

putation, scruple not to act as bibliopolic pimps!

LAIRD.—It is a black and blistering shame that sic things should be permitted in Christendom, at this advanced time o'day! Why should Legislature no' tak' the matter up? Bakers and dairy women are compelled to permit their bread and butter to be weighed by proper officers, in order that folk may be be certain o' getting fair value for their siller. Noo, in like manner, if I were at the helm o' state, I would appoint competent critics, whose mission it should be to read every book that issued frae the press, and state their honest opinion o' the same *pro bono*——, I forget the rest o' the quotation.

MAJOR.—*Publico.*

LAIRD.—Mony thanks, Crabtree; that's the word—*Pro bono publico*. I can see nae valid reason why drunkards should be protected by Act o' Parliament, and the reading million left to shift for themselves!

MAJOR.—Let your idea be fully carried out, and we shall have a *Maine Law* for every vice and abuse under the sun!

LAIRD.—And what for no? If the Statute Book can cure one moral ulcer, it can cure twenty, or a thousand for that matter, and it should na' concoct a sauce for the goose to the exclusion o' the gander! Dinna' mistake me. I'm no' opposed to a prohibitory liquor enactment; far, very far frae it. A' that I argue for, is an extension o' the principle. Just look at the case in hand. Who will hae the assurance to assert that bad books are no' as prejudicial to the soul, as bad whiskey is to the body? Or who wi' ony face can, threep that a trashy novel is no' as great an imposition, as a loaf lacking some ounces o' the pound which it professes to weigh? Answer me that Crabtree?

MAJOR.—Your arguments are unanswerable, but sorely do I fear that your views can only be carried out in Sir Thomas More's *Happy Republic*! Let law makers do what they will, topers will get drunk, and the simple be gulled by puffing literary mendacities till the crack of doom!

LAIRD.—At any rate there is strong consolation in the reflection that the *Anglo-American Magazine* ay speaks the truth anent new publications without fear or favour! The honest auld lass never deceives her bairns, which is mair than the majority o' her kimmers can say!

Fill your glasses, lads, and drink success to the SIXTH VOLUME noo fairly commenced!

## FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

### OUR HORTICULTURAL ENTERPRISE.

A feeling of inferiority and dependence will commonly tend to depress the energies and debase the mind. Nor are there many things more deserving of regret, than the spectacle of a whole people tacitly acknowledging and giving evidence of its general existence among them. Certain it is, that had not such a feeling pervaded the Canadian heart, some few years since, with respect to the Americans, we should not so long have remained in ignorance of, or failed to develop the latent resources of untold wealth in our possession. No long time has fled by, since the dwellers in this promising land, assented to something that ought to pass unquestioned, to the assumption of superiority, which our rival neighbors were always ready to make, when it happened that Canada and its inhabitants were the subject of conversation. It is indeed surprising that any sense at all of inferiority and dependence should have been by our people suffered to oppress the mind, when we reflect upon the sturdy stock whence they sprang, or upon the fertility of the goodly heritage, in which they have cast their lot. The chief cause of so strange a feeling, was certainly the claim to enviable excellence continually made; and the sneer at us always indulged in by our rival neighbors. Indeed with such imperiousness did they assert their pretensions and so confidently jeer at our efforts, that we had almost gotten the conviction, that for Canada to enter into successful competition with the States in any article of industrial production argued a most mournful obliquity of vision. Thank God! the degrading sensation has passed for ever away. The young giant has shaken off the oppressive night-mare; and now gives promise of being foremost in the race. Not we alone, but themselves also who ever assured us that they were greatly our superior (but so only and really in their own distempered brain) begin to see and even to acknowledge that Canada may yet outstrip them in all things pertaining to the true greatness and happiness of a nation.

Nowhere was the sway of this sense of dependence greater for a time than over what we may fitly term the Horticultural mind; and hence the heavy importation of Shrubs and Trees to beautify the lawn or stock the orchard, to the scornful neglect of the growth in our own nurseries. Cheerfully will we admit that our neighbors across the water have made great strides in fruit culture, that their care and effort in it, are worthy of all praise: but we affirm that they cannot produce plants better or so well suited for us, as are grown within our limits. To uphold this assertion, we will call but one witness, but one whose testimony on this point no intelligent Horticulturist will doubt. "The lamented Downing." Writing on