

A very intelligent lad, a son of the proprietor, showed me over the Western part of the farm, most of which is, this year, devoted to the root-crop. When I say that the plant of Mangolds, Carrots, and Turnips was, as far as I could see absolutely faultless, I am not exaggerating in the least. The Mangolds, dibbled, were in my opinion too thick—a defect on the right side I admit, but when a showery time comes, as is not seldom the case, pushing their growth, the hoeing and singling is necessarily delayed, the young plants nurse one another up into a spindly condition, they become twisted together, and the task of separating them at last is made unnecessarily difficult. If the seed is good, three in a hole are plenty, as each capsule very often produces as many as three plants. All seed should be tested in flower pots &c., before being used; if this were done regularly, we should hear fewer complaints of failure in our root-crops.

The drilling up of the land on this farm is as near perfection as the steadiness of man's eye and horse's action can make it. The horsehoe is kept at work: in fact it is evident from the state of the land, that the moment the slightest appearance of the rows of mangolds &c. gives it a chance of working to advantage, the implement is started, and kept going until the leaves forbid its further progress.

The potatoes were looking superbly, except one very late sown piece which was just coming up. This had been well scuffled with the chain-harrows, (that invaluable implement if used in the proper manner) which had left the land in most beautiful tilth, or, as we say in my part of the world, "with a fine skin upon it." I doubt late sown potatoes. They are very dependent on the weather, and if the disease is more rife than usual they catch it awfully. But I dare say Mr. Drummond, who joined us here, has his own reason for planting them. Very likely they are intended more as a cleaning crop than any thing else.

There have been plenty of Colorado Beetles at work, but a steady persistence in the use of the "Paris Green and Plaster" preparation has sent them to their righteous doom. I wonder, by the bye, what my Joliette friends, who were so angry with me, in 1868, for killing the cabbage-caterpillar, have said to the use of poison for the wholesale destruction of this pest. Do they still think it "fighting against the decrees of the Creator?" I trow not.

In spite of the large quantity of Montreal dung brought on to the land it is not allowed to befoul the crops with its weeds; and this is provided against by a liberal allowance of man and horse labour, five pairs of horses being kept regularly at work until the season is closed.

The course of cropping seems to be: Roots, Barley or Oats, with grass seeds (Timothy, Red, Alsike, and White Clovers) for five years. The seeds last year all failed: a great loss and annoyance in many ways—it put the whole farm out of trim; but, as far as I can judge, they have taken well this spring, and the defect will be made up by retaining the old grass one year longer than usual—still it is a bore.

I need hardly say that the cows are splendid—fine large roomy animals, that must be a delight to the master's eye, and endowed with full, squarely formed udders, that must be equally gratifying to the dairy's mistress. Where the size comes from it was not difficult to divine, when one saw them lazily lapping their tongues round the tops of the rich, lush grass—it (the size) had gone in at the month during their youth, and their after provision had not been denied them. One young thing, a heifer calf of last January, was a prodigy of growth—quite as large and as well furnished as the general run of yearlings in the St. Hyacinthe country. I don't think these cows when, after their work of replenishing the pails is over, they are slaughtered fat, would weigh less than 90 stone—London weight—i. e. 720 lbs.

Again was I comforted by Mr. Drummond's adhesion to my views on the Clover question: "I would out Clover even before the whole of the heads were in bloom, rather than ho late with it—last year I did so, and my horses and other cattle preferred it to the best Timothy hay, and did better upon it."

"I think the opinion of two such thoroughly practical men as Mr. Drummond and Mr. Irving may well convince the most sturdy infidels, that when we give an extra pound a ton for clover hay in England we are not such fools as they are pleased to think us.

If I draw as much dung from Montreal as the farmers of the neighbourhood seem to do, I think, wood being not very expensive here, I should build a rough shed to protect it from the weather, I should pile it in a regular form, trodden and pressed by the horses and carts; but I am sure I should not throw it into a hole four feet deep, half full of water. *Verbum Sapienti.*

Not a sheep on the farm—reason? dogs. *Quousque tandem?* All the grain is sown with the Drill—delivery, the old Suffolk principle of cups on the periphery of a disc. Why? the sower can see that each tube functions properly. I may as well say that I consider this estate to be farmed as well as any I ever saw. I am, I fear, only too willing to find fault if I see a chance, but here, barring the treatment of the dung, which is not quite such a *corpus vile* as it looks, I see nothing that does not reclaim praise instead of censure. A few farms like this sown broadcast about the country must, in time, work an enormous change—and a change is wanted terribly. There is Barley here that must, barring accidents, yield 6 quarters (8 bush.) per imperial acre. How many thousand acres are there that will not yield two quarters?

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Colonisation Railroads.

Last month we described, in an illustrated article, a new style of colonisation railroad. The length of the article prevented us from giving our entire thoughts on the subject. Every year, the local Government, the owner of our forests, expends on surveys and roads at least twice as much as the Province receives from its lands; that is, the colonist is given the land and its timber for nothing, together with half the cost of the roads and surveys; and, in spite of all this, the unhappy settler finds himself, after a long and arduous struggle, incapable of paying his debts, and unable to keep possession of the land which has cost him nothing! There is a fact which admits of no contradiction, and the attention of the legislature should be most seriously devoted to it.

Our system of colonisation is wrong from the very foundation. Both money and lands are wasted; the settler, having in many cases thrown away his time and strength, finds himself, at the end of several years, with no hope of redeeming himself, and takes refuge in emigration.

If a railroad is about to be constructed across any part of the public property, what happens? Greedy speculators buy up every acre they can lay their hands upon in its neighbourhood—some in their own name, some in the name of their friends and relations, and when the actual settler wants to buy, he has to pay from \$5 to \$10 for land the Government has sold for 60 cts.

The time has arrived, in our opinion, to put a stop to all this extravagance and waste. Let us colonise, by all means, but let it be done so that the colonist may be able to live by his land, and enrich the public territory, instead of ruining it.

That a considerable revenue might be drawn from our public lands instead of their being dealt in to a dead loss, is our firm belief. They may be made a source of wealth to