

is painted in vivid colours. We see, however, that Mr. Sandford Fleming has surveyed two routes for the Canadian government. The one leads from Rivière du Loup to St. John. The other is the central route to which Nova Scotia could raise no reasonable objection. Union once effected, as we remarked before, it will be too late to oppose a road, which will give to St. John the main advantages of the line, and leave Nova Scotia, as far as the railway is concerned, just as much "in the cold" as though Union had never entered the heads of our politicians. Union effected, Canada will have the power of choice in this matter, and it seems to us imperative that the delegates should tell us before we go further in the matter, whether the greater portion of the railway bribe is to be devoted to this Province or to New Brunswick.

GEOGRAPHY.—We observe that the *Montreal Herald* describes Annapolis as a county on the north shore of Nova Scotia, and mentions Pictou as its chief town. Some Nova Scotians may be fascinated by the thought that a county village of the province is mentioned at all in a Canadian paper, as the unionist was flattered at the honorable mention of Colonial statesmen, as represented in the person of Mr. Brown, in England. Sensible men however, will not be pleased when they reflect that so little do the Canadians know of us, or we of the Canadians, that the geographical position of our world renowned apple orchard, is unknown in the land of the beavers. When the Union between England and Ireland was effected, the position of Cork or Waterford we believe was not unknown in London. Let us by all means build our railway and know more of our Canadian friends before we join hands with them in matrimony, for good, and for evil, until death us do part.

LETTERS TO YOUNG NOVA SCOTIANS.—The Hon. Mr. McCully has been lecturing the young men of this Province in a series of letters, which, however flattering they may be to the rising genius of the Province are often direct insults to the common sense of the young generation. Some of the arguments used by the Honorable Gentlemen are so peculiar, that nothing but extreme haste and a great press of business; necessary, doubtless on account of the urgent immediate and universal call for Union can excuse their publication. Mr. McCully asserts gravely that of all the British North American colonies, Nova Scotia is the most open to attack. The sea girdle which surrounds her is her weak point. It is not very long since a Federo-maine attempted, totally without success, to prove in the Temperance Hall, that the St. Lawrence river was as good as a sea to Canada. The gentleman wasted much time and breath in proving the value of the doctrine (never to our knowledge previously doubted,) that a seaboard gave to a maritime power an easily defensible frontier. He wasted still more time, and still more breath to our thinking, by futile attempts to prove that the St. Lawrence river was as broad as the British Channel, as far as the safety of Canada was concerned. Mr. McCully reverses the decision of his colleague and finds a source of weakness in our extended line of coast. It is almost needless for us to point out that both gentlemen are in error—the one attempting to prove the St. Lawrence a sea—the other in imagining a long seaboard an inviting object of attack. So long as these Provinces remain under British rule, the British fleet will be at hand for their protection. So long as England remains the first maritime power of the world (and as all men, Mr. McCully included, should be aware, in her fleet lies her great strength,) this Province will be of all the colonies least exposed to attack. This advantage is derived solely from that long seaboard of which Mr. McCully would make a bug-bear for the coercion of his disciples. England's strength has long rested in her insular position and—to descend very suddenly from large things to small things—the Hon. Mr. McCully either writes sometimes in a hurry, or has a poor opinion of these young men whom he kindly designs to instruct.

STREET PLEASANTRIES.—The side-walks of most of our streets running east and west are just now eminently calculated to bring money into the pockets of our leading Surrogates, owing to the playfulness of those who make sliding a daily pastime. As a rule, the side-walks in question are at present unfit for aught save sliding, a pursuit, the contemplation of which seems to afford our City Police much gratifi-

cation. In cities less advanced, the Police are not strong enough to interfere with such juvenile recreations, and conducive towards injury to those of mature age. But the conduct of our admirable Police in this matter "reflects much credit upon our enterprising citizens."

BY THE NIGHT TRAIN.

(Continued.)

"Your luggage is labelled, Mr. Edgar, and ready to be put into the van," said old Jones, my father's confidential servant, touching his hat respectfully. "I have put the rugs and sticks, and fishing-rods into an empty first-class carriage, third from the book-stall to the left."

"Very well, Jones. Just see the luggage put in. I must get my ticket," answered I, and hurried to the ticket office, where several impatient passengers were jostling and elbowing one another, while a stout lady, one of those voluble but unprotected female travellers who are the scourges and torments of all officials, was blocking up the window, and holding a long and discursive argument with the booking clerk, on the subject of her fare, her change, her preference of slow trains and cheapness to express trains and high charges, and the best way in which she could reach some cross country line eighty miles off. At last, however, even this lady voyager's demands, or the clerk's patience, being exhausted, I managed to crush my way to the window, and to take my ticket for C—.

"First-class to C—, monsieur!" said a peculiarly harsh and strident voice at my elbow, with a slight but perceptible foreign accent in its tones, and I glanced around at the man, who was thrusting a half-washed muscular hand decorated by a heavy gold signet-ring, past me to lay his money on the counter.

With some surprise I recognised the Russian whom I had seen twice on that very afternoon in front of the jeweller's shop. The recognition did not appear mutual. He never looked at me, but re-demanded his ticket in a quick angry manner, and, having got it, fell back and mingled with the crowd.

By the time I had reached the carriage, third from the book-stall, I saw Jones approach along with the guard, who unlocked the carriage, held open the door for my entry, and, having received the usual silver compliment that has now become a vested interest on railways, closed and re-locked it, saying that I should "have the compartment to myself, if I wished to smoke." Then Jones, after asking if he could take any message to "master," touched his hat and vanished. I remained alone, lazily gazing out of the window at the lively scene which the well lighted platform presented. The usual bustle which precedes the departure of a train was going on. Porters were wheeling heavy barrow-loads of luggage rapidly past me, all the quicker in their movements because the warning bell had begun clanging for the first time; mail-guards were dragging along the huge sacks of letters that were impatiently awaited by the sorters in the post-office carriage; newspaper boys were thrusting evening journals into the faces of nervous passengers, wistfully leaning out to see after the safety of those trunks that the porter had glibly assured them would "be all right;" and Paterfamilias was gathering his strayed family around him, or wrangling over a charge for overweight.

"Open this door, you guard! Hal'oa, guard! Open the door of this carriage, will you?"

It was thus that my reverie was broken in upon. A strange traveller, with a railway rug over his arm, was roughly shaking the door of the compartment where I sat alone. The guard came up rather reluctantly. Railway guards are discriminating persons as to social condition, and the newcomer's coarse manners and husky voice were not calculated to inspire respect.

"First-class, sir?" asked the guard, and when the man, with a curse, produced his ticket, the guard was still too loyal to my tacit compact with him to permit the invasion of my privacy without an effort to preserve it.

"First to C—, sir? This way, please. Plenty of room here." And he tried to draw the intruder towards a distant carriage that was half full. But this manoeuvre failed.

"There is plenty of room in this carriage. Look sharp and let me in," said the obstinate traveller; and the guard, being an English and not a French official, succumbed, and unlocked the door.