

extracts we fancy does not exist save in the poetical imagination of our contemporary, and the assertion quoted cannot be justified save by poetic license. Of course no poetry having reference to the *Bullfrog* could find its way into the columns of the *Express* unless some allusion was made to a "Captain," or a "Major," although it is not easy to perceive what Captains, Majors, &c., have to do with reference to Macaulay's Essays—we must again pardon such "Provincial stupidity." But we cannot, like our contemporary, afford a column and a half for the discussion of small criticism. We might, if we thought it worth our while, write a good deal about an *ode* commencing in this style:—"The princely Dublin Brewer, Mr. B. L. Guinness, has, at a cost of £150,000 a year in perpetuity, rescued the crumbling edifice St. Patrick's Cathedral," &c., &c. In other words, a Dublin brewer has, according to the *Express*, endowed St. Patrick's Cathedral with three million, sterling the interest upon which sum is to be paid yearly. Our contemporary's circulation has doubtless increased on the strength of the assurance that "there's lots of fun" to be got out of the *Bullfrog*. We do not doubt the fact, and only wish we could as conscientiously affirm that any fun could be extracted from the columns of the *Express*. But our contemporary may improve—at least we hope so.

The P. E. Island patriots must be somewhat disgusted at finding that the affairs of their country are not sited in England to that extent which the importance of "the Island" would seem to demand. The Islanders, doubtless, imagined that their Island would be brought prominently into notice by reason of a clause in the Quebec Scheme, reminding the Imperial authorities that the salary of the Governor of P. E. Island has hitherto been paid by the House government. Short-sighted Islanders—to call attention to a fact which the Imperial government would, perhaps, never have remembered but for your patriotic wish to be noticed across the Atlantic. The Islanders *have* been noticed—the mistake to which they rashly called attention has been discovered, and they will in future have the honor of paying their own Lieut. Governor.

Halifax contains just now some first rate trotting horses, which when brought to the hammer may, we trust, realize a goodly sum. These horses are regularly trained and in excellent condition, but we must protest against their power of speed being tested daily upon the Point Pleasant road. These fine animals, trotting at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, are rather a nuisance to quiet pedestrians anxious to enjoy the beauties of Nova Scotian scenery. The turns of the road in question are in certain localities somewhat sudden, and it is not pleasant to be driven into two feet of water, or hurled against a boulder of granite, or prostrated upon a swamp, merely in order that "sulky" drivers should drive against time. On Tuesday last, three young ladies narrowly escaped mutilation in endeavouring to avoid a "sulky" seemingly driven for a wager.

Our poetical contemporary still affirms that *Telemachus* is a poem, and supports its opinion by a quotation from the author of *Telemachus*:—"It is a fabulous narrative, in the form of an heroic poem like those of Homer or Virgil." We are not answerable for the eccentricities of genius. Milton thought "Paradise Regained" superior to "Paradise Lost;" Goethe thought the second part of "Faust" better than the first; Liston was of opinion that his forte lay in tragedy; Byron rated his imitations of Pope more highly than he rated "Childe Harold;" Campbell was of opinion that "Gertrude of Wyoming" was inferior to "Theodoric;" and we are not disposed to dispute Fenelon's right to consider *Telemachus* as an heroic poem such as those of Homer or Virgil. But, on the other hand, we are not disposed to estimate Fenelon as he thought proper to estimate himself, nor are we disposed to seek in the writings of a Frenchman any just estimate of the meaning of the English language. We still affirm that Johnson's definition of the word poem—i. e. "a composition in verse"—holds good with Englishmen in general, and while agreeing with Macaulay, regarding Johnson's judgment upon "books," we yet maintain that Johnson's dictionary (from which we quoted) will be remembered longer than even Macaulay's Essays.

We notice in the *Reporter* of Tuesday last a letter signed JUSTITIA—a portion of which runs as follows:—"The B. F. (*Bullfrog*) only a week or two ago, gave *undue* praise to mere amateurs who performed at Mason's Hall—for a certain charity.—"No right minded man ever called it (*sic*) in question." Making the necessary corrections for JUSTITIA's peculiar English, we may remark that no "right minded man" could possibly have "questioned" our remarks upon the performance at the Masonic Hall, inasmuch as we published thereon no remarks at all. JUSTITIA trusts that the editor of this journal "will be more careful in seeing that his correspondents, in their strictures on others, judge 'righteous judgment.'" Physician, heal thyself! Perhaps JUSTITIA will explain the "righteousness" of that judgment which attributes to the *Bullfrog* "undue praise" of a performance which was never even noticed in our columns.

We learn that D. HENRY STARR, Esq., Secretary of the Fruit-Growers Association, has received a valuable collection of Scions of Apples, Pears, Plums, and Cherries, from the Royal Horticultural Society, London, for distribution among the members of the Fruit-Growers Association throughout the Province. The collection contains many choice sorts which have not hitherto been introduced into our Province.

The *Reporter* informs us that Mr. Lawrence Stewart, of Dartmouth, has passed a very creditable examination for the Royal Navy, and wishes "the young gentleman every success in his naval career." The *Express*, anxious, doubtless, to meet England's wishes upon the question of a Naval Reserve, wishes the said young gentleman every success in "his native career." We cheerfully add our congratulations.

Extracts.

PRURIENT PROTESTANTISM.

It is surprising how keenly a large audience of fervent British Christians is attracted by the prospect of a little decorous naughtiness. If the Pope could be persuaded to abolish all the nunneries and convents in Europe, the staunch Protestant professors of Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall would be deprived of a source of the most sincere pleasure. To hear of all the dark misdoings of nuns and their confessors, with the proud consciousness that you are looking down on them from the loftiest possible moral elevation, must be a genuine treat of the very choicest kind.—There is about the "disclosures," which are always a great feature on such occasions, a pleasing suggestiveness, a prurient relish, which imparts a charm that even the most improper of French novels cannot rival. In fact, a French novel is very tame fun compared with a thoroughly good oratorical raid against nunnery. The novel must be read more or less in solitude, and the incidents, after all, are not always so very improper. In a great meeting one has all the pleasure and excitement of companionship. The sniggering of everybody around one, over indecorous innuendos has a wonderfully delightful effect. Then innuendo is so much more pleasant than the detailed statement of a novelist, and gives so much more employment to the imagination. And a peculiarly indescribable gratification is occasioned in the youthful or female mind by hearing solemn fathers of families and clergymen talk on naughty subjects. It is always refreshing to find that our loftiest mentors are still beings of flesh and blood like ourselves. The instructors themselves doubtless rather enjoy their temporary release from the gravity and propriety of private life. They share the prevailing excitement, and the novelty of finding themselves making unseemly allusions and discussing unsavoury topics before ladies is as tickling to them as to their listeners. Altogether, the scene of a great anti-convent demonstration is so truly pleasing to so many kinds of people that the only wonder is that the thing is not more frequent. At all events, we cannot be surprised that the most is made of any fortunate opportunity which presents itself. The pother about convents which has been raised and kept up in the columns of a penny sensation newspaper could not reasonably be expected to subside until the faithful had made it an occasion for one of these naughty merrymakings. The recent meeting at St. James's Hall was all that could be desired. The innuendos were most racy. The excitement was intense, and the eloquence superb.

It need scarcely be said that "there was a large attendance of ladies." But for the ladies the entertainment would have lost three-fourths of its zest. A mere assemblage of men talking