

OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR.—Although you expect to hear from me only with English Correspondence, I think it not unlikely that if I pass away my time on board ship by writing you some account, (not a diary) of my voyage home to the "Old Country", my letter will be acceptable, the more so, as I do not travel by the ordinary route—the Cunard Steamers, but by a sailing vessel; for if you Nova Scotians have just pride in any one thing, it is assuredly in your mercantile marine, and, moreover, I presume your chief interests revolve round it.

Never mind the date, but the wind was blowing a frosty northerly breeze, and the Sun was shining as only North American Suns do shine, when I was waiting on the wharf alongside of which the barque was lying moored, "all hands aboard and ready for sea," as the log recorded the day before, and I was wondering why you Halifaxians don't build stone docks, instead of your wretched wooden wharves. Surely, in a harbour like yours, exposed as it is to northerly winds that know well "how to blow a good'un," those wooden wharves must be an expensive economy. Why—you must spend every few years as much in repairs to your shipping and to the wharves themselves, as would build fine durable stone docks, to say nothing of the loss of time in lading and unlading unsheltered vessels—and then my eye wandered over the water to Dartmouth, pretty Dartmouth. And if I could understand what you do with all the Rum, Sugar, Molasses, &c., entered at your Custom House, I should wonder why you don't build fine stone docks on its sloping shores, and erect huge warehouses in the place of the wretched tumble down shanties, which at present stand as a monument of disgrace to enterprise: I do not understand the course of your trade; but as you have now got two Temperance Societies, you can't possibly consume all the Rum, and as, if I may judge from the column of "Things talked of in Halifax," you are not sweet enough to find a home market for all the Sugar and Molasses, I must suppose that you have to store these goods somewhere before shipping them to Newfoundland, or Canada, or wherever you do send them, and I consequently am surprised at Dartmouth's neglected state. And then again, I was watching that strange steam Noah's Ark, the Sir C. Ogle,—it was entertaining my sense of the nasty reminiscences of journeys taken in it. There is a mixed dish of smells always about it, animal and mechanical which, per-chloride of iron itself could not deodorize. I cannot enumerate all the ingredients: there was steam and oil, and tobacco smoke, and the mildew of expectorated tobacco juice, &c., and the odor arising from people's damp clothes, and dirty dogs, and dirty Irishmen, Dutchmen, Indians, Negroes, and omnium gatherum of humanity, and there were draughts of wind whenever the door opened carrying in the smells of a farm yard without the straw—and really a trip to Dartmouth seems to me to be a more formidable undertaking to a lady of refinement than a journey across the Atlantic.

It is the province of newspaper correspondents to run off the track whenever they see any thing on the road—as for the great George Augustus Sala, (Special Commissioner,) when he goes to write for the English public about that great struggle which is heaving a large nation into an era of barbarism, and grieving and disturbing the whole civilized world; why he can't even see a lady's bonnet, or eat an apple pie, without filling up a column or two of the *Daily Telegraph* with his views thereon. Well, you must not blame us, we are chit-chatting upon paper—we are trying to shoot the manners as they fly and there is a regular battue of manners always flying about us, and we can't help having a shot, and sometimes a long shot as they pass,—besides, I said: I was waiting on the wharf, and a too potent reason was keeping us there,—the cook was ashore and could not be found. Says Captain: "If it was only the mate now, or any one else, I would not lose this fine wind for him, but one can't go to sea without a Cook." Strange, is it not, how dependent mankind is on the stomach, even that kind of man who lives on salt pork. At last the cook appeared, and to the tune of the Captain's relieved shout, "Cast off!" I jumped on board and we glided so noiselessly down the stream that the wooden wharves, and wooden warehouses seemed to be moving past us, instead of our moving past them. How different from the scene of departure one experiences in a steamer, with its whistling, and steaming, and shaking and quaking, and smelling! As it was, we could scarcely conceive that we were moving, and it was only

when distance commenced to lend its enchantment to the view of Halifax, that I could realize that I was leaving your shores perhaps for the last time, and as we passed McNab's Island, although every feeling within me was playing "Home Sweet Home" upon my heart strings, making me too joyous to think of other things, I could not help admiring the beautifully composed picture behind us, for surely Turner himself could not improve the composition of Halifax as seen from this point—the low sun shedding his coloured glories over it; and I could not but experience regret at leaving many kind friends, and the scene of many happy days. I had but lately come there after a residence of two years in Canada West. I had come from a flat ugly country to a hilly pretty one, from an atmosphere of sadless air to a sea girt land, from a city where ruin, desolation, and woe, were dancing to a dead-alive tune; a "trois temps" of unreality, retrogression, and despair, to a city where all was busy, active, prosperous life,—from a country peopled by effeminate men and coquetted women, to one where real men and women live and move and have their being,—from a country where hospitality is sought for as Mr. Sponge sought for it, where it is given by people with their eyes uncommonly wide open, to one where it is a thing revered and respected to such an extent that I might almost fancy that Halifax is peopled by the Earl Yuiols of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, who had come and settled and prospered there—indeed if I were not writing for the *Bullfrog*, which devotes its chief energies to putting down the personalities with which the press in your city seeks to increase its circulation, by tampering to the worst feelings of human nature, I should like to mention by name the families of a Banker, a Government Official, a Merchant, a young man rising to fill a position he will adorn, and last not least, the family of a Mechanic—but as I agree with you, it is not right to give publicity to private actions unostentatiously performed, it is sufficient that I note as my thoughts on seeing Halifax perhaps for the last time, that it is a man's own fault if he does not meet with consideration and hospitality from all grades of your society, from the Banker to the Mechanic.

I have gone so completely off the track, and I find I have been writing you so long a letter about land matters, that I have no space for any thing about the sea.

Yours,
"EAGLE EYE."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

No 3.

Scene. Saloon of R. M. S. *Fiddlestygia*, 2 days out from Halifax, time—noon.

Enter Nova Scotian and Englishman.

Nova Scotian. Luncheon time! I wonder what there is for luncheon. Ah! lobsters. Steward, are those Halifax lobsters? Yes, of course they are (to Englishman) our lobsters, Sir, are unrivalled both for size and flavour, allow me to give you some.

Englishman. Thanks, they are not bad but hardly so superior to those of other lands, as you would lead me to believe.

Nova Scotian. We are sending some to the Dublin Exhibition.

Englishman, drily. Indeed.

Nova Scotian. You English gentlemen are always ready sneer at Colonial produce. I have often noticed it.

Englishman. I think you are in error; we do not sneer at the produce, but at the want of knowledge of the world which induces some of you gentlemen to be forever crying up your productions. Really good things require no puffing.

Nova Scotian, mildly. I merely wanted you to make a good luncheon, Sir.

Englishman. Thanks, I mean no offence, but do you not think that there is a germ of truth in what I say? You have many things to be proud of in Nova Scotia. Let them speak for themselves. And many things to be ashamed of—

Nova Scotian. What?

Englishman. Your public men and your press, and they unfortunately do speak for themselves.

Nova Scotian. Well, Sir, you are rather severe, I fancy they will improve. This union will effect much, no doubt.

Englishman. You must confess that you have at present no politician of whom you can justly be proud.

Nova Scotian. Since Judge Johnston's retirement—no, Mr. Howe, too, is gone.

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