

## THE BULLFROG.

If we look upon the manner in which this great question is actually approached, a kaleidoscopic jumble of fierce, ridiculous, and Lilliputian popular demonstrations first attracts our attention. The Anti-Federalists are as much to blame in this matter as their opponents. According to the former Mr. HENRY approached Confederation and a cruel death simultaneously at Antigonish—his eyes sparkling with baffled ecstacy—an open upper window before him, and a howling crowd at his back. Like the councillors of king Ferdinand, at Prague, Mr. HENRY was within an ace of being thrown out of the window, but it is highly questionable whether, like the Austrian gentlemen in question, a hospitable dunghoop had been prepared for his reception beneath. Even the Anti-Federalists must admit that but scanty chance was afforded the Attorney General to "approach the great question soberly" on this occasion.

Let us turn from this sad spectacle to one of shouts, cheers and feasting. In remote districts the Anti-Federalists are severe upon their enemies, the cordiality they afforded to their supporters is undeniable. Nay more; if their organs are to be believed, such cordiality is rendered politically valueless, since there is no opposition to be overcome. Mr. RAY, a gentleman new to politics, or rather new to provincial politics, his efforts having been hitherto confined to the canvass of one county, was deified in a country village, and half a column of the great leading journal is devoted to the record of his progress. His course was cheered "every mile or two by the addition of noble hearted true liberals of Wilmot." A handsome coach and four noble grays driven by Mr. ALFRED GATES, met him on his progress. The procession was about three quarters of a mile in length. It (?) dined at Mr. Gates's Hotel, now kept by Mr. CROMWELL DODGE. So say the Anti-Federalists, and a more cheering picture cannot be imagined.

For our own part the handsome coach suggests either, exaggeration on the part of the historian or an interruption of the mail traffic for the day in question. Whether the abduction of a carriage from the postal service could have led to the furnishing of a handsome coach for Mr. RAY, we must leave it for those of our readers who have travelled to decide. We may be in error, but hope, for the sake of the mails, that a simple double waggon was used on the occasion—and a better one than those commonly found in the Annapolis valley. Be this as it may, a procession three quarters of a mile in length in a Nova Scotian country village smacks somewhat of Baron Munchausen, however much the un-Cromwell-like dodge of tempting the voters by a dinner, may have assisted to swell its ranks. Mr. RAY in his coach and four, doubtless approached the Federation question with respect, calmness and sobriety. The historian of his progress, however, makes us fancy that the sum is coming to the surface in the form of gross exaggeration, and what is almost worse, unintelligible English. The latter is inexcusable. In a blazing description of Mr. RAY's entry into the handsome coach, this scribbler says—"Cheers rent the air as Mr. RAY took his seat, not only in this coach, but if possible, still more in the hearts of the noble, loyal, and true hearted yeomen of Wilmot." The question may fairly be asked, whether the operation of seating himself in the coach was simultaneous with the increased grant of affection to Mr. RAY, from the noble, loyal, and true hearted burghers of Wilmot? and if so, why? did they not love him before? Did the grace exhibited by his action in entering the coach add to the number of his friends? We cannot say. Mr. RAY sat down in the coach at one moment, and in the twinkling of the same eye reposed still more on the hearts of his loyal constituents. There is only one possible solution for so wonderful an enigma. The idea meant to be conveyed may be this: Mr. RAY's seat in the coach was somewhat insecure, owing to the construction of the vehicle. His friends admired his audacity in entering it at all, and a new burst of affection and enthusiasm was the result. That he was more firmly seated in their hearts than it was possible for any mortal to be in the coach, we can easily imagine, and in this manner Mr. RAY approached the great question. The smaller Anti-confederates are indeed a little choice in their selection of political weapons as their opponents. Even the *Chronicle* on one occasion put forth a hint, which, unless founded on strong presumptive evidence, had better have been left unwritten. We allude to the remarks of that journal on the non delivery of Anti-confederate newspapers in the country. Such hints as these are as open to moral actions for damages as the assertions of the Unionists about leagues, railroad touts and other absurdities of a simi-

lar nature.—We had intended to say something in this manner in which some Federalists approach the Mr. RAY however, has detained us too long, and we postpone our further remarks until next week.

### RINKIANA

The Rink! The dear Rink!! The dear old Rink!!! Long may it wave! *Esse perpetua!* with a towel or two in the dressing-room, if its not asking to much, and the "refresments" in a tent outside or t'resbouts. As we grow old we get careless of concealing our foibles, and it would give us no uneasiness if the wide world knew how, in the young days of the rink—"the infancy of the institution," to speak respectfully—we gazed by the hour at the marvellous construction, waiting most anxiously for the horses to come out, and wondering how the elephant ever got in; boring everybody we met with reckless enquiries as to the chances of its bursting, or when it was likely to be launched—And later, when we were wiser, and we came to know that it was *not* a menagerie, or a powder magazine or refuge for the poor commissioners when the rainbow came to grief, we joined the little band—few, few but undismayed—who set their faces against the whole affair: who stood afar off and were pointed at; and wondered whether, after all, Miller wasn't very near the mark; or whether they must come down again from their housetops, and wait patiently till some yet surer sign should be given them, that the world was being rapidly wound up, and creation was going hopelessly mad.

And afterwards when somebody gave us a ticket and our prejudices gave in; when at last we listened to reason and took the fatal step. Poor Muller! As we recall our first day's rinking, we almost fancy how he felt. Time and again in our walks round the Basin we have tried to confine our Elsonian companion to something like three miles an hour by speculating helplessly upon the probable impressions which the first sight of that thing—the railway engine—would awaken in the savage breast, and whether it was likely to act upon it like music. We are fond of the marvellous and often had we pictured to ourselves over our solitary pipe, odd, impossible things, as a pauper on a jury, or a policeman with a handkerchief, or a cabman with a conscience; till away they went, vast legions of anomalies rolling over each other in clouds of birds' eye, till our whole room seemed transformed into a presentation copy of the Inferno magnificently illustrated. We can scarcely be expected to admit it, but there's nothing like candour, and we may as well confess, that upon our first experience of a lady on skates, our feelings as wonder-makers are not only to be compared to Gibson's as a sculpsor at the sight of the glorious Bronze. We couldn't help feeling how little all the labor of our life had achieved.

It doesn't follow that we are old and infirm, because we remember so clearly the chorus of the "horror-stricken," "the virtuous indignation" (to the best of our recollection) the "Gracious Goodness" and the "Goodness Gracious" with which the first red petticoat was greeted upon the Dartmouth Lakes. But this is the rink and antiquarians are not admitted. There they go all of them, bless their little hearts! round and round and round. That? That Miss E——. Before the brick sidewalks, she went to Bermuda at the end of every February, and returned at the beginning of June—because in the then state of the streets at that season of the year, her skirts and her scruples were sure to come to blows and in those days, if you remember, "people stared so." "People" my dear Miss C——, are very much the same now—they have not grown particularly abstemious in their "staring" nor have we ever heard of your leaving your ankles in the dressing-room, whenever you put on your skates; but your stockings—don't be angry—are a prettier shade, so much more becoming than *blue*. And then the Chaperons, the dear old frozen souls. Sitting there by the hour, with the Mercury out of sight, wrapt in admiration of their respective "darlings," and consoling each other for having been born so soon.

So the world settles down to everything. Bull-fighting on the Common is only a question of time. We have seen a German Opera House all but deserted until the Ballet begins; when every seat is filled, and every glass is under way, and every voice is hushed, and to cough, is to die without mercy. And then, when the *premiere danseuse* gets herself *en pose*, perched upon tip-toe, like an open umbrella fixed in