

tution, nor can we venture to hope that in a city, such as Halifax, profligacy can be kept entirely out of sight; but we have a right to expect that our most convenient thoroughfares should not be tacitly dedicated to vice in its most odious and repulsive forms. It is not our intention to argue this question upon moral grounds,—we leave that task to others—but we wish to call attention to the fact, that in certain portions of this city, vice takes the form of a public nuisance. Certain portions of Barrack and Albemarle streets, present a spectacle such as would not be tolerated in the most remote quarter of any European capital. Let any one doubting this assertion satisfy himself by actual observation. To begin with,—in Barrack street, between Prince and Duke streets—a space of about one hundred and twenty yards—we have no fewer than nine houses vending spirituous liquors. In Albemarle street, between Duke and Sackville streets,—some two hundred yards—there are no less than thirty-six dram shops, and opposite the South Barracks we have, on a frontage of about one hundred feet, eight or nine liquor stores. The intermediate streets of this locality present a similar spectacle; consequently, in a parallelism covering, perhaps, two acres of ground, Halifax boasts some sixty licensed grog shops! But in this favored locality, alcohol does not reign supreme. From morning until night, may be seen seated upon door steps, or loling from open windows, groups of females, of whose occupation there cannot be the smallest doubt whatever. The toilettes of these nymphs are throughout the earlier portion of the day scanty in the extreme, but as darkness approaches, rags give way to faded finery, and preparation for a night long revel are entered upon with hearty good will. From seven o'clock until near midnight, drunkenness, profligacy, and loud tongued obscenity, are the ruling characteristics of this hideous pandemonium. We have said enough to shew that some of our most convenient thoroughfares, are during the day time virtually impassable to ladies, and are to be avoided at night by all, save those long inured to the contemplation of vice in its most revolting aspect. We now put the plain question—is it to our credit that such should be the case?

If our citizens are content with such a state of things we have no more to say; if not—the time has arrived to combat the nuisance, and to do so, requires nothing beyond a moderate amount of firmness on the part of those entrusted with our city interests. The character of certain houses in the locality to which we have alluded, is, or ought to be, well known to our police officers, and such officers should be minutely examined ere the license of such houses be renewed. If a magistrate grant a license to a house notoriously disorderly, he is guilty of a grave crime against the interests of society; if an alderman advise the renewal of a license under such circumstances, he is utterly unworthy of a seat at the Council board. The time has arrived when such paltry considerations as a few hostile votes must not be allowed for one instant to weigh against the general well being of the community at large. The citizens know this perfectly well—let them act upon it at the approaching city election, and return such men only as are fearless enough to do their duty to Halifax, independent of any consideration other than the public weal.

OUR CITY PRESS.

We cannot help smiling, although in truth it is a serious matter, at the style of our City press. It is serious, because whether considered in the light of cause or of effect it is stamping upon us a character by no means honorable. If it be that the result of the present tone of the press will be, to lower the thoughts of our people to the standard of its newspaper writers then well may we mourn over our future moral standing. If on the other hand our newspapers are simply the exponents of our present tastes, if their style is simply the effect of a demand for such matter to the market, we may as well put on our mourning garb at once and indulge in a shower of tears for our present degradation. Of late years newspaper editing has become the rage. One, two, three—we can't count how many new papers have been started within the last few years. Morning papers, evening papers, daily papers, tri-weekly papers, on sides of politics, or no side of politics, meet you at every turn. When we say "on no side of politics," we must explain

however that this principle never lasts long beyond the prospectus. A paper starts in a mild and dignified form. It has the interests of the Province at heart. It has no taste for personal controversy. It intends to discuss matters in a large and liberal spirit. Accordingly it leads off with a general article upon matters and things, a little about free trade, a little about mines and minerals, a little about other matters which if developed would make this a magnificent country and which therefore it seriously hopes our capitalists will at once enter into with zeal,—and then it tells us that Stewart has just received some very fine oysters and recommends us to go and try them,—and so on with a lot of paragraphs, of the information contained in which it would not be fair to say that they are not worth twopenny, inasmuch as you are not charged twopenny, but only one penny for the n. This goes on for one or two issues when something takes place—some remark is made in a brother or sister journal—which ruffles the feathers of the new editor and in about a week or so he is deep in the engagement. It is a free fight. Everybody and everything belonging in any way to the political party to which he is now opposed, is necessarily bad, and his pen is dipped in gall and vinegar,—not merely literally, which is the case with all who use ink, but metaphorically—for the purpose of scarifying his opponent. So, to go back to where we were at the time of this little digression, we say that newspaper editing has become the fashion among a certain class, and we do not know when the supply intends to stop.

Well, let it be so. We cannot dictate to people what profession they are to adopt nor can we expect that everybody is to conduct himself in his profession exactly as we ourselves wish. At any rate, just now, we do not see our way clear to a purification of the city press. So long as the public will purchase newspapers of any style or type, so long will such newspapers be published. A New York gentleman will be hurt if you tell him that the *New York Herald* is his paper. He will deny it and regret that such a foul production is allowed to disgrace the fairest city of the new world by appearing as its mouthpiece and god-child. But ask him if he takes it himself and he will tell you that it is absolutely necessary for his business. It does not seem necessary for London, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, and the great cities of the Eastern continent that their chief mercantile papers should be models of ungentlemanly writing—and one would think that if the people declined purchasing such unwholesome food, the *New York Herald* would from even the meanest motives, alter its cuisine. But in the case of the *Herald* it is simply cause and effect. The taste of the vast bulk of the people is low and the *Herald* supplies it with foul food. The people must now have victuals to suit its appetite and the *Herald* is a perfect Soyer in that culinary line. We all know that the tendency of the human mind is downward. Stop education and you forget in a week what you have been months in learning. Put a man into low company and instead of raising the ideas of his associates, in a thousand cases to one, they speedily drag his ideas down to theirs. Take away the restraint of reason and the most delicate and highly educated female slips back into impurity and corruption of mind. And so the editor of the *N. Y. Herald* set himself to work to foul still further the fountains of original sin. And he has succeeded. He can snap his fingers at us and tell us that in a country which boasts that it is a model of everything that a country ought to be, his influence is the greatest. Boasting, that would choke a peacock—flattery, that would make a fool blush—vilification of every thing that does not recognize American glory—such are the daily food, greedily swallowed, of the great American people.

But as we have said, we do not now intend to go far into this subject. That the press of this city is of by no means an elevated character, we think few will deny. There are now and then articles upon general subjects, or even upon our own Provincial politics, which are creditable enough. But the general tone is vitiated. And we now come to the matter which caused us to say at the commencement of this article, that we could not help smiling. Week after week, month after month, year after year, the editors of the respective journals, "pounce upon each others' heads," and indulge in their wrath. The editor of one journal is styled by his opponents, something that no gentleman

desires even tiresome element of constituent parliament The opposi he says, i seen morni the dirty pi confusion tified on a yesterday r we are nov newspaper they are a sheet in se receives tl having rec killed two or he is str new Soda tried it anc cusses, Cor these notio may be the came here, on a platfo and the onl found their lar circum all these editors, loss of their papers being upon any of hearing, or name's sha plication we say, we not that whi we would c fession by it is so immor or trust, whi ing so much and clashing epithets, den abuse, they before us, th they better of the fourth meet to invi would sugg would say— couldn't hav let us have t say,—Mun Hark to the all. The do lawyers, mu other bodies outsiders the standings, by hand. And editor of the