

ploughed deep; the grains are scattered, much as for a bean crop; a harrow passed over the field and the tillage is accomplished. An English farmer should try the experiment on lands just reclaimed, or on lands upon which he has in vain endeavoured to grow an ear of wheat or a homely potato. The account we have been reading says:—"The lupin grows anywhere in bad as well as in good soils: but it always seems to agree best in sand, and in soils which are of little worth, and where the subsoil is, for agricultural purposes useless." Experience seems to show that it is better to allow the crop to ripen. On this point we have no practical knowledge. When the lupins are dry, the sheep eat all—stems, seeds, and husks. Four or five quarts of grain are given with a feed of oats to a horse; for cows, three or four quarts of grain steeped, or sufficiently bruised. A Prussian declares that if he had to choose between lupins and potatoes as a productive crop on the barren soil of Prussia, he would be at a loss which to choose. The lupins are worthy of an experiment. The Germans say, "Work for the butcher and you will find the baker at your doors." The French say, "More the hay more the bread." The lupins are excellent fodder; fodder makes the beasts; beasts make manure; manure grows corn.

[The above is copied from *The Field*, and the *Irish Farmers' Gazette* remarks that the Lupin is a very suitable plant for ploughing under as a green manure. It would be well worth trying on our poor sandy and worn out lands for this purpose.—Ed. C. A.]

New Zealand.

[CAPTAIN H. D. TWOHY, for many years connected with the Royal Mail line of steamers on Lake Ontario, left this Province last summer for New Zealand. As he was widely known and as highly respected, we think the following copious extract from a letter of his, addressed to the Rev. S. Givens, Yorkville, and published in the *Leader* newspaper a few days since, will be interesting to many of our readers. Ed'r.]

"I must now give you some account of our journey, or rather voyage. We left Quebec on July 7th, had a narrow escape in the straits of Belleisle from shipwreck, and arrived in Liverpool on the 19th. We were disappointed in getting a ship for New Zealand direct; but God was kind to us in throwing us in the way of a ship of 1,300 tons, bound for Melbourne, the Captain of which, who, if not all we could wish, was perhaps better than most ship-masters of his class; his kindness and consideration greatly re-

lieved the tedium of a passage of 99 days. We had only ten passengers in the ship, which was a piece of good fortune not to be obtained in every ship, they mostly carrying from 500 to 600 souls. We had no bad weather, sickness, or casualty of any kind; our health was greatly improved by the voyage when we arrived at Melbourne; our baby doing the best of all. The country of Victoria, from the harbor, is so prepossessing. Some people from Ireland sit on the shore, and weep at the sight of the green bre foliage, interspersed with sand hills, but the city is a wonder of progress; the main street seems about 20 feet wider than those of Toronto, and I saw more stone sidewalks than all the towns in Upper Canada could show collectively. One Bank, in the Corinthian style, surpasses every thing I had seen in America. A Methodist meeting-house, in the Gothic style, exceeds every church in Toronto, with the exception of St. James's. Every thing appeared more finished and complete than in American cities. At the wharf were 20 ships, varying from 1,000 to 2,000 tons, discharging at the railway that leads to the city, three miles off. Every thing appears solid, substantial and costly; but I cease to wonder when we read they export £60,000,000, in gold in the previous six years. We found every thing cheap but boat-hire; everything as cheap as in Liverpool. We transhipped to the *Mermaid*, 800 tons, and after a passage of thirteen days, arrived in Auckland, New Zealand. The appearance of every thing here is in great contrast to Victoria and Melbourne; the country is delightful to look at for those who love the picturesque.

A noble harbor, sentinelled by mountains rising out of the sea, ranges east and west; on the south side of which the town is built over the hills and ravines like Port Hope.

Up through the centre ravine passes Queen (the main) street, having all the appearance of Toronto thirty years since; very few brick houses, the stores small, mean in appearance, scarce in stock, no pretensions to wealth; the few stores called the Canadian Block, are two-story houses, with plate glass windows, built by men from Montreal. Auctions in the streets all every day, no side-walks, no gas, no cab-polyice, no direct taxes, very little crime; or one complaining of the dull times and longing for the arrival of more troops to put down the Maoris war; with a good commissariat penditure, electioneering going on, the country abusing the lands, with all sorts of plans making every one rich; embryo railway schemes for a white population estimated at 72,000 souls, scattered over islands extending eight or nine hundred miles. From the top of Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, 500 feet high, about a mile from the town, you get a view of the country, and can count about 60 extinct volcanoes within as many miles. Finding no forests to clear, the country looks deli-