from Montreal. His object seems to be, (the prevailing idea here,) to keep his land in grass as long as it will grow any. He seeds down with various grasses, of which I could distinguish some of the *fescues*, red top, blue grass, and the clovers. But the whole farm seems to me to be nearly run out, and the owner will have hard work to bring it round. Large quantities of hard wood ashes are bought at 20c. a bushel, and some fish guano (pomace, Mr. Borland called it), the effects of neither of which seemed, (I must say it,) likely to repay him for his very liberal outlay.

Two acres and a half of potatoes were looking well, and the cultivation had been thoroughly attended to; and the same may be said of $\frac{2}{3}$ of an acre of Swedes by their side; but these were on drills 30 inches apart, and dibbled at 15 inches in the rows, distances so great, that no crop of any con-

sequence can be expected where they are observed. The whole tendency of proof from the last 10 years' essays seems to be, that the greatest yield is given, by both Swedes and Mangolds, at 10 inches apart in the rows, and 24 inches between the rows; in other words, a thick crop of moderate sized roots is, not only qualitatively, but quantitatively, better than a thinner crop of large roots.

I was surprised, and sorry, to see not one piece of cabbages in the Townships. I really hoped Stanstead would have grown them; but I suppose the transplanting frightens people, it is unknown, and therefore terrific. When once tried, they will never be omitted from the regular course of cropping.

I think I saw here an improvement in the treatment of pastures. More than one farmer, I may mention among others Mr. Ball, has more than one piece, and I am sure they find a benefit in it.

Mr. Tyrrell's cart-horses are fine roomy animals, and Mr. George Pierce, whom I was sorry to find out when I called, has some fine Percherons. But I was, though not surprised, distressed to see how light and weedy too many of the horses were. The carriage-horse stallions imported from the States, in 1872, by Messrs. Paige and Pomeroy of Compton, have left their defects behind them in their progeny. Long, sprawling animals, with no middle-piece, they had nothing but heads, and tails, and a general showy appearance, to recommend them. I must say I found the Stanstead men sensible of their faults, and only too anxious to get rid of the sort.

I left Stanstead, on the 10th for Lennoxville, by way of Beebe Plain. There are several first rate farms on this road, though property seems to have fallen very much in value. I was shown one house with 13 acres of land, which cost, in 1874, \$6000, and for which the owner now only asked \$3500. Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Cades are cultivating their several farms carefully and well. The latter told me that Mr. Kingsbury's farm, at Derby Centre, I ought to have seen. All the hay, or almost all, is sold, ashes are bought for manure, and the farm under this treatment, has been improving for the last 15 years. This I don't, and can't believe; for land wants more than carbon and potash, and though Beech contains a good deal of phosphoric acid, the ashes can't be all from Beech wood, and the other trees have very little. Where does the sulphur, so largely exported in the hay, to say nothing of the nitrogen, come from? One hears a good deal of nonsense of this sort during the year.

When I reached Lennoxville, I found that the hay had been fit to cut for at least ten days, and not a beginning, even, had been made. This is very sad; for on such a burning soil a few days of heat parches the grass up, and the quality, never very superior, is utterly destroyed. They were waiting for rain, they said: an old story enough; I recollect hearing it from the backward farmers in Kent, England, 40 years ago. "Oh! Yes, Sir, to get the bottom up." Well, but in the mean time the top is spoiling, the seed is ripening, and the land is being almost as much exhausted as by a crop of grain. Every where, from Lennoxville up to Montreal, it was the same thing, except at Messrs. Hobson and Wilson's farm at Sherbrooke, and even there they were some days too late. People won't see how a short delay, caused by rain or anything else, may cause the last 10 acres out of 50 acres of hay to be cut a fortnight after its proper time. Half the crop, I don't hesitate to say, in this district, will be little better than straw before it is mown. Hence the enormous consumption of hay in the province at large, and the little benefit derived from it. Only think of the effect of the hot weather we have had since the 11th, and conceive the state