

twenty in it. What were they about, think you? In one room were scattered around, Periodicals containing best thoughts of the best men of the age—English and American newspapers in abundance. The English newspaper table was vacant; the Periodicals were covered with dust, *uncut*. I took up one or two of the papers most in request: I saw nothing but reckless assertion and common-place abuse. Such terms as ‘scamp,’ ‘rascal,’ ‘pimp,’ ‘miscreant,’ &c. applied with a complacency which might have been amusing, had I not felt it so painfully degrading to the place that gave me birth.

ED.—What you say, sir, is an undeniable truth. The tastes and feelings of a respectable and most intelligent community are fast becoming vitiated by drinking from so foul a stream. Abuse is mistaken for power, and so general and disgusting has the practice become, that, though I believe there are two or three honourable exceptions, I seldom now-a-days look into a Nova Scotian newspaper.

BADGER.—True, we are little better than the wild Indians, in some respects; I went the other evening to hear a lecture on an interesting subject, by one of our most popular and distinguished scientific men. I found a meagre audience: not a person of mark or note was there! I went to Temperance Hall, to hear some itinerant singing women: I could scarcely find admission!

SN.—I say, Badger, you have a confoundedly unpleasant way of telling unpleasant truths! But enough of all this—it would be better were it otherwise—fashion is a more powerful arbiter than taste or propriety. I was at both places also: in the one I heard some of the most important principles of science enunciated in an interesting and most able manner; in the other I saw a great deal of empty buffoonery—exceedingly impudent and excessively vulgar. But what of that? The one flourished under the smile of distinguished patronage;—the other struggles on as it best can without patronage at all: that’s all the difference.

ED.—Well, instead of railing let us try rather to turn the current.

SN.—How goes the Magazine, Mr. Editor? Like Pope’s wounded snake, eh! dragging its slow length along?

ED.—Now, between ourselves, what do you think is the general opinion of the Magazine among the reading community?

SN.—Would you like the plain, honest truth told you, Mr. Editor?

ED.—Most certainly—out with it—sweet or bitter truth is always profitable.

SN.—Well, I must refer to Badger: he is the best fellow I know for getting at a strong opinion.

BADGER.—In sober earnest, I don’t think you have come quite up to the mark—that is, you have scarcely made good your promises!

SN.—Now for it!

BADGER.—Your biography of illustrious Colonists is still *in nubibus*;—some