

his usual state of good health, full of hope and animation, especially in his favorite pursuit of ventilation, in which by indomitable perseverance and energy of character, he has now the enviable pleasure of knowing that he has attained to a degree of success, acknowledged alike by scientific and practical men over no inconsiderable portion of this vast continent. Mr. Ruttan pointed out to us some draining that he was doing in an adjoining field, but he will pardon us for saying that he is not quite so familiar with the most approved systems of land drainage, as he unquestionably is in thoroughly ventilating and warming our houses, railway carriages, and public buildings generally. And here a thought occurs to us which we may be allowed to put on paper. Mr. Ruttan belongs to a class of men in Canada, which is rapidly passing away. Natives of a country which was then a wilderness, they had but few intellectual advantages, and in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, of which the present generation know nothing, they have by the force of character left indelible traces of their progress, and the benefits they have conferred on their age and country. Let us hope that in these days of schools and colleges, and all the modern appliances of improvement and civilization, our young men will learn to appreciate the services of these hardy pioneers, and emulate their example. There is a danger in the present increasing tendencies of the age to a soft and easy life, that we should forget or undervalue the important services rendered to posterity by the leading minds among the early settlers in what was then a vast and almost treadless wilderness.

We observed in the garden of Asa A. Burnham, Esq., President of the Provincial Association, a small plot of Bockhara clover, which was sown as late as the 2nd of June, the plants had come up tolerably even, and were growing vigorously. Mr. Burnham will report on the result as soon as obtained. Quite a number of experiments are in the course of progress by different farmers with foreign seeds from the late International Exhibition, of which we shall hear more by-and-by.

We spent a very agreeable day with Mr. Walter Riddell, who occupies a hired farm near to Cobourg, the soil is first-rate, well adapted to the general purposes of husbandry. Under Mr. Riddell's judicious management, he has succeeded in making his farming operations pay, without judging from the appearance of the crops, impairing the productive power of the soil,—a condition not invariably found on rented farms in this country. We observed in a portion of a field some horse beans, a crop, Mr. Riddell informed us, he usually cultivated in a small way, but not with very marked success. It appears to us, from, it is true, rather limited observation, that our climate is not genial to the field bean; that is to such varieties as are so exten-

sively grown in the British Islands. Owing, we think, in great measure to the heat of this climate in summer, the blossoms of the field bean, (and it is often much the same with the scarlet runner) do not fructify, but drop off, and consequently prove unproductive. In some parts of Lower Canada and the eastern coasts, these kind of beans succeed better, influenced probably, as in the case of oats by a moister atmosphere. We have, however, an excellent substitute for beans in peas and Indian corn. We went through several fields of spring wheat belonging to Mr. Riddell, and the adjoining farm of Mrs. Wade, which promised a yield of 25 to 30 bushels an acre. The midge, however, we found at work, both here and in other places, and injury to some extent must have resulted. We were glad to find that Mrs. Wade has some of the pure Durham cattle, bred by her late husband, and could not but admire the productiveness of her extensive garden, and the beauty and tasteful arrangement of a large and varied collection of flowers. It is pleasing to observe in travelling over the country, the effects of the taste that is springing up for horticulture, a sure sign of increasing luxuries and refinement among the people.

Mr. Riddell drove us through the entire length of the county of Hamilton, to the shores of Rice lake on the north. The physical features of this district are considerably varied, and consequently so its soils and modes of farming. The low, rich, belt of land lying a few miles wide along the lake shore, is studded with good farms and comfortable homesteads, but it is remarkable that little, if any winter wheat is now cultivated within a few miles of the lake shore. So few trees have been left, and the country so opened to the influence of the sun and lake that the surface is denuded of snow in March and April, exposing the young wheat plants to the alternation of freezing by night and thawing by day, thus lifting them by degrees out of the ground. Fine spring wheat is almost exclusively cultivated here, it is harder than the club, and when unaffected by insects yields liberally. We afterwards called on Mr. Hume, an intelligent and enterprising farmer on the higher ground to the north, where we came into the region of winter wheat, which was being gathered in, apparently a very fair crop. Here there is plenty of wood to shelter, and the snow lies longer on the ground than in the more thoroughly cleared region below. Mr. Hume's residence is considerably elevated and highly picturesque; we found him at his bush farm, a few miles north, busy in hauling peas and wheat. It is astonishing what a change labour will effect in a few years in these wilds. It is rough, but not altogether unpleasant work. The Backwoodsman, under Providence, is the creator of beauty and utility, and the consciousness of which is a perennial source of satisfaction and pleasure. In the frontier counties there can scarcely be said now to be any backwoods in the primitive sense