

of years have conveyed away; the hills shall be white with flocks, and, in consequence, the valleys shall rejoice and sing. From the starting point of my tour, at every point I touched at, to the last sight of Boucherville, the same phantom appeared; a ghostly shepherd of the future, leading an imaginary flock of Hampshire Downs from the fold to the hill, when the dew was off in the morning. I know it can't be done yet, the farms are too small. A flock without a man entirely devoted to its service is never successful, and less than 200 would not pay for a shepherd. But it will come. Soon, if the value of bones, rape, and the sheep's feet, to say nothing of its manure, were once fairly understood. I know I harp upon this string; but what says Macaulay: "They accuse me of repeating myself! perhaps I do, but I know no other way of impressing what I feel on other people's minds;" and I am as sure that Agriculture in Quebec must look to succeed for its future salvation, as Macaulay was sure that in *Whig* principles lay the safeguard of his country. Mr. Gibb has promised to pay particular attention to the early-cut clover, and to send me word whether the cattle and horses prefer it to Timothy however well made or not.

In the afternoon of the second day of my travels I was fortunate enough to fall in with a large party of farmers, who were celebrating Dominion day on Yamaska mountain. Several of them were good enough to accompany me to the Summit, whence a fine extensive view of the surrounding country detained us some time, and gave me an opportunity of delivering, under the guise of conversation, a few poor thoughts of mine on the subject of agriculture.

On the 2nd of July I started early for Rougemont, by way of the valley between the two mountains. This drive gave me a view of the rich heavy land through which the Yamaska flows. The farmers all are French, and I make them my compliments on the vast improvements visible on their property since I saw them last, about five years ago. They always looked well to the water-furrows and ditches, but their ploughing was defective, and the manure used to lie scattered about loosely all over the place. Now, I saw, on the farms of Messrs. Belisle, of the *Rang double*, Dupuis, of Abbotsford, Lavigne, Tremblay, Miché, of the *Rang de St. Ours*, ploughing that had been as skilfully executed as if a first rate Scotchman had been between the stils, and the crops bore witness thereto. The Barley was, even on the second day of July, in full ear, the grass was heavy, and the whole surface, as the eye travelled over the cropped land, was rich to view: all was well but one thing: the pasture. There was nothing to eat for the stock, and no provision made for their future, and as a long succession of bright, rainless days followed, I dread to think of the present state of the cattle. Fencing is expensive I know; but it would not cost a fortune to make, in the long winter days, a sufficient number of movable hindles to cross these narrow fields, and so to give a fresh bite from time to time to the stock, and a chance of re-covering (literally) to the grass. Herein lies the fault which, without exception, I found everywhere: the pastures are stocked, and both pastures and cattle are left to their own devices. In a dripping summer things go pretty well, but, if the grass once gets burned up, it never gets over it until autumn, and then the season of good grass is past, the herbage is *washy*, and the cattle enter their winter quarters with their bowels in a relaxed condition, and their constitutions weakened, and oblige their owners either to allow them to lose in the winter what they gained in the summer, or to keep them in fair order by an extravagant expenditure of costly food: extravagant expenditure, because a little foresight would have made it unnecessary.

What may be Mr. Whitfield's ultimate object in settling on

the lovely slope of Rougemont I am unable to say, for, unfortunately, he was not at home when I called, Mrs. Whitfield, who manages the farm during the proprietor's absence in Barbadoes, and with great skill, I am told, was also away. The Herdsman had gone to the pastures, at Ste. Marie de Monnoir, so altogether, I was left to pursue my own investigations unaided, except by the contractor who was putting up a new range of buildings, and who gave me all the information he could in a very obliging manner.

I was fairly puzzled; for in the first lot of loose boxes I entered I saw two Shorthorn bulls; then two Kerry bulls; then, two Devons bulls; then, two Jersey bulls; then, two Ayrshire bulls; and the new range is intended to be occupied by *twenty-four more bulls!!!* What are they to do, these lordly Sultans? It is true there are 90 cows in milk, and 1200 acres of land to feed them on. But think of 32 bulls: not calves and yearlings, but full grown animals! It is all a mystery to me. I have hardly recovered from the shock yet. Still, with the experience of Compton before me, it won't do to say the thing will be a failure; though at Compton the herd is all of one, or at most, of two breeds, and here there are already five, at least, provided. The 90 cows are of all sorts, I was told, but they were far off, and I did not see them. Of the bulls the older Kerry was the most perfect of its race I ever saw: lengthy, short-legged, square-framed, with good quality (feeding) and true colour. The young Devon was splendid, but the Shorthorns I did not think much of; too soda-water bottle like in form, and the colour too light to suit the present taste on this side of the Atlantic. Some malevolent beast had thrust a fork, or some other sharp instrument, into the testicle of the older animal, and if I were Mr. Whitfield, I would, on my return, administer the same correction that the late Lord Ducie gave to one of his cow-boys who caused the abortion of several of his best cows by means of the handle of a whip: I would thrash him within an inch of his life.

All the milk on this farm is used for the purpose of supplying butter to the large establishment carried on by Mr. Whitfield in the Island of Barbadoes, W. I., where no less than thirty-four clerks are employed. Why clerks I don't know, as they can't all be *writing*, and I should think our English word *shopmen* would be quite as euphonious, and much more correct.

The dairy is large and conveniently arranged, with a horse-power (sweep-motion) to work a large oscillating churn, with plain interior. The Cooley creamers are used, and are considered satisfactory. The butter is all packed in tins hermetically sealed, surrounded with ice, and forwarded to Barbadoes, via New-York.—Price, Retail, 60 cts. a pound.

I found the young stock looking in good, thrifty order. The early calves were as large and well-furnished as some yearlings. The yearlings had, evidently, suffered no privations during the winter; at the same time, they were not over done, or made up for show, but were just in the proper condition a farmer likes to see all his herd in.

The apple crop, at Rougemont, does not promise much this year; but my old friend Mr. Standish informed me that disease of the bark and the other ailments of this fruit are less injurious than formerly. The trees look healthy and thriving, and there are hardly any signs of the caterpillar.

I was rejoiced to hear, from so truly practical a man, that vast improvements have been made by the French-Canadians of the neighbourhood in their general system of farming. Most of them, notably a M. Sansfagon, having got rid of their old fashioned ploughs, are using the improved Scotch implement. The gentleman in question, with his son, won the first prizes at the ploughing match, last autumn, for men and boys. Now this is very-encouraging, and shows