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tines a regular blockade occurs in this strait. It is almost impossible for a lady attired in accordance with the existing fashion to gain admittance—hardly less so for gentlemen who turn a deaf ear to the dietary admonitions of Mr. Banting. The plan of the building was at first defective, in not providing a suitable vestibule, but the defect can yet be remedied, and the sooner the better, both for public taste and general convenience.

Another eye-sore of a similar nature is to be found at the People's Bank. A more tasteless and inconvenient contrivance than the winter-porch recently erected could not have been planned, and we are not a little surprised at the directors sanctioning such a disfigurement. A pine "lean to," with a wide door opening outwards, so as to take up about half the side walk, to the inconvenience of the outside public, is a nuisance calling for municipal interference. But perhaps the most unsightly of porches is that at the Northern extremity of St. Paul's Church, a building singularly wanting in architectural beauty, and exhibiting in a most marked manner those impurities of style which Pugin, and others have so successfully combated. The open Northern porch, never possessed of much merit in design or detail, has lately been enclosed in pine boards, and the whole affair now appears like Boone & Austin's Livery Stable. The arrangement may conduce toward the comfort of the congregation, the side entrances, like stable doors, affording a convenient ingress, the great carriage door in front forming a means of egress,—but were there ever seen such vomitories? Convenience may be one thing, but it should never be gratified by an outrage upon public taste, and why St. Paul's Church should, by such a preposterous contrivance, be shorn of any scanty beauty it formerly possessed, is a matter beyond our ken. If it be deemed advisable to have a closed porch, let something, however humble, be put up in keeping with the requirements of the building and the gravity of its character. The Church Wardens and Vestry men should think this matter over, and by preserving the church from disfigurement, save themselves from the imputation of bad taste.

We have selected these few instances by way of example: we might adduce many more to show the great lack of taste which prevails in Halifax upon matters which,—small in themselves, are yet sufficient to mar the beauty of buildings whereof we may reasonably be proud. It may be said we are fastidious about trifles, but in common life no less than in the arts, "trifles light as air" too often destroy harmony. It is in small things that good taste and judgment are most readily discernible, and upon small matters all men of real genius are scrupulous not to give offence. To maintain architecture in its purity, it is imperative that it should be studied by the people at large; but we cannot see that the people will gain much by an hourly acquaintance with porches built in violation of the alphabet of architecture. As the diffusion of liberal education tends to preserve our literature in all its vigour, so, a general intelligent understanding of the science of architecture, would tend to preserve and perpetuate its most correct models.

#### CHIT-CHAT.

"This is the most extraordinary winter within my recollection; in fact, there can be little doubt that our climate has changed completely since I was a young man!" So says Pater familias, and of course he is right. It has been an extraordinary winter, at least up to the present time, but we have no doubt, whatever, that, ere the trees commence to bud, we shall have an orthodox amount of snow, frost, slush, fog, and all other characteristics of the "good old time." We don't altogether believe in "old-fashioned winters" as conducive to physical enjoyment,—on the contrary, we are of opinion that a moderate amount of happiness can be realized, albeit the mercury refuses to subside into its nethermost bulb. Of all the imposters upon earth, there are none more transparent than those men to be met with upon the Point road when the thermometer stands at ten degrees below zero, while the gale, peculiar to Halifax, is raging fiercely. These men are impressed with the idea, that a winters' day, to be wholesome, must be almost unbearable. They grumble during a "thaw" and shiver during a frost, but they deem it their duty to affirm that intense cold is most enjoyable. We give them

credit for their hardihood, but we question their honesty of expression. They may say they appreciate intense cold, but their outward seeming betrays their assertions. It is all very well to submit, as best we may, to the inconvenience consequent upon a zero temperature, but to assert that extreme cold is pleasant because it is "seasonable," is to assert too much. As regards the advantages of frost, we presume that a temperature of plus 25° is as beneficial to our mother earth as a temperature of minus 10; but plus 25 is regarded by society with a dubious eye, while minus 10 is hailed with a sort of savage triumph. When the sun shines brightly, and when over-coats and fur gloves are deemed unnecessary, people say with a sigh, "our climate is not what it used to be;" but when the thermometer is at zero, the powdered snow drifting into our eyes and ears, people say with seeming satisfaction, "Ah—this is one of the good, old-fashioned days." But, who can believe that any one really enjoys these terrific frosts? When we meet a Pater familias, with frozen beard and eye-lashes, purple nose, streaming eyes, and crimson eye-lids, we cannot but think him insincere, while lauding the weather as "seasonable," and consequently enjoyable. The young ladies, on the other hand, regard a hard frost as neither more nor less than their due. They have tickets for the Rink, and a "thaw" is to them a direct breach of privilege on the part, not of nature, but of the guiding spirit of the Rink. The advantages accruing from the possession of Rink tickets are more than counterbalanced by the disappointments consequent upon those eccentricities of climate for which Halifax is so deservedly famous, and it is soothing to find in every atmospheric peculiarity, a tangible ground of offence against some one existing individual. If a sudden thaw interferes with the formation of ice, the Rink manager is clearly at fault; if the ice is hard and brittle, the Rink manager is to blame for not keeping out the sudden frost; if the ice is spongy, the Rink manager is to blame for not taking advantage of a night of unlooked for severity. In fact, "blow hot, blow cold," the Rink manager must make up his mind to endure a certain amount of odium; greater or less in accordance with our climatic eccentricities. But it sometimes happens, that minds the most philosophical fail to comprehend the eccentricities of the Rink, as exemplified in the non-freezing influences peculiar within its walls. Last Sunday was, beyond all doubt, a cold day, even for Halifax. The mercury was not far from zero at 12, p.m., and during the following day the ice upon the Dartmouth lakes remained hard and crisp. But, upon the Rink door, on Monday morning, was hung out the disappointing intelligence—"No Skating." How was this? There had been twenty-four hours of very hard frost, yet the Rink was not frozen over! We have been informed we know not with what truth, that while the thermometer without the Rink indicated twenty-five degrees of frost, the temperature within the building was but five degrees below the freezing point. Can it be, that an opening of the Rink windows would have been deemed a desecration of the Sabbath? We trust not. However, one thing is certain,—the Rink ought to have been frozen last Monday—but it was not.

#### CAPT. HALL'S ARTIC RESEARCHES.\*

This is in every respect, a charming work. It is well illustrated, full of interesting facts, and written in a style so earnest and unaffected, that imagination often places the reader in the author's clothes, sledge, or omoo. Few travellers have succeeded better than Mr. Hall in combining an interest centering in their own persons, with the general interest attaching to the history of their travels. In the work before us this happy result is mainly due to our author's enthusiasm. He takes child-like delight in every detail (all new to him) observed in the high latitudes, and above and behind all this is an almost fanatical belief in the ul-

\*Artic researches and life among the Esquimaux by CHARLES FRANCIS HALL. Hall's Army and Navy Bookstore.