

"charming article there was in a Washington paper next day about impertinence of criticism and offensive tone of arrogance which Englishmen adopted towards men and works of genius in America! "Who was this man, who, &c. &c." The Washington writer was angry because I would not accept this American claret as the finest port wine in the world." Now, Mr. VULGUS, you will perceive a striking likeness between your expressions and those of the Washington paper. Your city press is always trying to pass off Nova Scotian geese as the finest swans in the world—witness those charming paragraphs concerning "Nova Scotians abroad," "successful Pictonians," "enterprising Dartmouthians," &c., &c. This sort of thing, like the statue of General Jackson, is all very well in its way, but your city press, your public institutions, and your public men, might, like the American sculptor, be somewhat benefited by occasionally reading the opinions of outsiders. You, Mr. VULGUS, in particular, would do well to extend your knowledge of such manners and customs as find favor without the confines of your loved Acadia. When you affirm that the tone of your first article will give us an "inkling" of Nova Scotians, you do your countrymen much injustice. The great majority of Halifaxians are, so far as we can judge, good tempered, sensible, and fond of a joke, whereas you, Mr. VULGUS are, if we may judge by your writings, of a temperament the very reverse. We cannot afford space to notice your second article. Viewed merely as a literary curiosity it is highly interesting, inasmuch as it contains no fewer than twenty one errors, chiefly errors in spelling. VULGUS, you are just the man to "put a foot" upon the *Bullfrog*. Don't you think so yourself? With best wishes

We remain, dear VULGUS, yours, &c., &c.,

BULLFROG.

The *Express* has industriously ferreted out three paragraphs from well known, though not very weighty works, in support of its views concerning Telemachus. We might possibly quote passages just as weighty favoring our side of the argument, but we prefer giving our own ideas upon the subject. As regards poetry, our views have been moulded in a certain traditional groove, and we have held our poetic faith too long to let it be shaken by a work such as that of Mr. Spalding. There must be some fixed limit beyond which poetry cannot pass without ceasing to be poetry, though prose may pass ordinary limits without becoming poetry. The question arises—what fixes this limit—what constitutes the actual boundary between poetry and prose? It is upon this question that we differ with the *Express* writer, as also with those whose opinions he has quoted. What is *poese*? Dictionaries define the term as the "ordinary style of writing or speaking."—how then can Telemachus be "an ERIC POEM in prose? Telemachus is certainly not written in an "ordinary style," but does it therefore follow that an extraordinary style of writing is legitimate poetry merely because it is not ordinary prose? But, quotes the *Express*: "The primary character of a literary work depends upon the purpose for which it is designed, the kind of mental state which it is intended to excite in the hearer or hearers. Consequently a work which, having a distinctively poetical purpose, is justly described as a poem, would not cease to deserve the name though it were to be couched in prose." Now, if this view of poetry be correct, we must ascribe to "Paul and Virginia" a high place among poems. If a "distinctively poetical purpose" mean a purpose based on a truly poetic idea, we think the author of the work in question fairly entitled to poetic fame. There is about the mutual lovers and their untimely end something touching in the extreme, and the pathos of the story goes straight to the heart. Was this the "kind of mental state" which the author "intended to excite in the hearer or hearers?" Most assuredly it was, for the author tells us that when he read his story (we quote from memory, not having seen the work for many years.) he was rewarded not by the applause, but by the tears of his audience. But let us argue from a directly opposite stand point—Are poetic ideas poetry when put forward in plain prose? Take, for example, one of Burns' best known compositions—"John Anderson my Jo." There can be no doubt that there is much true poetry in the idea of a loving couple who "have clamb the hill together," going contentedly down the stream of life hand in hand. But would there be anything very poetical in even an extraordinary prose narration of two elderly and otherwise

uninteresting personages, living happily together in the decline of life? Or, suppose that, by the transposition of a few words here and there, we were to put "Enoch Arden" into the dreariest imaginable prose,—would we be justified in calling it an ERIC POEM? We fancy not. But we are told, that a work "having a distinctly poetical purpose," and calculated to excite a peculiar "mental state" must needs be dubbed a poem. There can be no doubt that those "Revival" preachers, whose appalling imagery concerning matters beyond man's understanding, qualified many volatile Irishmen for admission to the Ulster Lunatic Asylums, were among the most successful poets the world has ever produced. Dr. Cumming is also a poet of the first class. We shall, setting *claff* aside, be glad to break a lance with our *Express* critic upon this subject. It is quite a relief to argue with an educated gentleman, after combating the *Reporter* critics.

The *P. E. Island Protestant*, one of the best filled sheets published in the Lower Provinces, has had a mighty "set-to" with a correspondent—to wit—Mr. G. Sutherland. The *Protestant* says of its correspondent—"This week we very reluctantly afford the Rev. George Sutherland another opportunity of proclaiming his 'vanity and folly to the world.'" Without pausing to consider whether an orthodox *Protestant* is altogether justified in proclaiming the "vanity and folly" of a fellow Christian to the world in general, we hasten to give vent to Mr. Sutherland's sentiments as applied to the paper in question:—"Sir,—To reflect upon the unchristian and irreputable conduct and language of an elder is, 'in your estimation, to 'whine' or to 'bellow.' You know where you have learned this choice language. Your progress in the school of scurrility is justly remarkable. * * * * Come, out with it, Sir. I defy you to point out one stain in my whole public career." To which the *Protestant* witheringly replies:—"We are prepared to admit that if his influence were equal to his conceit, the whole of our ecclesiastical and political system would be made to revolve around him as a grand centre, and that each erratic planet which acknowledged not his attractive force would be swept by his repulsive power—certainly the greater—away 'into the depths of illimitable space.'"

We would remind our readers that the concert advertised for Tuesday next is given in aid of the "Citizens' Free Library."—The advantages of a free library in a city such as Halifax can hardly be over-estimated. Some of England's most eminent engineers, chemists, and geologists, owe their present position to the facilities afforded them for study in libraries, which the Halifax Free Library may rival at no very distant date. Mr. Holt's Concerts are deservedly popular, and we trust that on Tuesday next the Temperance Hall may accommodate a "bumper house."

Such Halifax journals as think proper to fill up their columns with a list of so called "unclaimed letters," would do well to exercise moderation. A subscriber informs us that certain Halifax papers still advertise a letter which was read and answered more than two months back. Our subscriber adds—"the anxiety and vexation consequent upon this hap-hazard style of advertising can hardly be over-rated."

BATHS.—We have been requested to state that there is no drain in absolute proximity with the baths near the Grand Battery.—The proprietor of the baths in question is of opinion that there ought to be a drain there. This settles the question, and we hope the city fathers will at once drain the locality under consideration.

The following funeral advertisement appears in the *P. E. Island Protestant*, of the 8th instant:—

MARRIED.—"At Morell Manse, on the 15th of March, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Mr. William T. Coffin, son of Benjamin B. Coffin, to Miss Sarah Coffin, daughter of the late James Coffin, all of Savage Harbour.