

Englishman. A very clever man, but I am told that he introduced the use of personalities into your debates—is it so?

Nova Scotian. I cannot tell, but we have some rising men.

Englishman, warmly. That may be, but so long as your leaders are so snobbish as to be constantly thinking of how they appear before us, and what others will think of their acts, instead of doing what seems to them for the good of their country—they cannot rise above mediocrity in Nova Scotia or gain ought but the contempt of the civilized world.

Nova Scotian. You seem to take a great interest in our Provincial affairs.

Englishman. I hate seeing people make asses of themselves (fumbles in his pocket) read this.

Nova Scotian reads from Unionist. "There is not a man of mark in any of the Provinces but whose name will be a household word, before the matter is finally disposed of, among four millions of people on this side of the Atlantic, and whose fame will not be more or less wide spread in Great Britain itself."

Englishman. Well, what do you think of that?

Nova Scotian. It merely shews what most men have always thought, that the late L—r of the O—n is no statesman. He shews so clearly that his object is self-aggrandisement.

Englishman. Well, you grant he is not fit to be a leader of the people. For my own part I should much regret to see the *Unionist* upon a drawing room table in England. No; I trust the name of the writer of this may not become a household word in my part of England. Ah, here comes Mr. B—, do you know him? A great Montreal merchant. M. P— let me introduce Mr. B—.

Nova Scotian. How is Confederation getting on in Canada Mr. P.?

Canadian. Well, I don't know. I suppose our legislature have got all they want—time to patch up a truce amongst themselves. I don't think much will come of it. The people don't care much about Union, they are more interested in the disunion part of the business, the separation of Upper from Lower Canada, a great mistake in my thinking.

Englishman. You are in favor, even though a Lower Canadian, of a legislative Union some day.

Nova Scotian, rather pertly. Oh yes, but Dr. Tupper and Mr. McCully have told us that such is impossible. Mr. McCully spoke long and well about a something Union of England and Scotland and said that—

Canadian, hotly. Who is Mr. McCully? What does he know about Canada? (*Softening*) I beg your pardon, excuse my ignorance. I am no politician.

Englishman, cheerily. Ha, no, you see the household word reputation is not made yet. Let us go and have a cigar on deck. Your lobsters are certainly very good, and Nova Scotia can get on well enough without puffing.

Local and other Items.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Express*, aims at nothing short of a complete revolution in the opinions commonly entertained regarding the difference between verse and prose. Our contemporary would seem to occupy the position which Byron ascribed to Wordsworth:—

Who both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.

We had the hardihood to assert that Moore's "Epicurean" was not a poem, but the *Express* contradicts our assertion because Moore says in his preface, that he had originally intended to write the "Epicurean" in verse, and that he saw no objection to having the "Epicurean" bound up along with his poems. We confess that there is more in our contemporary's literary eccentricity than was "ever dreamt of in our philosophy." We have before us an edition of Macaulay's *Essays* wherein is incorporated the "Lays of Ancient Rome." We must, therefore, in order to please the *Express*, endeavour to tutor ourselves into the belief that Macaulay's *Essays* are, in reality, poems. Well, we must perforce accept the judgment of the *Express* as final, and allow that all poetic ideas, no matter how expressed, constitute legitimate poetry. (Johnson, it is true, defines a poem as "a composition in verse," but Johnson did not live in a "free country," and his dictionary finds small favor in the eyes of Colonial journalists.) But in the article, no—we must not call it an article—in the gorgeous *Lyric* of the *Express*, we are informed that Fenelon's "Telemachus" is one of the

"most beautiful poems" published in the French language. Our contemporary must surely never have "seen or read" Telemachus, which is no more a poem than is "Rasselas," or "The Epicurean." Were we to adopt the views of the *Express*, we should say that the *Gargoyles Lyric*, headed "Bullfrog Criticism," was, despite its magnificent imagery about "blue and gold,"—young maidens from sixteen to twenty" &c., &c.,—taken as a whole, inferior to that brilliant *Epic* published not long since under the truly poetical heading "The Croaker."

We shall in future notice the articles which may appear in the *Express* as mere poetical effusions, inasmuch as the tendency of our contemporary is eminently poetical. We cannot, it is true, conscientiously rank Moore with Shakespeare or Milton, nor can we see any analogy between the "Epicurean" and the Psalms of David, or the book of Job, both the latter being written in verse. But we cannot but admire the spirit wherein the *Express* alludes to the officers of the British Army—(what connection the latter can have with Moore's "Epicurean" is not apparent)—"school-boys, captains, and lieutenants in the army, boarding school Misses, and other half educated people," &c., &c. The *Express* does not go far enough. Radicalism should not stop short at this point, but should rather declare that the whole British army is a job, kept up for advancing the interests of the younger sons of an overbearing aristocracy, &c., &c. We should like to see an article, no—an ode from the *Express* upon a subject ever popular with a certain class. We must congratulate our contemporary on its increasing knowledge of French literature. It is not very long since the *Express* avowed its inability to comprehend the meaning of French terms as applied to the dishes served up at the dinner to our late Mayor. But this is an age of progress.

The "Grand Tyrolean Concert" with which Mr. and Mrs. Khera, and some others, favored the Halifax public on Tuesday last, was, in its way, the most dismal entertainment ever puffed by the city press. It was pretty generally believed that the chief performers were in indigent circumstances, and that the patronage solicited for the concert was accorded merely as a charity. We cannot see that the mere fact of one or more individuals having utterly mistaken their vocation, entitles them to any claim upon the good nature of the general public.—It is absurd to suppose that poverty or misfortune can justify imposture, and as the Halifax press must invariably puff every entertainment advertised in its columns, we must do our best to warn the public against being duped by such charlatans as from time to time visit this city. The performance of Tuesday last was beneath criticism. None of the singers came up to the level of even respectable mediocrity, and we cannot but consider their high sounding advertisement as an insult to the musical taste of the community. If these would-be-professional vocalists want pecuniary aid, and are fairly entitled to compassion, let them state the circumstances of their case and produce certificates of character, and we shall be among the first to proffer a helping hand,—but we emphatically protest against a repetition of a performance such as that of last Tuesday. Mediocre as was the singing, it was angelic as compared with the words set to music. Listen to the following stanza, from "The Hunter's Life on the Alps":—

He treads do with hunters' fare,
Ready for what may befall;
Hunters honored are by all;
Bravely stands the hunter there.—*Idol.*

Without pausing to consider the precise nature of the spot whereon the Alpine hunter stands, we hurry on to another stanza descriptive of "Alpine Life":—

What delight 'tis to see the Sun uprise,
And to hear birds' songs ascending in the sky;
When in the wood he first heard the cuckoo's voice,
Then we know 'tis the season to rejoice.—*Idol.*

The noises made by songs while mounting heavenwards are doubtless unearthly. The words of the *trio* which concluded the entertainment are most significant:—

Yes! we must be parted,
It may be forever.

We wish Mr. Khera a pleasant journey back to his favorite Alps.

We have before us a blue book entitled "Rev. Dr. Honeyman's Geological survey in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton." Dr. Honeyman is not only a D.C.L., and F.G.S., but is also the very worst writer of the English language that it has ever been our misfortune to criticize. We should like to give our readers some Geological information regarding this Province, but we fear that any extracts from Dr. Honeyman's letters to the Provincial Secretary, or to the Lieutenant Governor, would prove hopelessly unintelligible to the general public. The following extracts, taken almost at random, will prove the truth of our assertion:—"I did not intend to submit to His Excellency a full report, with maps and specimens, which I expected to do after the snows of winter interrupted my field work."—"A topographical survey being necessary in