

who looks after them? Why inspectors to be sure, who are changed every time the Government of the Province is changed, and the value of this arrangement is manifest. Every new Inspector has his own ideas of road-making, and his own ideas as to where such and such a road should go, he also employs other workmen than those employed by his predecessor, so that every kind of road system, from the ancient Roman to the McAdam, has a fair trial. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," you wittily remark, and this you think accounts for the pea soup mud, with rocks for bits of toast in it, through which we now pass. Well—well—Jones you are a sad quiz. We won't argue the matter with you. If you can't see that Government must have some patronage, we have nothing more to say. Look!—here come some more passengers. We are six now, where can they be stowed? The driver can sit upon the dash board, the lady can take his place, and the two children can come in behind—the little ducks! Don't you love children, Jones? especially in a crowded coach on a hot day. We pass on for a few miles through a charming country. The birds sing, the streams bubble, the sun shines, the children bawl, and the coach jogs along so fast, that after an hour's travel we have done five miles and a half. Here a new pleasure awaits us. Another lady with two more children wishes to be taken a short distance, only seven miles, and the coachman meditates compliance. Jones don't wince. It is only for an hour and a half, and you have behaved so well with the one innocent on your knee, you could easily take two. But where shall we put the lady? Each seat, remarks the driver, is constructed to hold three on an emergency. Oh! very well. We must put up with it, and the children can be stowed anywhere. That is charming, now we are off again. Jones you are too querulous. You want to know why we stop every ten minutes for the driver to have a chat with a pal? You must remember that he only travels this road six times a week, forty miles each way. He must have a good deal to say to his friends on the road side. Please Jones don't disturb the pleasure of our trip by any such peevish inquiries. It is important now to find out where we dine. The whole coach feels hungry, and the coach's wheels require grease—if they don't they ought to. Where do we dine, driver? Oh at B—'s, a very good house, a "relish" twice a week, we believe. Jones do you ask what a relish is? Silly Jones! a relish means fresh meat in contradistinction to salt fish, sardines, brisly herrings, and all those things which you in your ignorance have called unto this day *relishes*. How far is it to B—'s, Mr. Driver? A mile—that's charming Jones, do you fancy a walk? Any able bodied christian can walk three miles and a half per hour, the coach goes at the rate of five, *ergo* we shall arrive at B—'s just in time for dinner. They always keep one waiting a quarter of an hour for a meal at these sort of houses. You are sure, driver, it is only a mile? A little better than a mile—well it was a mile a minute ago, and now it is a little better than a mile—that means in Nova Scotian, Jones, a little less than a mile, let us get out. Stop the coach please driver, we are not acrobats! So—we are safe on the ground at last, those children were the—*torment of your life* do you say Jones? oh no—cherubs! What innocent play! How delightful their prattle! but we must be walking on smartly, or we shall lose our dinner. We walk for an hour by the watch as hard as man can walk, and Jones begins to complain. He urges with some show of truth that he can walk more than a mile an hour. We remind him that he is in a new country, and that there is no standard of distance—no measured miles—no milestones, and then Jones loses his temper. "What! no miles marked off on your telegraph posts!" "Cost you sixpence a mile. They have them in New Bruns-

wick; a simple bit of black wood, with white numbers nailed on the posts at intervals of a mile. Confound it! "No standard of distance indeed! A pretty people you are!—This accounts for the frightful falsehoods about distance in which all your country folk indulge! No standard indeed! All I can say is, the sooner you get one the better." Jones—Jones—be not peevish, for here is B—'s house at last. The coach it is true is starting—we have lost our dinner, but what of that? The children, their mothers, and your stout neighbour have departed, we shall have lots of room, a pleasant drive, and supper six hours hence. How now? You still grumble—life is made up of light and shade—we belong to a young country, and the sun shines brightly. You still say that we ought to mark our miles on the telegraph posts—you may be right—but hunger may have made you peevish. We will think over your suggestions.

#### WINTER PORCHES.

While the good people of Halifax are having their minds directed to the future greatness of this city, it may not be amiss to call attention to the present state of our metropolitan architecture, in which all must admit there is vast room for improvement. Our present purpose is, to call public attention to those curious contrivances (attached to many of our public buildings in order to keep out the cold) which, for convenience sake, may be termed "winter-porches."

The Province Building, one of the oldest, yet most substantial, and elegant of the buildings within the city, is disfigured for six months in the year by two wooden winter-porches utterly wanting in design. They may be at once cheap and useful contrivances "to expel the winter's thaw," but for full half the year they mar the beauty and "patch the wall" of an otherwise elegant structure, and offend the too sensitive eye of any one possessing a grain of good taste. No earthly good can accrue to the public by accustoming its eye to such ill assorted, and miserable patch work. A "lean-to" of drab colored pine boards, with doors strongly resembling those of some mean out-house, is the grand porch through which Viceroyalty passes, at least twice a year, and through which our "collective wisdom," in the form of cabinet ministers, pass twice in each twenty four hours. The porch in Granville street is somewhat less unsightly than that fronting Hollis street, but both are twins in ugliness. These hideous eye-sores have nothing to recommend them save antiquity, and even a Conservative Government might interfere in this matter without violating public confidence. The spacious entrance hall affords ample space for setting apart a proper vestibule, and if it be deemed imprudent to trespass on the space of the hall, there is without the building ample room for the erection of a suitable porch. If the Province cannot afford a substantial and elegant porch of stone, let us at least have a permanent wooden porch erected with some trifling regard for design. Regarding the Granville street front, it is true, the staircase arrangement precludes an interior vestibule, but this is no reason why we should not have a decent porch without, whether of wood or stone. In a word, let the approaches to our Senate Houses in some manner symbolize the exalted character of our Senators.—The Bank of Nova Scotia next claims our attention, and in the entry to the Counting Room we have a most intolerable nuisance, not merely for six months, but throughout the whole year. All must admit that, (excepting the pediment, which is rather a failure,) the building in question is a fine piece of work and highly ornamental to the city. Yet the directors allow the symmetry and beauty of the Bank to be impaired by a paltry little door, which, opening outwards into the street, is at once a nuisance to business men and an inconvenience to passers by. The building appears to greatest advantage when the patent iron shutters close all the openings and screen from view the poverty stricken door. Attached to the frame of the outer door (which is folded back during business hours), the door in question opens outwards at a distance of some two feet from the swing door, and often

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