

THE COLONIAL FARMER,

DEVOTED TO THE AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF NOVA-SCOTIA, NEW-BRUNSWICK
AND PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

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REMOVING TO NEW COUNTRIES.

When times are dull many feel disposed to remove to some new country which is represented as a kind of earthly paradise, but far greater part that do remove bitterly repent it; although some succeed. Ho whose spirits always rise at the view of hardships and privations, who rather courts than fears them, always believing he can overcome them, is the proper person to settle in a new country, but they who live among those who get a comfortable living by industry and still feel discontented with their situation, better remain where they are; if they move they will regret it. About eighty years ago when the neutral French were repulsed, their lands were offered to settlers from New England. Among others a party came to Cobiquid from the valley of the Connecticut, which was at that time a plentiful country, where industrious people procured a good living. Not necessity there, but discontent or the expectation of sudden wealth had caused them to remove. Their feelings, after they had been two years in the new country may be gathered from the following *And* rhymes composed by the wife of one of them at that time.

Some years ago you all, remember very well,
Of the fine stories we, all heard gentlemen tell,
Twas about the pleasant land, they said they did see,
The land that is called, Nova-seo-si-ee.
So they still did talk, from year on to year,
Till at last to their story, we gave a listening ear;
And thought it for the best, for to come away,
Thinking that must be true, which so many men did say.
We choose out a Committee, and then we sent them down,
To spy out the lands, and to lay us out a town.
Who when returned, such pleasant things said they did behold,
That the whole to us never, never could be told.
O how foolish people, can you be content
To live here on hire, and pay such a rent,
When you might have a pleasant farm, as ever was known.
And lands for your children, which shall all be their own.
We told them we were poor, and could not get there,
About that they said, we need take no care,
There was nothing on earth, that we owned should be lost,
For we were to come, all upon the Kings cost.
Then we began to think, that we would take our flight,
And our native country then, we began for to slight,
And said that we would go, to that happy land,
Where the milk and honey flowed, on every hand.
And then our King he sent in a sail,
To carry us away with the next pleasant gale,
Many people did grieve, because that we did come,
And said, Ah poor souls; you are all going from home,

But when we were sailing, upon the rolling main,
We had no thoughts at all, of returning again.
But longing for to get where, our sorrows would be few,
Upon the pleasant shores where the milk and honey grow,
But when we arrived we were very much surpris'd,
To see the Spruces stand, so thick before our eyes.
And then we did look upon our Committee,
And asked them where it was, our pleasant farms might be;
And did begin to think, that their judgment was but small,
And some were pleas'd to say, that they thought they'd none at all.
We did begin to think, we were in a solemn case,
And every soul did wish he'd never seen the place,
Who ever thought it would, e'er have been said,
That any in this place, e'er died for want of bread.
But there were some poor souls, who were starv'd to death,*
And very many more, who could hardly keep their breath.
Since we have been here we have seen the day,
That scarcely could our children, either go or play,
It sunk our hearts down, as heavily as lead,
To see such sights as that, all for the want of bread.
Our summer's very cold, our crops are very small,
And some in this place, have rais'd none at all,
I cannot devise, how we shall contrive,
In this world any longer, for to keep alive,
I'm sorry we have, these stories to tell,
It makes think on, the Children of Israel,
And brings our native land, still into our mind,
When we think on the pleasant farms, that we left behind,
Our banks are more than full, they overflow with grief,
There's no where in this world, that we can find relief,
But we all live in hope, to see that pleasant day,
When all our tears and sorrows, shall be wiped away.

* This is a little amplified; there was a cripple in the charge of a very poor family, of whom it was suspected that he died for want; no other person was "starv'd to death." These people had a great number of cattle, which they brought with them "on the King's cost." They found much more than enough of hay growing, but the great cause of complaint was, that the plough land which the French had left would not yield more than two-thirds the quantity of wheat which they wanted, and they were obliged to eat potatoes which they had never done before, and of them they had a very bad kind. When we consider all the advantages which they possessed over settlers in a new country we shall be convinced that such feeble-minded beings are not qualified for settling an uninhabited forest or prairie. A short account of the fortunes of the family of the poetess, will give the exemplification of the career of a grumbler. Her husband removed his family to Horton, hired a farm, and remained there three years, then returned to his own, cut down some of the "spruces," and dyked more marsh; raised plenty of wheat, wool and flax, became convinced a man could never get rich by farming; set up a store; continued trading till he had traded away all his property, when his family broke up and were scattered in different directions.

The longevity of these early settlers is remarkable; the above facts are taken from the memory of a person in her 88th year who has a sister two years and a half older than herself, both enjoying good health, and the use of their faculties; not however to ascribe more to our climate than it deserves, we should mention that they came from a country where at that time very little use was made of spirituous liquors, which certainly by enfeebling the body shortens its duration, and this acquired weakness is manifestly transmitted to children.