

desires even to name—and not an article comes out without the tiresome repetition of the phrase, “lacking the essential element of truth.” A member of Government cannot visit his constituents, or the constituents of some aspirant, for a seat in parliament, without being taunted and insulted for so doing. The opposition editor is styled a Munchausen, and every thing he says, is of course untrue also. Two other editors are also seen morning and evening, lashing at each other, raking out little dirty paragraphs from former editions, wherewith to throw confusion on the other. After the reader has thus become satisfied on alternate days that the person whose writings he was yesterday reading, is a thorough reprobate—for be it remembered we are now speaking of the general public, who see all the newspapers—and that therefore by their own account, as a class they are a most disreputable body, he casts his eye over the sheet in search of some other kind of food,—and he gets it. He receives the above mentioned information, touching Stewart’s having received some oysters. He is told that Currie has just killed two fine beeves, and you had better call and get a slice, or he is strongly recommended to go into Johnston’s, and try the new Soda Water, made with shaved ice, the editors having tried it and found it delicious—and then come notices of Circusses, Concerts, Exhibitions, &c. The singular thing about all these notices, is that the editors all agree in praising whatever may be the subject of them. The Circus is the best that ever came here. The lecturer is the most eloquent that ever stood on a platform. The singers or players are the best in the world

and the only wonder one feels, is how the deuce such paragons found their way here. The explanation however, of this singular circumstance, is most probably to be found in the fact that all these exhibitors or wonder-producers, have sent tickets to the editors, or their advertisements are too lucrative for the loss of them to be risked. Consequently so far from our newspapers being the mediums to which we resort for information, upon any of these points, as to whether such a singer is worth hearing, or so-and-so’s oysters are plump, or Mr. What’s his name’s shaved ice is really refreshing, we feel that such an application would be perfectly useless. Now with all this, again we say, we are not just now dealing particularly—at least it was not that which caused us to take up our pen. It is this to which we would call attention—namely, that while the editorial profession by its own reiterated and tiresomely repeated admission is so immoral, so given to truthlessness, so unworthy of credit or trust, while the so-called editorial fraternity resembles nothing so much as two or more bodies of individuals with diverse and clashing interests, violently and with most ungentelemanly epithets, denouncing each other, and bespattering each other with abuse, they still expect when any great public matter is brought before us, that the press is to be treated with high honor. Hadn’t they better settle first among themselves, who are the gentlemen of the fourth estate? Should the Committee of a public dinner meet to invite some of the members of the press, Mr. Smith would suggest the *Colonist*, Bah—a Legislative Committee would say—the essential element of truth is wanting there—couldn’t have that fellow. Well then, Mr. Brown would say, let us have the *Chronicle*. Stuff, the Provincial Secretary would say,—Munchausen, railway rogue, &c. Shall we have the *Sun*? Hark to the *Journal*! and vice versa. And so on through them all. The doctors as a body get on very well together, so do the lawyers, much abused as they are, so do clergymen, and all other bodies of men. But the gentlemen of the Press spare outsiders the necessity of inventing terms injurious to their standings, by the copious supply which they keep always on hand. And with this opinion of themselves, one of them, the editor of the *Morning Journal* writes thus. “We trust that the *Chronicle*, edited by individuals, to whom the getting up of a paper was entrusted, will receive such a scarifying from the provinces as will make them wiser in a salutary lesson.” Is not that a para-

grapher ought to have been invited? Is not that a salutary lesson in good manners to the kind of gentleman who because he has the *entree* to every public entertainment culled from a paper which contains a constant string of personalities of the following—“Among the things talked

of in Halifax is, that the Agricultural productiveness of our climate is proverbial, but with a view of developing this branch of industry—a high Provincial dignitary is trying his hand at raising early Yorks, Swedish Turnips and Wurtzels, and is testing their remunerative properties, by exposing them at public roup in the green market! The talk is, is it a small business.” And so forsooth it is derogatory to a *Gentleman*, to turn his attention to farming, to show how the land can best be cultivated with a profit, and to sell his hay and other farm products. The *Reporter’s* ideal then of a farmer is that he must be very rich, that he must lay out large sums in the pursuit of high cultivation, and that then he must distribute the products of his farm gratuitously all round—sending specimens of course to the *Reporter*. We think ourselves, that there is more credit in raising early Yorks, and obtaining the highest price in the market because they are the best, than in keeping a press going to publish “things talked of in town.” The editors too would show a little more capability of taking their places with dignity at a table, were they to go through a course of grammar, not to be informing us how *Hecalein* done himself great credit, and that they never seen a finer display, and they would do well to get over the mawkish and snobbish habit of stating that such a health was *drawn*. When they have arranged all these matters they may then call upon Committees to send them cards of admission. At present by their own account they are not proper associates for gentlemen. They are all alike. They are all up to the same mark—and “things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.”

MR. PERKINGTON’S DIARY.

Monday, September 19th.—Left Miss Lovetts, and went into lodgings, the Long Lake water not having been removed from furniture in my house. Wife, myself and family were dressed for an afternoon walk, when Sally, (our maid left at the house to look after things), was announced. “O Sir,” said she “there’s a reputation waiting for you at home.” Reputation enough! I thought since the fire in my chimney and the splendor of the hyacinths as exemplified by my house’s case had been the theme of every daily paper for three days. “What is it Sally?” said I seeing that the girl looked confused. “Oh Sir, a reputation about you being an Alderman.” “My good girl I’ve known that for a fortnight.” “The missus didn’t though!” And that was true, for indeed I had not broached the subject to my wife. She took it kindly however, and put in a claim to be a constant visitor at Rockhead, “just to see if womanly influence won’t work upon some of these poor prisoners.” I knew her design. Our Jane (a very good cook by-the-bye) has been there for two months for stealing Anastasia’s stockings—and my wily wife expects her release. “Shall I accept?” said I “certainly” said she, so the matter was settled. I went to my own house and received the deputation in the Dining room. They presented an address—I answered it (between ourselves cribbing the language from similar addresses published by former aspirants for civic honours. J- Gentleman of Ward 7. The honor done me by you—a body I need not suppose invaluable in itself—the honour I say gentlemen which you propose, is valuable to me for its true worth. That I accept it would be to suppose you less cognoscent of Civic affairs, than your high standing in the city, presupposes me to imagine. All are aware of the integrity of my intentions, good intentions, which I hope to show forth upon the pavements of my native city. Hill is—(your pardon Sirs.) All I can say gentlemen is this, that the trust you are willing to impose upon me, will be remunerated by my assiduous endeavours. Bowled and the deputation retired in a state of humiliating gratitude. Went to bed at once.

Tuesday, Sept. 23th.—Expected good luck last Saturday, when I opened my purse to charity which cost me twenty-three cents. Now it has come. A Mr. E——, is evidently much struck with Natty (my daughter Anastasia). He lodges in the house, is certainly well off, and is far my junior in years. Named his attentions to my wife, who I grieve to say, was not heard me out. “That old man,” she said “Natty could never be made happy by him, Oh you stupid Pa.” I did not care much for my wife’s remarks about Mr. E——, for I heard that she has a Captain F——, in her eye. A man I don’t like, and won’t hear of for poor Natty. Proposed that as the house would take a week to dry, we should all go to Margaret’s Bay for a few days—wife agreed. Made all arrangements, but just as the carriage was ready, remembered important business in Hollis street, for the next day. “Will join you on Thursday,” said I, who of you girls will keep Pa company. “Doxey” said my wife, “I will shrieked Natty, “Thate the country and Eudocia is getting so very thin.” “Wife suggested that living was poor at Margaret’s Bay, and therefore only the strongest should attempt it. To this said that cream and butter were fattening, and Eudocia was not