

To the Editor of the "WINDSOR MAIL."

DEAR SIR:—How much longer before the County will undertake to erect a new Court House and Jail. The former is an uncomfortable, unwholesome and disagreeable affair, and the latter is all this and more. It is a dirty, filthy, vermin infested building, destroying delapidated ruin of a building full of foul smells and an atmosphere fit only for hogs. In the working of our beautiful and heaven inspired law of imprisonment for debt in these very hard times we find just now a number of debtors confined in one room—a sort of combination room, being sitting-room, sleeping-room and water-closet combined—the floors and walls of which are filthy to the extreme, and the beds, if the prisoners may be believed, abound in more than one kind of vermin, while the air is foul with filthy exhalations. That it is impossible to clean or keep clean this worse than Augean Stable is evident at a glance. In the scoured and cracked and broken floors and walls of this old rookery are recesses for dirt that no broom or rush can reach, and retreats for vermin that no "exterminator" can invade.

In places the windows are so rotted away that quantities of old rags are stuffed in to keep out the snow and winds of this bleak December, and all this in a room not for Criminals and outlaws, but for poor unfortunate men whose only fault is they are not able to pay a debt however willing.

We do not advocate luxuries or extra comforts for prisoners, but in the name of humanity let them be housed and sheltered as decently as our cattle. In the matter of food we believe the jailer is indulgent and no prisoner can complain of his food, while Mrs. Smith is full of kindness and attention to all confined within the jail. On the Magistrates of the County alone rests the blame for the present wretched and scandalous condition of our jail.

HUMANITAS.

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To the Editor of the "WINDSOR MAIL."

Windsor, Cumberland, Nov., 20th.
DEAR SIR:—I observe in the Halifax Morning Chronicle of the 18th inst., an extract from your paper, of an article on the "Trade of the Basin of Minas," and the dullness of business now experienced in Windsor, and the very little improvement that has been made in building it up for many years that have passed away, and the supineness and want of enterprise of the inhabitants in not fostering and encouraging manufactories and other industrial pursuits, whilst it possesses so many advantages for increasing wealth and adding to the population of the picturesque and fertile country by which it is surrounded.

I have always had a warm feeling towards Windsor, as it has been called the

ATHENS OF NOVA SCOTIA,

another centre of learning, and much celebrated for the establishment of King's College and her talented Presidents and Professors, the profundity of their knowledge and acquirements. For some years, since the erection of other seats of learning, the numbers of Students have not been so large as they were in days of long ago. But the College has produced many men, some of whom are now in this Province, New Brunswick and other parts of the world, who have manifested their training and depth of their studies, and proved honorable testimonials of the abilities of their teachers.

I was for three years a resident of Windsor and under the teaching of the Rev. Wm. King, Senr., who had charge of King's College Academy, and taught the higher branches, and Asa Torrey, tutor of the English School, also under the Rev. Christopher Milner, who taught in a building on Smith's Hill, the time was 1816 to 1818. About forty Halifax and Saint John boys boarded with old Captain Inglis, opposite the College gate; and there may be at this time some old trees there, Lombardy Poplars, that had incisions with the initials of our names.

THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL

and Long Pond, back of the College, were favorite resorts, and we used to skate in winter, on moonlight nights, on the ponds.

I recollect John Cunard (brother of Sir Samuel of Steamship fame) having his front teeth knocked out with a hurley by Pete Delaney, of Annapolis. Cunard was studying navigation and mathematics with a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Capols, who gave private lessons. Captain John Cunard died in London some years since, he was for many years engaged in the W. India trade in Halifax.

Governors, Statesmen, Bishops, Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers, and Merchants of eminence in their various pursuits, have been taught in Windsor's educational institutions, some of whom are now living and may recollect with pleasure, the happy freaks enjoyed in those days, before entering into the busy scenes, turmoils, trials and vicissitudes of this life. The greater number have no doubt been called to account for the talents committed to their charge. I could mention fifty names that are indelibly imprinted on my memory. Otto Schwartz Weeks, the father of the late Attorney General, was a school-fellow and class-mate of mine, he was esteemed as a fine classical scholar, and possessed of many literary accomplishments, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but every living man has some foible, and proves the words of the Wise man, that none are perfect, in toto, (except a *Pio Nonno*). We all had

to attend the established Church of England, many I suppose hold on to the doctrines and truths taught them by the beloved Rector, the Rev. William King. But often, after mixing with the world and entering into its temptations, may have embraced other and doubtful creeds. But enough of days of long ago. I shall now tell a little of the present. The Rev. Christopher Milner is still alive, and living in Sackville, N. B. I saw him about two years since, he appeared to be a hale old gentleman. I was 15 when under his charge on Smith's Hill 38 years ago, he appeared at that time to be about 35, and I think must now be a nonagenarian.

I have passed through Windsor several times since 1818. I was always pleased with the beauty of the country, its splendid marshes and valuable uplands, and its adaptability for agricultural pursuits, raising stock, fruits, &c. Within a few years back shipbuilding has been pursued and I believe in some of the adjacent settlements, with great success for builders and owners. The vessels have generally been famed for their good construction, fast sailing qualities and large burden, and in some cases very quickly returned their original cost. But the change in national laws and tariff have of late made it a rather hazardous undertaking. There are some signs now of an improvement, people are beginning now to turn their attention more to

AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTORIES

and other industrial pursuits, in which there may be less risk and more substantial and lasting advantages for the general welfare.

The Confederation of the Provinces of Canada and the completion and partial working of the Intercolonial and prospect of the building of the Pacific, have put everybody more on the *qui vive*, and the "Almighty Dollar," as our neighbours term it, seems now to be the principal object of adoration, and how to obtain a share *honestly* it possible, is now the study of Nations, Statesmen, Senators, Czars, Sultans, and all such, and the men who have to earn it by the sweat of the brow,

with families of round numbers, are now put to their tramps for employment, and in some cases must either beg or die. There are many cases of suicide on account of pecuniary difficulties and abject want. The faithful, if to be found, are sorely tried, and all hands seem to be at their wits end. But something must be done to keep the pot boiling, and the Governments of all the nations of the earth, seem to be immersed in the same pickle and are trying to solve the enigma, "How to enjoy life, or find the Philosopher's stone." (Man has sought out many inventions). The Yankees are looking hopefully to the new President to better their condition. (If they can find out who he is). The people of Halifax are looking to the Intercolonial and the Winter Port, but there are so many barriers in the way how are they to get what they want? The Windsor people

WANT BUSINESS AND MONEY,

how are they to get them? Only by working and trying what can be done. You are trying, Mr. Editor, and seem in earnest, in giving your opinion and suggestions and if followed, may perhaps lead to some good results. I hope you may succeed. Now I want to tell you what and how I have been trying to do, a little in my own way, but you may say as some others, "You are an old logy, who will listen to you?"

(To be Continued.)