

at his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15. There seems a kinder somethin in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and wont let us. We dont like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West go there, I say.

This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the Globe, and right along side of the salt water; but the folks want three things—*Industry, Enterprise, Economy*; these blue noses dont know how to vally this location—only look at it, and see what a place for bisness it is—the centre of the Province—the noteral capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy—the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States—the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstone—the dykes—but it's no use talkin; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock maple tree—stick 'em in any where; but send up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a rail road to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, oh we are too poor and too young. Says I, you put me in mind of a great long legged, long tailed colt, father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin post. He was colt all his days—always young—always poor; and young and poor you'll be, I guess to the eend of the chapter.