

Snow, in Canada, instead of being the bugbear that it is imagined to be by old country people, is, in fact, the delight of the inhabitants. No resident in Canada would voluntarily relinquish the snow-clad road, and the sound of the merry sleigh-bell, for the best carriage road that ever was made of McAdam's materials.

With all the pleasure and benefits, however, which we derive from the snow, there are disadvantages when it tarries too long, which I have no desire to conceal. Our agricultural pursuits are often delayed too long in the spring, so that we have not time enough to sow our spring grain in good order, nor to prepare our land for green crops, as a good farmer would desire.

For three years, out of the nineteen, I have known the snow remain so long that we could not plough a furrow of land until the first of May, on which to sow our spring grain; that is grain that will not bear the winter's frost (contradistinguished from winter grain, such as wheat and rye, which remain in the ground without being winter killed), and though on these occasions nature provides that the increased rapidity of growth somewhat atones for the late season, yet the farmer, in a general way, has not, in such late seasons, strength enough of team or of hands, to cultivate the quantity of acres which the extent of his farm requires.

These three seasons were, however, exceptions to

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