

ted, nor adopt such detestable method for retaining power, as those to which they stooped to secure it. Then we have the *Reporter*, thus alluding to our society as at present constituted:—"A state of society where the people are so familiarized with the fact of a leading man being charged with infamy, that it has come to excite neither surprise nor indignation." Then again, we have the *Colonist* upon the opinions of the Opposition:—"Regardless of either truth or consistency the *Chronicle* asserts one thing in its columns one day, and contradicts its own statements in the next issue. The shameless misstatements with which the *Chronicle* is now teeming in order to dash the cup of prosperity from their lips, will only bring discredit upon themselves." * * * Let the reader carefully peruse the following extracts from the *Morning Chronicle* of the past few weeks, and if he is not inspired with disgust at the tergiversations of that worthless rag, we shall be most mistaken. * * * Such a journal is simply a disgrace to the country, and an insult to the intelligence of the people."

From the foregoing extracts, it is clear, either that the men pledged to Federation are utterly unworthy of public confidence, or that they are habitually given to publishing what they know to be at variance with truth. In either case, their coalition upon any question must be fraught with disaster to the Province. We must either consider them the reverse of patriotic, or we must condemn them as unworthy of a hearing. If they are what they represent themselves to be, their opinions are not worth having; if they are not as they are represented, the Press of this Province is unworthy of belief. How then can the public expect to hear the Federation Scheme fairly discussed? Only by a general election. It is commonly reported, we know not with what truth, that the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY has avowed his determination to force the Federation Scheme through the Assembly whether the mercantile community desire it or not. This is lofty language, and it is high time for the exercise of the Royal prerogative as vested in the hands of the Lieutenant Governor. It is one thing to preach the clap-trap doctrine, "Union is strength;" it is another thing to argue the items of the proposed Federation Scheme. Those items have never yet been hinted at, save in our columns and in those of the *Citizen*. But the people are beginning to think, and we should like to see an expression of public opinion, as manifested by a public election. Let the Assembly be dissolved. Let the issues of Federation be laid before the common sense of the people, whose pockets the Federation Scheme will touch. Let those who applaud the Federation Scheme as at present proposed, go before their constituents, armed with such cries as "A great people,"—"a new empire,"—"Free Trade,"—"the Intercolonial Railway,"—"Self-defence,"—"no more swaddling clothes,"—"no more men from England," &c. &c. But let those who detest mere clap-trap, offer themselves as candidates for public favor upon the following issues:—"Self-defence, in relation to increased taxation,"—"Naval defence, in connection with three dollars per head yearly from every man in Nova Scotia, as illustrative of the taxation consequent upon the construction and equipment of a gunboat," "Union a plea for propping up the Canadas," &c. &c. We are of opinion that those who take a vulgar, monetary view of things as they are, would win the day against the eloquence of those who predict a possible brilliant future for British America, and a certain future gain for Messrs. TUPPER and McCULLY. The opinion of the people is at least worthy of consideration, and it is imperative that such opinion should be consulted—if only for the sake of courtesy. Therefore, by all means, let us have a general election upon the question of Federation. The unusual importance of the question justifies a departure from rou-

tine, even though such a departure should entail some extra expense upon the Members of the existing Legislature.

FROM GRANVILLE STREET TO THE FLEET.

Few persons will believe, unless they have actually experienced it, that a pilgrimage from Granville Street to the fleet is about as dangerous as crossing the Alps, and infinitely more disagreeable. For those who are not acquainted with the route, we may premise that it runs along Water Street, on to a slip, into a boat, and over the water. It would, of course, be absurd to expect that Streets running along a line of wharves, should be pleasant as promenades, but there is reason in all things, and for dirt, inconvenience, obstructions, and utter absence of police and municipal regulations, we may safely assert that Water Street stands unrivalled. The want of consideration for others manifested by the owners of the imposing structures called ware-houses along this Street, is only equalled by the appalling depth of the mud, and the amiable and obliging conduct of the truck drivers, and for the matter of that, of every one else in the vicinity, can only be compared to the civilities of a bear. The vaticinations of some zealot in favor of Federation, touching a line of Railroad all along the wharves, seem tinged with the ludicrous, when we contemplate the present state of this part of the City. To walk down Water Street without accident, or at least awful peril, would be about as singular as—well as to see an original article in the *Morning Journal*, or an *Express* or *Reporter* without vituperation and personalities. By the Differential Calculus, we arrive at the conclusion, that if the proposed Railway along the wharves is managed twice as well as the traffic of Water Street, it will be in working order for about a week and a half per annum—ornamental possibly, but certainly not useful.

The *trottoir* in Water Street is not very unlike a portion of a glacier, liberally supplied with crevasses, and as if this wasn't bad enough, the trucks there to be met with, have a sweet habit of turning round, and sweeping passers by off their legs, after the manner of the scythe chariots of the Ancient Britons. By the bye, it has always puzzled us to know whether these trucks are bound, or when they expect to get there, for if they are not turning round, they are generally standing stock still, with their tails right across the foot path; to pass them in this position, it is of course necessary to make a voyage, through mud of unknown depth, past the peninsula represented by the horse's nose, and it must be borne in mind, that it is prudent to give the heads of these animals a wide berth, as from the kind and merciful manner of driving, peculiar to us,—a Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals being altogether unnecessary—they—the horses—have contracted a habit of biting any one they can catch. Having accomplished this voyage and regained the *trottoir* covered with mud, of course, and possibly minus a boot, the next impediment is a range of mountains represented by a heap of coal from one to six feet high. You can of course get to the other side of this in two ways, by climbing over it, or by again essaying the mud, the former perhaps is the best plan, as variety is charming. After overcoming a good many variations and combinations of the above perils, sprinkled here and there just to keep up the excitement, we probably arrive at the slip, in a state which amply justifies the doubts, invariably expressed by the boatmen with whom we seek to negotiate, as to our solvency.

The Slip deserves a new sentence; it is just what we should have expected, and "reflects great credit on our enterprising citizens." Not that strangers would be likely to express themselves in the above way, but then they of course are unacquainted with the peculiar bent of the Haligonian

mind, and the employ. "Ocular phra- lations of gold that giv form of "W filthy, danger- thly of the Ci such purely- eney; deep- life, they stre others. This fleet, by mak thin plank or before he can the slip is p Sighs, as is a adding to the the inscripti Few, indeed plank and to if they are i gainers are t with unfortu and under th seconds long leats are of to strangers, to us, than r ions and con no tariff of being oblig- There is : We have h New Empire it be possibl Halifax? ' our hands fe- glories, with selves, woul be said to pe- time contain 30,000 to li- will take car we be permi our fellow-c effort to alt- to adapt it

We have a class of in a-day-work another in- moved, for they are fee their existe necessary a strange the ordinary cit upon only called a cit- merely the citizenship, allowed a honor or tr his inability,