

sound or unsound, as the case may be, but that is a matter of no consequence:—He is not a Nova Scotian, therefore he must be abused in the city press. Should such a stranger vouchsafe an opinion upon our politics, the city press resents the expression of his unprejudiced views as unwarrantable interference in matters which do not concern him. Should he undertake any business of a public nature for his own, and his employer's benefit, he is regarded by newspaper writers not merely with distrust, but with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The mere fact of his wishing to make as much as he can out of the business he proposes to undertake, is seized upon by those opposed to his views, as something in itself unpardonable, and the unhappy speculator is denounced in terms of the choicest Billingsgate. But such Billingsgate coming from the pen of a Nova Scotian, ceases to be Billingsgate, and becomes—Parliamentary. The public has lately had an admirable specimen of this sort of thing in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. The *Chronicle*, being opposed to a railway scheme of the International Contract Company, thought proper to allude to Mr. LIVESKY in much the same style as it commonly adopts when alluding to the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY and his colleagues. Mr. LIVESKY, although in some way connected with our political world for the time being, has not caught the tone of our politicians. He has not shaken off the results of an education which interdicts among gentlemen the constant use of such epithets as are fashionable in the writings of Colonial patriots. His views and his mode of expressing them, are not altogether such as commonly find favor in the columns of our city press. He has not yet learned to regard imputations of "knavery," &c, in a favorable light, and he has thought proper to rebuke the *Chronicle* in a style of facetious irony very unlike the full flavoured diatribes commonly directed against that clever journal. No newspaper can combat the ordinary weapons used in our political warfare, with more skill than our daily contemporary; but even the *Chronicle* seems powerless when opposed to statements put forward in a gentlemanlike manner. Of Mr. LIVESKY we know little; it is enough for our present purpose that his letter and the comments thereon are before the public as illustrative of the city press in its dealings with strangers. The *Chronicle* does not even attempt to meet Mr. LIVESKY's statements,—it simply "chaffs" that gentleman in a style which in Halifax is deemed "spicy." There is an allusion to "London wit," but not a word about the saving of "thirty miles between Halifax and St. John." Scarcely an opinion is vouchsafed as to the practical advantages of the proposed line of railway, but we have much about—"good, generous John"—"dear Mr. Livesky," and a—"cruel, inhuman *Mercury* editor." Now all this sort of "spicy" writing is we venture to think, fitter for a fifth-rate New York paper, than for the cleverest and most widely read political journal of Nova Scotia. We know nothing of the *Chronicle* writers, save their published writings, but we give them credit for wishing well to the Province, and we ask them to ponder well the tone of their productions and the effect which such productions must produce upon the minds of strangers. We have read a good deal lately about "what others think of us," and we are keenly anxious that all men should think well of us. This is most praise-worthy on our part, and we trust the feeling may never become extinct. But if we care so much about being "puffed" in the Canadian papers, is it unnatural to suppose that we should wish to be extolled elsewhere? And, we ask our readers—news paper editors and others—whether, the *Chronicle* articles about Mr. LIVESKY are calculated to redound to our credit abroad?

If we think aright, the expressions commonly used in our leading political journals, would somewhat startle those who sincerely wish to think well of us—if we would only allow them to do so.

NEWSPAPER HORNS.

There is something peculiar to be met with in all parts of the world; Halifax is no exception to the general rule, and she boasts several institutions very peculiar indeed. Among by no means the least curious may be reckoned our startling method of hawking newspapers. The shouts of the newspaper boys elsewhere are rather a nuisance, but are to a certain extent endurable. To have "'Erd idiction *Mercury*" bawled in one's ear does not seriously interfere with one's conversation, or necessarily leave a reminder in the shape of a headache for the rest of the day. With a view however to show how phlegmatic we are, which as we do not boast Dutch descent—is an utterly needless exhibition, we have hit upon an instrument to advertise our newspapers, which deserves a sentence of explanation, and two or three of oburgation. This instrument looks like what is commonly called a horn, but here the resemblance ends, for no respectable horn would emit such monstrous, such fiendish sounds, as this diabolical instrument produces. A dissipated ophocleide, a consumptive bassoon, two beginners on the cornet, half a dozen little pigs in a bag, kettles tied to the tails of all the available dogs, fifty saws being sharpened, as many steam engines as you like whistling, all in full play together, would give but a feeble idea of the frenzy of discord that one of these tin things produces. If we were asked to describe it in as few words as possible, we should say that, it was a travesty of a very high order of merit, of the shrieks of the damned. And this tin instrument of torture we have to meet every half dozen feet every afternoon but Sunday, this drowns every other sentence we speak, this sets strangers, not yet deaf to discord, hopping through the streets like galvanized monkeys. Is it then surprising that there should be an utter absence of musical taste in Halifax? To have musical taste, one must have ear, and any one constantly subjected to such Pandemonium concerts, must either have about as much ear as a lamp post, or go into a lunatic asylum. Mr. Bass the other day led a crusade against street musicians in England and won the day: our street music consists at present of one barrel organ,—one, this is a good criterion of our exact degree of civilization—and the tin things we are writing about. Against the latter our City Fathers once valiantly arrayed themselves, and appear to have been ignominiously defeated. Hurrah, for the horns! Discard, fiends, City Father with cotton wool in his ears.—Blue Fire—Tableau!!

Far be it from us, however, to say that these tin things—we won't call them horns—have no advantages. On the contrary we think we discern several. They are highly calculated to stimulate religious belief, not to say shut up of Colenso, any doubts as to the fall of the walls of Jericho, being at once removed, if the pedigree of these tin things can be satisfactorily traced to the time of Moses. Again, though they are not melodious, they chime in wonderfully well with a great deal of the matter they hawk about. What could be more appropriate than one of these Satanic blasts between each sentence of the "Things Talked of" of one contemporary, or the "Paragraphs of all Sorts" of another? A grand effect too might be produced by reading aloud one of the beautiful bursts of panegyric, in which all our newspapers so abound and having one note—or three or four if you like, the more the merrier—sounded, whenever the words liar, scoundrel, viper, filthy slanderer, or any other cheerful and homely epithets of a similar nature, occur. This would be a novel idea,

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