

MR. BANTER,—DEAR SIR :

Is there not a law in force (1) for preventing the circulation of obscene and immoral literature? If not, it is time there was. Orders were given to the Post Office authorities to seize and destroy certain indecent publications coming from the United States to these Provinces, and yet there is allowed to be published in our own good city of Halifax, a paper, compared to which even the *Police Gazette* would be considered a highly moral agency. Any one who will take up the *Mayflower* of Oct. 3, and read it through, will be surprised at the amount of filth contained in it. It is surprising to think that the authorities wink at the publication of such a sheet, and the only way I can account for it is because of the witless personal allusions to the "powers that be" contained in it.

What American paper ever expressed the following peculiar view of morality :

"Of course any man with the least pretensions to the habits or instincts of a gentleman, could not think of actually refusing a lady his assistance, were she desirous of leaving the dusty, beaten track, where Mrs. Grundy and her satellites wearily plod, for the far off pastures where the herbage may be forever green—or as forbidding as a blasted heath, with nothing but hideous reptiles and all sorts of horrid things; but in either case what can a man do? put his finger in his mouth after the manner of a little rustic Red Riding Hood, and ask his mamma; or boldly face the music, even with the dead certainty that *pater familias* and the big brother will await his return with pistols and a whole arsenal of deadly weapons?"

And yet the above is only one of the most moderate "tit-bits" in the editorial of which it forms a part. It is disgusting, and one cannot but think that that society which admits a man, holding such views, to its arms, must be in a rotten state indeed. Show me the person—man, woman, or child—with any pretension to modesty, who can read the first piece under the heading "Select," on the first page of the *Mayflower* of Oct. 3, without feeling a blush of shame rise involuntarily to his cheek. Look at the paragraph, "Bound to get out," on the same page. Is that not an outrage on christianity—on civilization—on common sense? To present such words as coming from the lips of a "small boy"!!

All this, and much more, in a paper which is hawked about by boys on the street, and is offered for sale in our bookstores! Think of the effect on our youth—on our boys and girls—young and old! With what does it not familiarize them? One cannot help wondering at the effrontery of a man publishing such stuff in this community. It is simply outrageous, and calls for the condemnation of every right-thinking person.

Hoping that the *Mayflower* will, in future, strive to emulate by purity the beautiful plant, whose name it appropriates,

I remain, your o'dt serv't,

DARRELL THAMES.

P. S.—The *Mayflower* Rooster was out again last Friday, crowing louder than ever. Perhaps some would like to know how the name of "Rooster" first attached to the *Mayflower* editor? Very well, then. You were at the Exhibition last week, of course? I was there, too, with a country cousin. As we were visiting the fowl (foul) department, my friend espied what he called "a full sized Shanghai rooster." On closer examination, however, we found it to be none other than F. H. B. showing himself off very conspicuously, assuring the vast audience, which was composed of other roosters, a judge (of wit) a special policeman, and a case of female lobsters—that the "Editor of the *Mayflower*" did this, that, and the other thing—that in crowing he could excel a whole farm-yard of roosters—that—in short, he ran the whole city of Halifax, kept

the banks from "going up," lived in THE HOUSE on Tower Road, \$—a year—not forgetting to mention that its number was 72—that he began to look on himself as another Merdles, whom Dickens speaks of in "Little Dorritt," &c. The audience cheered him—the case of lobsters *can* cheer, you know, although not so much as if it had been a case of Brandy—and he then proceeded with his inspection, sticking his nose into this thing and that, just for all the world like a rooster picking cats, his head working from side to side, until one almost fancied he could see "Cock-a-doodle-doo" issuing from his lips.

"Well," said country cousin, "that is the most stuck up rooster I ever saw in my life. I'm blowed if I wouldn't like to wring his neck, stuff him, and roast him."

Seeing country cousin so excited, and having such an antipathy to the rooster, and wishing to calm him, I told him that the Rooster was already stuffed (with pride) and that if he were roasted it would only be the case of a Baker baked.

So now, boys, remember, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

DARRELL THAMES.

P. S. No. 2.—I will tell you a secret if you will promise only to reveal it to your readers? Do you know what has become of the *Mayflower* poet? Of course you don't. Well, then, I will tell you—whisper "sub rosa," as the rooster linguist would crow—that he has been engaged to write poetry for the most widely circulated paper in the United States, at the fabulous, enormous salary of \$100 a year. See what it is to have a generous editor connected with the press. If the editor of the *Mayflower* did not appreciate genius, and encourage it, the name of Thames Darrell would have gone down to posterity *unknown*, and think of the loss that would be, oh BANTER. D. T.

CREMATION PRACTICALLY APPLIED.—A comical illustrated paper has details of the working of the new furnace for cremation, by a Professor of Dresden, of which it says, "Sir H. Thompson has made several experiments. On one occasion he consumed a hog weighing two hundred and twenty-seven pounds in 55 minutes,—the operation being conducted without the slightest offensive smell or any perceptible escape of gas." In connection with this discovery the rumor is, that a certain Professor Baker (see *North Sydney Herald*) has joined in an application to the Attorney General for the preparation of a Bill, preparatory to the meeting of the Local Legislature—to enable a heavy company to erect a furnace and make a parallel experiment to that here referred to. The gentlemen named have selected a suitable subject at the agricultural exhibition just closed, and consent to furnish a porcine carcass at their own expense, merely for the public advantage and to satisfy a laudable curiosity in the popular mind. Without suggesting a doubt as to the astounding successes of scientific discovery, we can scarcely credit the professions of Messrs. B. and S. that they can perform the operation without offensive odors or an escape of gas, whatever the Gas lane people may do with their carbureted Hydrogen—in retort.

WE are much indebted to the Editor of the *Mayflower* for recent favorable notice—to an extent indeed beyond any other weakly paper in the city. He must be congratulated, too, on the fact that he has adopted the role (not a Bakers roll) of fortune teller. If anything should happen to him or his flowery sheet within the year, he may rely on us to write and print such a floury elegy on the departed as would do justice to the master of the rolls. When in the winter of his discontent let him console himself with the reflection, that if he do not bloom beneath the snow he will not have to mourn the absence of BANTER.