

position and gone south, for we have got nearly all the diseases peculiar to southern climates,—and depend upon it the way things are going on, we will soon have a tropical climate.—When I was a little fellow the ice along the shores of the straits of Northumberland remained a firm and safe highway for teams from early in the fall to about the twentieth of April; and now (1860) it's off on the twentieth of March, and the spring birds are singing, and the farmers are sowing their grain. In a word Mr. — these are not winters at all, you know nothing about winters in Westmorland, such as winters used to be eighty years ago, when I was a little boy; you cannot call one foot of snow—and you seldom have more than two,—winter."

Here we attempted to show our friend that eighty years back is a long time ago, and his memory may have become so impaired as to have forgotten the character of the winters of his childhood,—and that there may have been some mild winters in those times as well as at the present, but he says,—“All winters in old times were longer and colder than at present, and the snow fell more than twice as deep.” We also showed that the clearing the forests of timber, letting in the Atlantic breeze upon the country, has a tendency to mitigate the severity of the climate, and may account for the supposed approaches we are making towards a tropical region.

“Now Mr. —, let me tell you,—seventy years ago, if I am not mistaken, and I think I am not, the only mail in the Lower Provinces was that from Halifax to St. John, which was carried on the back of a man; in fact a man on snow shoes, with five or six feet of snow between his feet and *terra firma*, was emphatically the winter Mail Coach between the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Capitals; and if the boys went a courting in the winter evenings, for they would court

the girls, it was on snow shoes. I say Mr. —, I like old names better than new ones;—we used to call old people men and women, and young people boys and girls; but these mild winters have produced wonderful changes;—ladies and gentlemen is now the order of the day. All I wish is, that New Brunswick would just slide back to its old place and let us have one of those old four score years ago winters again, when Yankee stoves would be sent back to where they came from, and we betake ourselves to the old fashioned fireplaces, and have some of the hearty food we used to eat in those days. Dyspepsia was unknown during the times of our old fashioned winters.”

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, NEW BRUNSWICK.—Through the continued blundering of this department we, along with others, have been subjected to burdens, “grovous to bear.”

When we commenced the publication of the ‘Parish School Advocate,’ little did we anticipate being subjected to a postage on each copy. And when we petitioned the Post Master General to have it abolished, it was nearly a month and a half before we received an answer, and that by the chief clerk, whose apology was, that the Post Master General had not been in the office.

Such is the way that the sinecure Lords of New Brunswick do;—enter their offices, once in a month or two, and with a dash of the pen say to one, you must pay; and to another, you go free.

Weekly papers were, and properly so, allowed to pass free of postage, while all monthlies were subjected to a half-penny on each copy. This is dealing out even handed justice with a vengeance.

NOTES BY THE WAY.—Having just returned from a journey through a part of New Brunswick, and on looking at our Note Book, we find refer-