

penses, which are to render Confederation of any value for defence, have not as yet been put before the public, it can hardly be expected that Nova Scotians will submit softly to change their constitution on the honeyed assertions of the delegates. These gentlemen must be well aware that vast fortifications are required to protect the Canadian frontier, and that the United Provinces will be called upon to pay the expense of their construction. It may appear to many as only fair that such expensive defences as those in contemplation should be defrayed by Canada alone. Union once entered upon, however, the Canadian majority in the houses will hold the game in their own hands. But what are we to think of these gentlemen delegates, who palm upon Nova Scotia a farcical scheme of defence on paper, because the real one might startle provincial minds by its expensiveness? Lord CLIVE when he desired to buy over the services of the merchant prince OMCHEUND had two treaties prepared, the one in black ink the other in red. The first was shown to OMCHEUND. It contained promises of vast rewards for his services. He consented to comply with Lord CLIVE's demands and joined his cause. Soon after, the occasion for his services past, the red treaty was produced in which no mention was made of his name. The other treaty was pronounced a forgery and OMCHEUND died of vexation. Let us hope that we may know all about the red treaty of defence made at Quebec, and not enter the Union merely upon the faith of that black one which has been shewn us by the delegates. May we not discover when too late, that we have been enticed into a Union by the moderate price set upon self defence, when in fact that defence will cost many millions more than we were induced by the delegates to believe, or perhaps more than with all our loyalty, we are prepared to disburse. As matters now stand we are making a leap in the dark. Let the delegates speak out on this private understanding which is already coming to the light of day in Canada, but which policy (?) has caused to remain sealed in the bosoms of the Nova Scotian Delegates.

INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

A stranger living among us for a while must (should he read all the Halifax papers) fancy himself thrown among a set of school boys. The way in which our political warfare is carried on is pre-eminently childish, and in many other matters we comport ourselves in a manner the reverse of dignified. There is perhaps no subject whereon exists such puerility of thought, language, and action, as upon the Temperance question. The amount of nonsense written by temperance men is really appalling, and well calculated to estrange from their cause all men of liberal minds. These temperance bigots, not content with trying to reclaim drunkards, must needs obtrude their ultra principles, in season and out of season, upon men who need no formal pledge to keep them from degrading themselves in their own eyes. To combat a widely spread vice is praiseworthy, but any attempt to inflict grievous burdens upon sensible men is silly in the extreme. To reclaim the palsied dram drinker is one thing,—to insult the common sense of ordinary gentlemen is another matter. To withdraw a license from the keeper of a notoriously disorderly house, is right and proper—but to denounce a well conducted refreshment room is childish in the extreme. There are numerous houses in Barrack street, and Albermarle street, of whose character there can be no two opinions, but the city authorities renew the licenses of such house without compunction. But the proprietors of such houses are "property holders," and as such are honorable men. They sell liquor, (and other

wares,) to the lower classes of the community, and are consequently entitled to the lenient consideration of at least one of the Halifax papers. But when the most respectable portion of society is supplied with anything stronger than lemonade, the paper referred to waxes indignant. Let our readers compare the following extracts, taken from the same column of a paper published on Saturday last:—"The property holders, and other residing at the South end of Albermarle street, have been very seriously affected of late by a military general order prohibiting soldiers from frequenting that locality. The talk is, that in all probability, a strict surveillance by the city police, and more strictness on the part of the landlords with regard to their tenants, would have some weight with the proper authorities, if a respectful representation were made." Such is the language of the *Reporter*, when advocating the cause of men who gain a living by the vilest of trades. The *Reporter* knows as well as we do, that "more strictness on the part of the landlords with regard to their tenants,"—i. e. the removal of those brazen faced females whose presence and language isolates the locality, in question from all that is respectable,—would prove the ruin of these much injured "property holders." We now come to the *Reporter's* remarks, as bearing upon the Rink, the resort of the upper classes. "If a drunkery (sic) is to be in full blast at the skating institution, this will be the last year of our patronage (this would, of course, annihilate the Rink). * * the directors and shareholders of this establishment wink at this crying evil, which tends to evil."

In these two extracts, we discern the spirit of what is commonly termed "rowdiness." Ladies and gentlemen frequent the Rink, whereas strumpets and their paramours frequent the dens of Albermarle Street; but the Rink refreshment room is condemned, while the "property holders" of Albermarle Street have the *Reporter's* sympathy. Such is a sample of the arguments put forth by the lower class champions of teetotalism. But let us turn to the respectable portion of society to be met with at the Rink. What evil can possibly accrue to the latter from a sale of wine, ale, or porter? Are those who frequent the Rink, so degraded, so lost to all sense of decency, so utterly besotted, that they cannot put on their skates in the dressing room without first getting drunk in the refreshment room? Really, the nonsense these teetotalers sometimes talk is beyond endurance. Reader, have you and I lived all these years in this busy world, only to be told that we cannot enter a refreshment room without making beasts of ourselves? Cannot we eat a sandwich and drink a glass of ale, without being pointed at as men bent upon demoralizing the age? Must we be guided by the fanatic scribbblings of those with whom a teetotal regimen so plainly disagrees? No, let us think and act for ourselves, and take a glass of ale, or sherry, when and where we please—at the Rink or elsewhere. But it is not long since a "shareholder" thought proper to raise a cry against the Rink refreshment room, and the Rink purveyors forthwith bowed their heads and conceded the point. The old cry against *drunkenness* was set up, as though the supporters of the Rink were not fit to be trusted within sight of a bottle of sherry. The question naturally arises—What "evil" was called into existence by the "bar" in question? Was anyone ever seen to exceed, were any of the skaters overcome, or even flushed from the use of stimulants? We fancy not. Scarce one man in twenty ever eats or drinks anything at the Rink, and we believe that there is not one man in fifty who cares for wine or spirits before dinner—nay more, to whom such beverages are not positively distasteful. A cup of coffee or a glass

of ale, is but draughts more of it is a fixed life. Drink that "you're ale at the R &c., &c., at at the amou upon the q amuse then their G. W. obtrude the the good th is a club in least in Hal there inda Rink mana to disgrace!

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