

could with equal ease have been obtained. The bill as it stands before us, though apparently exhaustive in its nature, in truth provides for married women but a very superficial protection. That this bill may become law is probable, but that the agitation which caused its creation will be appeased by so mean a measure, we cannot for a moment believe. Without further comment we give here—under some of the several clauses of the bill in question. To publish the whole Act would be impossible, nay all the libraries of Halifax will not contain the same, swelled as it will be by the revisions and additions with which three readings and decisions of committees will enlarge it. We quote at random, that the full flavour of the measure may by the uninitiated be imagined. Since to print the whole is impossible—to cull choice flowers—i. e. choice flowers to male eyes—were most unfair. Justice to the married ladies requires that we should quote at random—the bitter with the sweet—and as justice demands it, we comply.

CLAUSE 1. WHEREAS sundry married women of this Province, deeply feeling the falseness of their position with regard to their husbands and masters, are desirous of proving to these men that they—the women—know what is what; and WHEREAS it is highly expedient that not only married women but married men should also know what is what—BE IT ENACTED: (we have been assured upon somewhat questionable authority, that the above was not written by a lady.)

CLAUSE 21. THAT no married woman shall be FORBIDDEN BY HER HUSBAND from indulging in the following alluring and sin less pastimes: to wit—Dancing with men; the use of the Car and the use of Skates; riding on a horse; driving a horse; talking to respectable young men of her acquaintance. Attending parties—so called—picnics; innocent mirth as enjoyed before marriage; and general sociability.

CLAUSE 54. THAT no married woman shall be ORDERED BY HER HUSBAND to dress her hair in that fashion so called a L' Imperatrice; to make use of humming birds, birds of paradise, or the flowers called peony's, rhododendrons or sunflowers in the decoration of her head; or to take to such violent exercises as dancing, flirting, guitar playing, riding or making slides on the streets, unless such exercises be recommended for purposes of health by two or more physicians licensed by the Crown to prescribe for such cases; and FURTHER THAT in the pockets of every married woman so enjoying herself a certificate of sanction signed by two or more medical practitioners be found; and FURTHER THAT unless such certificate be found in the pocket, hand, or muff of the offenders, the same be liable to a fine not exceeding FIVE POUNDS; such fines to be paid into the hands of the anti-matrimonial alliance of London, G. B.

CLAUSE 91. THAT no married woman shall be ORDERED BY HER HUSBAND to attend assemblies where there is much noise: to wit—public meetings, public balls, theatres and such like; to have in moral charge more than eight unmarried women at one, and the same time, or to sit in buildings constructed for the purpose of skating for a period exceeding three hours when the thermometer, called by the name of its maker FAHRENHIEIT, marks below zero. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED: THAT no married man over and above the age of one hundred years be allowed to address, soothe, or confuse his wife in the course of domestic discussion by the following phrases, "Pretty puppet;" "Little charmer;" "Venus of my heart" or "ducky wucky; such phrases on the part of an ancient man to an ancient woman being irresistible by the latter and irrelevant to household matters."

And here our extracts must end. The Bill, it must be admitted, provides for all ages of married women, although it dives but slightly into the workings of the married woman's heart. Whilst we congratulate Dr. HAMILTON on having made a stop in the right direction, we must hope that next year the measure which be so nobly fathers will not only be made more acceptable to mothers, but also embrace under its protective wing, the rights of unmarried daughters. A large field for work and usefulness is open, and another year must see on this question either reform or—revolution!

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

It is not long since we republished an article from a London paper, ridiculing the nonsensical squabbles of two New Zealand papers, the *Dunedin Review*, and a journal published at Otago. A writer in the former, thus addressed his Otago rival:—"Let the editorial stork of the penny candle point out any lie tha

"we have ever uttered; if it cannot, it must starve."
 "as a base liar. Our character is beyond the reach of your
 "assertions of Otago editors; we challenge all Dunedin
 "point out in our character one single flaw, frailty, or
 "ty." While sympathizing with the wounded feelings of our
 Dunedin editor, we cannot but congratulate Nova Scotia upon
 the superiority of her press as compared with that of New
 Zealand. Antipodal writers are, it would seem, somewhat par-
 tial to hard names, whereas the more refined intelligence of
 Nova Scotian journalists is evinced in a partiality for heavy wagers
 upon points of vital interest to the community at large. As a
 people on the eve of extraordinary greatness, it would be highly
 impolitic to lower ourselves, by means of our press, to the level
 of even MACAULAY'S New Zealander—a gentleman far more en-
 lightened than the "editorial stork of the Otago penny candle."
 We cannot, just now, while the eyes of all the world are upon
 us, afford to call one another "liars," &c.,—for by so doing
 we might, through the medium of our fourth estate, justly merit
 the contempt of those dispassionate lookers-on who are unde-
 cided as to our fitness to rank with the greatest nations upon
 earth. Six months back we had fewer scruples—indeed, be-
 fore greatness was thrust upon us, the *Colonist* (commonly sup-
 posed to reflect the views of those great men now in office) pub-
 lished an article against one of our embryo great men, under
 the elegant heading—"Another lie nailed." All this sort of
 thing was bad—very bad indeed—but at that period we were
 unoppressed with a sense of greatness, and comforted ourselves
 according to our taste. The tone of our press was not lofty, but
 it was free and unmistakable, whereas it is now, to say the least,
 somewhat insipid. Last autumn, the battles of our leading
 men were fought out on those fair, open principles, for the exer-
 cise of which colonial writers are so justly celebrated, but our
 present style of editorial warfare is neither hot nor cold—
 neither rabid nor drivelling—but a strange and uninteresting
 jumble of twaddle, and egotism. In former times, the readers
 of the leading journals were regaled with full flavoured language.
 The *Colonist* nailed "another lie," in the columns of the
Chronicle, and the *Chronicle* informed us that one of our great
 men had "replenished his poison bag from a distillation of rot-
 ten hams, essence of sewers, gutters, drains, and slaughter
 "houses, with a tincture of the virus of small pox." Now,
 there can be no doubt, that this style of writing was forcible in
 its way, and commended itself to a vast majority of the think-
 ing men of both Provincial parties. This was not a high
 style of literature we freely admit, but that it was suited to
 Nova Scotians (before they became great) is undeniable,—
 otherwise, the *Chronicle* and *Colonist* could never have attain-
 ed their present popularity. But how do we—the general pub-
 lic—fare, now that twaddle has superseded invective? We are
 all abroad—the reasoning powers of our instructors have in no
 wise expanded, while the weapons with whose use they are
 familiar have been prematurely deemed obsolete. That the re-
 sult of this compromise between full flavoured invective and
 milk and water scandal, has been somewhat disappointing is
 manifest to all who have watched the late exciting conflict be-
 tween the *Chronicle* and the *Unionist*. The struggle between
 these two mighty organs differed from that waged by the "stork
 of the Penny Candle" against the virtuous Reviewer of *Dune-
 din*, inasmuch as a question of personality rather than lying was
 at issue. The *Chronicle* did not, like the *Dunedin Review*,
 defy its rival to prove its untruthfulness, but merely offered the
Unionist one hundred guineas to substantiate an unseemly
 charge of personality—or at least to prove that the *Chronicle*,
 although "sometimes compelled to combat such as the *Unionist*,
 with their own weapons," was ever "the first to resort to per-
 sonalities." The *Unionist*, while lacking the vigour of the
 Otago "stork of the penny candle," was not slow to accept
 the challenge, and forthwith proceeded to cite numerous in-