

training are just beginning to understand their business. It is quite possible that the democrats, had they united and erected a better platform than that of Chicago, might have run their candidate nearer to Mr. Lincoln than they have done; so long as they remain divided into a war and peace party, their weight will not be felt in the country. Had McClellan been returned however, we doubt much whether the war would have been brought to a speedy conclusion. The changes in the public departments, to which we have alluded above, would not have been conducive to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and it is nearly certain that were McClellan made President, several of the Generals, who have contributed most, to the late successes of the Northern armies, would have been displaced from their commands. The great support which was accorded to Mr. Lincoln by the Western states will surprise many. We used to hear that these states, of all others, were opposed to the war, and would resist any government which desired its continuance. Outsiders, who are supposed to see most of the game, looked upon it as certain, that populations recruited from heavily taxed countries in the old world, would resent with alarm the prospect of a still more severe taxation in their western homes. The result however has proved the fallacy of such opinions and is only one more of the wonderful political enigmas which this extraordinary struggle has called into being. We cannot but admire the order which has on the whole characterized this great election. Even New York which declared a decided majority for McClellan has been the scene of no great disturbance, and no large riots are reported from other cities. It is possible that a great many blinded by their animosity towards the South are careless of their civil rights. Probably in time they will open their eyes to the ruin which their temporary blindness has occasioned. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, Mr. Lincoln has been returned to the Presidency, by the pressure of the power which four years in the presidential chair enabled him to accumulate. In the United States at present "*La liberte est nulle*" and "*Vive la liberte*" is the cry.

CHIT CHAT.

The minor incidents of ordinary every day life are just now more decidedly common place than at any other period of the year. In the early spring, our social greetings are characterised by a spirit of elastic hopefulness, and our general tone is congratulatory. While making the most of the summer time, and enjoying its gaieties to the best of our several abilities, our greetings are commonly of a nature more retrospective than speculative, and deadly social thrusts are not unfrequently delivered beneath a cloak of gushing courtesy. "We had such a nice picnic Mrs. A—why weren't you there?" &c. &c. During the summer months no one need ever be at a loss for something to say. But it is not so at present. Just now, we are gloomily matter of fact, and our social greetings consist of truisms of the most dreary nature. "We'll have snow soon!"—"Winter is coming fast!"—"It froze hard last night!"—"We'll soon have sleighing!"—"We'll have *rink* in another month!" &c. &c. These are, to say the least, social greetings of a dismal kind, neither calculated to provoke argument, nor to pave the way for more cheerful conversation. It is hardly fair to be incessantly reminded that we are upon the verge of a long and possibly severe winter. If a man really mean to be polite, he might open a conversation better than by saying in a triumphant tone—"Well Sir, the leaves are all gone now I guess." Of course they are—but why allude to the dreary fact with such obnoxious emphasis? The snow falls upon ourselves as upon our neighbours—the frost nips us no less than other folk,—why then should a man allude to the near approach of winter as to the advent of a personality, whose powerful assistance will enable him to gratify some long cherished spite against his every day acquaintances? Should such an one desire to convey

moral instruction by pointed allusions to dead leaves and shortening days, let him say so, and he will doubtless be listened to attentively—but we protest against being continually reminded by our fellow men of something particularly disagreeable, when nature herself keeps us so keenly alive to what she has in store for us. There is certainly one point, in connection with this time of year, whereon we have hitherto sought information in vain. We allude to the Indian summer. What is it, and when may we look for it? About a week ago, a friend of ours, while enjoying the pure air and warm sunshine of one of the loveliest days possible, incautiously said something about Indian Summer, and was forthwith rebuked for his ignorance and told to expect that blissful interim about the middle of this month. Later upon the same day (being anxious to shew off his recently acquired knowledge of times and seasons) our friend said—"Ah, we may expect the Indian Summer in about a fortnight"—for which assertion he was again mildly "snubbed," inasmuch as the said blissful interim had occurred a fortnight beforehand! In fact, from what we can learn, it seems that the Indian summer comes and goes without any one being cognisant of the fact. However, be this as it may, when we take upon ourselves to reccho the prevalent remarks—"winter is coming," and, "we'll have snow soon," we run not the smallest risk of being contradicted, which is indeed all the satisfaction such remarks are likely to afford us. And with winter, we know what we have to expect. First, snow, then rain, then—"rubbers," followed up by the "abuse of rubbers." We use the expression advisedly. That "rubbers" may be almost indispensable upon some half dozen days (days when ladies would do well to stay at home) throughout the winter, we freely admit, but that they are absolutely necessary whenever the slightest moisture attaches to the ground is at least a doubtful question. A combination of Wellington boots and petticoats seems to us ludicrously inharmonious, and we have little doubt that more than one love stricken youth has ere now had his passion prematurely and abruptly cooled by an inordinate abuse of india-rubber Wellingtons on the part of his ladye love. Of course, all this is no business of ours, but we must have a gossip with our readers now and then, and, like *Lige*, "we are nothing if not critical." The use of "rubbers" is apparent when a prolonged thaw leaves the streets ankle deep in mud, but on such occasions we cannot see that walking can be invested with any very remarkable enjoyment. When the streets are only moderately city, ordinary goloshes serve to keep us dryshod, and in case of snow, Canadian mocassins are tolerably comfortable; but when we come to think of Wellington boots—but—no matter.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received several Works, sent to us for the purpose of being noticed in our columns. To read Books so sent and to notice such as deserve notice is a duty in which we shall never fail. The gentlemen who bring these books to our notice are virtually their publishers in this province, since without them these books would not be offered to the Nova Scotian public. Our space can, in most cases, afford but a scanty notice. Scanty though they be we intend to use the journalist's privilege of a free expression of opinion on such books as are sent for our consideration. We do not intend such notices to be merely advertisements of works, of which perhaps in some cases we disapprove. If our opinion is worth anything the publishers themselves will be the first to approve of such a course. If we praise all alike indiscriminately the

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