

eyes in this building for a week. I am familiar with the great markets of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. When in London, Covent Garden, the mart for fruit and flowers in the great metropolis, is a favorite lounge; and I do not hesitate to say that I never saw, in either city, so fine a display of apples as Nova Scotia has sent to this exhibition. In pears the Channel Islands and the South of France beat us all hollow. I have seen pears sold in Covent Garden for eighteen guineas (\$95) the dozen. In the old countries, where they have hundreds of thousands of miles of permanent enclosures, wall fruit, protected from every blast by stone and brick, can be brought to great perfection in endless variety. By-and-by, when wood becomes scarce, and our enclosures are permanent, we may compete more successfully with the mother country than we do now; but it is satisfactory to know that in apples and vegetables we cannot be beaten; and in many varieties of pears, plums, cherries, gooseberries, and currants, we can supply our wants so abundantly as to leave us but little to desire.

There is one description of fruit which we rarely take into account, and hardly thank Providence for any more than for the air we breathe. A bountiful Creator covers our country with strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, wortleberries and blackberries every season. The wild woods, barrens and pastures are full of them; and in a country where sugar is cheap, the whole population eat them freely all summer and preserve them for winter use. There is no such supply in the Mother Country, and if there were the mass of the people could not get at them without committing a trespass. We have them all, without planting, pruning, or care. It can do us no harm to thank God for them once in a while, when disposed to grumble and long for something which we have not got.

The finer varieties of fruit that have been exhibited came out of the western valley. We wish they could be shown to all the world; but if they were, how very inadequate would be the idea conveyed of the beauty, fertility, and social life of the region from which they came. I may be prejudiced and partial—who is not in speaking of his country?—but I have rambled about the world a good deal, and go where I will I always come back with the conviction that there is no body of farmers on this continent—living in a region of more natural beauty and fertility, than those who dwell between the Ardoise Hills and Digby.

In England one man would own the whole, and those who tilled the soil would pay from thirty shillings to four pounds of annual rent per acre. Here every man owns his own farm, and walks erect without anybody to make him afraid.

The scenery is not bold, but the mountain ranges which enclose it give it great variety. Of the "Cottage Homes" which enliven the valleys, Mrs. Hemans might fairly sing:

They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the Hamlet fanes—
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep
As the bird beneath the eaves.

A sight of its fruit would give but a very inadequate idea of the social and industrial life of this valley. Forty years of personal intercourse with its people have made me familiar with its characteristics; and I fearlessly assert that nowhere on this continent, can there be found men more rationally enterprising and industrious, or women who combine with great personal beauty, intelligence and good manners, more of the domestic virtues, that make farms profitable and homes happy.

I have attended half a dozen monster picnics in this western valley, at each of which three or four thousand persons of both sexes were assembled. They drove to the grounds in their own waggons, nicely harnessed and appointed. Hay carts rolled up, loaded with cold meats, cheese and apple pies. The vast multitude were fed from their own stores, freely contributed to all comers; and after a day spent in innocent pastimes and intellectual recreations, the crowds departed to their homes without a blow struck or an angry word spoken.

I recently attended a bazaar at Windsor. Tables were spread in the Drill Shed with everything that could tempt the appetite or please the eye. The object was benevolent—a Manse was to be built, and fourteen hundred people were present; and when the funds were counted, it was ascertained that every person who attended had dropped a dollar into the treasury. These people were my own constituents. The great bulk of them were farmers and farmers' wives and daughters. They were well clad and well behaved. Their cheeks bloomed with health and their eyes sparkled with intelligence; and when I reflected at night, that in a long summer day in that vast crowd, I had never heard an angry word or seen a drunken person, I could not help exclaiming, in the language of Burns:

From scenes like these our country's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home and known abroad.

Long may such scenes be witnessed in Nova Scotia, and as each successive Exhibition illustrates the productive powers of our rural districts, may we be able to boast, with becoming pride, that their manners, morals and steady habits are still preserved.

The Eastern Counties have sent up to

this Exhibition contributions of much value and great variety. Coal, iron and pottery, the produce of the Farm, the Workshop and the Dairy. All these we have seen, but to duly estimate the condition and the rate of progress of the counties from which they come, we should visit them, and with thoughtful minds dwell upon the characteristics they exhibit. Let any stranger ride up the Musquodoboit and down the Stewiacke, and then, standing on a hill, overlook the vale of Truro, stretching his gaze till he surveys the fertile lands and happy homesteads to the mouth of the Shubenacadie on the one side and to the Five Islands on the other. There may be regions where the scenery is more majestic, and districts, in older countries, where the cultivation is more perfect, but I know of none where God, in his infinite mercy has so bountifully combined the means by which men can rationally live, and where his blessings have been more thoughtfully appropriated or are more thankfully enjoyed. In all this region there are but few homesteads where thrift and industry do not form the rules of life,—where family prayers are not offered up daily morn and night,—and where the domestic virtues are not combined with a fair degree of mental culture.

Last week a friend took me to the top of Fraser's mountain, a few miles to the eastward of New Glasgow. The view from the spurs of the Clement's Hills, overlooking the vale and Basin of Annapolis, includes a charming combination of land and water. The view from the North Mountain, overlooking Cornwallis, with the Grand Pre and Evangeline's country in the distance, is rich in cultivation and poetic associations. The view from the Ardoise Hills, which includes the Avon and the St. Croix, and the township of Newport, Falmouth and Windsor, is varied and beautiful, but in panoramic extent and proportions that from Fraser's mountain surpasses them all.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence, with Pictou Island and Prince Edward's in the fore ground, bounds the view to the north. Eastward the fertile frontage of the township of Maxwelton, with its wheat fields and pastures, stretches away till the bold promontory of Cape George arrests the eye in that direction. All round the south and west we are enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, fertile to their summits, on which the sturdy emigrants from Old Scotland, and their descendants, have made happy homes. In the centre of this great picture lies the harbor of Pictou, with the old shire town at its entrance, and its three sparkling rivers pouring their wealth into its lap. Almost at our feet nestles the thriving town of New Glasgow, which I remember when it contained but three houses and a blacksmith's shop, but which bids fair,