

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VI.

PRESCOTT, Ont.

TWO GREAT ESTABLISHMENTS—PRESCOTT DISTILLERY AND THE RYSDYK STOCK FARM.

Visitors to the historic town of Prescott, Ont., are not long in learning that among the prominent residents Mr. J. P. Wiser holds a leading position. After having become acquainted with the details of the enterprises in which he is engaged, it is impossible not to feel that he is indeed a remarkable man. Now-a-days most men find it enough to successfully control one concern. Mr. Wiser is proprietor of two great establishments, both representing large investments; necessarily entailing weighty responsibilities and demanding incessant thought. But, blessed with a fine physique, and having a large share of administrative tact, blended with laudable ambition, his watch-word has ever been "Excelsior!" and the results achieved prove that in him ability is equal to purpose.

THE DISTILLERY.

I do not propose to bore the reader with technicalities or weary him with a scientific dissertation (such as can be read in any encyclopedia) upon the chemical changes, &c., connected with the manufacture of highwines, whisky, &c. If I chose I suppose I could fill a column or two with details about "steeping," "malting," "kilns," "wash-tubs," "heaters," "coolers," highwines, low wines, fermentation, filtration, rectification, "O. P." &c., &c., but I forbear and will content myself with giving a few general notes.

As will be seen by our view, the distillery covers a large area on the river front. It is situated a short distance west of the centre of the town and is made up of a great number of large buildings. Mr. Wiser became sole proprietor in 1863, having since 1857 been a partner with the founders, Messrs. Egert & Averill. In 1864 a fire laid the establishment waste, but ere the ruins had ceased to smoulder the work rebuilding was begun on an enlarged and improved scale; the present distillery being nearly five times the capacity of the old one.

A few statistics may not be out of place. It costs nearly one million dollars per annum to "run" the works. The duties paid the Government average two thousand dollars per day. The storehouses will hold one hundred thousand bushels of grain. The establishment gives employment to about sixty men, besides three Government officials to attend to the collection of duties.

The distillery is fitted up in the best possible form; whatever the inventive brain of man has evolved for the improvement of the process of distillation has been adopted. To a novice, the vast floors containing immense vats, boilers and bins with their inlets and outlets, pipes, filters, and conductors, present a perfectly indescribable scene, but all these things constitute one vast machine, as it were, which works harmoniously to the tune of three thousand gallons of proof spirit daily.

FATTENING A THOUSAND HEAD OF CATTLE.

After the process of distillation is completed there is of course a great residue. This material makes splendid food for cattle and its utilization is carefully attended to. Close by the distillery buildings are immense barns wherein one thousand head of cattle are engaged in the important, and, to them apparently, very pleasant occupation of putting on flesh. These cattle are bought by Mr. Wiser during the fall of the year, and after grazing on his fine pastures for a time they are installed in the aforesaid barns, whence they do not emerge until required for shipment in the early part of the summer. The barns are roomy, well ventilated and in every respect capitally arranged for the purpose to which they are put. To feed, water and tend one thousand head of cattle is truly a tremendous task, but, by a carefully arranged system, the great work is brought under easy control. Hay is fed to the stock from the lofts above; the distillery refuse is conveyed to them by means of troughs, the floors are all sloped and provided with drains, and altogether the facilities for ministering to the wants of this great herd are admirable. Taken in gaunt bony beasts, they emerge sleek and plump, suggestive of royal joints and juicy steaks. Mr. Wiser's fat cattle are greedily sought after by shippers. Those now in the barns were bespoke some time ago for shipment to the old country. They make splendid beef. I saw one steer which weighed nearly 2,700 lbs.

THE RYSDYK STOCK FARM.

Mr. Wiser is a great admirer of a good horse. Not only does he like to drive a well-bred animal, but he desires to see the breed of horses throughout the country improved as much as possible. In this regard, as in every other respect, he is eminently practical and his stock farm situated by the river side about half a mile west of the town will bear comparison with any thing of the kind on the continent. It comprises six hundred acres of gently sloping land, extending from the river front to the second concession road. In point of accessibility it

cannot be surpassed. As regards the transport of stock by river, rail or road it enjoys peculiar advantages. All the lake and river steamers call at Prescott, which is moreover the terminal point of several railways. Patrons from a distance can rely upon their stock being met at the various depots by careful attendants by notifying the Superintendent of the time of arrival.

The buildings, as will be seen by our views, are first-class in every particular. The largest stock barn is 100 ft. by 42 ft. with wings 50 ft. by 18 ft. The loft has an area of 4,200 square feet. This fine building cost \$10,000. The other barn is of stone. The internal fittings and arrangements of both leave nothing to be desired. The health and comfort of the aristocratic inmates are matters that have been most carefully studied. There is accommodation for one hundred and fifty head, and at the time of my visit there were nearly one hundred on the premises.

For exercising and training purposes there is a perfectly constructed half mile track on the plateau in rear of the barns, and that the stock may not be debarred from their constitutional walks during inclement weather a lofty veranda ten feet wide projects from the walls of the largest barn making a lengthy covered way.

The farm has been laid out to the very best advantage; on the front portion there are twelve fine paddocks, while the rear is devoted to the raising of hay. Every field enjoys an abundant supply of water as a stream flows through the estate and there are numerous wells scattered about. The rich fertilizing material from the cattle sheds is used on the land and, as may be imagined, magnificent crops result. Such grazing is rarely seen, and the weight of hay per acre taken off is something enormous. The storage capacity of the hay barns amounts to three hundred tons.

AMONG THE EQUINE ARISTOCRATS.

Selecting one of the fine, bright mornings which so pleasantly characterized the past month, I paid a visit to the stock farm, and fortunately found the superintendent, Mr. H. W. Brown, with leisure to show me through the establishment. Mr. Brown is a thorough horseman, hailing from Kentucky. He seemed to be on the very best of terms with his numerous charges; from the proud monarchs of the stud to the youngest foals, all appeared to give him a kindly look of recognition. I was first introduced to "Rysdyk," who I found occupying a spacious stall, looking the personification of equine beauty and power. "Rysdyk" was bred by Mr. A. Welch, of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia; foaled in 1866, by "Rysdyk's" "Hambletonian," by "Abdallah," by "Mambrino," by "Messenger;" Dam "Lady Duke" by "Lexington," by "Boston," by "Timoleon." He thus inherits the blood of the highest type of the trotting horse, with that of the best racing sire produced on this continent. "Rysdyk" has verified all that was expected of him and more; he shows the unequalled staying qualities of "Lexington" and the purely-gaited trotting action of "Hambletonian." He is a rich bay, with black mane and tail, stands fifteen hands three inches in height, and weighs twelve hundred pounds. Viewed from any point he defies criticism. He is of a kindly disposition, every movement denotes intelligence and high breeding. In all respects he is "a worthy son of a noble sire." Even when untrained as a trotter, "Rysdyk" has done a mile in 2.36, and from what he has exhibited since Mr. Wiser has had him, it is believed that he embodies a fund of pent-up reserve power. His sons and daughters have all sustained the reputation of their famous ancestry. Among the more notable may be mentioned the "Flora Temple" colt, owned by Mr. Bonner; "Beatrice," owned by Mr. Pond, of Hartford, Conn., has trotted in 2.26; "Chestnut Hill," described further on; "Hartford," a splendid four-year-old, standing sixteen and a quarter hands high, and very speedy, while among the very young things, of which there are quite a lot at the farm, many give promise of turning out great goers.

"Rysdyk" was purchased by Mr. Wiser from Mr. Pond, of Hartford, in 1874, for \$10,000.

"PHIL SHERIDAN."

After interviewing some of the lesser lights of the stud, I was gratified with a sight of the renowned "Phil Sheridan," whose fame as a sire of trotters has reached every part of the continent where a good horse is appreciated. He is a magnificent dark brown, with a gleam and gloss on his coat that fairly flashes in the sunlight. As he stands with head erect, he looks a model, "without spot or blemish." He is a horse of great determination, but so intelligent that he never causes the slightest trouble. I noticed that he seemed to understand every word Mr. Brown said to him, and appeared to be as much interested in us as we were with him.

He has produced some famous "clippers," for instance, "Commonwealth," with a record of 2.22; "Adelaide," 2.21½ (brother and sister); "Hiram Woodruff," 2.25; and "Tom Malloy," 2.27.

Mr. Wiser purchased one-half interest in this grand horse from Mr. Dalzell, of Waddington, N.Y., in 1876, for \$10,000.

"CHESTNUT HILL,"

by "Rysdyk," inherits all the good qualities of his noble stock. He is a blood bay, commanding in appearance, stands fifteen and one-half hands high; is five years old, and has shown a 2.30 gait.

"WILLIAM B. SMITH,"

by "Thomas Jefferson" (otherwise known as the "Black Whirlwind of the East"), is a bright chestnut, sixteen hands high, splendidly proportioned, and with a grand carriage. In the sunshine he looks like a statue of rich gold. He is a most promising sire.

GENERAL NOTES.

Among other trotters developed, owned or brought out at this Farm, may be mentioned "Deceit," with a record of 2.25 (on ice); "Rocket," 2.20; "Barbara Patchen," 2.38; "Orient," 2.24; "North America," 2.36, &c., &c. The number of young things that can beat three minutes are too numerous to mention. There are over two dozen brood mares—either with distinguished pedigrees or possessing exceptional qualities. I was shown quite a lot of colts and fillies, the produce of the famous stock before mentioned, principally by "Rysdyk."

At the time of my visit Mr. Wiser was busy preparing for the spring sale, which is fixed for May 9th., "hail, rain, blow or shine." Mr. C. F. Elwes, of Montreal, the celebrated auctioneer, will knock down the animals. This will be a first-class opportunity for those on the look-out for something really fine in the way of horse-flesh. There can be no doubt that this Farm has already done much to improve stock, both in Canada and the States, but that which has been accomplished, excellent as it is, is small in comparison with what the next few years must show forth. It is gratifying to know that there is in this country a growing desire to improve the breed of horses, and that Mr. Wiser's plucky venture is being appreciated more and more as time goes on.

Those who desire full information respecting the coming sale, &c., should send to Mr. Wiser for a catalogue.

On the day of sale vehicles will be provided upon the arrival of all trains, to convey patrons direct to the Farm. A large attendance is expected, as it is said that an equal number of colts were never offered at auction by any establishment that could surpass these in quality, size, beauty, and prospective speed. The sale will be imperatively without reserve, and governed by the rules of the National Breeders' Association.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NUMBER of peers—some twenty-five or thirty—who belong to the Liberal Party, have intimated to the Premier that in the event of a war he may count upon independent support from them. There are quite as many, if not more, who belong to the House of Commons, and are ready to say and to do the same.

We believe that ere long the fiat will go forth condemning all grey or white horses for military purposes, and that the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons are to be "Greys" only in name, and that though it is now one of the cavalry regiments first for service, it would not be sent out with the 1st Army Corps. Great will be the regret in the army if this should prove the case.

The youngest *débütante* who has come before the public for a long time made her appearance last week, at the Langham Hall, under the name of "Tiny." Tiny is a child of genius, aged seven, who already recites and declaims Tennyson's "Charge of the Six hundred" much better (because more naturally) than some highly popular actresses of mature years. Tiny is also a clever pianist.

It has been arranged at the War Office that, in the event of the Highland regiments going into active service, the feather bonnet is to be substituted by the new helmet. This, because the feather bonnet has been found to be too cumbersome for fighting in the bush or thickly-wooded country. In times of peace, however, this favorite head-dress will be retained. Some officers of the Highland regiments were getting up a petition to get the head-dress changed to the flat bonnet with the eagles' feathers, *à la* Macbeth, as being not only the original but Scotch, which the present is not.

HEARTH AND HOME.

DEVELOPMENT OF CHILDREN.—There can be no greater mistake than to imagine that all children develop at the same rate during the corresponding years of their existence. In a group or class of children each of whom is eleven years old, there will be many shades of difference of development—some people would say as many shades of difference as there are individuals. It follows therefore that the drawing of a hard and fast line as to acquisitions appropriate to any special year of a child's life is a mistake both from an educational and from a medical point of view.

SORROW AND SYMPATHY.—We must suffer before we can sympathize; and when we have suffered then our own experience teaches us to be pitiful to others. We can handle best that sore of which we have felt the smart; and the burden which we ourselves have borne we can help to adjust on the shoulders of others with the greatest knowledge of where the corners press. All the hardness of youth comes from want of experience; all the tender pity of age and the helpfulness of maturity come from the foregone knowledge of pain. If sorrow does nothing else for us, it teaches us to be tender to others, and shows us how to alleviate by having taught us how to bear.

INTELLECTUAL PRECOCITY.—It once happened that an anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld at what age she should begin to teach her child to read?—"I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age," was the reply.—"Why, then, have you written books for children of three?"—"Because, if young mammas will be over busy, they had better teach in a good way than a bad one." We have known clever, precocious children at three years dunces at twelve, and dunces at six particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said that as everybody did learn with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen, this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work, and before thirty had published thirty volumes.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—When shall we comprehend that all true hospitality consists in perfect honesty, in freedom, ease, and subordination of things to persons? Who would not prefer the plainest dinner or the humblest entertainment with bright, interested, sympathetic host or hostess to the most elaborate table or preparations for which he or she had already been exhausted? As the host so the company; he must be spontaneous, intelligent, tactful, or the company droops and is disappointed. To invite those we do not like or want is unkind to them and injurious to ourselves. To do what we cannot easily afford is pretentious, and therefore vulgar. To rank our viands above our personality is a sorry compliment to our guests and a sorer one to ourselves. Material entertainment can be purchased anywhere; that which should accompany it—sincerity, cheerfulness, esteem, benevolence, correspondence of feeling—must be gained by the right of desert, and without these hospitality, mask it as we may, is a misnomer.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

II.

TOM MOORE AT MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

In Moore's Canadian poems we find the following impromptu:

After a visit to Mrs. S——, of Montreal.
'Twas but for a moment, and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour,
Her eyes had a glow, like the sun of her clime—
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

Oh! could we have borrow'd from Time but a day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then.

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling.

In one of his letters he thus alludes to Quebec:

"QUEBEC, August 20, 1804.

"MY DARLING MOTHER,—About 1,700 miles of rattling and tossing through woods, lakes, rivers, &c., I am at length upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death-place. If anything can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses."

In his published poems no mention is made of Quebec, so that the following lines which he gave to a friend of his in the Ancient Capital, may prove interesting:

When the spires of Quebec first open'd to view,
And I knew that my voyage was o'er,
How I thought, with delight, on the girls I should meet
And the hours I should pass when ashore.

Yet damp'd were my hopes when on land I first came,
And eagerly look'd for the fair,—
For beauty, alas! there was none to be found,
And I sigh'd with a heart full of care.

Then how keenly the joys of my own native land
Quick as thought came full to my mind,
And I sigh'd at remembrance of happiness past
With the girls I had just left behind.

"Oh! beauty," I cried, "what a blessing art thou,
When join'd to a heavenly mind,
How thy smiles can impart to a breast filled with woe
Every joy which on earth we can find."

Thus I said,—when, starting and turning around,
The charms of Annette came to view,
On her cheek was the beautiful bloom of the rose,
Her eyes, as the heavens, were blue.

Since that day the dear kiss of my Nancy I find
Just as sweet as the girls of our isle,
And many a beauty in England we prize
Not so sweet as my Nancy can smile.

JAMES M. O'LEARY.

Ottawa, 20th April, 1878.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.