

blantly, "They are coming now." Who are coming? Why another fare of course, and there may be yet another in *future*. The fact is, our couple have got into an Omnibus, or rather a coach, applied to a similar use. Now all this doubtless, is owing to no fault of the Railway managers. They have nothing to do with a passenger after he has left the Depot. He may hang himself for all they care, and if a man hires a cab, he must sit in it. Common courtesy however, should dictate to these gentlemen the propriety of helping as far as possible, those unfortunate whom they have been instrumental in bringing to such a slough of despond as their Depot. A little light to enable them to pursue their way in peace, would surely not be too much to ask. An intoxicated bat at noon-tide would have more chance of preserving its reasoning faculties, than an unprotected female who arrives at the Richmond Station after dark. The very thought of the dangers and agonies to which such a person would be exposed, makes one shudder, with a doubtful hope that the next day may see her, still outside the walls of a Lunatic Asylum.

The whole place is a staring disgrace to somebody—and we cannot but turn up our eyes in pious disgust at the reflection, that whilst profuse promises of Railways are daily made to the inhabitants of the most remote corners of the Province, a pot of paint and a dozen oil lamps are not forthcoming when required, at the terminus of the N. S. R.

BRAG AND BLARNEY.

We learn from an evening contemporary that this is a most wonderful Province, and that Nova Scotians are so pre-eminently distinguished above all other men, that an artist who paints a Nova Scotian, achieves immediate fame. We are not only born great, but we thrust our greatness upon all who may have the good fortune to bask in the sunshine of our presence,—nay more—to produce a likeness of one of our eminent men, suffices to surround an English artist with a halo of greatness—at least in Nova Scotia. Mr. GUSH has, it would seem, painted an "elegant picture" of the late SIR JOHN INGLIS, and Mr. GUSH is in consequence "a celebrated London artist." What a pleasant surprise for Mrs. GUSH, should she happen to cast her eyes over the *Halifax Reporter*! What joyous tears will trickle from her eyes, at the praises rained upon her GUSH by our contemporary! BYRON awoke one morning and found himself famous: GUSH portrays a Nova Scotian and finds himself a "celebrated London artist"—in Halifax. That Mr. GUSH paints well we do not deny, but it requires more than a few well executed portraits to make an artist celebrated, even in unpoetic London, and, to the best of our belief, Mr. GUSH is not as yet, even a Royal Academician. "It is somewhat singular," continues the *Reporter*, "that a small Province, like Nova Scotia, with a sparse population, the whole of the latter scarcely exceeding a third or fourth rate town in Britain, should have furnished certainly not less than three General Officers to the British Army, and double that number of Flag Officers to the British Navy." It is impossible not to admire our contemporary's eunying in this sentence. The object of the article from which we quote, being the glorification of this Province, Nova Scotia becomes great or small according to circumstances. An English artist is pitch-forked into celebrity because he has painted a Nova Scotian, but Nova Scotia is depreciated in order to enhance her merit in producing celebrated men! Why should Birmingham be ranked as a "third or fourth rate" British town, in order to make this Province less important (numerically speaking), by comparison with British towns than it really is? The population of this Province is equal to, if not greater than that of Birmingham, or Dublin, and, as English and Irish towns go, we think Birmingham or Dublin, fairly entitled to a second rate place. Supposing London, Paris, Vienna, &c., to be towns of the first magnitude, we must accord to Birmingham, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, &c., an importance greater than fourth rate. The *Reporter* next enumerates our great men, and records their valiant deeds; but it seems somewhat strange that the men mentioned by our contemporary, should have gained all their laurels fifty years ago. Our living celebrities would seem, from some unexplained cause, to be what is termed "placed on the shelf." The *Reporter*, tells us that, "Admiral Wallis, was second Lieut. of the

Shannon, in her celebrated action with the *Chesapeake*, when, as is well known, the latter was carried by boarding, in just *eleven minutes*." What the precise time of the boarding encounter had to do with the Nova Scotian second Lieutenant of the *Shannon*, we do not altogether comprehend. Did the boarding engagement last but *eleven minutes*, solely because Lieut. WALLIS was a Nova Scotian? If such were the case, it should be duly chronicled by our contemporary, lest the casual reader should be misled into the belief that in a world renowned victory, a Nova Scotian had simply done what is expected by England of every man—his duty. The next hero quoted, is SIR GEORGE WESTPHAL, who served at Trafalgar, as midshipman, on board the *Victory*—and it is a fact that being wounded in that ever memorable engagement, his blood mingled with that of the heroic Nelson, in the cock-pit of the above named ship." Now, who vouches for this fact? Upon what authority does the *Reporter* assert this com-mingling of English and Aedean blood? And, if a fact, why lay such stress upon what doubtless, happened to the blood of many a gallant tar, wounded in a combat, which cost Nelson his life? We are further informed that, "Sir Edward Belcher," has been "repeatedly under fire, in presence of an enemy." Allowing to Nova Scotians an average amount of common sense, it is by no means likely they would put themselves "repeatedly under fire," except in "presence of an enemy." But the *Reporter*, in the issue under consideration, does not stop at world renowned heroes,—it has a congratulatory comment upon matters far more circumscribed,—even the divers of this Province come in for their share of adulation. We are informed that—"the business of sub-marine diving has got to be quite a business on the coasts of the British North American Provinces. And it is satisfactory to be assured that our Nova Scotia divers are not surpassed, in the sub-marine art, by any other people in America." If the fact of the diving business having become "quite a business" mean anything, we suppose it alludes to the melancholy fact, that wrecks are of such constant occurrence, that our divers are kept constantly at work. We see little cause for congratulation in this fact, and trust that our divers, however clever in the "sub-marine art," may soon find themselves out of employ. But enough of this. While heartily endorsing the words of BULWER,—"that the desire of approbation is at the root of those actions to which the interest of the societies they are intended to benefit or adorn, has conceded the character of virtue,"—we must enter our protest against flatteries so often reiterated as to have become positively nauseating.

OUR FARM.

v.

MR. BLUEBONE as we have said remained impassive to a great deal of harm which was daily accruing to his estate. This he did probably because he could not always take comfort in the thought that on the whole he farmed as BULL farmed and dined as BULL dined. An event however soon occurred which opened his eyes to many of the bad innovations which he had hitherto heedlessly tolerated. It will be remembered that in the selection of head bailiff great stress was laid by old BLUEBONE on the point that only horned cattle should count in the competition, a rule which JOE, who was as we have seen a not unsuccessful bailiff, in his heart abhorred. JOE would not have liked the whole of STARR's system to obtain on the BLUEBONE estate but thought at the same time that sheep should be accounted worthy of a place in the driving matches. "For" he said "sheep are a very useful portion of our economy and mutton is very good, to say nothing of woollen stuffs,—we ought therefore to count sheep in the great drive to the home farm yard." BLUEBONE after a long discussion gave in—"Sheep" he said "I will allow to count, but, mind, it must go no lower—no pigs shall count—and fowls are out of the question" Now JOE's great rival JONSON of whom we have already spoken was furious. He had always objected to the position in which BULL's agent had been lately placed. He had always objected to the appointment of head bailiffs by success in driving matches, in fact he had always professed to oppose innovations of any kind whatsoever. Little wonder then that he came out largely upon this occasion. "Sheep" he cried, "why any