

in Scotland, to sand banks. Cobbett has compared our soils to the barren deserts of Arabia, and his Icelandic descriptions of our climate would terrify a Russian boor. Such slanders are refuted by a statement of the vegetable productions of our provinces, viz: every variety of apples, pears, plums and cherries, abounding in quantity, and excellent in quality, especially in Nova Scotia, where the grape is cultivated even in the open air with comparative success—the peach and green flesh musk melon are matured in similar exposures—and I question, if Cobbett, even in his favoured Hampshire, could have raised the Indian corn equal to the growth of it in either of our provinces. Our dyke lands soon after they are reclaimed from the waters, yield without the aids of composts, burdens of grass equal to the most cultivated meadows of England. And I have seen in Nova-Scotia upon the dyke lands of Horton and Cornwallis, hundreds of acres in contiguous fields bearing a luxuriant harvest of excellent wheat. It is unnecessary to particularise other productions; the examples which have been already adduced are sufficient to assert the capabilities of the climate and soil. Our provinces are well calculated to attract the attention of industrious immigrants; we have a healthy climate, a rich and productive soil—and the fruits of the earth in abundance; and although our winters are severe, they possess their advantages in a social and agricultural point of view; and all that is required for our improvement, is the patronage of our people, and the adoption of the discoveries and approved systems of other countries, whenever and wherever they are applicable.

There is a strong prejudice, and surprising geographical ignorance respecting the American Colonies, with many persons in middling classes of society throughout Great Britain, and our provinces have been a by-word with nurses, who have threatened their squalling children with transportation to them, whilst our bears, and Mohawks, and icicles, have each in turn appalled the

terrified imagination. When I was in England, on one occasion I travelled from London to York; our coach was filled, and after we had been packed by jolting, upon our respective seats, one of my companions, with the Paul Pry-ism peculiar to the inmates of a stage coach, soon discovered that I came from Nova Scotia—and thinking that I was not a native of it, he observed:—a very cold country, Sir; perpetual winter—the trees snap with the frost, and explode like cannons—the people are all savages, with blue noses—talk Mohawk; live in wooden houses, and eat nothing but cod-fish! and he crowned all by asking if Nova-Scotia was not one of the West India Islands—he seemed quite surprised when I told him that I was a specimen of a genuine Blue nose, born in the snapping forests, that my mother tongue was English, and that my nose, like *Gaffer Greys*, was only blue when the weather was too cold—that we had seed time and harvest, and that few countries possessed more substantial advantages than our provinces; which offer very great inducements, not only to immigrants, but to many persons in easier circumstances of life.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE HORSE.

WE particularly direct the attention of our readers to the following observations respecting this useful and noble animal. We shall select extracts from the most approved works of the day, especially from the volume entitled the "*Horse*," in the Library of Useful Knowledge; and whilst we shall endeavour to epitomise, we shall at the same time adopt as much as possible the language of the original writers.—With this acknowledgement and announcement, we shall be prepared against any future imputation of plagiarism. We shall select the most interesting subjects for consideration; especially the general management of the horse, comprehending air, litter, light grooming, exercise, food, water, and management of the feet, shoeing, and a particular enquiry into the diseases of