

... feelings should be suffered to bias the judgment, &c." Advice is undeniable, and it is of course imperative that we declare ourselves ready for the last grand dose, our system should be in a healthy state of "serenity and patriotism," in order that the medicine should effectually perform its work—As a matter of course, "all artifice and trickery should be avoided," for "to deceive our fellow citizens \* \* \* is to commit an offence against the country which must "for ever stamp the deceivers with infamy and disgrace." Having thus far followed implicitly the regimen of our Federation adviser, it is the policy of the latter to work upon our nervous system until we are in a fit state to swallow the "new motive principle" which is to be to us an elixir of long life and unchequered prosperity. With this object in view, we are "called upon to mark well the events occurring "around us; to reflect on the consequences of a patched up "peace between the North and South; to remember the host "of idle and reckless men who will be cast adrift without "homes or occupations, &c. &c." At this period of mental despondency, we are compelled to go through a course of reading extracted from the columns of the *N. Y. Herald*, and then:—the "new motive principle" is triumphantly explained by two sentences—UNION IS DEFENCE! UNION IS MORAL STATUS! Now, we defy the delegates and the whole Federation party, to satisfactorily prove that a union with Canada would in any way whatever add to our powers of resistance. Our militia are already prepared to start for the Canadian frontier should Lord MONCK require their services. What more could we do were Federation accomplished? Nothing! If, as Mr. McCULLY wishes to impress upon our young men, our position is less defensible than that of Canada, what would Canadians do for us were we in danger? Are they prepared to come to our assistance as we are prepared to go to theirs? If they are, we are as strong without Federation as with it? If they are not, they are unworthy an alliance with us for any purpose whatever—political, social, or mercantile. Those who (like Mr. McCULLY) affirm that we cannot, without Federation, count upon Canadian support for defence against England's foes, are the bitterest enemies of Federation that have yet come before the public. But, says a Unionist,—"four millions of people united under one nationality and "guided by one chieftain, are better than four millions divided into six separate and distinct provinces, and led by "six different leaders." To this we reply, that in case of war, all B. N. America would be under one military leader, and the individuality of the several Provinces would be no more regarded than are the individuality of regiments serving under one General Officer, or of allies under the control of one Commander-in-Chief. During the Crimean war, the English, French, Turks, and Sardinians, could not have fought better had they all been "united under one nationality." While on the subject of defence, we may notice a theory of Mr. McCULLY's, which is quite refreshing from its novelty. That gentleman is of opinion that Nova Scotia's weakness lies in *her large extent of sea coast!* The idea is original, as coming from a citizen of the most powerful naval empire in the world.

We now come to the consideration of Union, with reference to an improved moral status. This question is one of extreme delicacy, inasmuch as it implies that at present we ought to be rather ashamed of our position than otherwise—a consideration to be put aside unless clearly proven. To our thinking, there are few things more to be dreaded than an abiding consciousness of a status which requires constant looking after, lest it should fail to impress those around us. The majority of mankind cannot spare time to ponder upon the dignity attaching to their moral status,—indeed, so long as men keep within the pale of the law, they seldom trouble themselves with speculations as to the moral greatness of the land of their birth. There are, beyond doubt, certain times when enthusiasm is allowable—may more, when it is pardonable in expression and healthy in its immediate results. When the QUEEN visits the Opera in State, and takes her seat while COSTA'S band plays the National Anthem, even the most used up rotary of fashion acknowledges a certain amount of bona fide enthusiasm:—The stirring strains of "Rule Britannia," striking upon the ear as some enormous Iron-clad glides off the stocks amid deafening cheers, are also productive of a certain amount of healthy excitement:—an aspiring ensign is well nigh ready to burst with emotion, as, bearing aloft his Country's flag, he "marches past" to the

music of the "British Grenadiers." All this sort of thing is excellent in its way, but still, as a rule, communities are not led to appreciate political revolutions in the hope of obtaining an increased moral status in the eyes of the world in general. But, would we, after all, gain much individual self importance by an alliance with Canada? We fancy not. What extra weight would we gain by styling ourselves "British Americans" instead of "Nova Scotians?" Would the Hall Porters at the White House, or the Yeomen of the Guard at St. James's Palace, look longer at us by reason of the change? No—a mere change of name will not raise our status in the eyes of the world, however much it may eventually tend to lower us in our own eyes. We have hitherto progressed steadily, and none can accuse us of having been slow to appreciate the status we have laboriously attained. But let us not, all of a sudden, fancy that we ought to be ashamed of our progress, because our delegates hanker after the flesh pots of Ottawa. We have hitherto lived and prospered in ignorance of our moral and physical degradation; we have been content with our status, as British subjects, ready to do our utmost towards maintaining British supremacy in the West; we can still, under Providence, go on and prosper. But, according to the Federation party—"something must be done." So say we. Let the delegates forbear from telling us that we are a miserable, unprotected, misguided people, wanting in energy, in nationality, and in loyalty. No more of such appeals in favor of a "new motive principle" so eminently distasteful to us. We may be throwing away riches and losing golden opportunities,—but leave us to ourselves—

"He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
"Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all."

#### HOW WE APPROACH THE GREAT QUESTION.

It is somewhat lamentable, but nevertheless true, that all the cautions, exhortations, and threats, fired off at the Nova Scotian public, with a view of inducing it to consider a great question calmly, have—judging from results—hitherto widely missed their mark. For our own part we never expected that matters could have turned out otherwise. It were ridiculous to imagine a country precociously addicted to political squabbles, behaving with decency, or capable of showing any respectable reservation of opinion upon the greatest question ever set before it. Where every citizen is more or less of a politician, (i. e. imagines himself to be one), it is only natural that, as in the neighboring States, everybody derives pleasure from making his voice heard upon subjects, of the details of which he is totally ignorant. How delighted we have always been to observe in the neighboring republic the "scum coming to the surface," when grave matters were balancing in the political scales! How we plume ourselves upon the reflection, that we are not as other men are on this side of the Atlantic! We at all events have no scum coming to the surface, or if such an accident befalls us, the scum rises unbidden, and will most certainly disappear as rapidly as it appeared. Personalities—scurrilities—and all that seeks to attack the arguments of a public man by the exposure of his private life—receive no countenance from a Nova Scotian public. A man of the GORDON BENNETT stamp could not edit a journal in Halifax for three days with success! We hate American political warfare, and adhere to those traditions which will make (as the Federalists boast) a new Britain on the borders of the Canadian lakes. So we dream and so we preach; but the Yankee element has prevailed in Nova Scotia, to the great discomfiture of those who cry peace when there is no peace, and the Confederation question is now being fought out after the much approved methods of Yankee warfare. This is easily demonstrated by the tone taken by the press at this crisis of our national existence. Were we to believe the inflammatory scribbles on both sides, whose only apparent object is to turn ink into fire, their political opponents result after dessert in an apotheosis of their leaders. This being the actual state of the case, it is somewhat laughable to observe that the fire being well kindled and blazing brightly, some puny persons still attempt to put it out by a deluge of platitudes. Sounding sentences are poured forth upon the correct method of approaching grave questions—the very manner of march towards such things, with quaking knees and upturned eyes, are suggested for our consideration. Alas! we fear such homilies are somewhat late, and fall upon unheeding ears.

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