

able to the vine are those where the season of vegetation is the shortest, and where, during such season the total heat is the most elevated; where the difference between the solar heat and the minimum heat is the greatest, and where, consequently, vegetation proceeds by shocks, and not by a uniform march."

I believe, therefore, upon this undoubted authority, that our climate (especially that of Lower Canada) is (as that authority declares) "the most favourable to the Vine;" and therefore, belongs to the most favoured of agricultural regions, for I can demonstrate that the richest agricultural productions ever accompany the vine to its ultimate limit. Thus M. de Gasperies assures us—that "the mulberry accompanies the vine to its last limit in altitude, and we do not doubt in latitude this will be found the limit of its useful cultivation."

"It would be difficult to exaggerate the advantage Europe obtained by the adoption of this industry. Three hundred and twelve millions of francs is what the mulberry produces to France, which is one-third of the productions of the vineyards."

These productions amount to:

Wine,.....	934 millions.
Silks,.....	312 Do.

Making a total of.....1246 millions of francs; or of 250 millions of dollars.

As to the production of oil, I can only speak here of that which is furnished by the wall-nut, which is at least equal in quality to that of the olive.

Again, I quote the same author, vol. 4th, p. 753—"The same region of mountains in the centre of our temperate region, that obtains its bread, all prepared, from the chestnut, receives its oil from another tree, the wall-nut, which furnishes nearly half the oil that is obtained in France; more than three times the quantity received from the olives, and three-fourths of that produced by oleaginous grains."

Before the Empire many wall-nuts incapable of producing oil were grown in France; but Napoleon the First ordered that men who understood the grafting of this tree should be sent all over France, and in two or three years every barren wall-nut changed its nature, and became a fruitful source of wealth; in the Vaucluse especially (which was covered with black wall-nut and butter-nut) this measure changed the face of the country, which can easily be imagined, when it is considered that an average tree will produce 100 francs, or \$20 worth of oil every year and without labour. De Gasperies calls it "Labour of Nature." Nothing could be more easy to accomplish in Canada. In the Eastern section we have thousands of butter-nut; in the Western, as many hickory and black wall-nut. What a change a few grafters would make, and how easily accomplished.

Hemp is the fibre of a hot and bright climate, as flax is that of a moist and cloudy one. It is grown all over France and Italy, for the production of linen, but in the centre of Italy, a coarse kind supplies the cordage used on the shores of the Mediterranean. The profits arising from its cultivation are immense, but that is only a small part of the blessings it confers upon the countries of its adoption, where it enters into the rotation of crops, and prepares the land for grain in so remarkable a manner that the entire agricultural system ameliorates, and the value of real estate increases in proportion to the extent of its cultivation.

Introduced into Central Italy early in this century, by Napoleon the First, it shortly centupled the productions of grain, and rendered abandoned flats of the Romagna; rivals of the richest plains of Lombardy, whose value might be estimated by their taxes, amounting to over sixteen dollars an acre, under the Austrian Regime. Many other examples I shall furnish of the wealth of heat during the season of vegetation, and hope to be able to demonstrate how every farmer in Canada may practically profit by it.

* De Gasperies, Vol. 4th, page 697.

PHILOSOPHY OF HANGING.—The late Archbishop of Dublin once inquired of a physician, "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" "Because," replied the physician, "inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh!" replied His Grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

A cat caught a sparrow and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said, "No gentleman eats till he washes his face." The cat, struck at this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed him extremely, and he said:—"As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards," which all cats do, even to this day.

Aretmus Ward's Experience as a Farmer.

(FROM ARTEMUS WARD'S NEW BOOK.)

THE Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual Fair, he wrote to the President of that Society as follows:

NEW YORK, June 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th instant, in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent Agricultural Society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come. Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturist will be acceptable; and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write you through the Press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye, and oats; but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm. My neighbours told me so at first, and, as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off 'lecturing.'

These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep raising. I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out to the farm in my dressing gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs, as they dander gaily over the hillsides. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be 'muttons.'

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, "we must have some shepherd dogs."

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look and said:

"We must Eli, I spoke to you about this some time ago!"

I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follet, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff coloured, hazel eyed, long tailed, and shapely jawed.

We led them promptly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a-half.

My friend had made some trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed:

"Wall, did you ever?"

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the green sward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not then suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their ill-fated stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist I was not a success.

Last summer Mr. Perkins said "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, Sir."

We cut some grass.

To me the new mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold sings about it, in beautiful verse, down in Jersey every summer; so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt very much if either of these men know the price of a ton of hay to day. But new-mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white haired old man, who immediately bowed Mr.

Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low, firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, charge places with me. I bain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and terrible gashes in the other or not! But you, John—you are young." The old man changed places with his son. A calm smile of resignation lit up his face as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

"I mean that if you continue to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishing it, yo'll slash the life out of some of us before we're a hour older!"

There was some reason mingled with this white haired old peasant's observations. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went down and sat under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly and remained absent some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag, and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe: "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holier for Mr. Brown!"

"O no Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say, "Mr. Brown knows I love you, Mr. Brown approves of it!"

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown!

I peered through the kitchen blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Mr. Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said "You shan't do so," and he *do-soed*. She also said she would get right up and go away, and, as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins is troubled no more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krows bein put up krows cum and digged fast crop up but soon got another in. Old Bigsbee who was fraid youd cut his sons leggs off says you bet go and stan up in field yerself with dressin gound on and gesses krows will keep away. This made boys in store laff. No More ter-day from

Yours respectfully
ELI PERKINS.
"his letter."

My friend, Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, thinks if I "keep on" I will get into the Poor House in about two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want me, I will come.

Yours truly,
CHARLES F. BROWNE.

BACKBONE PEOPLE.—It is with men as with animals: you may divide them into two classes, vertebrate and invertebrate. Animals remarkable for dignity and elevation in the scale of existence are vertebrate or backboneed; their backbone gives them eminence and place: all animals to which we apply the term "inferior" want this backbone, and they can only crawl or creep, because they are invertebrate. We have often thought, when looking among men, that this is the great distinction we notice between them—the successful and the unsuccessful, the principled and the unprincipled, the true and the false. The schoolmaster, as he bids farewell to his pupil about to enter the great world of action and business, says, "I know they will never make anything of that boy—there is no backbone in him." Jenkins, the grocer, looks doubtfully at his apprentice, and says, as he shakes his head, "Ah! I wish I had never had anything to do with that lad; I doubt there is no backbone in him." And Thomson, the architect, refuses to have anything to do with building the row of houses, "For," says he, "there is no knowing where to find Williams, who wants me to build them: he has no backbone." These are customary modes of speech, and they represent the simple truth of life. We recoil instinctively from the touch of the spider and the wasp, the leech and the slug; and we recoil as instinctively from that large class of persons of whom these little creatures are a sort of moral analogy, because they have no backbone. They can sting sometimes; they can weave a brittle web sometimes; they leave here and there a slimy trail; they can draw blood; but the instincts of society and humanity recoil from them. They have no backbone.—*E. PARSONS HOOK.*