

judgments of God, all this week of homes, and hopes, and happiness; all these exiles, these widows, these orphans, these sonless mothers and brotherless sisters, these battered hopes, and mangled limbs, and shattered intellects and broken hearts! Merciful Heaven! was there ever such a Holocaust?

Yes, at the close of four such years as have never before darkened the history of a nation, we have reached the awful end. But long after the youngest of the 'Grand Army' shall have tired of the telling of his awful story, men will wander through the wilderness by which war has reached peace and will look back, let us hope, (in the new order of things in which the progress of civilization shall have placed them) in pity and amazement at the barbarity which could prescribe for nations the awful and uncertain arbitrament of the sword. And for us, in whose days and near whose homes all these horrors have come to pass, to whom this message has been sent at a time when Christian people are commemorating a Sacrifice offered alike for all, it is reasonable to remember all the misery we have escaped as we are reminded of the misfortunes which have afflicted our neighbours; to ask for the aversion of such evils from our shores, and to beg that there may be vouchsafed to the world an interval of the sunshine which follows the storm, long enough and bright enough for all nations and peoples to learn and cultivate that "good will amongst men" which has the eternal promise of "PEACE UPON EARTH."

THE WHARF!

Dr. JOHNSON used to twit his Scotch friend Bozzy with the remark that the pleasantest view for a Scotchman was the road to England. Mr. McCULLY gravely assures his fellow countrymen that no one having once been to Canada would think of returning to Nova Scotia. As the Italians say of Naples *ceder Napoli ed morir*, so with us, see Canada and die there. This is all very well for Mr. McCULLY (who hie the hie has contradicted his own assertion by tearing himself away for a short space from the land of promise), but it is, nevertheless, just possible that a few Halifaxians and Englishmen sojourning in Halifax, may wish to go Eastward, sometimes to the old land of bondage, Europe, and forego for a season the milk and honey of Quebec, Ottawa, and Montreal. The execution of such a pilgrimage should be easy enough. Some of the finest steamers in the world call at the wharf of B. N. America once a fortnight. You have only to get your passage ticket (paid for of course) and go on board the vessel, ship, packet, steamer, or whatever you like to call it. This conveyance is to arrive on a Thursday night—good—what time? uncertain at present, but to be known on Thursday evening—good—very good. Alas! O enterprising reader—between you and that packet (unless your fortune is not that of mortals) lies a great gulf—a gulf represented distinctly by the three words "AN AWFUL SIGHT." On inquiry at the office you are informed that your steamer will reach Halifax between 12 and 4 A.M. It is manifestly useless to think of going to bed. So the best thing to be done is to sit up. Until 12 o'clock the time passes swiftly and pleasantly. Last words with friends—some of whom have promised to accompany you to the wharf, should the packet arrive at any conceivable hour in the morning—the finishing touch of preparation, and pleasant thoughts of absent friends, occupy you fully until the hour of midnight. Then the conversation flags. You go out to see what sort of a night it is.—Very cold with a gale to the north-west.—That latter is rather a bore since you will never hear the penny pop-gun on board the steamer when she arrives. Well, never mind, the night is clear, and she cannot fail to be signalled at the citadel. One o'clock—Friends drowsy and talk of going to bed. Half-past one—Friends retire. One more cigar and then you will try a nap in the arm-chair. Two o'clock.—

You lie down on your bed, giving final injunctions to servant to call you when the steamer is signalled. Four o'clock—Bang—there goes the gun. You jump up, ring the bell, and grumble at your servant for his neglect. He says meekly "no gun, Sir. Ship not signalled." Only the wind perhaps. Well, she is very late at all events, and you try another snooze. Quarter past four. Vessel signalled—cab at the door—no more sleep—down to wharf—very cold—packet will be in in less than an hour. An hour more! the agony is not yet over. You inquire for a waiting room. There is none. Masses of half frozen humanity sit about on the wharf in the wind, or huddle into a shed if they can find its doorway. It is not a pleasant hour to look forward to, but you make the best of it and retreat into your cab as into a shell. Suddenly you are made aware of something happening—the ship is at the wharf though no discharge of cannon has even there been heard. Your troubles are now ended and you not unnaturally reflect upon the various methods by which they might have been avoided. Of course you could not have acted otherwise throughout the night. But it strikes you in the first place, that if more dependance could be placed upon hearing the gun, the earlier hours of your watch would have been easier, and in the second, that if some kind of a waiting room were provided at the wharf, you would have gone on board the vessel a warmer and less dissatisfied man. We do not wish to make a grievance of this matter. We hate those who forever discover little imaginary deficiencies and faults for the sake of appearing critical to others, and of indulging for their own gratification a temper naturally splenetic and morose. The service of the Cunard Company is so efficiently performed that it were unfair to strain at a gnat-like abuse in its details, whilst we daily swallow uncomplainingly camel-sized grievances in other departments of the public service. No. We only ask Messrs. Cunard to perform two works of supererogation—two works which will move gratitude in the bosoms of many a homeward bound voyager. Please good, kind, liberal, thoughtful, charitable, prosperous, high minded, Messrs. Cunard, increase the calibre of your guns (old smoothbores are going very cheap,) and above all fit up some kind of waiting room with nice sofas, or at all events chairs, and a stove, that those weary with watching may rest, and that last moments in Nova Scotia may form a pleasanter retrospective picture than is possible under existing circumstances.

EDUCATIONAL PHRASEOLOGY.

The Indian hunters of this Province, when rewarded with more than ordinary munificence by a sportsman, invariably allude to the latter as a "fine man." Their praise rarely goes further: in their opinion the expression "a fine man" implies notions of liberality, generosity, sympathy, and trust. And their notions upon this point are, in the main, correct. The word "man," when used by itself, is commonly applied to one deemed worthy of high honor. When Horatio alludes to Hamlet's father as "a goodly king," Hamlet, jealous of his father's honor, replies:—"He was a man, take him for all in all." &c. Such at least seems to us Shakspeare's meaning in these well known lines, and our idea is strengthened by Hamlet's subsequent panegyric upon his father:—"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties!" &c., &c.—Again, in Antony's brief epitome of the character of Brutus, he says, that nature might stand up—"And say to all the world, *This was a man!*" And at the present time, likewise, it is common to speak of men as *men*, and of women as *women*. We allude to a celebrated scholar as a "double first man;" we talk of "rising men"—of "men of means"—"men of letters"—"men of honor"—"men of mark"—"men of education,"—"fast men," &c., &c. And, speaking of the gentler