

ments of the country has carried on—) that the agricultural produce of Nova Scotia is worth in round numbers three millions a year—more than enough to construct all the Railways that ever were talked of in the Province. It is to be noted also that a new and animating prospect has opened upon our farmers within the past few years. Formerly the complaint was that their surplus could not find a market in Nova Scotia; but such has been the accelerated intercourse that has sprung up between our ports and the great Cities of the United States—which, from the rapid progress of the great West in population and wealth, are rivalling the vast increase of the cities of western Europe—that now our Farmers are sure of a ready and profitable market for all they can produce, and have the inducement to prosecute their occupations with increased energy, spirit, and skill.—(Cheers.)

I do not intend, Ladies and Gentlemen, to occupy your attention with matters of detail or to detain you with an enumeration of the various productions sent here, which challenge your inspection; but will confine my observations to a few prominent points of general interest, and a consideration of the ends to be aimed at, and the objects to be achieved, by this exhibition. One or two points which show the gradual development of the country are worthy our observation and knowledge. The great State of New York was formerly the granary of this western world. No man could look upon her rich fields, or gaze over her undulating plains—teeming with exuberant fertility, without sympathising with the honest pride with which the country was regarded by its people. The State yielded not only enough for her own population, but a large export of wheaten flour. Now, however, the finest lands would appear to be exhausted, and as an English quarter, equal to about nine bushels of wheat, is required for each individual, and only fifteen million bushels are raised, about ten million bushels must be imported every year to supply the population with wheaten bread.

If then, the well tilled and fertile State of New York is obliged to so large an extent to import her wheat, why should we expect to be able to supply our own, deficient as we still are, in the skill and appliances of modern agricultural science? On what principle can we expect, in our day, that the soil of the Country, but lately won from the forest, should be able to produce sufficient bread for its inhabitants? What then is it our duty to do? Shall we abandon the culture of wheat altogether? By no means! Unite with it the cultivation of the hardier grains which rarely if ever fail with us, and above all, devote ourselves to the improvement and raising of stock. Recollect that we possess the inestimable blessing of a temperate climate. Look at the regions south of us and but within a few days' sail, which are now desolated and their inhabitants swept away by a frightful contagion! Our soil furnishes all that is good for the health and happiness of man. Other lands, in warmer latitudes, may be more luxuriant and beautiful; but give me ours for healthful manly vigour—aye! and female loveliness—where the eye sparkles with softened lustre, the ruddy hue of the cheek proclaims our genial and bracing climate, and winning smiles reward us with their captivating tenderness. (*Rapturous Applause.*) Perhaps I ought not to have said so much in presence of so many of the fairest specimens of the beauty I am praising, but, Ladies, it was only a little episode to which I was tempted by my natural devotion to the sex, and therefore you must excuse it. (*Cheers and Laughter.*)

Look around upon these tables and see what Nova Scotia can do to reward the industry of her sons—here are proofs of luxurious vegetation, of which any country might justly be proud; here is a field for generous rivalry which will advance the interests and elevate the character of our common country. Agriculture is no mean or vulgar pursuit—it taxes the highest efforts of the intellect and brings into play all the knowledge which science has revealed to man. Cross the Atlantic, and you will find the farmers of the Mother country not inferior in point of intelligence to any people in the world. There you will find the noblest and most cultivated minds turning from the pursuits of the Statesmen—or law—or physic—and devoting themselves to husbandry; and it is a well known fact that all the American Presidents who have survived the toils and dangers of that eminent station and many of the other distinguished public