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NEW BRUNSWICK AS A HOME FOR EMIGRANTS:

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WITH THE BEST MEANS OF PROMOTING IMMIGRATION, AND
DEVELOPING THE RESOURCES OF THE PROVINCE.

desirable

“ Now they have turn'd the turf with the spade,
Where never before a grave was made ;
And deep have laid beneath the soil
Of the woodland glade, the man of toil,
Who heav'd the dark old woods away,
And gave the virgin fields to th' clay ;
And the pea, and the bean, by the side of his door,
Bloom'd, where their flowers never blossom'd before ;
And the wheat came up, and the bearded rye,
Beneath the breath of an unknown sky.”

Happening recently to observe in the newspapers, that the Directors of the Mechanics' Institute have offered prizes for the two best Essays on “ New Brunswick as a Home for Emigrants,” although I have no pretensions whatever as a writer, and but very little spare time, yet, possessing some practical information, I venture to enter the lists as a competitor. I do not expect to win either of the prizes, but shall feel highly honoured, if my article be found worth publishing.

It is not my intention to avail myself, to any great extent, of the labours of others, but to confine my remarks, as far as possible, to matters that have come under my own observation, distinguishing those passages which are borrowed, from that which is original, by marking the quotations in the usual manner.

The Province of New Brunswick lies between 45° and 48° North latitude, and 63° 45', and 67° 50' West longitude—bounded by Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy on the South, the State of Maine on the West, Canada on the North, and the Gulf of Saint Lawrence on the East. It