that course of mental abstinence pictured forth in the earlier portion of this article as indispensable for a just appreciation of Nova Scotian politics. We cannot however conclude our remarks, without noticing a paragraph, the concluding portion of which we italicise, on account of its significance: "This republican doctrine" (*to the victors, &c., &c.,*) "was strongly controverted by the Conservative party, then in opposition. *and the same principles they advocated when in opposition, were carried out when they obtained power.*" This fact entitles the Conservative party to all the praise which a grateful people can bestow upon it. We question however whether such marvellous condescension will be rightly understood by those who have noted the conduct of the Conservatives in 1864. And were the Liberal party in power, we doubt whether the people would have cause to be a whit more grateful for "favors received." The question arises,—how long shall we continue to indulge in party strife upon such little matters? We have in our political world some men of sound capacity for business, and of intellect sufficiently comprehensive to grapple questions of vital importance to the Province. If such men would only agree to leave small matters to small minds, we should the more readily progress in matters really affecting our present and future well being as a loyal and prosperous colony.

MURMURS FROM THE SWAMPS.

The *Bull Frog* happened to remark, in one of our lazy, agreeable chats on things in general, upon the absurdity of people preferring as a rule a walk through the streets to a stroll through his favourite swamps, on the manifestly untenable plea of its being safer and more comfortable. We observed that, in a civilized community, care was taken that the citizens might pass along the streets with as little danger and as little discomfort as possible, and for this purpose many and stringent were the regulations enforced, whilst legislation for this laudable end had not as yet reached the swamps. Upon this our cynical friend said that, judged by this standard, he much feared that Halifax had but slight claims to be termed "civilized." After a good deal of cogitation we were forced to confess that we cordially agreed with him, and going a step further added that if the reverse proved the reverse, (a slightly elliptical way of expressing ourselves, but which every one can, or ought to understand), Halifax was undoubtedly very much the other thing. The Bull Frog here sounded a note expressive of triumph, and a good deal more, and departed in a state of contemptous pity for bipeds, leaving us to explain to the public, what he was too lazy to express at length.

As we have stated above, the general endeavour in a town or other large community is to minimize the danger and discomfort always, to a greater or less degree, to be met with in the streets. Our efforts in this direction have been singularly unfortunate, or, with a perversity, not confined to this matter only, we have for the sake of variety or love of excitement, endeavoured to crowd as much peril, difficulty and annoyance into our streets as we possibly can. On this latter hypothesis we have reason to be proud of our success. But leaving speculations as to motives out of the question,—whether it arises from a stolid obtuseness as to what constitutes danger and discomfort, or from a silly and culpable negligence, that our side walks are in an intolerably bad condition is very evident to those who use their eyes and reasoning faculties. It is one of the maxims of a free country that every one may do as he pleases with his own, so long as, by so doing, he does not endanger or inconvenience the other members of the community. Judging from appearances, those who have the care of the streets of Halifax—whoever they may be—have modified this maxim into the form, that every one may do as he likes, so long as they, the guardians of the way, do not—tumble into cellars and break their legs—fall over gutters, and knock their teeth out—get run over, on the side walks, by cabs and trucks, just where cabs and trucks ought to be of course—suffer grievously from contact with the boxes, bales, fire-wood, coal, timber, dung-heaps, &c., &c., &c., for the storing of which the streets seem to be thought eligible warehouses—or fall into any of the other man-traps too numerous to mention here, but which do such credit to the keen appreciation of our citizens for the various forms of mutilation and sudden death. As unfortunately none of these convincing accidents have as yet happened, we must be for the present content to live under this atrocious system of ethics, which being interpreted means, in a state of semi-barbarism. But this is no reason why we should accept the doctrine; go headlong into an open cellar, and, if not too much mangled to move, get up crying, Kismet—It is fate, and go on our way rejoicing. Quite the contrary, Kismet is about the last expression we are likely to use on such an occasion. A gutter running across the side walk and raised some three or four inches above it, is no doubt a charming device to carry off the rain, but it is also eminently calculated to trip one up, an occurrence the more probable from the small modicum of light vouchsafed to us at night. It is very convenient too to have trap-doors and coal-shoots anywhere about the pavement, and flush with it, or several inches above or below it according to taste, and it would give a good deal of trouble to see that they were always properly covered. It is a good deal easier to cut firewood in the streets, and shy it anyhow across the pavement, than to take care that it does not annihilate a passer-by. Nothing can be more convenient for shopkeepers than to use the street as an unpacking room for unwieldy boxes and bales, and it would be obviously out of place for the rest of us to complain, that horses shy at them, that dresses are torn by the nails and fastenings, that it is disagreeable to find oneself performing an involuntary kotou over them, when walking in the fond belief that sidewalks are sidewalks and not warehouses, and that it is almost equally annoying to be sometimes obliged to take a cruise through the middle of a muddy street, to get past at all. It saves a great deal of trouble to use drains as sewers, and streets as dust-bins, but it would be just as logical to select your neighbour's house as a receptacle for your broken crockery. All these little facilities are very pleasant, and easy, and convenient for *the one*, but ought *the one* to be allowed thus to endanger and inconvenience the rest of the community. It would be idle to answer that what one may do all may do, and therefore every one gets an equal share of advantage, or may do so if he chooses. Anyone with an ounce of brains and a little imagination, can easily conceive that, upon such a theory, our sidewalks might soon present the appearance of chess-boards one square possibly—*not certainly*—secure, and the other a yawning abyss, while "spring or fall goods" might cause an utter and hopeless block. This theory of the mutual right of obstruction, (mind we do not say that it is professed in so many words, we have deduced it from the facts, as the only one which can be reasonably upheld by the Street authorities;) this theory we say is a curious instance of the lengths to which aberration of intellect may go in the case of apparently sober-minded citizens, and authorises a species of tyranny, the more disagreeable from being so very silly. Our theorists, or rather, we will hope, those nice old gentlemen, who never had a theory in their lives, and will be much surprised to hear that one can be saddled upon them from their actions, will of course when it is put in plain words, scout the idea of being advocates for mutual attacks upon life and limb, by means of perils not much, if at all inferior to spring-guns and steel traps. The best thing then that they can do, will be so to alter the state of the streets, that they may be justified in professing less sanguinary intentions. Practical experience is however more convincing to these philosophical-by-accident gentlemen, than any quantity of argument: one tumble into a cellar, one good cropper over a gutter, would go farther to prove the error of their ways, than John S. Mill and Buckle combined. We don't wish to see them come to grief, but should like to see them convinced. [illegible] from various causes—open trap-door occurrence, and yet perfectly compa precaution for public weal. The pr that the most stringent regulation to life and limb. That however can put forward, the pressure of nificant to afford the slightest perils, daily and hourly encou