

The first newspaper published in Halifax appeared in January, 1769. It was called the *New Scotia Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette*. In the year 1828, there were six papers published in the city—now there are eighteen—one daily, seven tri-weekly, and the remainder weekly. Of these four are religious journals and one is devoted to temperance.

Halifax contains twenty-three churches, which are pretty equally divided among the leading denominations. It can boast also of four public libraries and three reading rooms. There are also a number of other public buildings which are generally plain and substantial in their character.

Since the opening up of railway communication with the interior of the Province, the city has increased rapidly in wealth. The discovery of gold in the Province, and the extensive investment of capital and employment of labor in the gold mines, has also, to some extent, aided the commerce of the city, by providing a new and valuable export with which to pay for goods purchased in Great Britain. For the last few years the population of the city has been rapidly increasing, and with Confederation accomplished, and the completion of projected lines of communication, Halifax must become one of the foremost cities in population and wealth, as she is already one of the most important in geographical position on the continent of America.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN "Advocate" writes us, protesting against some of the views expressed in a late number of the *Reader* in the Lamirande case. With regard to the language used in speaking of the course pursued by the counsel for the accused, we would remind our correspondent that we freely admitted that Mr. Doure was a "man of experience and ability" in his profession, and we could not therefore intend any personal disrespect towards that gentleman. But the fact remains, that Lamirande was spirited away by undue means, and we certainly believe that others, besides those acting for the French authorities, were to blame in the matter. If these latter secured their object through something beyond sharp practice, it is plain that they were enabled to do so by the lack of due diligence on the part of somebody. Was it the judge or the counsel for the accused that was in fault? Both, it appears to us, and such is the general opinion, not only in this city, but elsewhere. Judge Drummond and Mr. Doure knew whom they had to deal with, and they ought to have been more on their guard, which we have no doubt they will be, should another occasion of the same sort occur. We see, however, no special cause for soreness on their part in connection with this affair. It is not the first time that able judges and lawyers have been the victims of similar deception.

We have already intimated our belief that Lamirande was liable to be delivered up to the French Government under the Extradition Treaty of 1843, and our correspondent's facts and arguments have not altered our conviction on that head; but the discussion of such a question would be out of place in the pages of this journal. We have regarded Lamirande's surrender as one of the historical incidents of the day, and exercised our right to treat it as we would any other event of the same character. The *Reader* does not pretend to be an authority on points of law.

LONDON LETTER.

London, October 11th.

OF court news this week, Mr. Editor, I have only one item to present you with, as the Queen and her family still keep perfectly quiet in their retreat. The item in question is contained in the following paragraph, which has been going the round of journalism. "It is understood in courtly circles that Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig

Holstein (Princess Helena) is in an interesting condition, calculated to increase her domestic happiness." Apropos of this young lady I may state that a bungling attempt was made a week or two ago by one of the London journals, to prove that the Prince of Wales refused to give his sister away at her wedding because of his objection to the age of Prince Christian, and not on account of the previousmorganatic marriage with which people credit him. Far better would it have been to have allowed the matter to rest, now that no good can be done by stirring it.

I see in the *New York Herald* that your harvest, like ours, has been well nigh ruined by excessive rains. So much the worse for us, as well as you, since it makes the prospect of a dear loaf over here more certain. Already prices have gone up, and not in bread alone, for only this morning I received a notification from my brewer that in consequence of the advanced rates demanded for malt and hops, he can no longer serve me on the old terms. This brings the matter quite home, for an Englishman's beer lies very near his heart. I am happy to say that for the last week we have had settled dry weather, with a cold east wind. Nothing could be more timely for clearing the land and getting in the seed for next year's harvest.

The Reform movement goes on swimmingly. On Monday last the great West Riding of Yorkshire had its *pronouncement*. It was an imposing affair, since there assembled at Leeds, from all the surrounding lives of industry, some 200,000 people, most of whom, marched in procession to the place of meeting with bands and banners. Mr. Bright spoke in the evening at a second meeting held in the Town Hall, and was once more hailed as the champion of the people in the forthcoming fight. It is now rumoured that Lord Derby means to bring in a Reform Bill, and, already, Tory lords have been heard to express their wish for an extension of the suffrage. I shall have stirring events to notice in my letters to you next spring.

Our social science folks are now in session at Manchester discussing almost everything under the Presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. All sorts of people are among them, notably some very "blue" ladies among whom says the *Daily Telegraph*, is a Dr. Mary Walker, of New York. This person it seems "wears the Bloomer costume," and has taken an active part in the discussions, particularly those relating to health. Yesterday afternoon the lady gave her opinions respecting female dress, the remarks being occasioned by the reading of a paper on the destruction of life from overwork. She said the dress of women had an influence upon their whole lives, and there were both physiological and moral reasons why it should be changed. If it was true, as they were told, that it was impossible in many cases for men to marry women because the latter dressed so extravagantly, it was time there should be a change in dress.

By the by, this question of female dress has cropped up again quite strongly; not, however, on physiological so much as on pecuniary grounds. The subject was started by the account that reached us of a claim made by the father of a New York belle on an insurance office for the value of his daughter's wardrobe. This at once furnished the key note for a good deal of masculine grumbling, and under the head, "Luxury in Dress," our *paterfamilias* have been venting their feelings in most of the dailies. A day or two ago however, the cudgels were taken up on the other side by a fair combatant, who I must say has hit a weak point in the male armour. She asks "whose fault is it that women dress so luxuriously? Is it not the fault of the men?" and then goes on to describe what took place a while ago at a fashionable watering place. Premising that she and her sister were attired very plainly, she says:—

As we stepped on to the esplanade a scene of gaiety met our view. Young and beautiful girls, arrayed in gorgeous and costly attire, promenaded down the centre of the parade, sunning themselves in the smiles and calling forth the admiration of the gentlemen who, lounging on either side, surveyed the scene with seeming satisfaction, commenting on the "quality" of

the "fair" somewhat after the manner of *Lawless* in "Frank Farleigh" "What a superb creature!" remarked one, as a tall girl with her dress fully three-quarters of a yard on the ground, swept by. "I feel thunderly transported to the thoventh heaven," lisped a dissipated-looking young fellow, gazing languishingly after the damsel in sky blue. *I felt, au contraire*, "thunderly transported" into the midst of *Vanity Fair* "Pray don't let us remain here," exclaimed my sister, "don't you see how people are remarking our plain dress? I am sure we are not 'got up' sufficiently to figure here. I declare I would rather be 'conspicuous by my absence' than affect this fashion." Just then the hisping gentleman levelled his spy-glass at us. "Wanting in taste and dresth," was his verdict, turning to his companion. Style!—dress! How might I interpret those two words? As displayed, I presume, in the display of some I saw before me. A train to render brooms unnecessary, a chignon that made the wearing of the bonnets a luxury easily to be dispensed with! A moment longer we lingered.

"Pity those two girls are not better dressed," fell on my ears, and, fairly driven from the field, we were fain to hide our diminished heads where we might "blush unseen."

There is truth in this, and force in the argument it gives rise to, as your fair readers will most certainly admit. Paterfamilias grumbles, but he would grumble more at seeing his wife and daughters "perfect frights."

Jeffrey, the executioner of his little boy, was himself executed on Tuesday morning last in front of Newgate. Not a hand stirred to save him, nor was a single petition so much as talked of. It seems there was a horrible crowd present which kept the purlieus of the prison in a state of uproar all night. People were hustled, robbed and beaten with impunity, and when the inmates of a house pointed out one gang to the police their windows were forthwith demolished. These are the circumstances attendant upon the law's "solemn lesson."

While on the subject of crime I may mention that the trade outrages which formerly made Sheffield so notorious, seem to have commenced again. The operatives of that great cutlery town are very jealous of any one not belonging to their "Unions," and have got a nasty habit of making it known. The highest form of union vengeance was displayed in this case, namely, a "blow up." This is how it was done. A can such as workmen drink their tea and coffee from was tied round with cord, to make it hold firmer, then filled with powder, and, with a burning fuse attached, thrown into the cellar of the obnoxious man's house. Fortunately no damage was done to life or limb, but the windows were blown across the street, and one of the sidewalks forced out.

The shareholders of the *Great Eastern* had the first pleasant meeting they ever held this week. There was something perfectly novel in the announcement of a dividend, such a thing never having occurred to them before. The new baronet, Sir Daniel Gooch, presided, and stated that they held £40,000 worth of shares in the *Atlantic Telegraph*, and £50,000 had been paid for the use of the ship. The shares were divided *pro rata*, and the money held in reserve. "It is a long lane that has no turning," and the big vessel has at length found her mission.

The dead bones of London life now begin to stir a little. Those unerring indicators, fashionable artists, are announcing their return to town for the season, and the various societies are burnishing up their weapons for another campaign. The Crystal Palace people have begun the famous winter concerts, while the no less famous Monday popular concerts follow suit, the first week in November. As for the theatres they are in full swing. A new one was opened on Saturday, in Holborn, with a new drama by Dion Bourciquault—"The Flying Scud, or a Forlorn Fortune," which seems to have been tremendously successful. Drury Lane promises, on Saturday, an elaborate setting of Goethe's *Faust*, with unprecedented effects. The opera-house of course closed, but I hear that Her Majesty's will open for a short season in November.

When these attractions are displayed, the time