

breed thrive here, and both our beef and mutton are found to be of superior flavor to those imported from the neighbouring provinces. I have several times suggested the establishment of a cattle fair at Holyrood, at the head of Conception Bay, where the people of the great cattle producing districts of the Cape Shore, Placentia, St. Mary's, and Salmonier, might find a market for their surplus stock, tho' to tell the truth, they have hitherto made very little use of their fine pastures. The populous districts of Conception Bay and Saint John's would then be supplied; farmers and victuallers would know where and when to obtain stock and an impulse would be given to cattle-breeding, at an expense of less than £10 a-year to the government for printing the proclamations and paying a toll clerk, which in a few years would highly improve those grazing districts. Goats form a very important item in the agricultural riches of other countries; with a large space of thin barren land like Newfoundland, they generally forage for themselves for a great part of the year; their milk is most wholesome, and goat's cheese is not a bad addition to a poor man's meal. Kid's flesh is a delicacy, and in Rome caprotto, or kid, is one of the cheapest, most abundant and most delicious of meats while it is in season. It is a shame that even in Saint John's we have little chance of a turkey till the Halifax steamer comes in, and the goose, the most nutritious, the most useful, and the most easily kept of all fowl in a Northern country like this, is just as scarce. In the North of Europe you get a goose almost every day, and a good roast goose for dinner, and a feather bed to rest on are not to be despised; and here in the very *habitat* of the goose, the very climate of all others where the bird could be brought to the greatest perfection, and the wild goose, which breeds in enormous numbers is the most delicate of our wild fowl, we get geese from Nova Scotia, and feather beds from Ireland or Hamburgh. All garden vegetables, cabbages, carrots, turnips, salads, &c, are brought to the highest perfection, and the climate appears especially adapted to impart succulency to them. The potato, you all know, before the rot, was of the finest quality. It is now nearly recovered, but I regret to see in many of the outports the potato field reverting to a state of nature—people prefer the hard and unwholesome Hamburgh bread, American pork, and Danish butter, to the fresh and nutritious food they could raise themselves—in a great measure trusting to a supply of meal from the government, if the fishery is short, or the eleemosynary relief distributed in the fall under the name of road money, instead