

man's name could be regarded as an obnoxious personality. We have met Nova Scotians of a temperament squeamish enough to object to the use of a name, rather than that of an office. We protest against such an objection, as narrow minded and absurd. It has been our endeavour to follow up the English, rather than the Colonial style of writing,—and what London journal ever calls LORD PALMERSTON, the Premier, or MR. GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Messrs CORDEN and BRIGHT, the champions of the peace party, or Mr. ROEBUCK, the unfettered free speaker upon all questions of embroilment? To quote the names of Messrs McCULLY, and TUPPER, in relation to their recognised public positions, is simply to follow the dictates of common sense. We allude to public men, as we would allude to any other servants of the public to whose support in their public capacity we contribute. If they choose to make themselves ridiculous, the ridicule reflects upon ourselves, and we resent it accordingly. If they think proper to rush into print, and call one another disreputable names, they reflect disrepute upon us who pay for their support. Any slur upon the reputation of a leading public man, is, virtually, a slur cast upon the common sense of the thinking public,—and as such, we, a portion of the public, duly resent it. We have never coined terms of vituperation;—the process is entirely foreign to our taste,—we have simply taken public men at their own estimate, one of another. If the *Chronicle* can be believed, the men now in office are utterly unprincipled; if the *Colonist* speak truly, those in opposition are utterly depraved. So much, concerning personality as regards public men. We have but lately come before the public, and we take politicians as we find them represented by older journals. There is, however, another point in connection with personality, which we cannot refer to without, for a moment, doubting our sanity as a people. We refer to a custom, habitual with members of our fourth estate. An article, or it may be, a series of articles upon a certain subject, appear in print, and forthwith,—instead of combating the views expressed,—appears a paragraph relative to the social position of some imaginary writer. Now,—we put it to our readers,—what class of individuals care for the supposed personality of a writer, as considered with reference to his published views? We must, perforce, acknowledge the existence of such a class,—but in justice to Nova Scotians, we must confess our ignorance of its whereabouts.

Extracts.

UNION.

Firmly believing that the project will be immensely beneficial to the colonies, we are convinced that it will be equally acceptable to the Home Government. As the matter already stands, England is committed to the protection of every acre of her soil, be it on the Indus, the Murray, the St. Lawrence, or the Thames. Doubtless the responsibility is great, doubtless the work is arduous; but the duty exists. The best way, indeed, to lighten it is to call upon our colonies themselves to take measure for their own defence, assuring them that whenever the odds are too heavily against them, whenever the danger becomes serious, we pledge the British empire to their aid. Let anyone look at the statistics of the dependencies fifty—ay, or a dozen—years ago; let him even cast a glance upon the map, and see how cities have arisen in wilderness and bush; let him then calmly attempt to calculate the inevitable ratio of this progress; and he will see that throughout the world the grand, patient, indomitable, law-respecting English race is rapidly becoming dominant. By sly, sly jealousies, by foolish grudges, by false instances upon worn-out systems, it would indeed be possible to compromise even this splendid future; but by a wise and temperate statesmanship every New England can be bought by ties of mutual affection and loyal good service to the old land. Happily the day has gone by when the Home Government irated affection and almost destroyed esteem, by petty meddling with the internal affairs of countries a thousand miles away. We have learnt a better and a wiser system. We can allow Australia, Canada, any of our great dependencies, to manage their local concerns for themselves, whilst shielding them with the broad axis of English power whenever they are threatened by a foreigner. Thus let it be with the new Confederation. There are a host of subjects upon which it would be premature to speculate; that of representation, the adjustment of taxation, the seat of government, and the relations of the new power with its neighbours, as controlled or influenced by existing treaties. These can be dealt with as they arise. The strong clear-headed men of the new land have not broached their scheme without taking all such difficulties into the account; they have not essayed to found a nation without considering all the dangers to which, in its infancy, it would be exposed. Cordially, then, do we wish them God-speed. Should they succeed, they will have done noble service to the whole empire, each individual part of which, whilst honestly facing its

own troubles, gallantly confronting its own immediate foes, can still whenever in need, reckon upon the fraternal aid of every other part. Thus, throughout the world, shall the old cause of freedom—freedom of thought, of action, of speech, of trade—have as its busy missionary in time of peace, as its strong champion in time of war, a people, scattered indeed over many continents and a thousand isles, but bound together by the noble ties of mutual love, of fidelity to institutions which itself approves, and of loyalty to a throne whose prerogative is derived from its own free consent. *Daily Telegraph*

REGALIA.

(Speculator.)

Englishmen of this generation often puzzle over the fancy their forefathers had for "pagants," "masques," processions, and all manner of highly-coloured shows. To sit out a show lasting often for hours, the only interest of which consisted in *admirer* of personified virtues and vices, great personages who said nothing, and elaborate machinery, which effected nothing, seems to men now a dreary trial of patience. Yet the men of the present day seem interested in something a great deal nearer still,—written descriptions of gorgeous sights such as the marvellous series of letters now publishing in all the papers describing the visit of the Prince of Wales to Copenhagen and Stockholm. Day after day the journals publish whole columns, sometimes whole pages, full of accounts of Royal movements, ceremonies, balls, palaces, hints, and torchlight, all the contrivances by which, as Caroline Matilda of Denmark said, one "manages all that can be hoped for in a Court—to diversify *l'ennui*." Most educated human beings, we imagine, would as soon read descriptions of fireworks, or listen to those portentous accounts of processions dozens of pages long with which old Rollins wells out his history of the early empire. Yet there is not a doubt that these letters are read, incessantly tedious as they seem, that many thousands of people care to hear about the hangings of this season, and the ornaments of that hall, the Princesses' dresses and the King of Sweden's moustache, the yellow uniform of runners and the feathers "four feet high" which footmen in Stockholm wear whenever a Royal lady honours a table by eating her dinner off it. A smaller number, we dare say, do not recoil even from the sickening accounts of the Royal baby, and its eyes, and its teeth, and its sicknesses and the ideas it might have had but hadn't, and the way it was on one occasion left behind, and the rest of the nursery gossip collected with a care which suggests that all the letters are written by old women. It cannot be mere funkiness which makes this kind of stuff sell, though that, doubtless, has something to do with it; nor is it all curiosity to know how Kings and Princess and Royal ladies; shave, and dress themselves, and ask partners for the waltz?—The late Mr. G. P. R. James would never have put such a quantity of tunic and doublet, and armour, and theatrical properties generally into his stories if he had not known that people liked it, and authors of penny novels affirm that no number is so successful as one containing some description of gorgeous or impossible upholstery. What is the root of the fancy? Is it that the readers actually realise the scenes described, see as it were the great hall in the palace at Copenhagen, the ivory and gold of the Stockholm residence? That is to impute much more imagination to the people who really enjoy these descriptions than they ever impute to themselves. Or is it the mere flash and glitter of the words, the employment of Turkey-carpet colours, as Macaulay puts it, which fascinates readers who are content not to weigh the words they read, and merely derive from them a general pleasant or unpleasant impression? That is not a pleasing belief, but is it one which derives colour from much around us, from the success of such poetry as Tupper's and such writing as that in the *Telegraph*, from the lamentable change going on in the dialect of the people, who, in their recoil from *petits* are adopting the Johnsons, and from the influence of preachers who are really, often knowingly, talking nonsense in most mellifluous phrases. There is, too, we suspect, another cause at work. The passion for luxury is striking deep, catching the popular imagination till descriptions of it, or what readers think to be such, move them as loose writing moves the sensual. The writing titillates a crave previously existing in their mind—a crave which the advance of civilisation tends every day to deepen. Whatever the cause, it is, we think, certain that these descriptions, from which educated people turn almost with disgust, newless as the times are, are really, in their way, very successful.

But has not loyalty anything to do with it? Very little, we suspect, except upon a single point. It is pleasant to Englishmen to see that the Danes, after their cruel desertion, can still welcome the heir of the British throne, who was, individually, their friend, with hearty cordiality, and as pleasant to watch the welcome accorded to him in the free Northern Courts. But the facts which create that impression could have been conveyed in twenty lines; and it is not for this that thousands buy letters telling them that a footman running with a torch before a carriage is a very "impressive" sight.

LAWYER KELLY.

It was in the beginning of December 1847, said Fred Carew, we were just sitting down to dinner after a capital day's cock-shooting—besides myself there were, Lord Clontarf, Molun, and Kate my wife—when we were disturbed by a perfect hail of knocks at the hall-door. Old Dan Tucker, or the Spectre Horseman, never clamoured more loudly for admittance. Fritz, Mohun's old Austrian servant, went down to see what was up; and on opening the door, was instantly borne by the tumultuous rush of Michel Kelly, gentleman, agent to half-a-dozen estates, and attorney-at-law. In he two last capacities he had given, it seems, great umbrage to the neighbouring peasantry, and they had caught him that night as he returned home, intending to put him to death with that ingenuity of torture for which the fine warm-hearted fellows are justly celebrated. They did not wish to hurry over the entertainment, so confined him to an upper chamber, while they called their friends and neighbours to rejoice with them, carousing meantime jovially below. The victim contrived to let himself down from the window, and ran for