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The Young Bluenose.

A PAPER FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH, 1878.

NO. 1.

For the YOUNG BLUENOSE.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.

BY EBEN S. FRYE.

Life without definite aim,
Is drear as early morn,
Like a ship without a rudder
Drifting, hither and yon.

Life without definite aim,
Is a lonely life to lead;
It ne'er will bring prosperity,
Which, surely, we do need.

Let life's aim be high,
Despising all things low:
"An aimless life" is worthless,
If we but rightly know.

From the EASTERN SUNBEAM.

TOBACCO.

By Winslow.

AS Adam took his first chew, he was heard to remark to Eve, —but, pardon, tobacco was discovered some months later. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed between the first pair, and they exist between the best of pairs, tobacco seems not to have been a bone of contention. Never was the first man guilty of squirting tobacco juice over the floor just scoured by the first woman. And, verily, in those days there was peace.

But in the latter days, evil befell the land, for Columbus sighted America and found tobacco. It is not for me to say that Columbus was dying for a "chew," and this made him restless to quit Spain, for I hesitate to question the motives of any man, but I have seen men who wanted a chew, act in just that uneasy way.

Foreign tourists often remark that America does not favorably compare with the old countries in such vanities as worthless ruins, romantic monasteries and long histories. The long-whiskered, frock-coated gentry of England, glide up the Hudson on our floating palaces, gaze upon the sublimest natural scenery of a world, and then have the folly and brass to say,

"Ha-hem-yes-ah-but-the-pic-yes picturesque-you know-ha-little castles-ah-yes-you know." Of course we know it. We have not had time to perch a half-dozen grim, ungainly piles of stone upon certain of these mountain peaks, it is all our enterprising drummers can do in the way of romance, to label conspicuous rocks with sweet intelligence, to wit, "Buy Norton's Plasters," or, "Herrick's Pills are good for children," or texts from the "Sozodant" literature, but in a few matters we boast the "Congest histories." We glory in our tobacco record, and when there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Tobacco was first known in America. Rejoice every time-hearted patriot, who sincerely loves father-land. Before Roman, or Persian, or Greek, or Celt ever dreamed of "fine-cut" or "Havana," the untutored savage of this continent knew all the brands.

When Columbus in 1492 landed at Cuba, he first saw smoke, then a five-cent stubb cigar, and then an Indian, smiling as complacent as a book-agent or Ninguta hack-driver. Cortes likewise moved through clouds of tobacco smoke, and soon learnt to manufacture "clouds" himself. It is wonderful how they took to baptizing Indians, stealing gold and smoking tobacco.

In hunting up facts on the subject, we find John Nienhoff, a Brazilian resident of two hundred summers ago,—he is dead now,—talking in his usual pleasant way,—dear soul, we can just imagine how he used to talk, talk everlastingly,—about the enormous stone pipes used by the tribes of the Tapoyes. "The bowls of their pipes are so big that they contain a whole hand-ful (what size glove?) of tobacco at a time. By swallowing the smoke, the sorcerers of the Brazilian tribes raised themselves to

ecstasy in their convulsive orgies, and saw spirits." This sounds just like John, and is decidedly a good story. We can believe it though, and the only trouble we find is in getting any one else to believe it. For instance, the story is discredited by Teddie Griffin, whose experience in smoking his first cigar was surprisingly different. He claims, and we have no reason to doubt his word, for he was a strict Sunday School boy (about picnic time), that he began to feel restless all over but the focus of trouble seemed to settle in his stomach, right among his undigested breakfast. For some unknown reason, the hash of that particular morning's meal had a little misunderstanding with the stomach. An insurrection took birth. War was declared. The first "heat" was decided in favor of the stomach. The hash was driven from its stronghold. It rose. This too, in direct opposition of the laws of gravity, to say nothing of Teddie's feelings on the subject, who saw no prospect of obtaining a second breakfast. But, though he could not see two breakfasts, he saw the first one twice. Then his head began strange antics: countersaults, jigs, trapeze-performances, parallel-bar tumbings and other diversions. Teddie sat down to think. He thought he fell over, he was right about it, he did. The next thing he felt was a tumult in another quarter. Right again, for when he awoke it was not all a dream. His mother was there, and also a nice, thin, elastic, enterprising, business, go-ahead shingle. The old lady was dusting the seat of Teddie's trousers. It was fun to see the dust fly at every harpoon. I mean it was fun to an outsider; Teddie was however inside (the trousers). Some little circumstance like that oft makes a difference about one's appreciation of a joke.

But we could never afterwards

persuade Teddie to believe John's story about the Brazilian sorcerers seeing spirits. He said he saw his breakfast, his mother, her shingle, but positively no ecstasies or spirits. He is strongly inclined to think that either John Nienhoff deliberately trifled with the truth, or that the quality of tobacco has degenerated in these latter days.

YOUNG BLUENOSE.

Geo. E. Frye, "X. L. C. R."
Editor and Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 cents a year,
postage pre-paid.

EXCHANGES. Will exchange with
any amateur paper that comes
regularly.

ADDRESS all communications to
THE YOUNG BLUENOSE,
Box 58. Halifax, N. S.

E. W. & E. S. Frye, Printers, Boston.



SALUTATORY.

It is with feelings of the utmost pleasure, gentle reader, that we place before you, this small sheet. Notwithstanding our feeble efforts, we hope, with your generous assistance, to make it a success. Our aim shall always be "Excelsior", and by combining pleasure with instruction, it shall become a welcome visitor to both young and old.

Our paper shall be solely the work of juveniles, both in typography and contents.

We cordially invite the youth of both sexes, to send us their literary efforts.

Hoping that our feeble efforts to please, have been successful, we make our bow and retire.

LITERATURE.

What do our boys and girls read? is a question, upon which depend in a great measure, the future of the rising generation, and in our endeavors to answer it, we feel unable, but will do so to the best of our ability. It is a true fact, that there are innumerable books, papers and magazines, devoted to the advancement of morality, temperance and religion; but do our boys and girls seek after such books? do they relish such literature? No! We are sorry to say, that the majority indulge in works of fiction; heart-thrilling, harrowing, hair-breadth escapes, in fact anything and everything that would have a tendency to excite their feelings and arouse their imagination. Now, in making these statements, we do not plunge boldly into the subject without proof that such is the case, and we will admit that our own experience has been such, until roused by a purer motive, we determined to abandon unprofitable literature.

If you visit the news-venders of the present day, you will be astonished to find a miscellaneous spread of papers; on observation you will find that the first page contains—what we would call an elaborate wood-cut—and such a picture! It awakens your feelings! You purchase, and for the next hour or two, all your faculties are absorbed in an exceedingly pleasant story entitled "The Hunchback Detective" or some other equally attractive title: and this is what our boys and girls read. It would be presumptuous on our part, to accuse all, for we are perfectly aware, that in a great many instances, such is not the case. It is for greater pens than ours, to discuss this all-important subject, and at present, we will leave it.

Editorial Effervescences.

—Subscribe!!!

—Effervescing—a bottle of ginger ale.

—"Our Devil's" name is Belzebub. We shall call him "Bub" for short.

—Bub wants to know what is the difference between a Digby her-ring and a cigar? Will some of our exchanges enlighten us on the subject?

—We tender our sincere thanks to all those who have so kindly favored us with copies of their papers. May their shadows never grow less.

—We have not wasted any cash by investing in a waste basket yet, in fact, we have appropriated an empty collar box, until our business enlarges.

—We were sitting in "our sanctum" luxuriating in the delightful task of perusing a comic sketch, when suddenly a loud knock was heard at the door, and "ye editor" always on the alert, arose to answer, but to his astonishment the stool on which he was sitting arose too, so "ye junior editor" had to perform that important duty. He reached the door, but was surprised to find no one, but just as he was in the act of closing it, a figure darted from behind a large ulster, which hung in the hall. "Ye junior" persued. In the meanwhile, "ye senior" was endeavoring to unfasten the stool which seemed so attached to him, but to his intense disgust, it remained unmoved, so he was obliged to anxiously wait for the return of his assistant. At last, he was delighted to hear the "little footsteps" of "ye junior." One moment more, he stood before him, with a triumphant smile upon his countenance. "Who was it?" gasped "ye senior." "Why, it was that confounded imp, Bub." He says that you disputed the adhesive

owers of cobbler's wax, and just
 or fun he put a piece on your seat.
 It is needless to relate that Bub's
 vages were reduced 50 per cent,
 and "ye senior's" pants, were re-
 placed, also.

INTRICATE IDEAS.

Interesting and Instructive.

Edited by "X. L. C. R."

All communications relative to
 this department, must be addressed
 to Geo. E. Frye, P. O. Box 58,
 Halifax, N. S.

Answers to puzzles respectfully
 solicited.

Original contributions always in
 demand.

—We will introduce you this
 month to our genial friend, "O.
 P. Q." who will favor us with

A CRYPTOGRAM.

AP EPRIUPB ANKA XYP
 NKTU ENKROUL XYPW
 ZRL ZB AP EPRIUBB
 XYPWBUQI HZBUW APLKX
 ANKR XUBAUWLKX.

Wosh Rawdon, N. S. O: P. Q.

2.—Next, comes that well known
nom de plume, "Goose Quill,"
 who presents a formidable

WORD SQUARE

A bird; sideways; orates; a
 feminine name; a river of Ger-
 many.

San Francisco. Goose Quill.

3.—Now, another well known puz-
 zler caters to our taste, with a
 batch of

ANAGRAMS.

- 1.—"O moon patching."
- 2.—"My purple cots."
- 3.—"That pen clogs."
- 4.—"Panther's done."
- 5.—"O Post thimble."
- 6.—"Price a sloop."

St. Joseph, Mo. Beau K.

1.—And still another "Mystic
 Knight" places before us a good

SQUARE REMAINDER

Words of the following signifi-
 cations, if decapitated will leave
 a perfect word square:—

Previously; just; low; vallies.
 Danbury, Conn. Nutmeg.

5.—We now present a somewhat
 novel puzzle, called
 JOINERS' WORK.

Join a book and a vessel, by a
 male, and get skill; join a part of
 a clock and a small vessel, by a
 vowel and get trade; join impu-
 dence and a patch by a verb and
 get a picture; join a stream and a
 road, by a vowel and get a desert-
 er.

New Glasgow, N. S. R. A. B. N.

6.—We have not exhausted our
 space yet, so we will give you
 A DIAMOND.

In Halifax; plump; a criminal;
 a Canadian City; a place to be
 shunned; a nick-name; a conso-
 nant.

Upper Stewiache. Hi Lo Jak.

7.—We will conclude this very in-
 teresting pastime by

A HALF WORD SQUARE.

A poor business; a command;
 a tool; a price; half a ream; a
 letter from France;

West point, N. S. Misty.

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH.

We have much pleasure in offer-
 ing the following Prizes.

For first correct solution of

- No. 1.—A book.
- No. 2.—A lithograph.
- No. 4.—Five amateur papers.—
 "Nutmeg."
- No. 5.—A book.
- Best List.—The *Eastern Sunbeam*
 one year.

CHIT-CHAT.

Dear Puzzlers:—
 Once more we fill

that all-important position as edi-
 tor of this column. In the editor-
 ship of "Hidden Thoughts" lately
 conducted in the *Alliance Journal*,
 we met with a great many diffi-
 culties which were almost impossi-
 ble to surmount. The preparing
 of the MSS. each week became
 very troublesome, not because we
 had to do it, but because our time
 was limited.

We will always keep this depart-
 ment in "prime condition," even
 if we ourselves feel "out of sorts."

Hoping to hear from one and all,

We remain,

"Ye Editor."

OUR MAIL BAG.

In this department we will an-
 swer all communications not con-
 taining stamp for reply. All are
 respectfully requested to send us
 their communications, and all
 questions will be answered to the
 best of our ability.

A Phew Phlecting Phancies.

"Steal pens"—State prisons.

Why is a badly conducted hotel
 like a fiddle? Because it is a vile
 inn.

The best binding for a borrowed
 book is homeward bound.

The best "go" when one is short
 of money—Go to work.

A man of note—A musician.

Getting fat—Buying lard.

For what purpose was Eve
 made? For Adams Express Com-
 pany.

On a whaling cruise—An irate
 father looking for his truant boy.

How to get rid of a mother-in-
 law—Don't marry.

A lazy man writes "fortunate-
 ly," 42ndly.

What watering-places are open
 during the winter months? The
 mouths of milk cans.

RABBIT SHOOTING.—An Irish-
 man who recently went out rabbit
 shooting, observing a jackass peep-
 ing over a hedge, immediately

leveled his piece, exclaiming, "Och, by the powers, that must be the father of all rabbits."

He was a solemn-looking preacher, and he walked around the Kingston depot singing, "Heaven is my home." when one of the boys called out: "Then you are going the wrong way, stranger; that is the train to Stamford."

"Illustrated with cuts!" said a mischievous urchin, as he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" repeated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the mischievous urchin.

A Boston paper says that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city was taken to the station house by a policeman, on a charge of smoking in the street; a practice which is not permitted in that tidy little city.

"Sally," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more, "Sally, before we go into this 'ere museum to see the enchanted horse, I want to ask you somethin'." "Well, Ichabod, what is it?" "Why, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter a piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothin'. Now, ef you'll say you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the hull on't myself—I will!" Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole ou't.

Here is a long sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious person has got up with the letters found in the word "maiden." "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Medea a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.

For the YOUNG BLUENOSE.

ALMOST A CAT-ASTROPHE.

It was midnight.

All nature seemed in sweet repose,
"Our hero" lay slumbering under
the clothes;
But in the stillness, there arose,
The shrill scream of an old tom-
cat.

"Our hero" tremblingly, awoke;
He saw no one, not a word he
spoke;
But it seemed as if he was going
to choke,
As he gasped, Oh! what is it?

Once more that scream, quite
shrill and clear,
Came thundering through the
midnight air:
And "our hero" at once began to
fear,
That the end of this world was
drawing near.

Then from his "wee little crib" he
arose,
Not stopping a moment to put
on his clothes;
But down to the cellar, he hastily
goes,
In hope of finding a brick or two.

He found an old boot, its mate
wasn't there,
So he silently engaged in a word
of prayer.
Then up those stairs, he flew like
a deer,
Resolving a large amount of dam-
age to do.

He reached his room, all was si-
lence there,
He opened the window, Hush!
what did he hear?
His father's scream, "Well I do
declare
Your the laziest elf that ever
I've seen!"
And our hero awoke, it was but
a dream.

Whittier's Whettings.

Edited by Whittier.

The *Pierian* has enlarged to 24 pages, and contains creditable campaign matter.

L. S. M. shows poor judgment in placing, "Hub Letter No. 3," as the title of a criticism, which appears in the *Keystone*.

We should think, that such a fine author as C. E. Stone is reputed to be, he would issue a better paper than the *Bostonian*.

"Our Cauldron" in the *Little Joker* is conducted by Geo of Washington, and, by the way, isn't Whittier some relation to Wiggles?

The *Bud* has appeared, and with the exception of the typography, it is as good as formerly. Doesn't Taylor have a hand in the editorials?

A. R. Taylor opens a fine "Review" in the *Amateur*, which, reasonably, should be considered the best department of the kind in amateurdom.

New York amateurs hold a reunion at the Starkeyant House the present month. Hall of Chicago, it is reported, and other prominent persons will be present.

Besides the Managing Editor, the *Exponent* has four others on the editorial staff, and, as yet, we cannot find anything worthy of attention within its columns.

For Official Organ of the N. A. P. A.—The *Boys' Gazette* of Philadelphia. Wouldn't that be a good choice, boys? It excels the *Amateur* in, probably, every respect.

Stanton S. Mills has been initiated as Associate Editor of the *Albion*. He commences his arduous duties, by contributing an exceedingly creditable essay on "Conventions."

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