

gically, it is he who must show that the truth, that a "part is less than the whole" has every application to the advantages or disadvantages of Confederation:—It is he who must show that, because this axiom is admitted, greatness, strength and happiness are in ratio to size:—It rests with him to show that a large Empire will not become like that huge ship "the Great Eastern," unwieldy and unsafe—or like that immense Railroad the Grand Trunk Railway, ruinous:—(even the Robinson Diamond loses half the brilliancy of earth's most unadulterated substance from its size!) It is he who must show, we repeat that because a part is admitted to be less than the whole, therefore greatness, strength and happiness depend upon size. And further, we might ask the Archbishop to show, that it is not probable that different interests will arise, which will divide the house against itself—we may mention as instances the question of slave labour versus free labour, which is now being worked out—Yet we may suggest that the agricultural interests of the West may some day clash with the mercantile interests of the East—that a quarrel may yet arise between California and the Atlantic States on the question of the gold basis in monetary matters of the former, versus the greenback basis of the finance of the latter, we may ask the Archbishop to prove that because "a part is less than the whole,"—therefore such matters as these may not affect the axiom he requires—viz: that the greater the state is, the greater, the stronger, the happier must the people be.—We have to become both tired ourselves and we fear tiresome to our readers, in following this question, not as politicians, but as logicians; but we have found it difficult to express in fewer words why we think that we are not placed by the Archbishop's letter in the horns of a dilemma. The *sequite* of course is that His Grace and the thousands like him in Nova Scotia, will be converted to opposition.

In the early part of our article we said that the Archbishop had selected an unfortunate opportunity for declaring his official views, and we will now state our reasons for thinking so.

There is, we are informed, a large and wicked organization forming in secret, both in unhappy discontented Ireland and in Anglophobia, bullying, boasting America, with the purpose of uprooting British authority from off the face of the earth—(though perhaps they will turn out to be cabbage garden and Bullsrun heroes after all)—and in the *Chronicle* article "Botheration Scheme, No. 1"—its Editor alluded to their acts in the following way, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop "feels it his duty to correct" the inference of these remarks. We give the whole of the extract verbatim. "Every mail brings us tidings of the organization and arming of Fenians and Orangemen in all the chief cities of Upper Canada. People are drilling in Churches, arms are coming in from the States in coffins, and in other disguised packages, and we are told that 50,000 Fenians stand ready armed and disciplined in New York alone and prepared to cross the Border."

There is not a word in this which the most sensible Roman Catholic could construe into a reflection upon his religion, and in fact, the Fenian Brotherhood has not hitherto been regarded as a Roman Catholic Society, but as an organization of the evil spirits generated by the New York Herald and this wretched American war; If even a lingering suspicion is prevalent that it has any thing to do with the Roman Catholic religion, it has arisen from the supposition that the greater number of the Fenians are Irishmen.

HALIFAX JOURNALISM.

We have often had occasion to remark upon the tone of the Halifax Press. The greater the subjects to be discussed the more intemperate in their language grow

the Journals which discuss them. The following sweet extracts from the *Sun* and *Unionist* support our assertion. The latter Journal in its issue of the 18th inst says as follows:—

"But what shall say of that wizened parasite the *Sun* and *Advertiser*, that lets itself out like a * * * * to do work that no other vehicle would undertake. In its issue of the 11th inst., the Editor, and we suppose the Proprietor too rolled into one, and not much at that, fancied there was a dead lion out, and he could venture near to have a kick at him.

What was it Mr. Ritchie's business, we should like to know, if "the *Morning Chronicle* did change its base," and any gentleman who was upon it choosed to retire in consequence. The idea of a miserable wingless insect like that, buzzing and creeping out with its little sting. We recommend Mr. Ritchie, instead of impertinently discoursing about anybody's "insolent manner in thrusting Union upon people" if he has not brains enough to make his own paper readable, to try and get some one who has, and let the Proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* and Mr. McCully settle their own difficulties.

The *Sun* answers the next day thus, in an article headed "Mr. McCully on the Rampage."

"We had timely warning of what we might expect, in common with our independent contemporaries, from the pen of this pseudo constitution-maker; but knowing the man so well, we were not at all alarmed, as we guessed the attack would be characteristic, that is, of a filthy and abusive nature. Wielding a ready and unscrupulous pen, Mr. McCully has been employed to do a certain work, and he does it in his own way, which is by emitting an odour offensive enough to clear the track of such opponents as would rather give up the contest than have their garments defiled. He has besides got an organ now, just adapted to his peculiar style, upon which he has played (in imagination) the requiem of the opposing press.

We leave the *Chronicle* to the fate which it so richly deserves after its unfeeling treatment of the gentleman who so enriched its pages with his refinement, and attend to our own concerns.

As well might the leopard try to change his spots, or the negro his dusky skin, as this writer (albeit he is a deacon) divest himself of his filthiness. A dirty metaphor comes readiest to him, and he is welcome to use them, for we will not. He talks of kicking a dead lion (in Irish killing a dead man twice) but we beg to assure Mr. McC. that if he was associated in our mind with any of the brute creation, we thought not for a moment of any animal half so noble as the lion. Neither did we think him dead—such beings are not easily killed—and if he insists upon fighting outside the subject for which he is paid, our spear is long enough and sharp enough to pierce his rhinoceros hide without suffering ourselves to be contaminated by his scumility or cowed by his blustering. The above extracts are illustrative of our "greatness."

CHIT-CHAT.

In our issue of Jan. 7th, a correspondent, while criticising the policy of the Temperance League, thus alludes to the young men of Halifax—"What do I see around me—in my own sphere of life? I see parents sending their sons at 15 or 16 years of age to learn business (and merchants take them, because they are glad to get errand boys cheap—for nothing!)—and for this, these boys are taken from school and thrown into direct collision with a lower grade of society." To our thinking, there is much weight in these words, inasmuch as they open up a not inconsiderable field for discussion upon matters purely social. What about our young men?—what becomes of them, where are they to be met with, what are they like, what are their social peculiarities, what figure do they make in society? Reader, we hear a good deal about the "Nova Scotian abroad," and we not unfrequently peruse paragraphs concerning "An enterprising Nova Scotian," but what becomes of the young Nova Scotians "at home?" How is it, that you and I who make a point of going to all the parties to which it is our special privilege to be invited,—how is it that we so seldom meet in society the embryo great men of this rising Province? How is it, that, while striving our utmost to form correct ideas about Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians, we should be debarred the privilege of meeting the rising generation face to face? Whose fault is this? It is assuredly not ours, Reader, neither is it yours,—yet there is a fault somewhere, as you must admit. What constitutes "society" in Halifax? You may say, that "society" embraces those, whose local position is acknowledged by such as are hospitably inclined. Perfectly true,—there are certain people whom we meet everywhere, save in their own houses. There are some two or three families, always to be met at certain