

upon English authors) the American reprint of "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy" can be procured in Halifax for—ten cents.

MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW SHE WENT ON, AND WENT OVER.

"Ah! It's pleasant to drop into my own easy-chair my dear though a little palpitating what with trotting up-stairs and what with trotting down, and why kitchen-stairs should all be corner stairs is for the builders to justify, though I do not think they fully understand their trade; and never did, else why the same—*ness* and why not more conveniences and fewer draughts and likewise making a practice of laying the plaster on too thick I am well convinced which holds the damp, and as to chimney-pots putting them on by guess-work like hats at a party and no more knowing what their effect will be upon the smoke bless you than I do if so much, except that it will mostly be either to send it down your throat in a straight form or give it a twist before it goes there. And what I says speaking as I find of those new metal chimneys all manner of shapes (there's a row of 'em at Miss Wozenham's lodging-house lower down on the other side of the way) these only work your smoke into artificial patterns for you before you swallow it and that I'd quite as soon swallow mine plain, the flavour being the same, not to mention the conceit of putting up signs on the top of your house to show the forms in which you take your smoke into your inside.

Being here before your eyes my dear in my own easy-chair in my own quiet room in my own Lodging House Number Eighty-one Norfolk-street Strand London situated midway between the City and St. James's—if anything is where it used to be with these hotels calling themselves Limited but called Unlimited by Major Jackman rising up everywhere and rising up into flagstaffs where they can't go any higher, but my mind of those monsters is give me a landlord's or landlady's wholesome face when I come off a journey and not a brass plate with an electrified number clicking out of it which it's not in nature can be glad to see me and to which I don't want to be hoisted like molasses at the Docks and left there telegraphing for help with the most ingenious instruments but quite in vain—being here my dear I have no call to mention that I am still in the Lodgings as a business hoping to die in the same and if agreeable to the clergy partly read over at Saint Clement's Danes and concluded in Hatfield churchyard when lying once again by my poor Lirriper ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Communications, &c.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not, by inserting letters convey any opinion favorable to their contents. We open our columns to all, without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Nova Scotia.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous communications. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.
SALMA.—Thanks for your well written communication. We should like to hear from you on a more practical subject, than that which you have on this occasion chosen for your faultless essay. Acadia in our next.

DEAR SIR,

As you have made it your mission to elevate the tone of our society both morally and politically, I send you the following, if you think it will at all aid you in the good work give it a place in your columns.

A late No. of the BULLFROG spoke rather disparagingly of the Agricultural Exhibition held in Bridgetown last year. I admit that it was a failure, and I think I can tell the reason why—In this County the proceedings of the Fruit Growers Association were viewed with great suspicion because of the way in which the preliminary meetings were called and conducted, and the very late date at which the list of premiums, made out in May, was printed, or rather circulated. Nor will recollections of the Exhibition held in Kentville the previous year tend to remove these unpleasant doubts. That there were good grounds for this feeling seems now apparent. It has lately been reported and believed in the County that a man high in office did not scruple to obtain one of the highest prizes of the Association by unfair means—he got from a neighbour's orchard fruit that he should have raised himself.

Now beside the injury done more conscientious members who exhibited fruit of their own raising solely—he has done a far greater injury to the society.

When a man is called to any elevated position it is expected that he will do nothing to lower or injure that position in the eyes of the community. When he accepts it he becomes morally bound to preserve it in as good reputation as he received it from his predecessor, and at the expiration of his time of

office hand it back improved if possible, but certainly not in a worse state. This he should do even to his own personal injury, and the more elevated the position and the greater the number of individual interests involved the greater disregard should he have for all personal considerations and act only for the benefit of the majority, and in furtherance of the objects the society has in view. If he cannot do this he should not take office—but if having accepted, he deliberately breaks one of the fundamental rules of his society in order to put a prize into his own pocket he is not only totally unfit for any responsible position but should be excluded from membership. I am, &c., A. B.

Granville, 16th Jan'y.

THE TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

MR. EDITOR,—

I represent myself as an item of the *vox populi* of moderate men, who feel no sin in drinking a glass of Beer, Wine, or even Grog if we like, and you editorially attacked us in an article on the Temperance League, eulogizing Father Matthew and his followers for their valour in fighting their way through "obstructive trimmers, who drink one glass and feel no sin"—and I wrote a letter of defence against this attack, and you commented on my letter that your remarks were not intended for me and the like of me, but for those who temporised matters with all habitual drunkards—though you did not inform me whether the people you alluded to belonged to the world of Romance or to that of Real Life—if they exist in the latter it is undoubtedly the duty of every man to denounce them both as a body and as individuals, but my experience of the world leads me to doubt the existence of such beings.) On my defence appearing in your paper, an item of the *vox populi* of Total Abstinents under the signature Mic-Mac No. 8 makes another attack upon us moderate men, and calls upon you to open your columns to the Defence, (he meant it the other way about perhaps he will say) and I am quite ready.

In the first place then Mic-Mac No. 8 will be good enough to excuse my declining his invitation to spend an evening or two listening to disgusting narrations of beastly scenes, and to impertinent reflections upon respectable people—partly because his invitation is coupled with the supposition that I am unrefined enough to "pour" people out of my windows or down my door steps, if they come to me with an apparently civil intention, partly because he, like the vulgar tribe whose talk the Reporter seems familiar with, is uncharitable enough to "hope that I am not one of those who do not like Temperance at all,"—partly because I prefer staying at home to listening to stump oratory—and chiefly because I think the Temperance League are adopting a means of putting down Drunkenness which is doing far more harm than good.

In the next place I have no hesitation in telling "Mic-Mac No. 8" what I should do if a person were to come to me "some evening when I was quietly sipping my Sherry at home and say "Sir, unless you provide a circle of ground for your son, and encourage him to become a Volunteer, he will die a drunkard." I should most certainly reply, (though I hope no one will take the hint.) "Take a chair, my good Sir, and let me pour you out a glass of wine, and we will talk this matter over—and as we agree on the subject of out door sports, I dare say we shan't quarrel."

I suppose "Mic-Mac No. 8" does not express the opinion of the Temperance League when he insists that, because they are not paid from the Provincial Exchequer or Civic funds and are not exempt from taxes, &c., therefore they have the right unquestioned to do whatever they like to increase their numbers. I suppose such a theory is "Mic-Mac No. 8's" own private particular one—and as I am not going to enter into any discussion on individual opinions, I need only remark that when the St. George's Society (which at present does a great deal of harmless good without any offensive noise)—does resort to means of increasing its members which are injurious and offensive to those respectable people who now respect it, I shall have my "eye" upon it.

I must now leave off scribbling, and my pen must follow my thoughts in a slower, more careful measure. I am going to speak of the Blasphemy which is systematically inculcated both a

Temperance
bers of the

In my first
Religious
ion that in
placed as
Thou sha
but "Mic-
the Tempe
faith excep
will reply t

I believe
I believe
which the
I believe t
2nd chap

To upse
of Science
ings (so c
are unde
sits prove
verse "A
the world
years or

On the
five reas
bottles i
(I won't
to one th
or Sherr
takes ca
thusiast
call it, i
ence!!)
into gra
men o

And un
High M
he is "i
stainer"
Bible i
grape j
to whic
"where
cable,
phemy
a worse

"Mi
are "a
ing a
being
denat

In r
be pu
adopt
men i
Schoc
"play
at the
rents

for m
who
eran
teach
a thit
oids
and t
whic
find
Bar-

I
no z
the j
that
run
don