

flame, which again became yellow when the lamp was lowered into the purer air.

After reaching the highest working place, he took us along the current way pursued by the air in its return to the upcast pit; at the bottom of which, burned a large open fire to expand the air, and thus cause an increase to the draught or ventilation: this open fire was only a temporary substitute for a brick furnace which they were preparing to build; but which answered the purpose very well at the present time; when the excavations had not covered any great area of ground, nor had the air any great distance to travel during its short sojourn underground. After leaving the fire and making two or three turns up and down, we again perceived daylight; and found that we had been conducted back to the place at which we had entered. Pleased with all we had seen, and the civility with which we had been treated, we were glad to see the light of heaven again, and to breathe its fresh air.

This caused us to reflect how much it would increase the charity of man towards his fellow man, if the world were more generally acquainted, by personal inspection, with the dangers and privations undergone in the procuring of so many articles of daily use; and which have now become so necessary to our comfort; and of which the article of coal is an example so familiar to us all.

We have, therefore, given an imperfect sketch of what we saw in a coal pit, in hopes that it may cause some more able hand "*currente calamo*" to describe other branches of manufacture in this neighbourhood, or other parts of the Province; which may prove instructive, and of general interest to the readers of the Provincial Magazine; besides carrying out one of the important designs of the Prospectus, that of letting Nova Scotians know what Nova Scotians are doing!

TYRO.

THE FATAL CROSSING.

A BALLAD.

"An owre true tale," from the mouth of the Shubenacadie.

*"Who now with anxious wonder scan
And sharper glance, the dark grey man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong."*—SCOTT.

On a sultry summer morning, they told it to me there where it happened, standing at the door of the cottage, the river rushing madly before it with the returning tide, while the unconscious hero of the narrative was slowly pacing with his heavy manly step, to the Lumber Mill not two hundred yards from us;—they described it to me vividly—the seeming security of the Ice,—the reckless spirit of the men,—the fearful peril from the sudden turning of the