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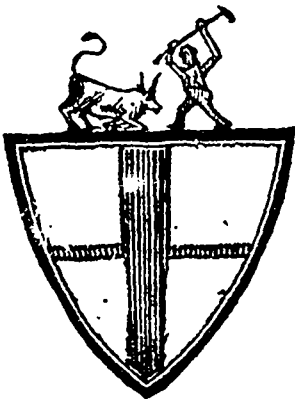
VOL. I.

HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 15, 1874.

NO. 8.

BANTER BROUGHT TO BOOK.

The Blank Coat of Arms.



The regular reader of our comical sheet will be surprised to learn that the fate of No. 7 was not what was anticipated. Instead of being hailed with open arms and cordial cheers by all Halifax, a little coterie of the Aristocracy were dissatisfied. At a moment when we hoped to have their unanimous support in our efforts to elevate the class even higher than they have hitherto stood in the estimation of sur-

rounding clubs and rings, we have not been appreciated. A check has been given us by verbal message instead of a cheque by way of approval, with an order for a dozen copies of BANTER annually. It was in this wise.

Seated in our Sanctum so remote from sublunary cares as was supposed, and as far as possible from the Lunatic Asylum, but rather near, we must confess to the Penitentiary, viz., the little house near the Tower woods, a Bachelor gentleman from Inglis street sought us out and proved to be an old acquaintance of our school-boy days. Without being personal, for obvious reasons, we may describe him as Mr. Blank, a very fair specimen of the Aristocratic element of the city for which our A. I. coat of arms was heralded in a previous issue of B. He will, doubtless, be recognized by many by his cultivated locks, as curly from nature as an ad-hoc Judges wig is made by the art of the African Barber, who makes his living by dyeing other peoples hair. His hat sat upon it with a jaunty air, until he took it off on introducing himself; his calf-boots were exquisitely fitted, his pants of the latest style, introduced by Baker and Johnson, known as the stove-pipe fashion, his gloves of size No. 7, lady's, and his cane from the 25c. lot exhibited by Colford, & Co. To be brief, he may be said to belong to that happy section of society, who toil not, nor spin, whose only anxiety in life is to stand well at the club—to give recherche dinners to a chosen few at his Bachelors Hall—to spend his leisure at the reading-room or gazing at the passers-by from the club windows, while he takes his glass of sherry and a Moir's biscuit by way of lunch, and, as preparative to a sumptuous dinner, to take a

constitutional walk without a companion, looking into the shop windows to admire the new styles and pretty bonnets, and to think how well a lady's pretty face might look in one of them when he may solicit her consent to have him and it, to set her heart upon.

The result of the interview after a courteous greeting may be given colloquially.

Blank.—I have called upon you, Mr. BANTER, to make a request—to ask a question or two—to say, in fact, that there is a wide spread feeling in the Aristocratic circles with regard to *Banter*.

Ban.—Very glad to it hear Mr. B., you know the Banter company are doing all they can to elevate that abounding class of our population, by finding their coats-of-arms where they have been lost, or forgotten, and by heralding their merits, determined to put an end to that erroneous but long prevalent impression that ours is only a Cod-fish Aristocracy or a Molasses nobility, that has nothing to stand upon but fish-flakes and the West India trade, but ———.

Blank.—Excuse me for the interruption, but you will not, I hope, be either jocose or angry. I want to ask you a serious question that affects the good or ill of every man in the community, I mean every man of eminence, every non-working man—every wealthy man—every man ——— in short.

Ban.—Ah, I perceive Mr. Blank. It's long since I learned the short catechism, but still I remember the answers. The chief end of man is ———.

Blank.—My dear Sir, don't dogmatize that way. I want to know now, to be plain, what your Banter Company are driving at? What ———.

Ban.—Why my good fellow, is it driving you mean. If you have come to invite me to take a drive in your dog-cart, I shall be most happy, as mine's not at hand, and I intend to go into the city as soon as I have finished penning this Heraldic notice No. 2, that ———.

Blank.—Ah, that's precisely what I wish to speak about. Allow me to say that I'm nominated by our committee, as a sub-committee of one, to call upon you for an explanation. They don't understand your intentions, in showing off our prominent citizens, or rather their forefathers, by describing their professions as you have begun in No. 7. Their Biography is uncalled for, and ———.

Ban.—Oh, excuse me Mr. Blank, uncalled for, do you say, ha! ha! Never more mistaken in your life my dear fellow.

The news vendors and publishers tell me, it's very much called for, aye run after by all classes. And they say such a history will meet a pressing want; such a Biography will dispel all those sly insinuations, by St. John and other people, that our Aristocracy have raised themselves to their present high position, less by their own merits and force of character than by their fisherman's luck or some accident of birth in bearing relation to rich forefathers, or two uncles or a maiden aunt. We don't believe the good deeds of our ancestors should be buried with them, but only the bad ones sunk out of sight, if such ever existed, and if so, why should their posterity be held responsible, except (as they say in Tasmania) the fathers errors may serve as a warning to the sons, to avoid them, just as an old drunkard is sometimes brought to the front, as a frightful example and caution to the young to avoid his errors and be temperate. Biography is an incentive to all that is commendable in character. We adopt it for this reason and for yet another, that we have no faith in Mr. Francis Galton's theory that genius is hereditary, nor believe in the Irishmans' consoling reasons for being a Bachelor because his father was one, nor ———.

Blank.—True my dear Sir, I'll not dispute your arguments, but as I'm deputed to ascertain your policy, let me ask, how we can stop that arrangement for cutting up character as our club terms it. The cuts are annoying, not that they're badly got up, but people don't know who's to come next?

Ban.—Oh, my good friend, don't talk about stopping in this free country where all our boast is a free Legislature, a free Civic Corporation, a free Constitution and a free press; but as for business arrangements, you're only to apply in your own hand-writing at No. 34, Hollis St., to get employment on the Bi-monthly Journal, or for a hundred dollar share in the establishment or for information as to terms. But as for the order of arrangement, it is announced that the Biographical heraldry is to be continued in alphabetical order from the family of old Allmanax down to Zwicker, the original M. P. for Lunenburg.

Blank.—But really Mr. Banter, my friends want it discontinued. They say the press ought to be muzzled against the possibility of poking fun at people. It must be put down!

Ban.—Oh, all right Mr. Blank, I'll mention your message to the publishers, and they'll consider it as it deserves. But if those who carry their brains in their breeches pockets, like their money, you know, want an easy process for suppression, why not buy up each edition as it is issued and light their pipes with it after an old time example. That might put it down. But some do better by trying to elevate the literary standard by penning contributions for BANTER'S columns in return for the good it will do, and the benefit to arise to future generations from a perusal of their ancestral sketches. Personally if you don't fancy BANTER let me recommend you to become a contributor to Professor Baker's flowery sheet to get your hand in. I have private and confidential information that the Editor has a longing desire to enlist the services of a Provincial Aristocrat, who possesses a literary taste, without that egotism and selfishness combined, that is the bane of society, and since you have leisure you are just the man to find pleasure in the practice of literary composition. Probably after a year's probation beyond which you may not be open to an engagement with the Professor, you might then be qualified to try your hand on the Posts corner of BANTER. You should allow poetic feeling to influence you Mr. Blank. Fancy yourself a poor man writing in a garret and try to experience the poets thrill when he wrote under a sense of desperation or want of appreciation, such as we may well feel—

Here's a hand for those who love me
And a smile for those who hate;
Though black the skies above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Blank.—Well, really Mr. B I should be happy to listen to your quotations, (slightly altered you know) for an hour, as I have nothing to do, but I'm anxious to say something that will satisfy the committee that I have attended unflinchingly to their wishes—to know in short what you are driving at?

Ban.—Aye, driving again Mr. Blank,—though I deprecate the use of slang, I might rise to explain, but you and I must n't make snobs of ourselves. We both drive our dog-carts, yours with a fancy-top—mine in the style of an express-waggon, and many of our neighbors can only take their drive in O'Bryan's ante-diluvian cars, or take instead a trip in the pre-Adamite ferry-steamers. But are the latter on this account to be questioned as to their right to drive or to be driven as they list. Is the road to wealth and fame not open to all, though some may reach their aim earlier than others? But you're a man of sense and sensibility Mr. Blank, can you not see the reason of things, and understand that the plan is a good one to look habitually on the humorous side of everything, and if the practice by this rule should induce simple people to take umbrage, they show a weak spot in character for the cure of which they should read BANTER regularly or see some other doctor and swallow his patent cure.

Blank.—Much obliged for the personal compliment Mr. B., but you know my companions will not have the advantage of your remarks, but will expect a declaration of your intentions through me.

Ban.—True, my dear fellow, I understand your predicament tolerably well—you're a missionary for the cause these gentlemen have at heart. I admire their Aristocratic breeding, their bland expression of countenance, I know they are men of leisure, of moderate physical force, and have excellent excuses for the airs they assume, I notice that they are walking advertisements for the Tailor they employ, who gratefully thanks them for the payment of his bill—but they lack one quality. Tell them that their maternal ancestor was a butcher's daughter or their paternal progenitor a decent machanic, and they immediately lose temper, just as if any disgrace attached to the circumstance of a man's genealogy being beyond his control. Then again Mr. Blank, there's many a Jack-a-Napes who fails to distinguish between a jest and a Jack-a-lantern, or even to discriminate between a hawk and a hand-saw, while the first seems to frighten them from their propriety as much as the others. I'm afraid it's a hopeless effort to please such people Mr. B., but, of course, I make no personal reference to members of your club or your acquaintance, though I could point out to you a specimen or two in the city. On the whole Mr. B., perhaps we may with propriety refer them, for an answer to your enquiries, to the report of our conversation in the coming issue of BANTER, and if it be obnoxious for ambiguity we may agree to meet again and continue the discussion.

A good thing is told of a chap who was arrested just after the close of the war charged with assault and battery. When arraigned, the prisoner said: "Gentlemen, you ought to deal easy with me. He called me a d—n rogue and I didn't touch him; he called me a d—n rascal and I didn't touch him; but then he called me a d—n Yankee, and, gentlemen, I couldn't stand that!"

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!"

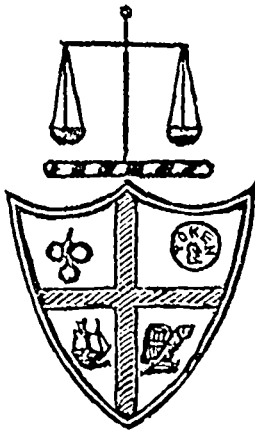
DARRELL THAMES.

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 Baker's 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.

COATS OF ARMS (CONTINUED.)

Ex uno disce omnes.

Except the alphabetical arrangements of the deaf mutes, what can be more expressive than the language of the Heralds office? If it be a rule in reference to these testimonials of achieved rank and biographical honors, that in every family tree is found, at least, one knotty, (or naughty!) branch, the application may possibly be looked for in the subject under notice. Yet this, at least may be said by anticipation, that as a representative man he was

never known to our informer, the oldest inhabitant, to have been identified with a fishy transaction. He cannot, therefore, be open to the usual sneer made applicable by vulgar custom to the suggestive appellation of a Cod-fish Aristocracy.

As our first honorable mention was of a family pedigree and descent standing A. 1. in all the kindly relations of social life the following may in one sense lay claim to class as A. too. The enquiry will necessarily extend back much further into remote history to arrive at the origin and reason of things. If we have briefly to revert to the dark ages and trace to the pedigree unfolded chiefly by the pages of old Almanacs, we must beg to be excused for the inevitable errors of tradition. Our informer finds the first trace of the ancestral tree, whose sprout requires critical notice, in Italy, when at a given time Claudius' whimsically commanded that all *Jews* should depart from Rome, and roam wherever else their sweet wills should dictate. Thence coming to the gold coast in that dark age of slavery when the British Buccaneers carried the war and its concomitants into Africa, and again making progress by their mode of transportation to Britain and her Colonies in this western world. The ultimate expulsion from the revolting Colonies followed, as a matter of course, at or before the existence of a state of open warfare, and the Boston Tea-shine never presented any attractions for the immediate ancestry of our hero A. 2, who preferred individual peace, in remote Halifax to a state of disturbance in Mass. If we could record all the family adventures thereafter, or believe half the gossipy traditions of the day, which we don't, the details might be woven into a thrilling narrative that might be thought to possess too much of the personal element. This characteristic it is our aim to avoid, after the example of our great co-temporary and prototype of Ontario, the *Globe*, who claims that the avoidance of personalities, has always been a cardinal principle in the editorial management of that sheet. But our rule, in strictness, goes further than this, inasmuch as we propose to deal only with the lives of those who have "gone up," and not with the living armor bearers, except by that incidental reference to like names, and titles, and circumstances of life that comes of necessity. If we err in regard to facts or particulars of pedigree, it arises from the weak threads of historical record in the early settlement of a new country, or by placing undue reliance on collateral evidences supplied by the oldest newspapers and the oldest inhabitant. As regards this branch of enquiry, the name of Mathew had been given to the future financier and trader, and is supposed to have been hereditary through the line of a maternal ancestor in some way connected or allied to a dignitary of the early Church of the pilgrims. An anecdote related of a

certain D. D. at the advent of the tea-pot tempest in Boston, seems to confirm this view, while it may also remind of a tradition that Mathew's love for the tea cup amounted almost to a passion, so that a dozen of the old-fashioned saucers were insufficient to satisfy his thirsty soul, in virtue of which passion he eventually arrived at a point in the social status where he was enabled to choose a lady love from a good family, and among the tallest of the flock.

The D. D. referred to was justly suspected of loyalty to the King's cause, and as a precaution against an interchange of sentiment and news of the time, with his friends—the popular party had detailed a citizen soldier to mount guard at his gate—knowing the civil character of his guardsman he resolved to play off a practical joke on his simplicity. Rushing out of the house with a letter in his hand he exclaimed, "Here! here! my good man, just take this for me to its address, in the next street, and I'll mount guard over the old fellow in your absence and take care of your musket," and so he did. The musket never went off but the joke was reported, and whatever may have happened to the militia man, the event has served to perpetuate the loyal record of the connection ever since.

It is inferred that on the original adoption of New England as a place of settlement, the progenitor of Mathew was engaged in that indispensable manufacture of a new region that necessitates the use of the awl, and for which the bench and the lap-stone are appliances of primary values—while they too are suggestive of a good understanding with all classes, which they over enjoyed. The abilities of some members of the connection in the more learned professions also were then known and read of all men as clearly as was their loyal record by preferring the Kingly rule to the Government of a democracy. The career of the young man in the past century was like to that of the present day in some respects, when ambition prompts one to become a leader of others, to achieve high position or eminence in a chosen profession, or calling, with resolve in spite of all drawbacks, to attain to office and honors in the State or Province, and such aims will generally be crowned by success. Of Mathew, however, it was said that being a *self-made* man he consequently relieved Providence of a serious responsibility, but this taunt had, doubtless, reference rather to his adult career after he had graduated as a commercial student in the business house of Messieurs B. and B., of London, and who also carried on a mercantile establishment, ere Halifax became an incorporated city, at the locality known to the early residents, as Commercial wharf and water street. In this firm his quality of smartness in trade was marked, but not of that nature that would induce the old Heads of the House to seek a junior partner, so that after having married and joined the church like a christian he looked about him for new fields of enterprise. His trading experience having demonstrated the strength of a money power, his genius led him to the promotion of a new institution to facilitate the means of getting it. The effort was rewarded by the purchase of a site and the proper initiation in a humble way of the establishment then known as Mathew's Mint. In those old times there were wealthy men, and even women, widowed and others who desired investments, and what could be more promising than a Mint for making money. So the company was formed, a Foreman appointed to work it by the assistance of inferior labourers and the advice of Directors. These must be called to order by a President, and who could be more eligible than the man whose acumen had devised the plan of operations and promised success in its development—and so it was, that though the mint building was at first of humble dimensions, its business so increased

to necessitate at length the addition of columns of stone and storied rooms to its dimensions. This, it was believed, would add more lustre to the polishing process by which the dollars were coined, and multiplied and rolled about before the astonished eyes of the shareholders till they were confused or excited to admiration. It is reported that visitors often resorted to the place out of curiosity, as is now done in the case of Dr. Honeyman's museum, but they marvel'd at the smoothing processes of the Foreman touching the dollars, and the suave manner of the President who never touched them but left all that subordinate business of counting the piles, &c., to the lower employees. He seemed to adopt the monkeys stratagem when he pulled his chestnuts from the fire by the use of proper saving claws without the risk or unpleasantness of burning his own fingers.

The President's principles for the age in which he lived, were considered to be economical, and virtuously consistent. This assertion seems to find confirmation in the fact that soon after allying himself with the church of the period with a view to become an active member, perhaps a warden, on being called upon for a subscription to the building fund, he declined the honor on the plea that he deemed it prudent to wait a little and see whether or not his new conversion, and his salary at the Mint would be permanent. However, he never went back upon himself as the phrase goes, or repudiated his first thoughts—but like his Foreman, acquired more and more a character for morality, and that sort of thing most useful at the Mint after the manner of the strictest sect of the pharisees. As the chief officers of such a manufactory were accustomed in those by-gone days to give each other due authority to draw upon the mint or mine of resources at their pleasure, and repay the same at their leisure, they never, of course, required the use of means to an end, and seemed willing to believe that these would never come to an end. They none, the less entertained a singular dislike to landed property as security for the loans advanced to their friends and dependents, but would accept in preference money values of Warehouses, Bonds, Stocks, Wet Docks, Tea and Sugar cargoes, and occasionally a Slate quarry, a Coal or Gold mine, or any public building in the course of erection by the Contractor, such as Post-office or Provincial Museum. Thus it came to pass that some admirers believed each of them to be the perfect embodiment of that rare personage of whom the Poet asks—

Lives there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said—this is my own my chosen
land!

If he began to suspect that any needy borrower was not likely to succeed in his endeavor to enrich himself, but might continue of necessity to plod on in the character of a poor devil, the screws would be applied, the pawned property be sacrificed with its nominal owner, rather than that the Mint should suffer loss.

The capital interests of the shareholders were thus rendered safe in his hands, and their legal interest always voted to them at an annual meeting, according to a scale of profits certified by the brother officers, and over-looked by the nominal directors.

My plan, he is reported to have said to them, is to rely on the experience and skill of my Foreman, whose motto is always to *realise* if there is a doubt as to security, and to re-invest with interest, and so favorite a principle of conduct did it appear to be, that when he ultimately felt compelled to accept the offer of a seat in the Local Parliament of the day, it is said he even loved to *realise* on his parliamentary position. However, this

may be, it is obviously of mutual advantage when a coin factory can obtain the favor of deposits from the temporary or temporising government of the day, and repay them in their own coin. But as for individual creditors and customers he is reported to have strongly denounced the low practice so frequent in those primitive times of going into insolvency and getting rich immediately after. The particular results of all such concentrated financial wisdom are said to be extremely curious, and may be to some extent, indicated by a study of the heraldic hearings, but for full elucidation may require the extension of a second and separate chapter.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE LICENSE?

Posers are seldom propounded which are so very difficult to give a reply to, that can give anything like satisfaction to the anxious enquirer. Yet we essay to answer this poser of posers, which was asked by the distempered bridegroom, of the city of Halifax, who reached the consummation of his dearest earthly wishes, a short time ago at Amherst.

But at first let us try and picture the scene.

The dead of night;—a small room in a small hotel at Amherst—a candle gutters in its socket, and pacing up and down the room, with hasty strides, dishevelled locks, and distracted brow, is the hero of the day. Anon! his eye glows with a feverish light, and a smile crosses his pale, and anxious face, as he thinks of the morrow; his step becomes firmer, and slower, and his somewhat stooping figure more erect, and fervently he clasps his hands, as he stands before the bureau and gazes with fond and loving eyes into the—— looking glass. Suddenly, quick as lightning, a thought seems to flash through his brain, the hasty step is resumed, the care-worn look returns, as with coat off, collar unbuttoned, and necktie awry, he throws himself on his bed, and writhes in the agony of his mind. But soon he rises, and seemingly thinking of some before unthought of consolation, he throws open the door, and with swift and rapid strides along the dark passage, he betakes him to the door of his friend, and gradually increasing from a low and feeble knock, to a rapid and vigorous thump, until the sleeper is aroused, he propounds the question which the *Chignecto Post* describes emphatically as a staggerer: "*Suppose she does not come, what shall I do with the license? What indeed?—Burn it? No; too harrowing to the feelings, imagine seeing the first blaze, and then the last spark die out; just as his hopes became extinct. The resemblance would be too close to the burning heart in his bosom—Keep it?—No! To possess that and gaze on it would be like treasuring up his disappointment, and each look at that sad remembrance would but goad him on to future madness. Tear it up?—No. The pieces would be turning up at all sorts of odd moments, and in all sorts of out of the way places—never be destroyed—he would be haunted by a license. What then? We can only here give this advice, though we feel sure that it would not have been followed.—Swallow sentiment, be sensible, pocket the disappointment, sell the license; and the next time ask papa.*"

OUR Temperance Hall reporter intimates that he has been requested to furnish a critical notice of the excellent lecture on Bud-hism, recently delivered by Mr. Forsyth. The notice would have been inserted willingly, but from the crowded state of our columns, it has been appropriately transferred to our flowery cotemporary, which is a budding and blowing journal.

The Readings by Miss Churchill displayed much versatility of Dramatic talent, but the subjects chosen embraced an undue proportion of the tragic element. One of the audience remarked at the finish that the effect upon him was *leman cholie* and would require the reading of a page of BANTER to restore his jollity.

STRANGERS' GUIDE.

During the period of the Exhibition week, it was well, that the visitors should have been drawn (as was done by a morning contemporary) to the sights of Halifax, in order that if they should fail to be impressed with the superb magnificence and stately grandeur of what they saw, they might be awed by a graphic account of the splendours of what they did not see. But the editor of the journal to which we allude has, we think, omitted some of the chief objects of interest and amusement, while attention was drawn to the exterior of the "unpretending brick building" which answers for a city market, the sight seems should have been urged if they were desirous of beholding true grandeur to have walked through the building on a Saturday morning, that they might see the splendid and economic arrangement of the interior, indeed, so admirably has every want been considered that the people who come from afar with their merchandise find it more convenient to remain outside.

While dwelling also on ecclesiastical buildings they might have drawn more especial attention to the most theatrical—I beg pardon, I meant ecclesiastical building of them all—"the round church;" the external and internal adornments of which are surpassed by few churches even in the old country. Had our contemporary been wise he would have recommended the visitors to flock there to hear the magnificent singing of the choir who occupy so exalted a position."

Again the superb luxuriance, and the easy motion (something like the shaking of a pepper-caster) of the street cars as they roll with easy grace along the line, would have induced the admiring visitors to spend their days in travel, and no doubt for a good notice the tramway proprietors would have handsomely paid the press.

Time and space would fail us to point out the many beauties of this noble city. For instance the Theatre Royal Spring Garden Road; the Mason's Hall; the magnificent Railway Depot, &c., by which this grand Atlantic terminus is entitled to be classed amongst the first cities of the continent.

SITES 2 B SEINE IN ALLY-FAK'S.

NO. 1. BY A FOREN VISITOR.

Hin walkin thro thet mud-hend duss—begotten strete, Sir-named Watter Strete, (wich shud hev bin nam'd Pestelentshul Strete hin honar uf thet mud hend refew's wich is halowed 2 kongregate ther), U ken obsarve hits sidewalks krowded—not with Pdestriau'n's but with marchandies—wich P-peel fix ther fur ekononie saak fur U. R. aware hit cost less 2 hadverties hin this mannir thun hit does 2 resort 2 newspaypur hadvertizin. U ken obsarve anuther Strete branchin hof fum Pestelentshul Strete whoos sidewalks his kompletly barrikaded with hempty kases nut for the purpus of savin the kost of hadvertizin but bekaws they're stowers his nut haf suffishent kapasity 2 shelter the whul hof theyre good's nur ken it B 2 hindikate 2 theyr freynd's the quantiti hof good's theyve himported—Now hits a well nown fak thet hin most sivilized kommunitys there Sity Counsel happropryate sartin porshun hof the Streets 2 Pdestriau'n's hexclusively that they hev Bi-laws 2 proteck the pubbelic rites from bein hinfringed but whar ther is no Bi-laws 2 hinfringes, U kent blame stower-keeper's fur resortin 2 this method hof callin p-pul's hattentshun 2 theyre stowers.

U ken obsarve thet p-pul plase hedibles hout-side theyr stowers fur the purpus of bein water'd by the dorg'e now thes

his not a respectabil flavur 2 giv 2 Vitls, hit does nut desirve patronishin.

U ken obsarve thet the princpal buildin in Ally-fak's his kompletly bloked hup on sartin dais in cose thes horriginates thru there bein no Pubbeliek markits.

U ken obsarve thet Ally-fak's kontains or supports grayt quantitie hof Mill's wich speck's volume's for the hindustrius habits hof hits hinhabitans, (Rum Mills). Now these Mills okkepy sum konsiderabil citizens time 2 punish the over hindustrius at thees at said mills, besides they kontribute konsiderabil money 2ward's the Sity Treasury hin more way's then 1.

AIEN SIK.

They had an Augean stable at St. John recently. It was located under a wharf. A young Hercules in the form of a wharfinger was sent down with intent to cleanse it, but he couldn't stem the tide of stench. We have two or three similar localities, but of smaller extent probably, that might be extirpated. Now that the City Hall site may probably find its chosen locality on the space between George St. extension and St. Paul's place, one preliminary step might well be the abolition of the Parade steps and the restitution of the street from Argyle to Barrington, with side drains to carry off the flow of water that in winter usually finds its way over the stone wall near Dalhousie College, to the manifest annoyance of the neighborhood.

COMICALITIES OF THE WORLD.

COMPOSITION of a little boy—Subject: "The Horse,"—the horse is a very useful animal; has four legs—one at each corner.

If you are courting a girl, says a California paper, stick to her, no matter how large her father's feet are.

A man who advertises for an agent, to sell a new medicine, says that it will prove very lucrative to the undertaker.

"Box, is that a licensed dog," asked a Detroit policeman. "No," said the youngster; "he's a rat terrier dog, I'm taking him down to have his teeth filed.

A MUSCATINE clergyman is speaking against the re-establishment of the death penalty in Iowa. He says he don't want his congregation thinned out too fast.

"WHY, Ichabod, I thought you got married more'n a year ago?" "Well, Aunt Jerush, it was talked of, but I found out that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and so I just give 'em all the mitten and let the thing drop."

THE political remains of Alderman Ackhurst, late candidate for the Mayoralty of Halifax, lies side by side with several Aldermen in the new political graveyard opened on the 1st inst., almost in the heart of the city, and known as the Jennett site.—*St. John paper.*

A precocious specimen of young America got lost at a county fair in New Jersey, and went bawling around, much to the annoyance of some quiet people, who inquired the cause of his grief. He answered with suppressed sobs, "I want my mammy, that's what's the matter. I told the darned thing she'd lose me."

"You know, madam, that you cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear." "Oh, sir, please fan me. I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious specimen of vulgarity again, clothe it in refined phraseology! You should say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of the genus hog."

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