

coarse personal detraction. Any one can write a man down a knave, or a fool, but it is not every one who can compose a dignified article, the perusal of which will convince an unprejudiced person that the man of whom he has been reading must necessarily be a knave or a fool. Coarse expressions are often the only weapons which an uneducated man can command, and in a warfare of this nature a gentleman has no chance whatever against a costermonger. Seeing, therefore, that a man of intelligence and education cannot, so far as strong language is concerned, compete successfully with those immeasurably his inferiors in all other accomplishments, it is surely prudent for a gentleman to avoid an encounter, wherein the mere fact of his being a gentleman must prevent him proving victorious. The wisdom of such a course must be readily admitted by all who write for the Halifax press, yet still, day after day, and week after week, we find the columns of our local papers teeming with language such as in ordinary life would not be tolerated for an instant. How is this: can it be that men once launched upon the stormy sea of politics fancy themselves justified in writing of a political opponent in terms which they would not use in private life towards the humblest menial of their establishment? Is it absolutely necessary that we, Nova Scotians, should in this nineteenth century be perpetually informing all around us that our foremost politicians, those who are supposed to represent the highest intelligence of Nova Scotia, are men with whom no gentleman could possibly associate? If to accept Office really qualifies a man for being publicly pilloried, the sooner our form of Government is altered the better for public morality. We often wonder whether our political writers ever reflect upon the probable effect of their writings upon the minds of strangers. Suppose an Englishman were to publish a work upon Nova Scotians as represented by their metropolitan press—would the account be altogether flattering to our pride? We fancy not. Or, suppose an Englishman who had resided among us for some years, thought proper to enter the Imperial Parliament, and was placed upon a committee appointed to examine and report upon the testimony of two of our leading statesmen with regard to Federation! What opinion would such an one entertain of our politicians? He would be in honor bound to say to his fellow committee men: "You must not believe a word these Nova Scotian statesmen say—they are utterly untrustworthy, and in every sense as bad as bad can be—the Halifax press is my authority, and it must be better informed on such matters than any of us." And if all this came to the knowledge of Nova Scotians, how angry they would be, and how our press would be down upon our so-called *trader*. Yet, in such a case, the Halifax press only would be to blame. We do not make these remarks in a spirit hostile to any one of our contemporaries, but we cannot shut our eyes to the ultimate consequences of a style of journalism which should be very foreign to the taste of a community such as ours. We would, in all honesty and good faith, ask our contemporaries the plain question—is it wise that our population should be educated in a thorough contempt for those to whom from time to time we entrust the government of this Province? Must not such teaching tend eventually to weaken the whole fabric of our constitution,—to create general suspicion and mistrust—to paralyse the action of our ablest men, and to bring reproach upon Responsible Government itself? Our politicians have already conducted themselves in a manner which called forth the following withering language from the leading journal of the world:—"Imagine the tension of interest, the excitement of passion with which they fight and struggle to gain or retain place! Imagine the triumphant exultation of the victors as they grasp, the frantic anger of the vanquished as they yield, the spoil!" We would fain consider this language exaggerated, but how can we do so while we have before us the language of the Halifax press? Read the following passage taken, almost at random,

from a paper which, in a purely literary sense, is perhaps the best paper published in Halifax. "But Dr. Tupper who has all the vulgar impertinence that certain snobs display when in company with their betters, and who took delight in spitting his venom at the Duke of Newcastle when that wise, good duke was dying, this sixty pound city medical Officer and four hundred pound Secretary, this forty pound delegate to Charlottetown, hundred pound delegate to Ottawa, and general shareholder in the public pickings, &c., &c." Now, we would ask the *Citizen* two questions,—(1.) Is this a style of writing calculated to improve the tone either of our politics or of the public? (2.) Is it not the duty of journalists to endeavour to raise the tone of society? Our contemporary may possibly tell us to "mind our own business," but we maintain it is for the interest of journalism in general that newspapers should avoid such passages as that quoted. We know no more of Dr. TUPPER and his colleagues than we know of Mr. McCULLY and his colleagues, and our only object in penning these remarks is to check, if possible, that intense and unnecessary bitterness for which the Colonial press is so unfortunately celebrated. We have attentively studied the columns of the *Citizen* from the date of its first appearance until now, and we know of no Provincial paper better qualified in the science of legitimate hard hitting. But we maintain that the paragraph quoted oversteps the bounds of legitimate political warfare, and conveys to the general reader an idea that the writer of the paragraph in question was angry while he wrote. We need hardly say that any, even the most remote signs of anger are out of place in a newspaper. A journalist should never write as a mortified individual, but rather as a dispassionate looker on, anxious that the public should adopt that particular view which he, himself, thinks fitting and correct. This is especially the case with journalists who come before the public under a general heading. The *Times* may change its opinion as often as it pleases so long as it is called the *Times*, whereas the *Standard*, so long as it indicates the rallying point of the British Conservative party must necessarily advocate Conservative views. Again, the *Saturday Review* is at liberty to review all the events of the week in any spirit its managers may think proper, while the *Globe* must, in order to further the supposed interests of mankind in general, advocate so-called liberal views. And the same rule holds good, or ought to hold good, in Halifax. The *Reporter* is in duty bound to report all matters of even the most trifling importance, and the *Bullfrog* is justified in indulging in a prolonged croak about things in general. But the "Halifax Citizen" should necessarily reflect the views, not of any individual citizen, but of the great mass of liberal citizens, but few of which ever trouble their heads regarding the personality of the "City Medical Officer." Some one must look after the sick of our city, and if Dr. TUPPER can find time to do so, it is rather to his credit than otherwise. We cannot conclude this article without reminding those who write for the Halifax press that journalism is a profession which, for the interest of the public in general, should be honoured rather than despised. Every professional journalist must finally render an account of his stewardship, and although all cannot hope to win distinction, it is yet in the power of the humblest public writer to do good or evil. What THACKERAY said regarding certain great men of letters, applies equally to the profession of journalism. "It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to our service. We may not win the baton or epaulettes, but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!"

PARAGRAPH A-LA-MODE.—A butterfly was seen near the N. W. Arm on 29th March, 1865.