

Confederation pay into the general revenues nearly double the amount paid by the same population in Canada. We are larger importers, not only because our pursuits require it, but because we have the means of paying for more goods. Our delegates have attempted to dazzle us with the great wealth of Canada. True, there is a large aggregate of wealth, but divide it among the larger population and you find it falling far below our own little province. I have taken the five principal branches of industry to find the individual income, and the census returns for the year previous show our income to be nearly double theirs.

Branches of Industry	Value in Canada; pop. 2,507,647.	Per head.	Value in N. B. S; pop. 830,857	Per head
Agriculture	\$14,259,225	\$5.68	\$786,526	\$2.37
Mines	558,306	22	658,257	1.98
Sea	833,646	33	3,084,449	9.35
Forest	11,012,353	4.36	767,136	2.21
Shipbldg (1863)	3,000,000	1.19	2,000,000	6.06
		\$11.76		\$22.07
				11.76

Excess of income to each inhabitant of Nova Scotia. \$10.31

But it is no disparagement to Canada to be thus exceeded by Nova Scotia. Consider the difference in our resources. I have spoken of the size of our Province—its area, but Nova Scotia should be measured for its cubic contents, and the measurers rod should also be run out three miles to sea—our fishing grounds are a part and parcel of Nova Scotia, as much as the field which the farmer cultivates—for all round the thousand miles of our sea coast we draw a perpetual harvest, provided by the waters of the world. For agriculture we have lands on both sides of the Bay of Fundy, unsurpassed—yielding produce of the highest class, whilst the districts represented by the hon. member for Kings furnish fruit fit for the palate of Royalty itself. Looking downward, we have mines of gold and iron, whose wealth, as yet, is almost untouched, but which is being gradually developed in coal. We are richer than the richest. Examine the geological map of Nova Scotia hanging in our library, and you see almost every part, not occupied by gold and iron, marked by coal measures. And who shall estimate the wealth of these mines, or the influence which Nova Scotia shall, through their possession, have upon the world. As bearing upon the value of our coal fields, let me read to the house an extract from an article by the Professor of Natural History, in the University of Glasgow:—

THE POWER REPRESENTED BY COAL.

"Interesting and impressive comparisons have been instituted between the mechanical force of a given weight of coal applied as fuel in the steam-engine and the dynamic energy of a man. The human labourer exerting his strength upon a tread-mill,—a very economical mode of using it,—can, it is stated, lift his own weight,—we will say 150 lb.,—through a height of 10,000 feet per day, the equivalent of which is 1 lb. raised 1,500,000 feet in the same time. Now, the mechanical virtue of fuel is best estimated by learning the number of pounds which a given quantity—let it be one bushel—will elevate to a given height, say one foot, against gravity. Applied in the steam-engine, this performance of the bushel measure of coal is called its duty. In some improved modern Cornish engines, this duty,—the bushel's work,—is equivalent to the amazing result of raising 125,000,000 lb. one foot

high, or 1 lb. 125,000,000 feet high. Now, as there are 84 lb. of coal in one bushel, this divisor 84, gives 1 lb. as equal to 1,458,000, or nearly one million and a half of feet, which, as we have seen above, is just the result of a man's toil for one day upon a tread-mill.—Thus, a pound of good coal is the reality worth a day's wages. If, again, we estimate a lifetime of hard, muscular toil at twenty years, and portion three hundred working days to each year,—a full allowance,—we have for a man's total dynamic effort, six thousand days. But 6000 lb. constitute only three tons, so that we have arrived at the almost amusing fact, the cheering truth, that every three tons of coal in the earth is the convertible equivalent of one man's life-long muscular activity.

What a promise is here of the capacity of civilized inventive man to find an ample substitute for the life-wearing, brutalizing and mind-benumbing expenditure of nerve and animal power exacted now of the slaves of all complexions. What a pledge has the all-bountiful and good Creator here given us, that the common lot of mankind is not to be, as always in the past, a lot of physical labor, but in the long future, at least one of a far higher, happier mode of effort. When I behold a section or block from out of a coal seam, and reflect that each cubic yard is in weight somewhat more than a ton; and that a column of it a yard in base and only three yards tall has more work in it than a man, more mechanical energy than any force which willing effort, necessity, or the lash of the tyrant master, can exact from the human organization, I exult in the reverential thought of the superabundant provision bequeathed to our race against the curse of over-physical toil in this marvellous condensation of mechanical strength. Looking at the tall column of the material, thirty-seven feet high, representing a coal-bed in Nova Scotia, displayed in the recent great exhibition in London, I said to myself, here is a black man, of the strength of some four of the stoutest dark-skinned men ever held in servitude, and see what a willing service, what a painless bondage it can be made to undergo. This, our inanimate slave, can be compelled to work at any rate of gentleness or speed we choose. We can induce him to lengthen out his efforts for almost any term of years, or bid him convert himself into a herculean giant, concentrating the total force of four able-bodied men, spread over twenty years of life, and applying the whole of it in some titanic triumph against brute matter within a week or even a day.

Here it may be worth our while to turn from our giant man of all work, and take the census of those populations of this sort which rest sleeping beneath the ground, but are ever ready, under the magic summons of a little art, to muster at the surface in any strength and await our bidding. Every acre of a coal seam, only four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard depth of pure fuel, will produce, if fitly minded, about 5000 tons—equivalent to the life-labor of more than 1600 strong men. Every square mile of such coal-bed contains about 3,000,000 tons of fuel, and represents one million of men labouring steadily through twenty years of their ripest vigour."

Here is a view presented to us in which the mind becomes absolutely lost in the maze of figures required to represent the value of our great coal fields, and when we take in connection with them all our other resources we have a country to whose attainments in wealth and prosperity, there is no reasonable limit. It is not so in a country like Canada, largely agricultural, when its lands are settled and the farms established, the extent of its prosperity is nearly attained. It is not extent of territory that renders a country great or wealthy, it is not material size that gives to any object its value. The diamond that sparkles on beauty's brow, though it may scarcely equal in size or rival in brilliancy the eye that beams beneath it, yet in the markets of the world it would purchase an Island or a Mountain of rock. And so is it with our little gem of a Province it may be less in territory than other countries, it may, indeed be overshadowed by the gigantic and colossal pro-