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THE  
**PROVINCIAL:**  
OR  
**HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

VOLUME I.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES BOWES AND SON,

1852.

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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, JANUARY, 1852.

## OUR ADDRESS.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, periodical publications have become so common, and have been promoted and supported by such an amount of talent and character, that they now occupy a position in literature, and exercise an influence upon society, superior perhaps to many expensive books of much higher pretensions. The taste and feelings of the public upon this important subject have been long entirely changed.

The cheap periodical, now no longer humble in its pretensions, but rich both in material and interest, is welcome alike in the cottage of the mechanic, and the drawing-room of the man of wealth and refinement. The revolution which has taken place in this class of publications is alike extraordinary and desirable. Formerly, the reader of a weekly, or monthly, literary publication, in quest of information or amusement, with some slight exceptions, would search in vain for either amidst a dry list of statistics, of births and deaths, or at the most an antiquarian paper, more curious, than interesting or useful. Now, the highest intellects of the day send forth the rich and varied produce of their minds, to the world at large, in the form of periodical publications.

The enlightened statesman, and grave philosopher contribute to their pages, and increase their honour and their fame, by extending the benefit of their learning and experience to almost every class of readers. As a natural consequence, the demand for cheap literature of this description has increased to so great an extent, that the appearance of a new Periodical, is not now considered much more remarkable, than the appearance of a new book. The field of literature is boundless; and the reason which is accepted by the public from the author of a new book, will not be refused, when offered by the Editor of a new Periodical.

It was said by a great critic of our language, that no person ought to write, who is not conscious that he has got something to say worth listening to; and wherever this is said, whether in the pages of a book, or the columns

of a literary journal, it will always find an audience sufficiently large to repay the author of the production.

It is an easy matter for one to re-echo the cry, that the field you enter upon is already fully occupied. This is an apparent truism which has long been stereotyped in the public mind; whereas there is in reality no department of literature, however brilliant may be its cultivators, but admits of room enough, both for improvement and further cultivation. Had the intellect of man bowed in acquiescence to this assertion when it was first made, and rested satisfied with what had been already done, both our language and literature would have been at present in a state of barbarous rudeness, and our condition as intellectual beings, of a description of which it would be difficult to form an idea.

In submitting a new Periodical to the public, therefore, we are only in some measure enlarging the means of human happiness, by opening up another channel from which, intellectual nourishment of a healthful and nutritious character may flow. It is not our intention to endeavour to supplant any contemporary, but rather to co-operate in advancing the welfare of mankind, by ministering to their intellectual improvement, and consequently, their social happiness.

Having taken up the position of public teachers, however wide or narrow may be the field of our exertions, one object will be kept constantly and steadily in view,—to win success, if it is to be won at all, by an undeviating adherence to truth and virtue. For this great purpose the charms of literature will lend their influence and their power. Fiction itself will be made to wear the mantle of virtue, by endeavouring to improve the heart, while it pleases the fancy—while cheerfulness “that nymph of healthiest hue” will give a buoyancy to our pages, which we trust will conduce to waft them far and wide over the land.

It is not our intention to fatigue our readers with a long address. We would rather, they should form a judgment from our performances, than from any promises in an introduction, however skillfully constructed. The “Provincial Magazine” will be sustained with the same spirit, with which it has been undertaken, and no exertions will be spared to make it in some measure worthy of the Provinces, and of the City whose name it bears. It has long been confidently asserted that no purely literary undertaking will succeed in Halifax—but the assertion, we believe, is unwarranted in every respect, for neither genius nor talent has any particular locality, but wherever they appear will shed a lustre not only upon every thing in their immediate neighbourhood, but their influence will be felt and welcomed in the remotest parts of the land. Under a consciousness of this truth our journal has been undertaken; if it has merit, it will support itself, if it wants it, it will pass away like its brethren into the land of forgetfulness.

## EDITORIAL COLLOQUY.

*Snaffle.*—So you are actually going to try your hand at a Literary Magazine—with all the ghosts of your departed predecessors staring you in the face? Boldness deserves success; I wish I could say, that in this case it is likely to command it.

*Editor.*—The material is ample, the field is large, and if we fail we must blame our own incapacity, not that of the public.

*Sn.*—To be sure, the field is large enough in one sense, there are some two or three millions of square miles to work upon, but then the difficulty will be, to persuade the woods and forests, or the denizens thereof to become subscribers.

*Ed.*—Yes, and among these forests there are a million and a half of human hearts, not unwilling to be either instructed or amused, if we can only reach them.

*Sn.*—That saving clause was well put in; it will take a long arm to get at this scattered crowd. In sober earnest, Sir, I must look upon this as a somewhat mad scheme.

*Ed.*—How, why? It is not too late to back out;—I should be most happy to hear the advice of a judicious friend on the subject.

*Sn.*—Well, I dont like to be throwing difficulties in the way of a meritorious undertaking—but first of all—every thing of the kind has hitherto failed.

*Ed.*—Well, Sir, the public dont care about being fed on milk and water.

*Sn.*—Granted; but they can get strong food, stronger and better too, than you can give them, for the life of you, in greater abundance and at a far cheaper price; Jonathan has already the command of the market.

*Ed.*—Granted too, so far; we cannot give literature equal to Blackwood or the Edinburgh Review, we will not pretend to do so, but we hope to bring forward subjects of a distinctive character, possessing deep interest to every inhabitant of this magnificent country.

*Sn.*—A magnificent idea, beautiful among the clouds, but rather vapoury and intangible when brought to close quarters. Now to come to the point what are your distinctive subjects?

*Ed.*—I am not sure, Snaffle, that the tone of your advice invites confidence—however as the matter is sufficiently clear and simple to my own mind, I will endeavour to explain it in a few words to you.

*Sn.*—Dont murmur at my tone—I am as anxious for the success of the Magazine as yourself, only I am a plain practical man and do not often see visions; but the subjects,—let us hear your subjects.

*Ed.*—A few well written sketches of distinguished Colonists would in my opinion be read with interest, and not without profit by the inhabitants of these Provinces. My ambition does not extend further at present.

*Sn.*—Distinguished Colonists!! Whew! rare aves, certainly, I have read of the Phoenix—but can't say I ever saw it. Where are these illustrious individuals to be found, I would willingly perform a pilgrimage—

*Ed.*—I am afraid, Sir, your devotion would in a great measure be thrown away—almost as much as my time is now. Good morning, Mr. Snaffle.

*Sn.*—Come, come, Mr. Editor, dont get angry, and I will promise to be reasonable; you said distinguished Colonists—I laughed, I could not help it—distinguished they may be in their own sphere, but there is nothing more dangerous than to be great in a little circle.

*Ed.*—It is this little circle—I would wish to address—and yet neither its bounds, nor the men within it are so very little.

*Sn.*—Well, perhaps I was wrong, go on.

*Ed.*—There is the Hon. Samuel Cunard.

*Sn.*—A successful merchant, nothing more, there are five thousand such in England and Scotland, whom the world neither knows nor thinks of.

*Ed.*—There may be; but the name is indissolubly associated with Atlantic Steam Navigation—it carries us into the stupendous works of Napier—the ship building yards of the Clyde—the history of those mighty leviathans that enter our harbour every other week—the writer of such a sketch would show the gigantic appliances by which the man of genius has given life and action to these moving castles—who would not read with interest a detailed account of the successive progress of each Cunard Steamer?

*Sn.*—True, true, Sir, the subject is greater than the man, and the sketch, I confess, would be interesting—but that I suspect is the beginning and the end.

*Ed.*—No Sir, no, undervalue not your country, it is a mean and discreditable affectation—I will mention another name to refresh your memory—the name of Sir Allan McNab—has travelled beyond the little circle you speak of, and with that name would be associated the rebellion in Canada, full of as much interest as any contained in novel and romance—and in which Sir Allan took so large a part.

*Sn.*—Right Sir, right again, upon my word, the field is richer than I thought it was—there is an advantage after all in casting about for subjects. Any more? I really listen with interest now, and have some faint hopes of you.

*Ed.*—Thank you, Sir, you are kind to hope. There is Judge Halliburton, a name not unknown in England—dont you think an interesting sketch might be made on the man and the peculiar class of literature of which he is the head?

*Sn.*—Tolerable, yes, very good, and then—

*Ed.*—There is a Wallis, a Belcher, a Westphall, a Johnston, or a Howe—who are or may be among the illustrious some day.

*Sn.*—True, and though last not least of them—should that Railway go on.

*Ed.*—Stop a little. No general ever got a coronet for losing a battle.

Mr. Howe's greatness hangs trembling in the scale, I hope the right side will go down.

*Sn.*—Well this is one distinctive department which we will not press any further. Let us pass on—your edifice is really a more substantial affair than I thought of.

*Ed.*—Biographical sketches are always interesting—there is another subject which we ought to be better acquainted with than we are—the Cities of British North America, might be made the subject of some fine Articles. Who would not read with interest the fall and rise of Quebec—the heroism of Wolf, the patriotism of Montcalm. How much, and how much of deepest interest might be said in a few pages, in throwing out as it were the more prominent features—in the history of these Atlantic Cities. The rapid growth of Toronto—the settling and subsequent history of Halifax—afford materials for vivid portraiture which any Colonist and perhaps some who are not Colonists would read with pleasure.

*Sn.*—Upon my word, Mr. Editor, I have a mind to lend you a helping hand myself. You cater subjects splendidly—can you turn out the artists—that is difficulty the third—for my part I dont know six people who can write three sentences of grammar or common sense—in these parts.

*Ed.*—And one of these no doubt is Mr. Snaffle—and another Mr. Snaffle's wife, who the rest may be I will not presume to say, but we must make the best use of the material we have; and notwithstanding your sneer, Snaffle, we have the sterling ore—not in great abundance, but we have it.

*Sn.*—I am glad to hear it, my dear fellow, but are you going to fill up the Magazine with biography and topography—let us have the whole *tout ensemble* at once.

*Ed.*—Not at all—there is material in our woods and forests we mean to use. The Red Man is there, the savage beast and the mighty river will minister to our wishes—the sea has treasures and the earth resources.

*Sn.*—I must confess I have no great faith in the nonsense and jargon we read and hear of the Red Man—let him alone; he must disappear with his own forests, and it is better that he should. What after all is the value of the absurd and ridiculous traditions of their savage contests,—there is a most tedious sameness in all their enterprizes—scalping the beginning—the middle and the end.

*Ed.*—Snaffle, I beg your pardon, but you are an ass, without having the heart of one. Is there not a grandeur in the character of the proud and solitary savage, who has felt nothing of civilization but its evils, who still loves the chase and still prefers his wigwam—whom the white man has never yet bribed or bought to perform a servile action. You say truly that



his traditions are dying away, and as they are the only history of a remarkable and ill used race I would wish to see them preserved.

*Sn.*—Well, well, be it so, I can skip—perhaps you may get subscribers among the Aborigines society, and then variety is desirable, and it can do no harm, but for my part I have but little patience with the pseudo sentiment of the day. It is a law of nature that the white skinned race shall drive out all others—we see it in action all over the world. The Hindoo feels it on his sultry plain, the Celestial bows before it, in spite of his antiquity and his pretension, the sands of Arabia, the shores of Algiers, the phlegmatic Turk, the servile Copt, the fierce Caffre, and far distant Bushman are compelled to retire before this mighty wave—which is doomed to swallow up their names and bury their traditions. No earthly power can stay it, and the dreamy and useless Indian must take his place in the vast and motley herd.

*Ed.*—It may be so, but the book of fate is sealed. Presumption and folly are now a days the principal ingredients in the character of the prophet, however we mean not to confine ourselves to Indian life or Indian warfare, The struggle and endurance of the early Colonists, their virtues, their privations and their triumph have more of interest to the thoughtful reader, than the wildest romance, because they possess the power of truth and the fascination of fiction.

*Sn.*—Well I suppose you must have fiction to keep your craft afloat. I am no great sentimentalist, Mr. Editor, I have got a wife and seven children.

*Ed.*—One would imagine you were a miserable old bachelor, hiding a sprinkling of grey hairs beneath an auburn wig—in fact you should be called Snarl, for you must snap at every thing.

*Sn.*—You are severe, Monsieur Editor, but I am sure I have shown you at least, that I can put up with the *irritable genus* as well as most people. In the meantime we are getting the Magazine filled up—have you got any-thing more to throw in to catch the gudgeons?

*Ed.*—Yes, and I trust, more lordly fish. We will review a book now and then—a Colonial one when we can get it, and do as much justice to it as we can. We will analyse a sterling English Work as opportunity offers, and in short do every thing in our power to keep our readers acquainted with the more important doings of the literary world.

*Sn.*—Then you will do much.

*Ed.*—We will do more—we will press our French and Spanish and perhaps our German friends into the service and make them entertain us to the best of their ability.

*Sn.*—Ah, that is coming it rather strong—your staff must be large—and yet you have said nothing of the poets and chroniclers.

*Ed.*—And we mean to have both. The events of each month will find their proper place and their proper compass in the Magazine.

*Sn.*—Indeed. Your Magazine will be a perfect Vade Mecum, a repertorium of every thing for every body.

*Ed.*—Snaffle, do you mean that as a sneer.

*Sn.*—On my honor, no, I am in very earnest. You intend to make us acquainted with the country—to take us through the woods and up the rivers—to wander with us along the shore—chatting pleasantly all the time, on the objects before you. This has never been done before, and if you do it well, the emigrant will thank you as well as the provincialist, and you may make the country known to some purpose. No, Sir, I have strong hopes of you now—your ideas are more rational than I took them to be—there is still one thing, the last and most important of all—where are your workmen; I should like to see your fellow labourers—show us them.

*Ed.*—I can't, my lips are sealed—you must judge them by their works—some part of which you will see presently.

*Sn.*—All I want to be assured of is, that they know their business—that they are not taking up their tools for the first time, for if they are mere amateurs, depend upon it they will make sad work, you must have some well drilled hands to assist you or you will flounder terribly—in fact become a public laughing stock and be compelled to knock under amidst showers of mock sympathy.

*Ed.*—I have considered all that and made provision accordingly, we will turn out a well built article.

*Sn.*—Well, Sir, my throat is dry talking—could we not have a small Noctes—a warm supper in a quiet way?

*Ed.*—No, Snaffle, you have a wife at home, and 'tis past eleven.

*Sn.*—Hang the wife. Not that either—for I have got the most devoted little lady in the world.

*Ed.*—The heavenly Una married to a—bear. No, Snaffle, I won't encourage you, I mean to get married some day myself and be a paragon of domestic affection, therefore—

*Sn.*—In the meantime you will save your wine; right, nothing like thrift these times—I will at least drink prosperity to the Magazine in the coldest water—hip, hip.

*Ed.*—Snaffle, you are incorrigible—but you shan't have the supper—to night

*Sn.*—Well, au revoir.

*Ed.*—Good night, Sir. You will give us an article before the end of the month?

*Sn.*—Without roast pig, and devilled turkey? No never (exit Snaffle.)

*Ed. Solus.*—He'll send it for all that—though the cold water to be sure was poor encouragement.

### JANUARY—OUR FIRST MONTH.

We have passed the threshold, and entered upon a New Year. One more page in the book of life has been turned, and a new scroll is now ready to receive the impress of our thoughts and actions. The entrance upon a new stage of existence should be fraught with solemnity, for we feel that another of the way-marks in the road of time has been passed, and that we are progressing rapidly to our journey's end—

"The spindle for the thread of life,  
Is nearly full for us."

But the New Year is always a time for rejoicing, and we will regard it as such, and leave the heart to draw the moral in its own silence from these land-marks of time. January opens with festivity, kind wishes and kindly feelings. An admirable custom prevails with us, in common with our sister provinces, and adopted we believe from the neighbouring Republic, of receiving the welcome congratulations of our friends on New Year's day, thus giving many an opportunity of exchanging those kindly courtesies of life which otherwise would be neglected. Gentlemen are enabled to renew their acquaintance, with those whom business denies them the opportunity of meeting through the more work day part of the passing year. Visiting is kept up with great spirit when the weather permits—the ladies wear their brightest smiles, and offer refreshments in their most persuasive tones, while the gentlemen sustain their part, by hearty shaking of hands, joyous remarks, kind wishes and congratulations. The day often closes with a gay party, and almost always with a social gathering round the bright hearth of the household, when families for one evening at least are united, and hearts are strengthened by kindly words and offices for the battle of life through the coming year. January seems the favorite month for festivity during our winter season, the long evenings naturally induce some plan for amusement, and the gay among our inhabitants, often devote them to private balls and public assemblies. Music and mirth resound from many a dwelling and light hearts dance down the midnight, and laugh at the keen north wind, and it may be, driving snow, that rushes past the casement. The sleighing which usually abounds in this month, gives our streets an animated appearance as the warmly clad sleigh drawn by prancing horses, glides rapidly onward, heralding its approach by the merry bells that ring out such a stirring, enlivening peal.

It is the skaters month also—it usually brings the first firm ice of the season, and the sport has all its enjoyment with none of its satiety. The fine bracing air of winter and the healthful tone of the exercise make this a most delightful amusement for its votaries, and the lakes often present a most animated spectacle, particularly when enlivened by the presence of

the ladies who may be seen watching the graceful movements of the skaters, or turning glances of interest as the game at ball is kept up with spirit and skill.

January being the first month of the year gives a freshness and zest to winter amusements, that the succeeding months are devoid of. Literary recreations are more valued, because for the time new. Our Discussion Clubs and Mechanics' Institutes have their attendants, and other various resources for mental improvement and entertainment are opened up. It has the charm of winter without its weariness, and the bright fire smiles on many a brighter face, while where the curtains are drawn, and books and work lend their influence to the group round the bright hearthstone, few would exchange the scene for one of summer, or wish that—

“It should revel all the year,”

but will acknowledge with pleasure the charm that each returning season brings in its course.

Yet, January has also its side of shadow and suffering. It is a trying season for the poor. Huddled in their small cold tenements they know little of the charms of winter; the long evenings to them are but harbingers of sorrow—want of light and fuel, and too often of food, oppresses many even in our province. Those who have the warm homes and bright hearthstones we have just been glancing at, should in their own comfort remember the poor, and distribute a portion of their gifts to aid their needy brethren. Poverty is at all times a grievous burden, but when the sufferings from cold and storm are added to its usual weight, few can bear the extent of its misery, and the rich should remember to impart a share of their bounty; but our good citizens need no incentive to charity, the appeal of distress never falls powerless on their ear, and the benevolence of those whom fortune has blessed, is felt widely and extensively among the poorer classes of our land.

January, in the country produces a bleak though at times a beautiful scene. The white, unbroken snow wraps hill and valley in a glistening mantle and the trees also bend beneath the fleecy covering. The merry laugh of young children is heard, as with bright eyes and rosy cheeks they slide over the smooth streams and lakes, or chase each other with snow-balls, or coast down some hill side on their tiny hand-sleds, enjoying the sport, though their fingers tingle with the cold and their warm breath freezes on the wrap that some careful mother has tied round each neck. Happy time of innocence and cheerfulness—when the feathers and straws of life satisfy the dormant imagination and make everything bright and joyous!

The poor cattle gather closely under the barn eaves, eagerly waiting to be penned in the fold and receive their share of provender. The hardy farmer whistles cheerily to his team, as he brings the huge logs from the woods to

blaze on his winter hearth, and through the snow drift and cold, looks forward to the evening, when the prattle of his little ones, or the columns of his newspaper shall refresh him after his days toil. For him the New Year brings hope with renewed toil, and as he passes the hearty wish for a happy one to his neighbour, he feels that industry with mutual good will can assist in making it so.

A January night when the moon is in power, is beautiful to behold—she shines so calm and purely on the white earth, while the stars for once are rivalled in their glistening by the frost that sparkles on its bosom—the shadows of the leafless trees glimmer in the full moonlight on the snowy expanse, and the silver clouds float over the blue sky as sweet fancies pass over the quiet soul.

" All is so still, so calm in earth and air,  
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there."

But it is the stillness of awe, the repose of majesty. In summer the hush of its midnight breathes of rich softness, like the sweet dreams of a sleeping child, but in the noon of night in January when you look through the frosted window pane on whose fantastic devices the moonlight smiles so coldly, and mark the deep repose of the sleeping earth as she lies under her fair canopy, and then gaze upon that clear blue sky where a thousand stars are burning in glory, you feel as if you were watching the slumbers of a giant, for the storm-king is but resting in those dark old woods, giving his empire but a breathing time.

January has its stern realities, but it has also its softer poetry—the beauty and sublimity of winter strike the imagination powerfully and call forth its loftiest thoughts. Many of the poets have revelled in its glories, and some of their mightiest strains owe their birth to the inspiration of winter. Its fierce tempest and tyrant dominion, together with its bright bold beauty are noble themes for song, and nature's worshipper avails himself of their power. But we must not bring poetry to our aid, or we would swell a volume in praise and admiration of winter—a sunset in January is poetry in itself—the rosy hue on the white snow is a sweet verse from the epic of nature. When the purple and gold clouds

" Gather one by one  
Sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,"

and the whole earth lights up for one moment, as if it were a smile for the last good-bye.

The lover of poetry needs no uttered thought to enhance the beauty of the fair scene, his own feelings will supply every image and chaunt to him the most thrilling anthem. But we must take our leave of January, at least in manuscript and leave its beauty to more actual realization. Like every other period of the year it has its sunshine and shadow, its beauty and darkness,

its joy and sorrow—yet it has but its share, there is “beauty in all our paths,” would we but rightly discern it,—out of our very trials come blessings, even as amidst the frost, tempest and dreariness of January we find beauty, glory and festivity.

## LANGUAGE.

How precious is the gift of speech!  
 The language that can tell  
 Of all the kindly sympathies  
 That in our nature dwell.  
 The beaming look, the radiant eye,  
 Can wealth of love express,  
 But give me still a truthful voice  
 To comfort and to bless.  
 They tell me that a blushing cheek,  
 And timid downcast eye,  
 And sigh half breathed from smiling lips,  
 Gives love its best reply;  
 But oh! methinks the jealous heart  
 Would be far more assured,  
 (Tho' bright and fond the smile and glance)  
 By one brief answering word!  
 The quivering lip, the tearful eye,  
 The hand in kindness pressed,  
 To many a heart, by anguish torn,  
 Have sympathy expressed.  
 And silent eloquence hath brought  
 Sweet soothing and relief,  
 When words perchance had oped afresh  
 The troubled fount of grief.  
 But the first burst of sorrow past,  
 Would kindred feeling rest,  
 Till it had poured its fullness forth  
 Into the faithful breast?  
 Till each to other had conveyed,  
 Tho' but by one brief word,  
 The storm that thro' one heart had swept,  
 The other's depths had stir'd?  
 And oh! when round a dying one,  
 Have love and anguish met,  
 Tho' faith and hope upon the brow  
 Their angel seal have set;  
 Yet still one word—one parting word,  
 Is dearer far than all,  
 For they who reach the spirit's land,  
 Answer not when we call.  
 And treasured are those thrilling tones,  
 Thro' all life's after years,  
 Tho' other words our answers claim,  
 And other griefs our tears.  
 We may forget how beamed the eye  
 With soul-sustaining faith,  
 But ne'er the farewell of the voice  
 'Ere it was hushed in death.

## INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS

NECESSARY AS A PROGRESSIVE ELEMENT, FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

The Great Industrial Exhibition of all Nations has closed its doors. The Crystal Palace has emptied itself of the thousands of human beings who for months took shelter within its transparent walls. The wealth of the sunny South, of the frozen North, of ancient Europe, and young America, so long warehoused in glass, has been transferred to more substantial tenements of wood and masonry. The "Mountain of Light" no longer there collects, and again reflects, with dazzling brilliancy, the rays which emanate from that great source of light and life—the mightiest diamond of the firmament above us—no longer enchained, does it play with the sun by day, and the stars by night. In its adventurous career, yet another change has taken place. Now, as "the brightest gem in England's Crown," it adorns the brow of England's much loved Queen.

The Commissioners have all but terminated their Herculean labours; nought now remains but dome and walls, where but a few short months before all within was beauty, life, enchantment, a scene of fairy land—variety has been supplanted, sameness reigns! Yet these bare walls stand forth, a monument of England's greatness, an index of her vast resources. An English mind originated, English minds and capital as if by magic erected her Crystal Palace, a structure as vast in its proportions, as was the object which gave it birth. Well may England be proud of her Paxtons and Hendersons, her Engineers, her Architects, and Contractors, for they constitute much of her present glory, power and influence.

The Exhibition is past and gone! Not so its memory and effects. When the sun in its diurnal course shall cease to illumine the home of the Anglo-Saxon then and then only, will this great triumph of peace, science, and skill of the 19th century, be blotted from the World's History. Its results have been, and will be, too grand and momentous not to be handed down to posterity. When the names and sanguinary victories of men like Wellington and Nelson shall have faded from the memory of man, or be only dimly impressed there, the World's Fair of 1851, and its effects, will still be vivid and indelibly engraven on the tablets of his mind. Centuries hence it will be discussed as the greatest fact of the present age.

The events so recently enacted in connexion with this great display, might well be designated a "Congress of Peace," for in England's Capital working on the same platform, side by side, stood men opposed to and hating each other (in their own domains) with a bitter hatred. The Russian and the Turk, the Austrian and Hungarian, with other most discordant material, on British ground laid aside the gall and wormwood of his nature. The past was forgotten in the present—evil passions and influences were absorbed by, and sunk deep in, the vortex of a virtuous Maelstrom. The watchwords of

Republicanism, "Unité, Égalité, Fraternité," seemed for a time to have an actual, yet bloodless existence in Monarchical England. The Plague, invasion by Foreign Socialists, and all the prophesied evils of the timid, that were to be the concomitants of this great event, vanished into empty air. All went smoothly, successfully on, because, a kindly Providence seeing that the work was for good and not for evil, smiled on it, and in wisdom directed that it should be thus.

On this great and unique occasion, the land we live in, Nova Scotia, was an interested party. Let us briefly glance at her contribution, and at the position she there assumed, and from it learn wisdom, and how to act, should we ever again be called on, to take part in a similar display.

Scarcely a twelvemonth has elapsed, since crowds of people, old and young, rich and poor in a steady stream, for three consecutive days took their course across the Parade to gain admission to the Museum of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, for the purpose of viewing the contribution in question. Some were satisfied, more apparently delighted, while others again spoke of the meagre appearance of the show, and with dissatisfaction in their looks shrugged their idle shoulders at the thought of the contrast so shortly to be made between Nova Scotia and the world at large. The Exhibition, although perhaps credible to the Province, as a *first effort*, fell far short of what it should have been, or what it would have been, had the sympathies of the people been enlisted in the undertaking; or had they been aroused to exertion and combined action, by a proper conception of the advantages that a vigorous and noble effort on their part would have effected for this their native or their adopted land. Like the foolish virgins of Scripture, the people of Nova Scotia slumbered, while the inhabitants of other countries, with their lamps trimmed, laboured, and put forth their best efforts to excel, and to render services the most valuable to the land that claimed them. Science, and the arts have thanked *them*, the enlightened men of the present age do homage to the people who by mental toil and manual labour have thus added to the general store of human knowledge.

The entire contribution was gratuitously transmitted to England, by a whole hearted and generous son of Nova Scotia,\* and although arranged to the best advantage, was insignificant when contrasted with other departments. Comparatively few, of the many thousands who entered that great emporium of the wealth, industry, and science of civilised nations, stood to examine and admire our country's productions. Why was this? We reply: because, Nova Scotians were not awake to their own interests. Here was a glorious opportunity proffered them, for informing the world that their country was civilised; that she had a climate other than Siberian; that her natural

\* The Hon. Samuel Cunard, who forwarded the articles per Steamer, freight free, thereby saving what would have been a Provincial charge of £150.



resources were abundant, were endless; that within her territories and her waters were contained those great and essential elements, which being properly developed and directed must lead to wealth and greatness; that she lacked only in three things, science, capital and labour! We again ask, why was advantage not taken of this almost golden opportunity? The response is—Bluenose wrapt his robe (the manufacture of another country) around him, and said it will require an effort! If the world wants to know what Nova Scotia is made of, let the world come and find out!

How fallacious the doctrine! what folly is embraced in this brief reply. Yet as to character, how much truth. 'Tis this lack of energy, this want of mental and physical exertion, that retards our progress, that keeps Nova Scotia becalmed and anchored while other countries and other people are being wafted onwards, with all sail set, o'er the sea of prosperity. We observe them "hull down" in advance of us—but to follow, "to raise the wind" and weigh anchor, would require—an effort!—'tis easier to remain "in statu quo."\*

These remarks explain the cause of our Provincial deficiency on the occasion to which we have reference:

Out of the 250 or 300,000 inhabitants said to be contained in Nova Scotia, not more than 10 or 12 individuals beyond the limits of the city, came to the assistance of the Committee appointed by the Lieut. Governor. Without this aid, small though it was, the efforts of the Halifax Board would have been abortive, and our Province would have been entirely unrepresented at the "World's Fair."

It may be said that Nova Scotia did well, when contrasted with New Brunswick, from whence nothing was forwarded. The fact of New Brunswick having been asleep when they should have been at work, cannot be pleaded as an excuse for our lethargy. The example of a man who does no good in life, cannot consistently be followed by his neighbour. Instead of restricting his efforts (as it but too frequently does) it should on the contrary, prompt him to increased exertion. In the case in point, New Brunswick speedily discovered her error, and forthwith neutralized it, by applying a proper and most efficient remedy, the same that we shall presently prescribe for Nova Scotia. Pass the borders of New Brunswick and enter Canada,—see what *her* population effected.

The Canadians viewed the thing in its proper light, saw its importance, *made an effort*, and succeeded, beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. They opened their purses, contributed their money. The masses moved; the man of science, the merchant, and the artisan went to work. There was energetic and combined action, resulting in the best and greatest display of her

\* The above strictures are only applicable to Nova Scotians taken collectively—individually, more especially when removed from the contagious region and home influence, he is another person—a man, in every sense of the word, and one, too, perfectly capable of competing with his fellow man in any country, sphere, or business.

industrial resources that Canada ever witnessed. These crossed the Atlantic under the charge of a special agent, who tastefully fitted up his department, and displayed to the utmost advantage, the wares of his country. Canada absorbed, almost undivided, the interest of the thousands who were anxiously examining the productions of the North American Colonies.

The Canadian as he viewed the daily crowd of men from almost every nation of the earth, scanning and admiring the contribution of his country, inwardly ejaculated, "Canada, I'm proud of you!" While doubtless hundreds of intending emigrants, who visited the Exhibition, and were undecided as to the course they should pursue, finally concluded, after scrutinising her products, her science and her skill, and contrasting these, with those of other Colonies, that thither they would embark their capital and themselves—that Canada should be their future home.

Would that Nova Scotia had by a similar effort, attracted the attention of the world. She had the materials, human, natural, and artificial. To demonstrate this fact, would have cost her an effort—she dozed while the opportunity passed.

'Tis said, that an opportunity lost cannot be regained; the saying is here verified, but while mourning over the deficiencies, and losses of the past, hope points with a cheerful countenance to the future.

Every disease has its remedy. Nova Scotia although partially paralysed, may yet be made to move with activity. All that she wants is, strong stimulus, which will act on her population, moving her mental, and through it, her physical material; not in the accustomed "jog trot" fashion of old, but with rapid strides, quick jumps,—a stimulus that shall cause energy to supplant lethargy; motion, paralysis.

It is not to be expected that any one agent, in itself, should prove a perfect Panacea, and remove a disease so formidable and of such long duration as that to which allusion is here made; but we would suggest, as a *partial remedy*, a stimulus that will pervade the whole Provincial organism, and cannot fail in the end to prove largely beneficial to all her varied interests.

We have reference to PERIODICAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS, commencing in the Capital, and moving in regular order through every county in the Province. Not on a paltry, diminutive scale, but comprehensive, the result of thought, labour, and much preparation, embracing, and representing every interest, every production, whether natural or artificial, which the Province and its human talent can be made to yield.

We fancy we hear some of our countrymen say, "Its all very well to talk, but the thing cannot be done, *it would require much effort*, we are too young and altogether unprepared for such a work." Our answer to such a man, would be, if you will not aid in the attempt, don't thwart, but move aside and give place to those who have the energy and disposition to advance the general welfare and interests of the land.

*Can the thing be accomplished?* We say yes! Do you, reader, say the same? We know you do! Let the rich man and the poor, the professional man and the mechanic, in town and country, in village and hamlet, cry *in earnest*, and in unison—it can be done, and it shall be done—and the thing is accomplished.

The first attempt will be good, the second better, the third and subsequent ones, aided by the experience of the past, will be a credit to the Province; and when again Great Britain or any other country extends to us a similar invitation to that of 1850, Nova Scotia will stand forth, fill her department, and assume that position which nature when endowing her, intended that she should occupy. Nova Scotians will *then* have performed their duty, and given to their country a world-wide and an enviable notoriety.

*What good will accrue to us, as a people, by a series of these Exhibitions?* Innumerable and incalculable advantages will result, as must be apparent to every thinking mind, from such undertakings. To a few of these let us briefly turn our attention:—1st. They will be a direct means of demonstrating to ourselves, the real intrinsic value of our Province. We daily hear its resources spoken of in glowing language: “The Resources of Nova Scotia,” is a familiar phrase in every man’s mouth. Yet how few there are, who have a just conception of their nature, extent or worth. Vague and indefinite ideas, founded on no practical knowledge, have possession of men’s minds in relation to this matter. Let us then demonstrate, first, to the people, the masses of Nova Scotia, and afterwards, when an opportunity offers, to the world at large, what our Province is actually made of, what its real resources are. Do this effectually, and ere long emigration from our shores will be heard of only as a past event. The ebb will have ceased, the flood tide will have commenced. Then, the stream will be turned once more into its proper channel, the interior of the country will be settled, the back woods will ring to the stroke of the emigrant’s axe, while all, both within and without, will be vigour—life—advancement.

2nd. What a stimulus it will be to the producing and mechanical portion of our community. The Plough, the Anvil, and the Loom, will all be worked by hands, and directed by minds anxious to excel. There will be a generous competition, that great incentive to human action. Nova Scotians will first compete in this race with each other, then with their neighbouring Colonists; and in the end, they will be schooled and prepared to enter the lists with the “wide-world.” Already have our Iron, Steel, and Fur, in the first grand contest of nations carried off the highest Prizes.\*

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\* *Extract from a Letter addressed to the writer, by a gentleman in London:—*“They have awarded Mr. Archibald two Prizes of the first Class, which speaks volumes for the excellence of your products. Indeed it may be taken as a fact, beyond dispute, that the Iron and Steel of Nova Scotia is second to none that the world can produce. These samples are the very first of your manufacture, and yet they stand successful competition with the like productions

Let this fact nerve our minds and arms for future action, let us move onward, in the right direction, and when another such opportunity is offered us, our "first class prizes" will not be doled out by twos and threes, but be scattered wide, by the dozen, through different sections of the land. 3rd. Being made familiar with the actual natural wealth of our country, and having new life and vigor infused into our palsied system, men's minds will be directed to the development of these resources; to rendering them practically available, for the advancement of their own pecuniary interests. These Exhibitions will thus tend to produce manufactories, a lamentable deficiency in our land. Those now in existence, will be improved and extended, while others, not yet born, will annually spring up and flourish, not "like the flowers of the field," but permanently, exerting an influence wide spread and expansive, and not to be appreciated by us, in our present depressed and infantile state. Another result, as certain to follow the contemplated movement, may be briefly alluded to.

It will open up new markets for our productions, from unexpected quarters. A practical example or two, will best illustrate this position. A Naturalist of Nova Scotia\* put up three small cases of insects, with his accustomed taste and skill; which were forwarded to the London Exhibition. These, as well as several cases of stuffed birds, sent by the same gentleman, at once attracted the attention of parties interested in the study of Natural History. The insects were purchased from the Agent at a large advance over the Nova Scotia price. Since then, orders have been received from England for a number of cases at the same highly remunerative prices. At the recent New Brunswick Exhibition, many articles were disposed of at the manufacturers' charges, previous to their removal from the building, and doubtless new and extensive orders originated from the display in question.

The great seedsmen of Edinburgh† fitted up a large case containing all the seeds, roots, &c. indigenous to Great Britain, valued it at £150 stg. and sent it to "the World's Show." It had not been long there before the firm received orders for similar cases from the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other crowned heads of Europe. No doubt that single package, there exposed to the gaze of the world, will be the means of putting thousands of pounds into the pockets of these enterprising men. Hundreds of parallel instances

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from countries boasting a reputation of centuries. The only country that can pretend to compete with Nova Scotia, for Steel Iron, is Sweden, and there fuel has become so scarce that the quantity is yearly diminishing. There is abundance of every element in your Province to supply the world, and when properly developed, to make your little country one of the most prosperous under the sun. There is a medal awarded to the Nova Scotia Committee for a choice collection of Skins: Mr. Robinson, I believe, was the contributor. While the quality of our Iron cannot be surpassed, by any yet discovered, it is said that the same remark applies to our Fur and Skins. Mr. Robinson's collection in London, was superior to that of the Hudson's Bay Company, Russia, or any there exhibited.

\* Mr. A. Downs, Junr.

† Messrs. Lawson & Sons.

might be quoted in connexion with the history of the World's Fair for 1851.

To treat this subject here, in all its beneficial relations, would be impossible. We will only further refer the reader to the effects of such Exhibitions, as illustrated in the experience of the United States, where nearly every city, town and village of importance, has its "annual show," as it is there called. Ask the American citizen his opinion of such displays; and he will tell you, that they have exerted, and still continue to exert, a wonderful influence for good—that they infuse vigor, a spirit of enterprise and emulation into the minds of all classes—that they act as powerful levers to elevate morally, socially and intellectually, the people of the Union. How could it be otherwise? What these Exhibitions have done for the United States, they will do for Nova Scotia, if her sons and daughters *will it*.

Were the pros and cons equal, which is most assuredly not the case, the mere additional circulation of money should be an inducement, and turn the scale in favor of such Exhibitions, in these times of depression and languor. In England, immense sums were expended by travellers alone, who were drawn thither by the great sight of the age—the departed Exhibition. Every class benefited by it; even the remote corners of the empire felt in this, if in no other way, its beneficial effects. The same remarks are applicable in a minor degree, to New Brunswick and her recent show. The late Railway Jubilee, was it is estimated a clear gain to the city of Boston of \$100,000; that amount over and above the expenditure, having been left behind by travellers and guests.

*How are these Exhibitions to be originated, and what body will constitute the moving power?*

In St. John, N. B., the Mechanics' Institute took the initiative. The same thing has been recommended here\* and as there is much to be said in favor of the suggestion, we trust it will be adopted. Let then, a board of Commissioners be organised, consisting of some of the leading men of the Mechanics' Institute, one or two members of Government, members of the Legislature, and of the Agricultural Society. These with representatives from the various professions and trades in the Province might constitute "a Central Board." They should be men of influence who have the best interests and welfare of the Province at heart, and who would not hesitate *to labour* in a cause of such importance. Under their directions, in each county, local boards could be organised consisting of the most intelligent, scientific and practical men of the different districts. With the addition of one or two travelling agents, who, by

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\* The Rev. Alex. Forrester in a most patriotic and powerful address recently delivered before the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, took this ground, but at the same time recommended that large additions should be made from without the Institute, and that every interest in the Province should be represented in this central board, or moving power. Mr. Forrester has been the first person in Nova Scotia to propound publicly the necessity of these Institutions. May his call be responded to!

their acquirements and knowledge would be capable of delivering lectures, and exciting an interest among the people, the above would constitute the working machinery, the lever that would raise the mass.

*Where are the funds to come from ?*

The money requisite to efficiently carry on the work, would be considerable, but it would not all be required at the offset. There are three sources from whence it could be derived :—1st, from private contributions ; a love of country, or patriotism, would, we trust, induce the more wealthy to give their pounds, the middling classes their shillings, and the poor man his pence. 2nd, from the Provincial Chest. The principle has been conceded here, as in the other colonies, that for great and important works, calculated to benefit the whole people, the government, or legislature may make liberal advances from the Public Treasury. And what object more important, I would ask, than the one under consideration ? It is difficult to name it ! For such contributions or advances, both the private individual and the Province would receive in return *more* than compound interest—if not directly, certainly indirectly. Sooner or later, they would be the recipients of a ten-fold reward. *Lastly*, the fees for admission would probably be large. The money thus obtained on the first two days, at the recent show in New Brunswick, more than paid for every expenditure, the erection of a Miniature Crystal Palace, 60 feet by 120, included. While, to ascend from small things to great, the London Exhibition at its close left in the hands of its executive, a surplus fund of some £200,000 or £300,000, stg.

With facts like these before us, on the score of money we should not hesitate ; the pecuniary difficulty will have no existence.

*From whence will come the people to view our Productions, and to furnish this revenue, assuming that the thing is successfully completed ?*

From every section of the Province. If we enlist the sympathies of the masses, obtain their assistance, and the results of their labour, will they be content to hear of the Exhibition only through the press ? Certainly not. They will by hundreds come to the Capital, or elsewhere, to view the work of their own hands. Again, if these Industrial displays are established on an extensive scale, strangers will come from afar. The other Colonies, and doubtless the United States, will furnish large parties, if proper arrangements for conveying them hither, be made. Cheap pleasure excursions, originating in St. John, induced hundreds to visit the late show there, from Nova Scotia, Canada, Boston, Portland and other parts of the United States. This ingress of strangers, while it will extend to other countries a knowledge of our resources and capabilities, will act as a stimulus to those more immediately interested. We will be aware that the eyes of North America are fixed on us, which fact will prompt us to increased exertion.

Nova Scotians ! shall these Exhibitions be attempted ? Argument, example,

every thing speaks loudly in their favor; let us cast aside our lethargy, make but an effort, a vigorous effort, and a Provincial Industrial Exhibition for 1852 will be attempted and concluded with honor to ourselves and our country. Let the Government and its head, the Bench and the Bar, and all those occupying high places in the land, step forward and say, "we will aid in the undertaking, not with a feeble voice, but with all our strength, with our influence, our interest, and if required, with our money." Then will be seen the Farmer and the Naturalist, the Carpenter and the Smith, in short, representatives from every trade and profession in the Province, joining in the chorus of "a long pull and a strong pull, and a pull altogether." Periodical Industrial Exhibitions will not be viewed through the mists of the dim future, their present advantages will be felt, they will be fixed and established facts in our Colonial History. These, with other elements of progress, which are attainable, and within our means, being once adopted and developed, adversity will retreat, prosperity will be the victor. The happiness induced by success, will displace these feelings of envy, discord and disappointment which are engendered by a want of it. Nova Scotia will be progressively elevated—and "Bluenose," her son, while contemplating the change effected in his condition, will once more fold his robe, *nov of home manufacture*, around him, survey the work of his hand, and express his grateful acknowledgements, to that all wise Providence, which prompted him in the hour of necessity *to make an effort*, to redeem his country from obscurity and depression.

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### ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPHS.

In no direction is the union of science with constructive industry more conspicuous for results, than in that truly philosophical apparatus known as the Electric Telegraph. Its wonders have been rapidly developed, and its application to the transmission of intelligence, become within a brief period so universal, that it has now ceased to startle us by its novelty.

It would be interesting to trace the progress of scientific research in regard to the subtle fluid, which now plays so important a part in the intercourse of man with his fellow men. but we may only treat the subject at present in a brief and popular point of view. We are told that the simplest form of Electricity is that which is called into action by friction of amber, sealing-wax, and other resinous substances, but the operating power of the telegraph is that form of Electricity named after GALVANI, who, while Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, discovered its effect upon animals, and from which circumstance it was then improperly termed Animal Electricity. From the subsequent discoveries of VOLTA, who first formed the galvanic pile, the fluid was termed

Voltaic Electricity. For a considerable period Electricity has been made applicable to varied objects of utility, but practically as regards telegraphic purposes, barely fourteen years have elapsed since the Galvanic Battery has become the source of power for their promotion. The trough of two metals, with an acidulated liquid that will act upon or dissolve one of them, as originated by CRICKSHANK, has been variously applied as a means of generating the Electric current; and since 1837 the improvements in these and other appliances have followed each other in such quick succession, that intelligence has come to be imparted with an accuracy and rapidity that Galvani or Volta would not have ventured to predict. The telegraph has thus become one of the most useful agencies of modern times. Its inception and subsequent history, are full of interest, and its fruits will rank in importance with those derived by the application of steam power to the purposes of locomotion—while it is calculated to accomplish even greater marvels in reference to the social and commercial intercourse of nations. The powers of steam and electricity are now combining for the permanence of peace, and the increase of commercial prosperity throughout the civilized world, and their operations are daily becoming so familiar, that they almost cease to excite our wonder.

On this side the Atlantic the names chiefly associated with improvements in telegraphic operations, are those of Bain and Morse. The first is a native of Scotland, and the inventor of the Electro-Magnetic printing Telegraph, set up in 1842, on the line connecting Edinburgh with Glasgow, and subsequently introduced with some modifications into the United States, where the conflicting claims of rival inventors has led to much litigation. The system as improved and patented by Morse, has been chiefly that adopted by the Provinces, and has been in use on the principal thoroughfares of business for the past two or three years. The extension of these lines to remote points of the Provinces, which it appears is in course of being accomplished, seems to offer occasion for these remarks. The lines referred to will extend from Yarmouth on the extreme Western coast of Nova Scotia, to Sydney, in Cape Breton, on the extreme Eastern limit, and connecting the intermediate stations at Annapolis, Kentville, &c., at the West; the Strait of Canso, Pictou, &c., on the east, and placing them via Halifax and Amherst, in connection with Miramichi, St. John, Fredericton, &c., in New Brunswick; Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, &c., in Canada, and via Eastport will connect all important points of the lower Provinces with Portland, Boston, New York, and other chief towns as far as New Orleans—a distance, following the course of the wires, reaching nearly to three thousand miles, and affording the means of inter-communication to nearly five hundred telegraphic stations in the several towns and villages.

In Europe the Telegraph connects the chief places of Britain with that great centre of commercial life—the City of London—and thence by Dover and the Submarine line by Calais reaches Paris and the other principal cities of the



Continent, penetrating to the heart of Russia and to the confines of Christendom toward the South-East. From St. Petersburg subterranean lines will extend to Warsaw and Odessa, the Caucasus, the Ural Mountains, and the principal ports. Its course is further projected for Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and in the East Indies, experimental lines have been already attempted at Calcutta by the Honorable E. I. Company, and little doubt remains that this great dependency of Britain will speedily be brought into hourly communication with Western Europe, and probably within ten years with America also, by submarine agency from Ireland to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. With steady progress we see this wonderful agency thus spreading itself, and that with a rapidity that can be compared only to its own exceeding swiftness, while it extends too the hand of peace and brotherhood from country to country, and serves better than standing armies to perpetuate the harmony of nations.

The fancy of Shakspeare's fairy would now be no midsummer night's dream, for we are assured that in a short time the boast of Puck—

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"

may be outdone by the reality, and the whispers of this tongue of fire be heard to the remotest ends of the habitable globe.

Of the new inventions and improvements connected with telegraphic operations, which have been numerous and striking, the principal have been directed to the apparatus for the distribution of power in marking or printing messages, and communicating signals; but some valuable improvements have been made recently in the appliances for producing the galvanic fluid. In the ordinary battery, from the accumulation of sulphate of zinc on the plates of that metal, it has been found impossible to preserve a uniform power. This difficulty has been obviated by a very simple proceeding, which is thus described by a late authority:—

"In Brett and Little's battery there are three troughs instead of one; the upper one containing the dilute acid which is allowed to find its way to the trough immediately below it, through conically shaped necks, as many in number as there are cells in the trough immediately below it. The trough immediately below that already described, consists of a series of plates of copper and zinc alternately placed as usual, the cells containing the plates respectively being filled, as in the case of Cooke's simple form of battery, with fine sand, which becomes sufficiently saturated to act on the metal from the dilute acid received from the reservoir above: the third, or waste trough, is placed at the bottom, for the purpose of receiving the vitiated fluid containing the sulphate of zinc, which finds its way from the middle trough through similar filter-shaped outlets to those of the top trough."

The mode usually applicable in America for conveying the electric current from the batteries over the wires, is by wooden posts, to which glass insulators are affixed, and the attached wires pass along the course of the public roads. But in Europe the latest approved method requires neither posts nor insulators, the plan being to use copper wire with a covering of *gutta percha*, which is

conveyed in the more direct route from point to point, and is laid underground for protection. The Battery, as a source of power, it would seem, may yet be superseded by an improvement of M. Dujardin of France, who has adapted the electro-magnet to telegraphic printing, wherein the galvanic generator is but partially, if at all, required. The advantages of this process for cold climates will be sufficiently evident. From experiments made by the process of M. Dujardin, it is estimated that the voltaic-magnet employed produces an intensity of power equal in amount to that yielded by a galvanic battery of 144 cells, and will propel the fluid in the delivery of messages a distance of four hundred miles. The operation is described as follows in the published account:—

“A powerful voltaic magnet is fixed on a pedestal or foundation of wood, the poles of such magnet being placed opposite to a bar of soft iron, mounted in proper bearings, and made to rotate by means of a wheel furnished with eight handles, projecting at right angles to the radial arms; the wheel, placed vertically, has somewhat the appearance of a steering wheel. From this transmitting apparatus, the electric current is passed by a single wire to the signal apparatus at a distant station, which consists of two distinct methods of giving signals: first, by sounds repeated at proper intervals to obtain distinct signals; and, second, by printing; the sounding apparatus is also required specially for calling attention. When the attention of the distant correspondent has been obtained, and notice given by a particular signal that a despatch is about to be printed at the receiving-station, the current of electricity is cut off by what the Prussian telegraph engineers call a commutator, and the circuit is then completed through the printing apparatus, which is also mounted on a pedestal or foundation of wood, and consists of a metallic roller for containing an endless band of paper, on which the despatch is to be printed, the lower part of the band of paper being kept down by a metallic ruler placed within it, and which ruler falls into indents, one in either iron vertical standard, on the top of which a screw—forming the axle of the paper-roller—works in proper threads formed in the right-hand standard; motion being given to the whole by clock-work in connexion with an iron weight. In front of the lower part of the endless band of paper is a copper circular reservoir for the ink, with a pad floating within to prevent the overflowing of the ink by any accidental disturbance. From the reservoir a small cup is fed by means of a duct or pipe; and into this cup the magnetic pen is dipped every time it is repelled from the fixed magnet by means of the current of electricity being passed through it—the repulsion being effected by similar poles of the pen and the permanent magnet being placed opposite to each other: the action to produce the above effect which causes the pen to mark a dot in ink on the revolving endless band of paper at the receiving-station, is simply that of bringing one of the eight arms of the transmitting instrument opposite to the cushion already mentioned, when the soft bar of iron being immediately opposite to the poles of the magnet, the circuit is completed; whereas as soon as the arm has passed the cushion the circuit is broken: thus the rapidity of printing the despatches is dependent on the attention and skill of the manipulator at the transmitting station. When one line of dots has been printed on the endless band of paper, the screw having made one entire turn, a second line of dots is printed, and so on till the despatch is completed, when it is easily removed from its temporary position and handed over to the translator.”

The superiority of M. Dujardin's process will probably commend itself to all interested in telegraphic operations, and in due time ensure its adoption.

There are yet other operations to which the electric wires have been made applicable, besides the marking of signals and printing of messages, such as the discharge of fire-arms and submarine blasting. An incident characteristic of this age of peace, will illustrate the application as recorded by the press of the day. On the occasion of opening the line of submarine telegraph between England and France, and the departure on the same day of the Duke of Wellington from Dover for London, a salute of artillery was fired instantaneously by preconcerted signal between Calais and Dover, by means of the electric spark—Calais firing the gun at Dover and Dover returning the compliment to Calais. In this instance the telegraphic agency may possibly be viewed as having been directed to a warlike purpose, yet it will be on every side admitted that in its general aspect and developements, it is essentially an engine of harmonizing tendency, designed and calculated in its emphatical and literal meaning to speak peace to the nations.

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### OUR VILLAGE HISTORY.

Other lands have their historians to chronicle events and publish an account of their resources, sayings and doings, and why should it not be so in Nova Scotia, humble and comparatively unknown as are many of its villages and more scattered settlements. Some narration of the domestic incidents of unusual interest that have marked the rise and progress, and perchance decline of these remote nooks and corners of our land, with a sketch of their appearance, resources and population, it is thought will not be found uninteresting.

The little village of P——, was among the first of the early settlements of Nova Scotia. Nature has been bountiful of her gifts, while art has done little. Yet when the sun shines brightly on its old woods and lights up hill and valley with its kindly smile, even the practised eye may regard the scene as very lovely, and delight to gaze on its diversified charms.

It is as well to suppose by way of commencement that this village of P—— was a flourishing place at the time of the deluge, but has never since recovered from the effects of that event, which must have drifted an unusual supply of stones to its locality and washed away much of its fertility. Our memory, however, cannot take us back so far, nor have we any authentic information as to the day or the year when it was again selected for the habitation of mankind. It must, however, have been soon after the settlement of Halifax, which occurred in June, 1749, and the earliest settlers we hear of, were disbanded soldiers, principally Germans, of which only the ruined cellars

of their cabins remain at the present day. Lots of land were granted by Government to a considerable number of applicants, but even the descendants of these old pioneers have gone to their last resting place, or emigrated to more congenial dwellings, for their names are now only among our legendary wealth.

When the Sect of Sandemanians separated from the American Presbyterian Church, several of their leaders made themselves exiles for conscience sake, and two or three of their number pitched their tents at P———. One of them was the father of our Scientific countryman, the late Titus Smith—too little appreciated by many among whom he dwelt, particularly where he shone a solitary star in those pursuits of Science which he made the study of his life. Those persons were among the most influential of the early settlers, and were respected and looked up to for council by their more ignorant neighbours.

P——— is the birthplace of a Nova Scotian more distinguished than his intellectual countryman, Titus Smith, who chose a different scene for his exertions, and sought laurels in the field of battle in preference to the garden of Science. Sir George Westphall is known as a gallant sailor, whose title is the reward of his valour, and whose appointment as Admiral of the White was gazetted in the English Journals in the past year, 1851. His father was a retired German officer, among the first who made a home in the little village, but the vacant site alone remains to tell of the birthplace of the hero. Many years since he paid it a visit, when quite a young man, in the full flush of his glory, but could scarce meet with a familiar face, and complained sadly of the change in every thing. Doubtless he has long since forgotten the scene of his boyish years, and would smile to hear that one to whom he might have been a grandfather long ago, remembers it for him, and is proud of having him for a countryman. But the history of its *great men* should hardly have been written before something more definite is told regarding the place, and the oversight must be atoned for, by going at once into detail as fully as possible with regard to its history and inhabitants. Those were stirring times in which the early years of our village were laid; times of battle and victory, prize-money and prisoners. During the war between England and America, the fight of the Chesapeake and Shannon occurred, an event carefully handed down to us. Our side was victorious then; the captured were sent to P——— to repent if they would of their disloyalty, at least to prevent their further mischief. Some fifteen or twenty of these Americans were quartered here, among the settlers; their board and lodging had ample remuneration, and dollars were more plentiful then than they have been in the whole term of years that has succeeded that golden era. The vanquished officers amused themselves by making love to the girls of the village, and many looked forward to "the peace" with glad hearts, hoping to be happy brides, if not loyal subjects.

But when the war was at last over, and the prisoners free to depart to their own land, the love and promises were in too many cases forgotten, and those they had wooed so successfully, were left to disappointment and grief.

About this time, or a year or two previous, our village had been favoured with a band of duskier settlers, the MAROONS, a company of negroes, so called from their marauding propensities in their native country, Jamaica. This race in the conquest of Jamaica, in the time of Cromwell, deserted their Spanish masters and betook themselves to the mountains, resolving to live in a state of independence. This in 1738, was confirmed to them by treaty, and a distinct portion of land allowed them for residence; but a general revolt against the British authority of the Island took place in 1795, and after many ineffectual attempts to quell or capture them, they were hunted down by bloodhounds in the following year, at the order of the Government, and six hundred of them transported to Nova Scotia. P——— seemed a favorable situation for them, from its contiguity to Halifax, where their *rations* were dispensed and their other wants provided for. An agent or governor was appointed for them, and a house was erected at the expense of the Jamaica Government for his residence. Small lots of land were portioned out for the Maroons and small huts built for them, but they were an idle and unruly race, and all endeavours to subdue and train them to more orderly habits were fruitless. They are represented as a fine looking people, very superior to the race of Africans now so numerous among us, well formed, with regular features and a pleasing expression of countenance. One of them who bore the title of Captain Smith, given to him for his fine martial-like appearance, was the happy possessor of four wives, and a little domestic event is still related, that one month made him the father of three boys, fine little maroons, doubtless, who hoped to tread in their father's steps. Like all others with a plurality of the fair creation, he had his *Sultana*, the youngest and best looking, and the only one of the four who was not encumbered with olive branches. She was his companion in his lighter avocations, such as riding, walking, &c. On one occasion when the Agent gave a party in the Hall to his friends, Captain Smith and his ladies were invited by way of joke, when he appeared with his favourite who was dressed in most fantastic style, but very good looking withal, and highly pleased at the attentions paid her by the amused assembly. It was not all feasting and gaiety by the Maroons, however; the climate soon depopulated the already enfeebled race, and their support proving too expensive to the country, after three or four years residence, they were all sent to Sierra Leone; and nothing now remains to recal them to the mind, except the large house built for their Agents—Colonels Quarrel and Ochterlony, which, on its elevated site, still faces the tempest and storm. As you wander through the woods far and near, the tiny cellars, with their grass grown banks, speak of the huts that once stood among the fir and spruce trees; but every other record is effaced of

the race, which, we believe, is now altogether extinct. The next era in the history of P——, refers to the time when several French Officers, prisoners of war, were sent to its confines, to wear out their term of captivity. Several of their number boarded with certain families in the place, but others preferred catering for themselves, and were allowed to occupy a few tenantless houses situated in a district called Newtown, which now gives the passer by the idea of *Oldtown*, so old, that all the traces of a town are quite extinct. The houses they occupied were ornamented with true French taste, and their little gardens displayed a bright array of sweet flowers. They were obliged to remain in exile for some years, and like their American predecessors, made love to the village belles, of whom there were several in those palmy days—now alas! no more. More honorable however, than the former lovers, several of these gentlemen wedded those they had won, and others only were prevented from doing so by the reluctance of parents and friends to their proposals. But war had a rest at last, and with the peace the lighted-hearted Frenchmen departed, much to the sorrow of the inhabitants, on whom their courteous manners and gentlemanly conduct had made a most favourable impression. And even though prisoners and exiles here, our village had many charms for them, and one of the number, writing to a friend in Halifax a year or two since, uses this language:—"How I wish it were possible before I die, to wander through the shades of my dear old P—— again, where I spent so many happy days." Is such testimony often borne to the place of one's imprisonment? Next in its chapter of events, and the worst accident that ever befell it, was the settlement of a hundred Virginian negroes among its inhabitants. Taken by Admiral Cochrane from their owners, and paid for by the British Government at the rate of a hundred pounds a head, they were nearly all sent to P——, where a lot of land was granted to each of them, and for a few years they were supplied with food and clothing at the expense of the Province. They have been from first to last an idle and dissolute set, who for the most part would rather beg than work, and pilfer in preference to making an honest living. Their number has increased rapidly, having more than trebled since their settlement. Their land is barren and rocky, and incapable of properly supporting them, even were their energies exerted for that purpose. In summer, picking berries, which grow in great abundance around them, is their principal occupation. These they sell at market for a fair remuneration, and in winter, hoops, brooms, baskets, tool handles, &c., furnish them with partial employment; they live principally by begging, in which they are encouraged by indiscriminating charity, but which naturally serves to make them idle. In summer they are a light-hearted merry race, but in winter their spirits are much subdued, and long faces and doleful tones usurp the place of the grotesque gestures, and mirthful jargon of the summer day. Their settlement in P—— injured the already poor place exceedingly, as few like to purchase

land or live near them ; and probably ere many years, the whole of this portion of the country will be in their possession. Such are the changes which time has brought to our village, each year only serving to make it more impoverished and dreary, until it is almost a bye-word for dearth and solitude. Thirty years ago, several respectable families were among its inhabitants, and society was not a thing altogether unknown ; but now their houses are tenantless, and none but the poor and ignorant are numbered with its population. There is not even a Church or a School. More than fifty years ago a Church was built by Government for the use of the people, and services were occasionally held there, though if tradition be truthful, they were not much valued even then ; for we are told that Dr. Gray of New Brunswick, who was Rector of the Parish at that time, came on three successive Sabbaths to hold service, and met with nothing but the bare walls. Subsequently the building was removed from the eminence on which it was perched, to a valley more in the centre of the settlement, and here after undergoing several alterations and improvements, was constantly used for public worship, and often to respectable congregations. But in 1849 immense fires raged in the woods for miles around, sweeping all before them, and the little Church which stood among the trees, was destroyed by the ruthless element. An old woman of the settlers once said no place could flourish without a Church or a Mill, and as our village needs the two requisites, it may perhaps account for its fallen and retrograding state. It has, however, some pretty walks and rambles ; it commands a fine view of the ocean ; lakes are numerous in the vicinity, and some of them very beautiful and picturesque. The prettiest of these fronts what was the summer residence, in bye gone years, of one of our most honored inhabitants, and which has since been the scene of a sad tale, hereafter to be touched upon in the legends of our village. Salmon River winds its blue bright course between green banks, and shelters many a fair lily on its bosom. Hills and stones are perhaps the most striking features of the country, and these abound in greater profusion than is at all desirable. The houses are humble and far separated, while the cultivation is slight and inhabitants wretchedly poor ; one would suppose that the place ere this would have increased in some degree in population and prosperity, but actual experience shews it to be otherwise, and we must attribute its poverty to its poor capabilities for agriculture, and entire absence of other resources. With the anticipated introduction of Railways, our village may perhaps come in with the rest for a share of the profits, and with the surrounding settlements receive an impetus to labour and be rewarded. But poor and uninteresting as its homes now appear, "birth has gladdened it and death sanctified it," joy and sorrow have been here, and the history of its hearts, could they unfold their experience, might vie in interest with the annals of the Battle field or the Senate. Some few incidents which have occurred in the locality, appear

interesting, and have been woven together as simple dramas of human life, under the title of "Tales of our Village." Before giving them to the public however, it seemed necessary to prefix a brief sketch of the locality in which they took place; *that*, it is hoped, will not be found tiresome for the reader, though it cannot be supposed that others will take the like interest in the place or its events, which the narrator from early associations and love of home cannot refrain from doing. It may be that stories of more stirring interest than these are daily within the reach of our countrymen, but we can answer for their general truthfulness, and perhaps it may be that after perusing them the reader will once more acknowledge the correctness of the sentiment which has passed into a proverb, "Truth is stranger than Fiction."

### LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Hush! was not that the trumpet's note—the drum's tremendous roll,  
 Far echoing o'er the ringing streets as if it sought some goal—  
 Was not that shout a people's cry as for a battle won?  
 Ha! now I know the cause! it dawns! and, lo! Austerlitz sun!  
 What! have the years roll'd back again, and is the past a dream—  
 And is it all a vision dim that makes yon bayonets gleam—  
 That throngs yon streets with armed men as erst they throng'd of old,  
 When the Paladins of Bonaparte their eagle flag unroll'd?  
 It is no dream! the streets are throng'd with soldiers dark and stern,  
 And music mingles with the wind, and the fiery horses burn  
 To bear their gallant riders on through the tempest of the fight,  
 And, lo! above the flashing helms Austerlitz' sun is bright!  
 But where is He—the mighty one, whose will was wont to sway  
 Yon fiery mass and be to it what spirit is to clay?  
 Is he here, too, to lead once more his sun-bright eagles on  
 To wrestle with the storm of war?—or is that spirit gone?  
 Oh! mockery of mockeries! behold yon fool of fate,  
 Borne onwards by a kinsman's name and struggling to be great—  
 Like him who soar'd on waxen wings above the Ionian Sea,  
 Who fell ere reaching half the height to where he soar'd to be!  
 Oh! mighty heart, thy name lives on, thou art a leader yet,  
 And thou hast left a memory the world will ne'er forget;  
 Thy spirit walks abroad, great heart, although thy star is set,  
 And thy name's a talismanic sound to the souls of Frenchmen yet!  
 And, tho' the soul is weak that bears the thunder of thy brow—  
 And though it is a trembling hand that wields thy sabre now—  
 Thy fame will bear his fortunes up—oh! mighty heart and brave,  
 For thy spirit rules the sons of France, untrammell'd by the grave!

Halifax, December 20, 1851.

St. G.



## A CHAPTER ON SMOKING.

"A chapter on smoking. Ah, I am glad to see that," may say a venerable gentleman glancing over the table of "contents" of this our first number, "a very good thing I've no doubt, I shall encourage this Magazine. William, you may order two more copies, one each, for yourself and your brother. This is going to be a useful and creditable thing I see, I always judge of a book by its table of contents. Now here is a chapter on smoking—a powerful, able article, I daresay, read it, read it carefully, and I trust it may cure you of that vile habit—so pernicious, so demoralizing!" Here the worthy papa will sip his port and be soon nodding.

"Oh, here's the new Magazine, let me see it," will cry a fair reader. "'The Provincial'—a very good name, and well got up too, the covers are quite pretty—I wonder what is in it. Oh! capital, here's an article on smoking; in the very first number too. What a dear good man that editor must be, I shall give it to Charles to read the moment he comes in, and if it only *would* induce him to give up that nasty habit of smoking, I am *sure* I should be thankful—it's really *so* disagreeable, it fills the whole house; and then perhaps I might get that new bonnet which Charles says he really cannot afford—I am sure he spends more in cigars in a year than half a dozen new bonnets would come to. How delightful it would be to see in to-morrow's paper, an advertisement like this, 'To be sold by Mr.—— at his rooms, the remnants of 3 boxes of cigars of approved brands, and 2 dozen pipes, (I am sure Charles has as many) a very choice selection of various kinds, ages and complexions. The above rich assortment will be sold without reserve, being the property of a gentleman having no further use for them.' That reads beautifully!"

Now gentle readers what *is* to be done, here's this worthy old gentleman and his port wine, and this fair dear lady with her sweet blue eyes and her new bonnet in prospective, expecting us to convince William and Charles, respectively, that smoking is a vile, demoralizing, nasty, disagreeable habit, and that *we* shall induce them to give it up now. *Can* we like him of old, bless when we are expected to curse? oh no! And yet smoking is a pleasant, a delightful thing—so tranquilizing, so soothing! Who ever smoked when he was in a rage, or rather who ever was in a rage and commenced to smoke, that his rage was not dissolved like his smoke before he had finished his pipe or cigar? Talking of this: we are at this moment possessed of a sweet, charming wife, and we got her too, through our pipe. Shall we relate *our* confession? Well, before we married her, she was a bit of a flirt, and used to tease us dreadfully; she is quite altered now—but then she was so pretty and so much admired. We had been at one of the Assemblies, and she would persist the whole evening in dancing and flirting with the officers, those great

tall fellows in lobster-shell jackets and with huge red stripes down their legs. We could stand it no longer: in a towering rage, rushed we home, frantically tore we open our desk—we seized our pen, and on the best sheet of cream laid note paper, we wrote, “Madam.” We paused—how should we commence, (that pause gained us a wife,) our pipe lay before us—we would try a puff or two just to collect our ideas. puff, puff, puff, insensibly our rage was vanishing. Our pipe went out—abstractedly we tore a piece of paper to re-light it. Zounds, it’s that sheet of “cream laid,” and all that remains on the fragment is, “adam,” we throw that into the fire, go to bed, and in a month, J——— is our loving wife,—and every night we smoke that pipe!

So contemplative and philosophical too, is smoking! what delicious reveries we indulge in; the present, with its toils and anxieties, its tailor’s bills, and its wife and six children, may be, are forgotten, and we revel in intoxicating dreams of the past and the future, and the smoke as it wreaths and curls itself away, forming a fantastic cloud above us, then dissolving into air,—man’s history, seen awhile, then disappearing,—and thus may every cloud which gathers above us in our journey through life be dissolved.

And such a companion too, is a pipe. Ladies, you do well to wage war against it, for it is your rival, and an enemy to matrimonial alliances. My meerschaum, I love thee, thine origin kindred to Venus, Queen of Beauty, sprung from the same parent. Companion of my travels, a stranger in a strange land, thine the only familiar face. Ah, Adam in Eden, never had a meerschaum or even a *clay*, and if he ever indulged in a weed, it must have been a “cabbage leaf.”

But, gracious, the old gentleman wakes, and the article is not finished. We have not yet come to the vile and demoralizing part. “Well, William, have you read that chapter on smoking?” “Yes Sir! and as usual, you have judged quite correctly, it is an able, a powerful article, and I feel almost convinced by it.” “Ah, I knew you would be—I always thought your reason had only to be appealed to. I think I’ll look at that colt again to-morrow. Now that you are going to give up smoking, you might almost keep a horse on what it cost you in tobacco and cigars!”

“Charles, I can’t see it,” says our fair lady next morning. “See what, my dear? Let me see the paper. Here it is—the very thing I have been looking for. ‘To be sold by———, at his rooms, the remains of 3 boxes of cigars of approved brands, and 2 dozen pipes of various kinds, ages, and complexions. The above rich assortment will be sold without reserve, being the property of a gentleman having no further use for them.’ I’ll go and buy the whole lot.” “Charles! what do you mean? I thought they were yours.” “No, my dear, but I intend they shall be.” “But, Charles, did you read that chapter on smoking in the new Magazine?” “Yes, my dear, I read it.” “Then

indeed you must be hardened and incorrigible." And for the Magazine our only hope is that this chapter may not be read either by the old gentleman or the fair lady, or indeed by any anxious papa who thinks smoking vile and demoralizing, or any fond wife who wishes to buy a new bonnet out of the proceeds of her lord's discarded cigars, pipes, &c. Should it ever be read, our fate is sealed—just sprung into existence, the first born, the child of hope! Our destiny we fear, would be akin to the juvenile Kitten; our epitaph the same, "we were born, we mewed, we died." The old gentleman would certainly countermand his orders for the new number, and as for ourselves, should our incognito be discovered, woe betide us! There will be no more drinking of the old gentleman's port, and by the fair lady we shall be cut direct and hailed a monster! What evil genius prompted us to write—a chapter on smoking?

#### PLEASURES OF SLEIGHING.

A chapter on sleighing will at least be seasonable, however cold its reception by Magazine readers. The use of the sleigh necessarily returns periodically, and may surely be subject to periodical remark. There would seem to be space for philosophic thought, even in this ordinary topic. We have chapters and even volumes on the philosophy of such common events as daily befall humanity, eating, drinking, sleeping, &c.; then why may not this practice be occasionally dreamed of in our philosophy. We have no sympathy in the conclusions of the austere mortal, who likened sleighing to the act of sitting in an open barn with the feet in cold water. The heart that never rejoices is commonly said to be a cold one, and that which repudiates sleighing in this snow-clad clime, may be placed in the same category. Few perhaps duly appreciate the importance of the considerations connected with this northern custom as regards the popular convenience, the preservation of health, &c. The luxurious denizens of the sunny South, have nothing to compare with it in exhilarating influence. Even childhood catches something of the spirit which actuates the more advanced and expert sledge driver. With what glee and animation, what buoyant and excited feelings, the boy coasts along the snowy hill-side of the homestead, content to foot it again from the bottom to the summit, that he may renew the enlivening process and glide at railway speed to the limits of his chosen beat! The traveller on the steppes of Russia, one may fairly assume, holds an inferior position to the provincial sledge driver; the thoughts of the one may be tending towards Siberia, the grave of freedom—the latter is free as the air he breathes—is troubled by no grave thoughts, but goes on his way rejoicing with heart as light as the snow-flakes above his

head. It is then no wonder that this inspiring amusement is entered into with such keen zest and enjoyment in our own Provinces. What winter scene could be more graceful and picturesque, more enlivening and spirit-stirring, than the Military Sleighting Club, which every year make our snow-clad streets the scene of their merry evolutions. The stately horses, prancing to the tune of the joyous bells, with their warmly-clad sleighs making the circuit of Bedford Basin, bearing a bevy of light hearts and fair faces, make the whole appearance one of beauty and life-like delight. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the inhabitants and visitants of the City, on the bright winter days, give to the streets a most animating spectacle. Their graceful iron-shod carriages glide in swift succession over the well-beaten snow, and the warm robes shelter many a light form and bright cheek, whose beauty shines more resplendent beneath the healthful exercise and pure pleasure it affords. To enjoy sleighing however in its fullest perfection, a calm moonlight night is the choicest season—then, in the still country where white snow wreaths glisten so purely on either side, like guardian angels to the wanderer, while the coronal of glittering stars shines kindly down on the broad footstool earth, and the silver moon images many a fantastic device on its undulating surface, then to glide over the shining road, drawn by spirited horses, to the music of the soothing and tinkling bells, warmly unshod in soft furs, that robe the comfortable sleigh, with the companion of our fancy, we feel that no enjoyment can be more full of delight than a sleighing excursion. Like the stream borne musically and gently along, or the stars that float through the light ether, we seem to glide in that hour of repose and rejoicing. He who seeks excitement in the Wine of Portugal, the Cider of Devonshire, the Ale of Leith, the Brandy of France, the Whiskey of Ireland, or even the intoxicating gas of the chemist, will find no more pleasurable sensations than are derived from the influence referred to. Its utility is also equal to its pleasures: to the Farmer it is beyond compare, as by this means his produce is swiftly and easily conveyed to a market. The fencing materials which perform so important a service in the economy of provincial farming, are prepared and transported by sledges, together with the huge logs that blaze on his cheerful hearth, and the smaller fuel, until a pile is raised in his farm-yard, that bids defiance to the frosty strength of winter. This also promotes social intercourse with his neighbours, inducing by reason of easy access, a continuation of that friendly acquaintance and reciprocation which lends pleasure and enchantment to rural existence. One may travel by the Stage Coach of England—the swift Canal Boat of Scotland—the Diligence of France—the Rail-car of America, but with none of these will he experience sensations so extatic as when borne noiselessly and swiftly upon steel-shod runners over the snow-clad highways and byeways of the Provinces. Then of all modes of progression, whether by boat, canoe, or steamer, by canal, turnpike, or railway, commend us, say we, to the

tranquilising and fascinating movements of the sleigh, its unrivalled comfort and exhilarating influence, so universally appreciated by the denizens of the British North American Provinces.

### MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Within a few past years the inventive genius of the world has been aroused and made active. A desire for luxury and ease, a thirst for wealth, the pride of ambition, and a determination to cheapen labor and food, as well as the love of science, have combined in unity of purpose, and the result has been truly wonderful. The beautiful experiments instituted by our forefathers, to illustrate the laws of nature, have been taken hold of and practically applied to the requirements of our race.

The pressure of elastic fluids, so well known and comprehended having been embraced in the operations of steam we have a new and most powerful agent, alike manageable on the sea and on the land, in the workshop and in the mine—an agent that never tires, has been put under human controul and made obedient to our will. The electric fluid, the wonder and admiration of the old school, has been analysed and tamed, so as to do the bidding of the operator in conveying and transcribing words, with the quickness of the lightning's flash. Our thoughts now flow along metallic wires, and we startle at the well known idiom of our friend, expressed to us at the distance of a thousand miles. By the use of these same wires, we also determine the longitude of places more accurately than by any mode purely astronomical. Still farther, the electric power essays to rival steam,—already it has begun to lift and draw, and in the refiner's hands it separates the precious from the baser metals.

The art of producing coloring matter, and of stamping colors on almost every kind of material, has advanced rapidly of late; so also has the refining of sugar, whether produced from the beet or sugar cane.

Ever since the introduction of the hot air blast, metallurgy has gone on farther towards perfection. Iron and steel, with the countless productions depending upon them for strength and elasticity, have been cheapened down to prices that would have ruined the iron masters twenty years ago. Iron has usurped the office of the vegetable fibre, as in the cable, and being spun into wires and twisted into ropes, it has relieved the less enduring hemp. By photography, as improved by Daguerre and others, objects are made to paint their own images in the sunlight.

To portray the progress, and the beneficial results produced by physics and chemical science, within the last twenty years, would be to describe the processes employed in almost all the arts and manufactures. The extraction of

paraffine from peat and the manufacture of valuable articles from the turf bog is now a reality.

Natural philosophy has been brought to operate practically in a variety of ways. The patent furnace of a distinguished British Nobleman, with others, has greatly diminished the quantity required and the waste of fuel in furnaces. The smoke itself is consumed by the fire that produces it. The modes of heating and ventilating apartments are constantly improving, with a great increase of domestic comfort.

The invention of the *spinning jenny* has influenced the political relations and commerce of two of the greatest nations upon the earth; but the advancement of the cotton manufactories did not end with Arkwright. Their course has been progressive, and it may be said that they have changed the fashions and dress of half the civilized world.

Some new invention or improvement, is almost daily made known in the department of mechanics. The operations of nature are most carefully studied with a view to their adoption, or imitation. The motions of the tail of a fish might have suggested the invention of a steam propeller. The swiftest of the finny tribes, have been guides in modeling vessels of the greatest speed. The contest for superiority in steam and other vessels, between England and the United States, has chiefly arisen in the increase of invention on both sides.

The whole arcana of nature is explored by naturalists and geologists, who search not only for the love of science, but to supply something beneficial—something better and cheaper than in use before. The manufactures of India Rubber and Gutta Percha, have sprung up rapidly. The oxides of the metals and other mineral substances, formerly considered of no worth, are fast coming to be articles of commerce, from the discovery of their value and adaptation to certain useful purposes.

Agriculture, the first and noblest employment of man, receives its share of the trophies won by philosophy and the powers of invention. Natural History and Chemistry have discovered new fertilizing substances. The wasted properties of soils have been recalled, and the long-tilled and exhausted field is made to produce the luxuriant crop of the virgin soil. We see improvements also in all our domestic appliances. The mechanic has placed his mowing, raking, reaping, and thrashing machines, in the hands of the farmer. Labor-saving machines have been multiplied; a greater area of land is tilled and consequently the production of food and clothing is increased and made cheaper.

But who can count the number and value of the useful inventions and improvements, that have been introduced within the last ten years. It is possible to direct our minds to them, but to describe them is beyond our limits. So numerous are these improvements, that it is difficult to decide between the merits of the individuals, who have been engaged in the utilitarian struggle, or

the appliances they have produced. The sciences, arts, and mechanics, have begun to approach each other, and labor together hand in hand. It was becoming our nation to call together the works of the age, and by an "Industrial Exhibition" to impart a new stimulus to the peaceful achievements of the world. Nor would a provincial display of similar kind be less beneficial within its sphere. Among the natives of the Provinces, there are those to be found, who by their unaided talents and energies, have contributed largely to the public good. The provincials are indeed proverbial for their ingenuity. The improvements of the day are within our reach, and shall we not have them? In no country we believe, is there a greater variety or more valuable resources, ready to receive and repay the enterprise of the capitalist, and the industry of the operative, than in our own.

Among modern improvements, we would advert especially to two, which though of opposite character, are yet equally important to mankind, and more peculiarly adapted to the wants of our northern position. We allude to the Fire Annihilator, and the Atmopyre, or solid gas fire. The former, which, by the application of carbonic acid gas, is used to extinguish fires, is another trophy of modern chemistry and mechanics combined. The deepest mines when ignited, are not beyond the reach of this destroyer of combustion, and the lashing flames of buildings on fire, immediately die away before its choking and quenching influence.

The following is given by an American Newspaper as descriptive of the manner in which the Fire Annihilator operates:—

"When the annihilator is charged, waiting for use, it contains a considerable quantity, perhaps two gallons, of water. When the machine is to be used the large chemical charge which it also contains is instantly ignited. This charge is thirty pounds of a mixture of gypsum, charcoal and nitre, the appearance of which, and the use of the machine, may be described, perhaps, by saying it is a sort of slow gunpowder. Suddenly ignited, in the centre of its mass, this mixture burns with intense heat, throwing off, of course, immense volumes of gas—which pass through the water in the machine—which under the intense heat of the process, is converted into steam. From the only opening left it—a tube of two inches in diameter, a jet of this hot steam and gas pours out, like a jet from a hydrant of high pressure. Its temperature is so high that the steam does not readily condense; and the steam and the gases alike extinguish any combustion to which they have access."

Its opposite and rival, the Atmopyre,\* is a novel and valuable appliance for the purpose of heating and cooking. The process is described as a simple but most ingenious one. The fire, which consists of artificial cinders, is confined in porcelain cases, which concentrates the heat, and is free from all the annoyances arising from ordinary fuel. This contrivance is adapted to the economical heating of shops, dwellings, greenhouses, &c.; but in the kitchen,

\* Manufactured by Copeland, 160 Bond Street, London.

the success of the Atmopyre is most signal. Roasting, boiling, baking, broiling, stewing, and every variety of culinary operation is performed with unprecedented cleanliness, comfort, and economy. The coal-hole and dust-bin, with their attendant dirt and trouble; tongs, pokers, and fire-shovels, black-lead, and chimney sweeping, are all it would seem rendered useless.

The kitchen—at present too often avoided on account of its excessive heat and uncleanness—is converted into a laboratory, where the important and now ill-understood art of cookery may be practised by a lady with a success rivalling that of Ude or Soyer, without soiling her fingers or her muslin dress.

“The advantages just enumerated are the *immediate* effect of the adoption of the Atmopyre. The *prospective* benefits derivable from its use,” says the inventor, “are, if possible, still more important, and will be more fully explained in a future advertisement. Being a contrivance by which all elastic fluids having an affinity for oxygen may be burnt, all such gases and vapours are—as its name implies—available as fuel; and hydrogen in particular has been employed to produce a brilliant fire. The application of this source of heat to the steam engine now occupies the attention of the Patentee, and the experiments now going on will result in the invention of a machine by which mechanical power will be drawn in abundance from the water of the ocean; and the means of perambulating the globe conferred upon the poorest of our species.”

It is to be hoped that, by some mercantile agency, this new and seemingly useful improvement will be introduced into this Province, to whose variable climate and general necessities it appears to be peculiarly adapted.

## THE BOUQUET.

She holds the casket, but her simple hand  
Hath spilled its dearest jewel by the way.

Hoon.

From a strange old window, garlanded with Spring—  
Shrouded with the blessings its sun and showers bring—  
Leaned a woman's face forth, to the greeting air,  
Half-hidden by the vine-leaves and the veiling hair.

Did the shining waters, rolling blue below,  
And the drooping daylight, unheeded fade and flow?  
Was her heart reposing, like all she looked upon,  
In a sweet abstraction bequeathed by sunshine gone?

Very calm the face was—some would call it fair—  
For the soul, aye keeping its presence chamber there;  
Suddenly her heart goes where her eyes have been—  
Lip and brow no longer are changelessly serene.

Where the dying light falls on a distant pair,  
(Gay and gallant one was, the other pale and fair),  
Steadfastly she gazeth. What doth she behold,  
But a graceful emblem of something yet untold;



Unfelt, perhaps, for she might, even as the hot tears start,  
Well doubt, if with the flowers, the giver gave his heart;  
Lovely they were! none fairer e'er waved to sunny air,  
Than that sweet group of exiles, so radiant and so rare.

But unto her—the watcher—swift-footed Memory brings  
How many a hoarded offering of far more precious things:  
Words, with the hearts hue on them; looks, the heart only knows;  
Thoughts, tender as the myrtle and lovely as the rose.

All this hath filled her heart with incredulous surprise,  
Yet Jealousy still watcheth from out her aching eyes.—  
'Till the dark night hath fallen, silently she stands,  
Then her face is hidden in her lifted hands.

What the shadows cover, should I sing or say?—  
Not a heart that loveth, would fail to echo—yea.

MAUDE.

#### PAGES FOR PASTIME.

It is a leading feature with one of the popular periodicals, published twice a month in London, to devote a page to objects of pastime. The "Family Friend" not only contributes in this manner to exercise and amuse the minds of its readers, but proffers considerable sums for the best solutions of its various puzzles. A friend to "The Provincial" suggests that the appropriation of a page for a like purpose will not be considered as giving too much importance to matter of a light and trivial character, but thinks most readers will concur in the sentiments of an intelligent English journalist, as conveyed by the following extract:

"When none but really good enigmas and conundrums are proposed or accepted we are inclined to think them by no means unworthy instruments in the education of the people. They are to the million what the severer studies of mathematics and logic are to the laborious student. To trace hidden resemblances, to explore secret qualities, to detect as with the glance of an Eagle, points of contact and of divergence, to familiarize the mind with the attributes, history and topography of natural objects, to concentrate the thinking faculty, to distinguish between real coincidences and mere verbal or literal similitudes—to do all this and much more is necessary to every Œdipus who would properly solve the mysteries of the Sphynx: and he who is master of such an art has the intellectual powers of which he needs not be ashamed. \* \* The indefatigable conductors of the Family Friend intend to offer before long (January 1852) prizes respectively of one hundred guineas, fifty guineas, and twenty-five guineas, for the best three solutions of enigmas! This is quite an unprecedented step, and will go far towards elevating the study of enigmas to the rank of a "science." A hundred guineas is usually esteemed a good sum for a prize essay—for a solution to an enigma it is magnificent."

The patrons to a Provincial Magazine, from its limited resources, would not of course expect or desire any cash reward for their proficiency in the art and mystery of riddles and their concomitants, but they will be entitled to all due credit for the ability they may feel disposed to exert in this direction, through the pages of this periodical—and in the mean time the exercise of their ingenuity is solicited on the following specimens:—

**No. 1. Enigma.**

On the fir-clad hills of the North I abound,  
 In the gloom of the coal-mine's depth am found,  
 By Nature's order there sealed from sight,  
 Till labor and science bring me to light,  
 While my origin's traced to the mine and the wood,  
 My nature is complex nor well understood.

Though sprung from dry sources I'm clammy and damp,

Yet to flame I give fuel and oil to the lamp,

Physicians and Builders find virtue in me,

For the brush of the Painter my use you may see.

With my name and my nature, I too change my birth,  
 In a mineral garb I oft gush from the earth,  
 And though so abundant on land I abound,  
 Afloat on old Ocean I'm frequently found.

My nature has grown so familiar to fame.

That a class of humanity's known by my name,

By peace-dealing commerce I'm wafted afar,

Yet oft meet destruction by death-dealing war.

Invert now my name and I'm changed to a beast,

But doubled—my likeness to Man is increased,

Thus connected you find my alliance to cream,

So of each world of nature a product I seem.

To the West, North and South—I when single am known,

But the East when I'm doubled claims me as its own,

Thus doubled in name I so strangely am wrought,

That by those who can't guess me I'm sure to be caught!

**No. 2. Enigma.**

There is a curious pair of friends, from Eastern climes they came,  
 Where amethysts and sapphires shine, where burning rubies flame:

Where golden veins earth intersect, where silver mines are seen,

And giant elephants repose beneath the teak trees green.

Thro' every clime they've wandered, o'er ocean's pathless breast,

Like the Sun that riseth in the East and setteth in the West.

Thro' burning lands and frozen zones, they passed their errant lives,

More closely bound than brothers, than husbands to their wives.

Wonder and wealth have followed oft their footsteps as they moved,

Nor might the curious gaze for naught, as oft experience proved,

Yet now in independent ease they dwell, where all may see

And range thro' western valleys fair, united, growing free.

No more where elephants repose they pierce the jungle glen,

In calmer scenes they dwell amid husbands and husbandmen;

And yet so marvellous they seem, such rumours round them rest,

That many their existence deem a fable and a jest;

But witnesses a thousand fold, and facts borne out by proof,

Aver they were, and are, and move, 'mid men, and yet aloof.

They came, they lived, together dwelt, not by their own free will,

A stronger, abler law compelled, yet friends continue still.

Together they have ranged beneath full many a burning sky,

Together they have passed thro' life, together they must die;

Yet differing impulses have moved and differing thoughts have sway,

Feelings as those 'midst whom they dwell, not of such race as they;

Strange nature's work in sportive mood, ye who her craft revere,

Once more explore her handiwork, and make the riddle clear.

**No. 3. Charade.**

*My first* is with unger synonymous nearly,  
 Though it yields us no good we oft pay for it dearly,  
 'Tis the cause of much conflict—unpleasant to bear,  
 To the good it brings pain,—to the wicked despair.

In summer my *second* you see every hour,  
 Without it, we gather nor harvest nor flower,  
 Both its richness and beauty around us are cast,  
 It sustains us at first and receives us at last.

*My whole* is far famed for wit, genius and mirth,  
 Its ignorance, sorrow, its wrongs and its dearth,  
 Its beauty, its kindness, its discord and strife,  
 A compound of good with the evils of life !

**No. 4. Charade.**

In Time and in Eternity, in bitterness and death,  
 In Earth, in Hell, in home and Heaven, I live, and move, and breathe;  
 The thunder, and the tempest fierce, alike confess my power;  
 I give the electric flame its force, yet aid the gentle flower;  
 I guard the future, shun the past, and bless the present time;  
 Wealth, poverty, and fame, I rule—each empire and each clime;  
 Love, life, health, hope, and happiness, in each alike I shine;  
 The firmament, the sounding sea, the whole wide globe is mine !

**5. Conundrum for Students of Geography.**

Why may the city of Berlin, (Prussia) be compared to an habitual drunkard with a bad breath ?

**6. Conundrum for Cooks and Chemists.**

Why is isinglass like music ?

**7. Conundrum for Brokers.**

Why could "a Bear" in the Stock-Exchange succeed better by occasional silence than continual speaking ?

**8. Conundrum for Fishermen.**

Why can a fishmonger more expeditiously weigh a large salmon than a small mackerel ?

**9. Conundrum for Farmers.**

If I trample upon a growing thistle, why do I resemble it ?

**10. Conundrum for Backwoodsmen.**

Why may a Provincial Lumberer expect to grow suddenly rich ?

**11. Conundrum for Politicians.**

Why is every native of the American Republic fitted to assist in the government of his Country ?

**12. Conundrum for Horticulturists.**

When does a flower-garden yield the elements of animal food and clothing ?

**13. Conundrum for Lawyers.**

Why does the main ground of accusation against a criminal resemble a cemetery ?