

Last summer an uncommon hail storm passed over the county in the vicinity of Mr. Hooker's and Mr. Little's nurseries; the storm spent itself within one mile in length and a half a mile in width. Mr. Hooker had twenty-five acres of young fruit trees just ready to dig, the bark of which was so badly damaged by the hail that he cut the whole lot close off to the ground, and teamed them away to burn. He says the trees would have grown over the wounds, and might have been sold this year, but his experience had been such that he knew they would not give satisfaction in after years. Black rot would set in, and might show itself when the trees were in bearing. Many people would not act so honorably, but would sell to agents for what they could get. Mr. Hooker informs us that large orchards are found not as profitable as small ones, because parties having small orchards can and do manure them better than large ones. Without proper nourishment, apples of good quality and size cannot be produced. There is a difficulty in getting sufficient manure for large orchards; hens, calves and pigs help the small orchardist, and these are not so readily obtained for the large orchards.

Canadians complain about high taxes. In Rochester they pay \$3.75 per cent., and building lots are only half the value they were. We hear that lots of property can now be purchased throughout the State at one-quarter the former prices. Labor costs only half what it formerly did; laborers now get 87½c., formerly \$1.75; carpenters \$1.25, formerly \$3.50.

You need not imply that all kinds of trees can be had below cost; some varieties are still scarce. Norway spruce and silver maple can now be purchased at the right places lower than ever before, or perhaps lower than you will be ever able to procure them again.

A BIG EAGLE.

We had a conversation with Mr. Hiram Sibley, who is considered the most wealthy person in Rochester. He is and has been a remarkable person, a kind of natural genius and a self-made man. He informed us that he never served an apprenticeship to any business, but has worked as a journeyman at five trades. When a boy he saw a shoemaker make a boot, and on a wager he took the tools and made a mate to it; the customer could not detect the difference between the one made by the shoemaker and that made by Mr. Sibley. Mr. S. moved from Massachusetts to Rochester, and was not worth five shillings. He commenced trading—got a horse and made a kind of a jumper, and started for Canada with whips, boots, spinning wheels and other Yankee notions. He traveled through Ontario and got acquainted with every merchant, making sales to all; and in the winter of 1830 he drove 3,000 miles in Canada and collected every dollar from sales made. He says no trader ever did such work and none shall ever do it again. He next dealt in iron, and put up several mills and manufactories in Canada and the States. He built the manufacturing village of Sibleyville. He next projected the Pacific Telegraph Line and carried it through. He then went to Russia and obtained the assistance of the Czar to build a line across Behring's Straits *via* Siberia; he made much money and owned half the capital in one bank. Besides constructing railroads, he lent a lot of money to farmers on mortgages; now the hard times are set in, he says the owners of the farms are throwing up the sponge in all directions and he has to take the land. He lent nearly \$600,000 on the Sullivant Farm; this farm is in Illinois, contains 32 square miles and has 332 miles of hedge dividing it into blocks. He came into possession of it about three years ago, and is now

farming it at a cost of \$123,000 for labor for one year to run it. Corn is the principal crop in summer; it takes 400 men and 400 mules to cultivate it. The corn cribs on this farm, if placed in a row, would be 4½ miles long. Last year, besides corn, they grew 4,000 acres of flax. Lots of other farms in New York State and other places are falling into his hands; he says they are coming in in showers. He now owns over 400 farms of an average acreage of 140 acres, or land equal to it. While we were there one farm of nearly four hundred acres, in New York State, fell into the hands of this gentleman. The owner paid \$27,000 for it; Mr. Sibley lent him \$10,000 on it. Mr. S. considers the farm worth what the man paid for it, but money is so scarce and tight that people that are in arrears find it difficult to live. He had loaned the monstrous Seed Establishment of Briggs Bros., of Rochester, over \$300,000 last November. He took that whole establishment, and now claims to be the largest farmer and largest seedsman on this continent. He does not wish to hold the lands or seed business. When a suitable opportunity occurs he will sell his lands, &c., as he considers he can use money to better advantage.

He gives some of his wealth for beneficial purposes; he has erected a Hall for Science and presented it to Rochester; he also built and endowed a college at Ithaca, and his wife built a church on the site where Mr. and Mrs. S. were born. Mr. Sibley saw the first tree cut in the city of London, Ont., for the site for the court house; this was the first demonstration ever made for the establishment of London as a place of note. He was taking a meal with General Brant, when that General got up from the table attacked by the cholera, from which he died. He had a kind of a fight with Sir Allan McNab, and vanquished him. He relates with pleasure and gusto many pleasing incidents about Canada. He is now between 70 and 80 years old, and never lost a tooth until over 70; he feels as young and active as ever.

We do not wish to tempt our readers into trade. If they look at the failures and know anything of the trials connected with trade, they might soon wish themselves on the farm again. We doubt if any one of you would have the ingenuity to make a boat without being taught.

U. S. Stock Disease—Danger.

In this issue, we willingly insert a letter from our contributor, Professor James Law, on Pleuro-pneumonia, especially referring to an article in the January number. We say it is our duty to ward off the probability of danger. It is of no use "locking a door after the horse is stolen," neither is it of much use to attempt to separate the name of good, sound Canadian productions from inferior or dangerous productions of the States. The safest way to err is on the right side; if we never attempt to gain a name for superiority we shall never have it; if we had our way we would not allow another horn or hoof of cattle or swine to be admitted into Canada from the States, under any pretext, until the diseases be entirely stamped out in that country—pleuro-pneumonia, foot and mouth disease, trichina and cholera. Railway interests and commission men might suffer, but our farmers would be able to obtain the highest prices and make money. There is no grand victory gained without some sacrifice; the greatest interest of this Dominion must be agriculture, and stock must be the most profitable part of that business. We say close the ports immediately against danger. If there is one legislator who has the interest of the farmer more in view than other matters, we hope his attention will be called to this by some of our readers.

YET ANOTHER PEST AMONG U. S. CATTLE.

We have not heard of any such disease in Canada as that mentioned in the following extract from a U. S. exchange:

"SINGULAR DEATH OF CATTLE.—Mr. George Gentry, of Illinois, informs us that last Saturday he had three head of cattle—two milch cows and a steer—die in a somewhat mysterious manner. After their death he cut open their bodies and found along the 'short ribs' on each side of them, just under the skin, a double-handful of singular-looking worms. The worms were about three inches in length and had many legs, looking somewhat like 'thousand legs.' They had stripped all the flesh off the bones of the poor brutes in their vicinity, and this no doubt caused their death."—[Interior Journal.]

Off the Wing.

(Continued from Jan'y No., Page 9.)

While lying at the foot of the tree Mr. Smith's two fine deer hounds came to us. Mr. Smith's mustang had become so unmanageable that he was obliged to return home; our other companion kept on his course for some miles, expecting to find us. We know not how long we remained on the ground. We never have seen our mustang since; he was seen about four miles from the spot, on a lope towards Texas, where it was first captured. We got up, washed the blood off as well as we could, then laid on the ground trembling from head to foot in a fearful manner. A beautiful Cardinal bird, perched on a tree close by, sang very sweetly, and quails and other birds were



THE RETURN.

heard. After lying about an hour, we got up, cut a bush for a parasol, as the sun was hot, and emerging from the wood, found the road to return. On our way we saw through the dense foliage of the trees three black things on an oak tree; at first sight we thought it was a bear and two cubs; we crept stealthily along and peered through the brush, and found them to be only three very black and large knots, growing to the body and on the limbs of an oak tree.

At our hotel we changed our damaged clothes, washed, took a little spirits from a "pocket pistol," and rested the remainder of that day. We could not purchase any spirits at the hotel, the sale of it being prohibited in Missouri, except by chemists; there were three chemist's shops there, and they appeared to be doing a thriving business. One man we saw there said he had been out fishing and got wet; he wanted some chemical. Another had hurt his hand with a log; he wanted some drug. And the third had the diarrhoea. The chemist's shops were the principal places of resort for chat, &c., and spirits are largely sold there for medical purposes. One would think they had a plague or pestilence in that place, for we saw more people hanging around these shops than we have seen about a Canadian country hotel for some years. We saw no quarreling or fighting, and the people were civil and obliging.

This place, Poplar Bluff, may become a place of some note some day; in fact, at present no