

father raised that horse from a colt and he raised his mother before him. He was foaled twenty-eight years ago this month, and when the women folks latches him up to go to town, it's jest all they can do sometimes to hold him now. He was got by a runnin' horse that Buckley's father over here used to keep, and them thet's got his colts don't want nothin' better. Accordin' to my notion, if you want blood any where you want it on a farm. That old horse to-day 'll tend a third more corn 'n any other you can bring, an' he won't never set his foot onto a hill all day long."

Only a few days ago as I was riding at a brisk gallop along the road, I saw that same old horse grazing by the road-side. As I drew near he gave a whinny and—head and tail up—wheeled around and invited me for a run, which my rascal was ready for, and I had for a few minutes, hard work to keep him from it. Finally, the veteran, disgusted, gave a snort and trotted off home like a colt. I have seen him going through town (exerting every muscle to its utmost, but over-straining nothing) leading two yoke of oxen before a load of manure, and I have seen him plodding along to meeting on Sunday before a carry-all full of children, with the air of a steady church-goer, who considered even a lively trot improper. In short, he is exactly the sort of horse that every farmer should have—steady, honest, active, cheerful, intelligent, and perfectly good tempered, ready for work week in and week out, as fit for duty now as when he was seven years old, and as reliable for all kinds of service then as now.

This is no ideal animal that I have imagined for the entertainment of my readers; but a real flesh and blood, chestnut horse, with a white stripe in his face, that I see constantly in my neighbor's team. He cost no more to raise and he costs no more to keep, than the veriest club-footed, "lunkhead" that spends half his life on three legs, and I would rather take my chance of getting a full season's work out of him the coming year than out of any other farm horse that I know. He may die any day, but until he does die he will be "for duty." He will be game to the very end as is the nature of his viry tribe. He is not only a real horse, but he is of the type that every farmer may have who will go to work in the right way to get it. The whole secret is explained in my neighbor's statement that "if we want blood anywhar, we want it on the farm." We hear a great deal now about thorough-bred Jerseys and Shorthorns and Southdowns, and our Walking and Talking friend from whom we learn so much every month convinced us that we must at least have thorough-bred boars. I maintain that the king of all the thorough-breds is the thorough-bred horse. I am glad to have pure-bred males for every kind of stock from cattle

to chickens, but the one pure-blooded sire on which I depend not only for profit and economy of food and work, but for intelligence and kindly disposition, and friendship as well, is the thorough-bred horse.

In these Horse Papers I shall endeavor to stem the tide that now sets so strongly in favor of fast-trotters (which are well enough in their way), and to call the attention of my readers to the importance of creating a class of farm horses which shall combine as many as possible of the most desirable qualities, with speed enough for all practical purposes, using as a means thereto the thorough-bred "blood" horse, that is the English race-horse.—This is beyond comparison the most purely bred domestic animal in the world, having, in this country no less than in England, a clearly recorded pedigree without flaw or defect, running back a hundred and forty years, and possessing more strongly than any other, the power of transmitting his excellent qualities to his progeny.

Then again, as "the master is half of the horse," I shall try to set forth the duties which the ownership of a fine animal imposes on the farmer; and to suggest improvements in our modes of treating the faithful friend who uncomplainingly does so much for us.—*American Agriculturist*.

THE COLCHESTER EXHIBITION.

We find in the *Daily Colonist* the following paragraph extracted from the *Mirror*, respecting the proposed Exhibition to be held at Truro next Fall:—

PROPOSED INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—We are informed that a meeting comprising a number of influential gentlemen from different parts of Colchester, presided over by the Custos of the County, met in the Grand Jury Room of the Court House at Truro, on the 13th of January, to consider the propriety of holding an Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition for the County, the ensuing autumn. The project was warmly spoken of by all present, and the meeting unanimously resolved that such an Exhibition would be exceedingly desirable, and decided to hold it in case the friends of Agriculture throughout the County hold out sufficient inducements to warrant the necessary arrangements for it being made. The meeting appointed the following persons the Central Committee of Management of the Exhibition, namely: John B. Calkin, Esq., Chairman; Israel Longworth, Wm. Blair, Chas. Blanchard, William N. Dickson, Adam Dunlap and James Norrie; Wm. Blair and Israel Longworth have been appointed Secretaries of Exhibition, to whom all communications are to be addressed. The Central Committee have decided that not less than

\$500 must be subscribed to ensure a successful Exhibition. In order to raise this amount they have issued circulars and subscription lists to the various Local Committees of co operation in the different agricultural districts. These committees are asked to report by first of March how much money the Central Committee can count on from each quarter. The Committee has decided that any person subscribing \$2 can compete at Exhibition free of entrance fee; and whoever subscribes a less sum will get credit for it on account of entrance fee in case of becoming a competitor. This is about all we know of present arrangements. It will afford us much pleasure from time to time to report progress of an undertaking than which we know of none other more desirable, or that will be promotive of more real good to the general interests of the County. We sincerely trust that the farmers of Colchester will be up and doing, and leave no stone unturned, not only to make the Exhibition a great success but one that cannot be surpassed by any other section of the Province.

SAMPLES OF NOVA SCOTIAN HEMP.

Mr. Morrow, of Stairs Son & Morrow, has shown us samples of Hemp grown during the past season at Ragged Islands, by the Hon. John Locke, M. P. It appears that the crop grew luxuriantly. The experiment was made only on the small scale, but with a measure of success sufficient to induce a more extensive trial during the ensuing season. One of Mr. Locke's samples was prepared by dew rotting, having been exposed for five weeks; it is a good strong Hemp, of the usual brownish colour of dew rotted hemp.—Another sample prepared by water rotting, is finer in color and of superior appearance; it was rotted for a period of 12 days, which was scarcely long enough. As these samples were rotted and cleaned without any previous preparation, appliances, or experience, it is obvious that there is a great future before our farmers in Hemp Culture, if they like to avail themselves of it.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

When one Englishman meets another, the usual inquiry is, "How do you do?" the Frenchman would ask, "How do you carry yourself?" the Italian, "How do you stand?" "How do you find yourself?" is the German interrogation; "How do you fare?" is the Dutch; "How do you perspire?" asks the Egyptian; the Chinaman wants to know "How is your stomach—Have you eaten your rice?" the Pole "How do you have yourself?" the Russian "How do you live on?" while the Persian salutation is "May your shadow never be less."