

once to that degree that secures the production of *sweet silage*.

You know what sort of weather we had last harvest. Was there ever so inolement a season? Green fodder-corn is the very crop of all others for such years of failure and of real despair, provided always that one has a silo: it is by far the most difficult crop to be harvested in the ordinary fashion.

In spite of the difficulties of that unfavourable season, I got mine in, though, in spite of the piece being thoroughly drained, my waggon-wheels cut in deeply. We could only put on half a load, and more than one bundle of corn was carried dripping with water, from having been, no doubt, picked up out of a puddle. We could not wait; the layer already in the silo was passing 125° F.; another layer was absolutely necessary, unless we were to have the trouble of covering up the silage just as we do when the whole is full. There is no need, as you know, of tramping the silage in filling, for the layer, in heating, presses itself as firmly as an hydraulic-press could do it.

During rain, the workmen sometimes put on their waterproofs to bring in the layer that was wanted at the right moment.

These facts I related to the gentlemen who did me the honour to visit me, as they were in the act of telling me that my silage had a good colour, a good smell, and a good flavour.

I did not omit to tell them that while we were ensiling the corn, my honourable friend Mr. Ross, always ready to criticize, as you know (particularly now a days, since he is one of the raillant leaders of the malcontents of the opposition,) Mr. Ross, being on a visit to me, asked me what I was going to do with these bundles of wet maize all covered with dirt, adding that I should spoil my silage, and had better wait till they were a little drier. But I have not always taken his advice: I replied that we were in a semi-deluge, and I saw no prospect of a change for the better, that the corn would only heat so much the faster, and that I would watch the thermometer closely, in order to stop the fermentation in time. And this was done, as I said; the result is there before the eyes of my friends.

All of you who, last summer, saw your pease germinating on the ground without being able to approach them; you who, in the same way, lost your wheat, barley and oats, and saw your hay rotting (*rouir=retting*) in the field, when turning it over only injured it the more; you who gathered your potatoes, taking them first of all out of the water to carry them a little further up to an elevated place, where they hardly dried any better; think of this crop, blessed in that it is so free from all demands for particular treatment: I mean Indian corn, which will suffer ensilment in rain, even in snow, as well as in the finest weather: the lifeboat of the farmer, the gift of God in these years of distress and punishment through which we are passing.

Any one can build a silo, without being rich, even without being a carpenter.

Let every one, then, have a silo, that indispensable structure on a farm, the true mainstay against the storms of winter.

I also explained to my friends how I harvested my crop.

The reaper may be used with only two of its rakes. Invariably, if the corn be long and stout, it must be tied in sheaves. Up to the present time, I have cut mine with a sickle. The bands of the sheaves are of string, with a slip-knot, and last for an indefinite time: they are sent back to the field with every return cart. The cartage is done in tip-carts, and the sheaves, being placed in them at length, stand upright on the butts when unloaded, and are easily handled by the workman who carries them to the feeder of the chaff-cutter; another man drives the two carts by turns, and a

third is tying the bundles in the field all day. Two horses on the horse-power. That is all the labour employed when the ensilment is in progress. The next day, while the layer is heating, the horses rest, and the four men are reaping the maize.

The general opinion is that not more than a bushel to the arpent should be sown, and that the rows should be three feet apart, in order to let the stalk ripen as much as possible, and to give room for the passage of the horse-hoe. When corn is sown thin enough to grow ears, the proper time to cut it is when the grain is "in the milk." Corn broadcasted does not yield as well, and can be neither horse-hoed nor plastered.

The first cultivation is done with the inclined-toothed smoothing harrow, lengthways and across, from time to time, until the corn is six inches high. Then comes the turn of the horse-hoe. Thick-sown corn is more subject to make sour silage, while thin-sown, having arrived at a certain stage of ripeness, makes a sweet silage.

The production of milk may be increased by silage as much as by good pasture.

If you salt the silage, which is a mistake, cows will eat it more greedily, but it is not more nourishing, and, besides, it is slower in fermenting in the silo.

If the corn is ripe or blanched by frost, it will take longer to begin fermenting.

My friends all thought that the practice of ensilment was spreading rapidly. The system gave such satisfactory results, that they took pleasure in recommending it to every one. I have always found that if a man built a silo, he became at once an apostle and propagandist of that faith. He desires thenceforth to lead his neighbours and friends along the road that he himself follows with so much pleasure.

It was in that excellent paper, *The Country Gentlemen*, which I have been reading for more than twenty-five years, that I first studied the silo; then in French books on the subject, and lastly in practice. I became its partisan, and the little work that I read to you two years ago, I distributed all over the country, sending, among others, one to every Curé. Many thousand copies, too, were distributed by our association and by the government. Others, besides myself, in the province, have also written on the subject.

In many places the seed fell on good ground, for, judging from the letters I receive from people anxious to know the details of the system, and from the frequent visits I receive from farmers anxious to see with their own eyes, I am inclined to think that the process of ensilment is spreading rapidly; not so rapidly as in the States, where it is marching along with giant strides, but at a pace calculated to give satisfaction to those who are interested in the good results that are derived from it.

In the little I have been able to do for the agriculture of my country, nothing has pleased me more, on account of the immediate benefit caused by it, than my endeavour to popularise the process of ensilment. I have always been promising myself to abolish winter. This is what makes it so successful. And to think that it was for France that this grand system was discovered!

Here is a quotation which will show us how this idea is spreading in the north of the province, and the progress it has made in one or two states of the American Union. I read in *Le Nord*:

"I cannot refrain from citing the names of M. F. X. Régimbal and Dr W. Grigoo, secretary of the new agricultural society of le Nord. These two gentlemen each built a silo last fall; they are, by the very fact, the pioneers of this new idea in agriculture, in the northern part of Terrebonne. It is an immense stride this that they have taken in the way of