

scientific principles. Our young farmers must be instructed in the rudiments of that science, and our old men must be contented to receive the measure of information within their reach.

Quackery in agriculture is a noxious weed; nor does the ivy, which insinuates its destructive tendrils into the sturdy oak, retard and injure its growth more effectually, than does the adherence to erroneous prejudices and practices handed down from father to son, like the nostrums of Empirics, retard the improvement of agriculture. In confirmation of this remark, as applied to our own province, I need only refer to the barn yards of many of our farmers, in which a compost heap would be a labour of kindness—to the barn doors, against which some massive timber presses and performs the humble office of a latch—to ploughs and harrows wintered in the ploughed field, exposed to the rotting vicissitudes of the weather—to the scattered implements of husbandry found every where, but in their proper places;—to the little patches of cultivated ground surrounded by bushes and brambles, which had escaped the teeth of half-starved cattle in the winter, and enclosed by a crazy Virginian fence, serpentining around the field and inviting, rather than opposing the intrusion of cattle;—to fields, in which potatoes were committed to the earth, with no other manure, than the hope of the husbandman, that Providence would give them a miraculous increase; and to the seeds of weeds scattered over the ground, as if the earth was not sufficiently cursed with them already.

There are however, some exceptions to this reference, but not sufficient to establish the opposite, as the prevailing state of things.

There is a charm in rural life which exercises a powerful influence upon the imagination and recollection, and strengthens that love of country which poets and patriots have eulogised. It is true that these feelings of attachment do not originate exclusively from scenes of grandeur and richness, for the child that

draws nourishment from the bosom of a mother, whom nature has not indulged with personal beauties, sees attractions in the benevolent smile which illuminates her *unfavoured features*, and can love with *intense affection*;—the wild beauties of Switzerland have their invincible charms for the hearts of its peasantry, the heather of the hill exercises its magic influence over the feelings and affections of the Highlander.—“In Ireland the fertility of her soil,” says an elegant writer, “the majesty of her mountains—the luxuriance of her vallies, and the loveliness of her lakes, which make them rivals to those in which Italian skies glass their deep azure,” inspires an Irishman with chivalry and romantic devotion to his country; and New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia, which are not deficient in scenes of natural beauty excite their kindred emotions, and receive the tribute of attachment from their children.

As a provincialist by birth, education and attachment, I proudly confess that I love my native province with all its roughnesses and imperfections, and that I remember with feelings, such as hallow early reminiscences, the scenes and days of my boyhood. But, Gentlemen, when cultivation and the aids and appliances of art improve the natural appearances of a country,—it is then, that the neat cottage, the orchard, the garden, the lawn, the old oak tree, the graceful elm, the rose-bush, and fragrant honey-suckle that creeps upon the cottage for protection and support increase those feelings which inspired the Bard of Scotland, when he asked

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?”

And the sweet hawthorns of England, the enchanting beauties of its cultivated scenes, and its flower-clad cottages, more than the grandeur of its magnificent palaces, touch the feelings of an Englishman, and induce the wanderer to exclaim, in the language of his poet,

“Where’er I go, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravell’d fondly turns to thee,
Still to my country turns!”