

the improved varieties and those generally fed twenty-five years ago, is not less than forty per cent. This is the result of skillful selections and crosses.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M., Newcastle. We sent a private Communication for you to Port Hope.

J. H., Acton, received.

H. A. S. Norval, received. Your non-appearance at the exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Association, somewhat disappointed us.

S. M., Newcastle. You have mistaken the notice to which you refer. It was proposed to do, was to give a notice of the intended meetings of the various Agricultural Societies in Canada. We expressly stated that no details could be given. To report the proceedings of the various Agricultural Societies in Canada, would fill the whole of our paper with matter of no interest, except to the parties immediately concerned.

CANADA FARMER.

October 9, 1847.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION AT HAMILTON.

Dear L.—: Had the weather been propitious, to-day's exhibition would have given unmingled satisfaction to every beholder, capable of re-lishing, in the remotest degree, the big import of these two words, "Agricultural improvement." The morning was ushered in by a drizzling rain. Towards 9 o'clock the clouds passed over our heads, reserving their contents, and we felt grateful for the favour, to be deposited elsewhere, but the glorious sun, whose benign countenance was alone wanting to fill up the measure of our happiness, never so much as looked upon us throughout the day. There were two or three other circumstances which those unobtrusive people, denominated "fault-finders," who, with singular punctuality, thrust themselves, and their heterodox notions about human perfectibility, into every public movement, were disposed to grumble at. For an hour or two I was half inclined to range myself under the banner of these unreasonably mal-contented, but the remark of a friend at my side, in whose breast I am sure there was more of the milk of human kindness than in the tallow-clogged lacteals of all the Durhams on the ground, restored my wavering loyalty. "Don't blame the Secretary," said he, "he can't be everywhere, nor do every thing. I entered a dozen articles yesterday, and only got half my tickets, and I have wanted about the office these three hours for the remainder." The truth was, although there did not appear to have been so much system in the arrangements as was desirable, that a great many exhibitors did not bring their articles upon the ground, or enter them until to-day, thus crowding the business of two days, into one. The evil was one that the officers could hardly prevent or remedy. To have enforced the rule requiring all animals, &c., to be upon the ground the day before, and to have excluded those that came on the first day of the exhibition, might have enabled the officers and committees to get through their business more smoothly, but would have spoiled the Fair. The ground was thought by many to have been badly selected. It was more than a mile from the town, and quite low, so that before night all the thoroughfares were ankle deep with mud. Our Home District people were greatly annoyed, at having to hire their articles carried a mile before they reached the city, and then a second time to have them taken a mile out of it. The carters and teamsters of Hamilton furthermore, seem to have adopted a tariff upon the "sliding scale," and although the thing looked fair, that "the more they had to do, the more they should charge for it." Yet the Torontonians felt something like the Indian hunter, when his partner, the Yankee, was dividing the game. They had between us in shot a Turkey and a Buzzard, and as it had been agreed to divide, the Yankee, with apparent fairness, proposed to the Indian, "I'll take the Turkey, and you take the buzzard, or you take the buzzard, and I'll take the turkey." Nape was puzzled, and scratching his head, observed that "it looks fair, but some how or other you always got the turkey." It is said the tavern keepers intend to act upon the same principle, but as I have not yet paid my bill, I cannot speak to that point. Notwithstanding the wet weather, every available bed has two, and some three occupants. Speaking of hills reminds me of a hint from my bed-fellow, that counting certain gentry of a billious species, the number in our bed greatly exceeded three.

Now, kind reader, if you have not been able to attend the Grand Provincial Exhibition, (and provided you have not the fear of wet feet, &c., before your eyes, you may well regret it,) we

have done so on your account. Take our arm then, here is an umbrella, and we will walk to the race-course, and see the Fair. We promise you that while in our company you shall receive no injury from the weather. Ah, here is a wagon, and some of our friends in it, on the way there, they say the mile is a long one, suppose we ride Room for two more! Yes sir, get up. This high ground is the common, we can now look over the town. Not a very large place do you say? No, but it is growing very fast. Fine thriving country in the rear. You see that level field down there, on the right. That is where the ploughing match is to take place. This common would have been a good place for the fair? Yes, but it would have cost something to prepare it. There is a good fence round the race course and the stands and other buildings will answer well for the fruits and other vegetables. See those three-hung machines going to the grounds. That one painted blue in the first wagon, is of one horse power only. That frame is where the horse stands, on an inclined plane. Good principle, for the weight of the horse as well as his muscular power is made use of. As a small portable machine I dare say it answers a good purpose. This one coming is adapted for eight horses. It will thresh two or three hundred bushels in a day and clean it up at the same time. These machines are getting very numerous in the country, a pretty good proof that farmers find them useful and profitable. The old system of beating out grain with two sticks tied together, whatever were its merits is nearly exploded. Well, here is the gate-way. Will we be allowed to go in? Don't know; let us tie on our badges, perhaps they will assist us. There appears to be no obstruction. Hallo! what crowd is this. They seem to be laying siege to that building. Let us step up and see what it is all about. It's the Secretary's Office, and these people are endeavouring to get tickets, and to enter their stock, &c. How angry some of them are. Not in the habit of reading the book of Job do you say? Perhaps not. Ah! there is Mr. Edmund on himself at the door, hearing their complaints and making explanations. Has "four men writing as fast as possible." Thankful we have nothing to enter, let us go on. Look at that stand; there are the vegetables. Turn up the stairs. Your mouth waters; I don't wonder. What onions! they would do for cannon balls; and the carrots, more than a foot long, and as large as hand-spikes—at one end. The soil was rich where they grew? You're right. But look at those beets. Are't they superb. Why, one of them would fill a pot—if it were not too large. What in the world are these, leaning against the wall? Squashes, by all that's soft! Are we not mistaken; they must be gourds, from the seed of Jonah's. No, they are veritable squashes. Did they beat that at Saratoga? I guess not. Here is the egg plant; how like eggs those balls are! What splendid turnips; ruta baga, mangold wurtzel, and I don't know how many other kinds. The owners are busy arranging their roots and plants, and attaching the appropriate cards. What odd shaped things are these? Read that card. "Artichokes." Make a poor substitute for the potato? Very likely, but what else can we do if that incomparable esculent is doomed to destruction. We must set ourselves to work to find out that which will best answer its place. Ah, here is the very thing we're talking about. What fine specimens, how many varieties? One, two, three, four, five. They are not rotten at all events. Look at these cabbages. Tremendous! one of them would make a dinner for a dozen people—if a cabbage could do it. Well, let us go on to the next stand; the parsnips, pumpkins, everything in this department suggest one idea, viz., that they were intended for bigger people than we. They bear nearly the same relation to us that our unimproved common specimens, would bear to the Lilliputians.

Ah, here Poma regus. Just look at those apples, peaches and pears, and I think you'll again say your "mouth waters." Spitzbergin, Golden Russet, Rhode Island Greening, &c., &c., what a number of varieties. Table pears, winter pears—why don't they put their names on the cards. Those little red fellows are crab apples. You would not suppose that those large beauties on the upper shelf were originally crabs? No; see then what cultivation can do; for it's a fact—so says Mr. Downing and other writers—all our delicious varieties have been produced by successive improvements, from the tree which bears these little bullets. Suppose we take a turn through the rooms where the "Fine Arts" are exhibited. Look at these oil paintings, they are all "Heelanders." Do you admire the dress? Not much! Nor I, but dress like beauty, has no recognized

standard. The bagpipes and the kilts have few charms in my ears or eyes, although I believe my forefathers listened to the one and wore the other.

I always think of a remark of Napoleon, when I see a kiltee. It is rather too vulgar to repeat, but the little warrior had good reason to dislike the brave sons of Scotia. Whose likeness is this? Sir Allan McNab's? So it is. The face is like him, but how odd the dress makes him look. That right arm resting upon the sword is a little too stiff. The left shoulder stands out too far to my notion. You don't think so! well I don't profess to be a critic, perhaps I am wrong. You see that gentleman with the pencil and memorandum book. That is the Vice-Chancellor, he is one of the Judges. See how sharply he criticizes those drawings. There is no appeal from his decisions in this court.

Here are some domestic manufactures of a more interesting, because of a more useful character than drawings or paintings. Feel those blankets, how soft and yet how firm the texture. Quite equal to what the old women call "boughten" blankets. And the cloth, do you need anything finer or better than that. No, do you say? You show your good sense by the answer. Lord Elgin himself might not be ashamed of a coat from that piece. His great ancestors whose wisdom and patriotism have shed such lustre on his name, I dare say were often habited in much coarser materials. Our manufactures are evidently increasing quite as fast as under present circumstances are required. Here are several likenesses of persons we know very well done.—But suppose we pass these "fine arts" for the present, leaving to the fair Ladies of Hamilton and the City Gentlemen the duty of more closely examining them, and proceed to the outside where we will find something interesting to us. Take care, that stone Lion in the door way if he do not leap, may fall upon you. It has taken a good many raps of the hammer to chisel out that fellow. I imagine it is intended to place him over the door way of some hotel or public building. Let us walk down by those pens and have a look at the calves and young cattle. Ah, there is the Short Horn for you, what beautiful animals. Do you see that one in the next pen? How old do you think it is? Two or three years? No sir, only one year. What size will it be at four years? Yes, "that's the question." Come down a little further and I will show you something that will enable you to form an opinion. These sir with the little brass knobs on their wide spread horns are a lot of Devons. Here is a cow that seems to be lame. You think she is the best? Perhaps she is, but you will observe that she is in much better condition than the others. Besides she is younger than some of them and that may make the difference. A good judge will see good points about the poor looking ones that we are not able to detect. What a great number of yearlings and two year old Durhams are exhibited. Enough to disseminate the blood in a few years over the whole Province. By judicious crossing, we probably have importations enough at this moment to stock Canada without any fear of having the breed run out. That short legged bull is an Ayrshire. Capital stock for milk, and well adapted to Canada. I understand that many persons in the western part of the Province after having tried two or three of the improved breeds, give the preference to the Ayrshires. The opinions of individuals upon such questions are so often the result of accident, and depend so frequently upon a particular object which the breeder had in view, that unless all these things are stated, no general conclusions can be drawn from such opinions. Stop friend, not so fast, let us read this paper. "Prolic Cow." Ah, here is an eighth wonder of the world I suppose. "Fifteen calves at five births"! Do you believe that? Like to see the proof, would you? So would I, but let us see the remainder. "Four calves at two births in succession!" More wonderful still! "Calves of this cow for sale" Yes, that's the conclusion, and it makes my suspicion stronger. No impossibility in the matter, but an "exceeding great" improbability. Don't know the owner, so can't say how true all this may be. Here is another paper—"Celebrated Devon Bull, Red Rover, owned and bred by L. F. Allen, of Black Rock, N. York." How small he is? Yes, but look at the symmetry of his shape; just put your hand upon his skin. Like a bed of down is it? When you find that delicate softness of touch, and elasticity under the pressure of the hand, that is what is called "good handling." It's an important point, and the animal that has it, is not to be despised. I assure you. Should like Mr. Allan's Bull, as you say, much better if he carried more beef, but I believe that great size is not frequent in the bulls of this breed.

Now, if you please, we'll look in the sheep pens. Here is a fine lot. What breed are they? They are the Leicester. A breed which, it may almost be said were created by one man, the distinguished breeder, Mr. Bakewell, of Leicestershire, England. They are sometimes called the Bakewell breed. Observe the quiet expression of the eye. What clean smooth heads, and how fine the neck becomes at its junction with the head; what broad, full breasts; no rising of the withers, or hollow behind them, but one continued horizontal line from the poll to the rump. The ribs, you will see, form quite an arch from the spine, making the chest and barrel appear of greater width, than depth. These are the sheep for mutton, like the Durham cattle, there is most meat in the most valuable parts. Their fleece is not so fine as that of other breeds, but it makes up in length and weight. They are said in England, to be a tender sheep, and not good breeders, but I think they stand our Canadian climate remarkably well. Here in this pen are South Downs, another not less celebrated breed. The unproved South Down is nearly as valuable for mutton as the Leicester, though they are not so remarkable for a disposition to fatten, and for early maturity. Their mutton is said to be better flavoured than the breed we have just been looking at. They will live also upon shorter pastures. This specimen is not a very good one, however. I have seen much better in the Home District. Ah, here sir, is what should make you thank God you're not a Jew. What is it? Why, that gentleman says it is a cross between the pig and hippopotamus. But it's a genuine live hog and you'll agree with me, he's a "whole hog." Berkshire, of course. Here are more of them. Only think of seeing that fellow's ham at the head of a table. Such hogs will require an enlargement of manufactures did you say? How so. Because we have no pots large enough to cook them? Oh yes sir, I beg your pardon, we can use potash kettles. How will we get the hams out after they're boiled? I'll tell you, sir,—here's just the thing at hand; you see that triangular Stump Machine,—that will do the business. And now that we have got among the implements, let us examine them a little.—What are those curious looking things? So many curious things here sir, I don't know which you refer to. Those blue ones, with wheels underneath and large frames, standing together? They are Bell's Reapers. On smooth ground two men and a span of horses will cut 20 acres in a day with one of them. They work much better than you would suppose. Two or three farmers, whose fields will admit of their operation, by joining in the purchase of one of these machines, might save much time and money by the speculation.—Here is a coil of wire tooth revolving horse rake, invented, or made (for I saw one on the very same principle at Saratoga and it had been in use for a year or two,) in the Newcastle District. It may do very well where the hay is light and the ground too rough for the wooden revolvers. What is that? It's a churn sir, raise up the lid and let us see the principle. Nothing new. I should like very much if some ingenious person would make a churn on the principle described in a notice of one which took the prize at a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Northampton. I will give you as well as our numerous other readers, a description of it in the next Canada Farmer. What a number of waggons of all sizes are exhibited. The carriages too, are't they magnificent. The Hamilton manufactory is noted for the elegance, durability, and cheapness of its articles. Hallo, what dirty looking affair is this, planted in a mud hole? I believe—let us see—yes, it's a brick machine. By attaching a horse to that arm, you can set the machine in operation, which grinds and mixes the clay, and by the assistance of one man at these levers, the brick are pressed into the moulds, nearly as fast as they can be taken away. It certainly is a great improvement over the old laborious method of "striking" brick. Fanning mills, straw cutters, threshing machines, &c., are here in great abundance and variety. Here is a queer looking implement. What is it for? To gather clover heads for the purpose of obtaining the seed. No doubt it works well. We have not time to examine all the articles in this department just now, suppose we go over and look at the ploughs, cultivators, and other inventions, for facilitating the working of the soil. What a number—there are more than 20 kinds of ploughs. We have them on the American pattern, as well as on the English, Scotch, and Canadian. The Canadian predominates, for you will find that nearly all of them, except the iron Scotch plough, have undergone modifications in the hands of our mechanics, which deprives them of their original peculiarity. How much stronger we get them up than the Americans. Indeed, I think we run into ex-