

of my inquiries as to the introduction of Ragwort into Pictou is quite coincidental with the facts you have given; and in my progress through the country I particularly noticed the wide extent to which it is spreading in all directions, as well as its singularly injurious effects on the crops in those numerous fields in which it has located itself. On the coach road from New Glasgow to Antigonish I traced it for about twelve miles. Having a winged seed it is diffusing itself speedily. I noticed especially a field of oats which it had impoverished to a remarkable degree—its peculiar power of absorbing nutriment from the soil being scientifically accounted for by the elaborate analysis of Dr. Anderson. The whole inhabitants of the noble county of Pictou should *instantly* declare an exterminating war against this vile enemy. It seems to me marvellous that a high intellectual people should have allowed it, with perfect impunity, to rear its impudent yellow head in defiant profusion at their very doors, and under their very noses. I question whether the arch sower of tares—Satan himself—has in his extensive and rare botanical collection of noxious weeds, one upon which he looks with poetic favour; and if his satanic majesty were to condescend to offer from that

"Throne of State
Which far outshines the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

a prize for its best cultivation, the good people of Pictou would be certain to be the successful competitors, and have it formally awarded to them amid the exultant bellowings of the spirits of the vast deep!

As to Beans, on which you have written ably in your last issue, I will only remark that the best common field grown ones in Scotland are produced in great abundance in the "Carse" of Falkirk, twenty miles from Glasgow; and if the Board of Agriculture import a quantity this season—as indicated in your publication—I would respectfully suggest that this class should not be omitted. They can be had through the medium of any respectable seedsman either in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

I come now to speak of animals, for which as a body I have a great respect—partly inspired by the circumstance that the Campbell crest is a boar's head! In order to convince your readers of the fact that I am no mere tyro in Pigology, I will describe good pork, and challenge the most learned of them to specify one quality omitted;—it must be thin in the skin, sweet and thick in the flesh, firm in the fat, and small in the bone. Now, these qualities are wanting, as a rule in the pork furnished by the pigs in Cape Breton. I have much to say respecting that fine island, which during the fall I was for six weeks engaged in exploring; but I am sorry to say the breed of pigs is

very inferior. They are large boned animals, with ponderous heads, and most impudent savage looking snouts. Their bristles are very coarse, and along the back are pointed in the form of a mane like the quills of Shakespeare's fretful porcupine! I did see one very fine boar at Mr. Davenport's farm near Sydney.—That gentleman will excuse the liberty I take in introducing his name. I mean to refer more particularly, if spared to write a series of systematic letters in the Province, to the great improvement he has made, as well as to the genuine taste he has displayed in connection with his beautiful property. He has also a very fine bull; and I left the staidling sincerely wishing both the bull and the boar the patriarchal distinction of being sires—each after his kind—of large families!

But if the pigs in Cape Breton be wanting in the elements that enter into the composition of good pork, there is one quality in which at least the female portion of them is not deficient, and that is *courage*—as the following amusing incident will prove. In travelling by the mail coach a passenger was accompanied by a dog which delighted in viciously chasing all the farm animals met with on the road. At length our bold canine friend seeing Mrs. Grumphy, whose neck was adorned by a wooden ornament, quietly burrowing by the road side in company with a litter of young ones, made bold to cultivate, by means of his teeth, acquaintanceship with the lady's heels, but she at once faced about with the quickness of a captain of volunteers—presenting a pair of flashing eyes, and formidable ivories—Mr. Dog, on the commendable principle that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;"

whilst

"He that is in battle slain,
Will never live to fight again,"

immediately turned tail and ran for his life, with Mrs. Grumphy following at a pace that would in point of fleetness do credit to the winner of the last Derby!

But I must close this letter, which has already extended far beyond the limits I intended, with a word about potatoes. I only express the result of my own experience, after six months residence in Nova Scotia, having travelled through Halifax, Pictou, and Antigonish Counties, and the island of Cape Breton, where I say that I have *rarely* seen a good potato presented at the dinner table—good in comparison with Scotch potatoes. By a *good* potato I mean a dry, mealy, smiling, well-flavoured article, in contradistinction to the oblong, substanceless, waxy kind so common here. I have never seen, I may here remark, the black potato in Scotland, of which there are not a few grown in this Province. The kind most in favour in Auld Scotland, I speak particularly of the Lothians, a district of

country tenanted by the most scientific farmers in the world, are termed "Regents." It is a large, oblong, smooth skinned potatoe, and might prove suitable for the soil of this country.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,
DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

WESTERN HALIFAX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual meeting on Tuesday, 4th November, in terms of the Act for Encouragement of Agriculture. Amongst those present were V. P. Chas. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair, J. Northup, Esq., J. H. Duvar, Esq., W. C. Silver, Esq., Joseph J. Northup, Esq., Charles Hessler, Esq., S. Tupper, Esq., Henry T. Wright, Esq., and Dr. Lawson.

The Treasurer presented his accounts for the past year, which were examined by Mr. Duvar, the Auditor, and reported correct.

Mr. Silver likewise presented, in the name of Alderman J. D. Nash, a donation of nine volumes of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, for which the Society's thanks were voted.

In reference to the live stock owned by the Society, arrangements were made by which city members, as well as those in the country, may in future have the benefit of the animals.

Office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year, viz.:—*Pres.*, Hon. Chief Justice Young; *Vice-Pres.*, Chas. Hamilton, Esq.; *Sec'y*, Professor Lawson; *Treas.*, W. C. Silver, Esq.; *Auditor*, J. H. Duvar, Esq.; *Directors*, Joseph Kaye, Esq., S. Tupper, Esq., Chas. Hessler, Esq., H. T. Wright, Esq., Francis Webber, Esq.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several publications have been received, the notices of which are necessarily deferred till next month.

Miscellaneous.

SMALL TALK.

Warrants have been sent to all the Agricultural Societies in the Province authorising them to draw their annual grants for 1866.—The November number of Mr. Murdoch's History embraces the period (1818) during which Nova Scotians were awakened by the letters of "Agricola" to a due sense of the national importance of agriculture; the Central Society of Agriculture was formed on 15th Dec. of that year.—The editor of the *Canada Farmer* is advocating the increase of goats.—Capt. Hardy read a very interesting paper before last meeting of the Institute on the Beavers and Beaver Dams of Nova Scotia; his infor-