

sex, we say—a "clever woman,"—a "charming woman," &c. The word "female" is rarely used in a flattering sense, though sometimes employed to denote that which men hold in abhorrence, as in the case of a "strong minded female"—a "coarse female," &c. But the word "male" is rarely or ever employed save with reference to the lower order of animals, or to timber. We talk of a male elephant, or of a male salmon, or of male or female fir, as the case may be—but we are not in the habit of classifying our friends as males and females. We are, therefore at a loss to know why Mr. T. H. RAND, Superintendent of Education, should allude to some fifty intelligent Nova Scotians who have obtained "awards" at the hands of the "Examiners of the Provincial Normal School"—as males and females of the first and second class. What constitutes a "male—second class?" We have seen many decidedly second class men, both as regards education and morals, but some of them have been, physically speaking, splendid specimens of the human race; indeed, viewed merely as males, they were fit to enter the gladiatorial arena against all comers. HEENAN and TOM SAYERS, when they met at Farnham in fighting condition, were beyond all doubt "males—first class," but neither of these worthies were what is commonly termed men of the first class. The phraseology of Mr. RAND is, to say the least, open to misconception, the more especially as we find the number of "second class" females double that of the males, whereas the "females—first class," are to the "males—first class," as twelve to eleven. It is, we think, hardly fair to dub any man of moderate intelligence a "male—second class;" and to write down any respectably educated woman as a "second class—female," seems to us ungallant in the extreme. It is rarely indeed that we come across any individual having that entire control over his tongue which is characteristic of a "perfect man," but on the other hand, we not infrequently meet very sinful mortals who, if classified in accordance with the views of the Superintendent of Education, would assuredly be entitled to masculine honors of the first class. We are fully alive to the arduous nature of the duties required of Mr. RAND, but we should be sorry to imagine that gentlemen fretted and worried into that peculiar stage of melancholy which led Hamlet to exclaim—"Man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling, you seem to say so."

Local and other Items.

TO VULGUS—A WRITER FOR THE "REPORTER."

DEAR VULGUS.—We have attentively perused your somewhat peculiar writings, or at least such portions of them as are levelled against ourselves. We thank you for the honor you have conferred upon us, but we fancy we can detect in your articles some faults which you will pardon us for pointing out. In the first place, while indignant at our "arrogance," "impudence," &c., in having ventured to call attention to some of your social weaknesses no less than to some of your political vices, you illustrate in your own writings one of those vices to which we have called especial attention: viz.—the personality of the city Press. You commence your first article by asserting your power to "put the foot" upon the *Bullfrog*, and you then attempt to carry out your resolve, not by disputing anything ever published in the *Bullfrog*, not by any show of argument, not even by denial,—but by allusions to a "burlesque (sic) Captain," to "Her Majesty's livery," to "scarlet and blue and gold," &c. &c.—none of which allusions are at all to the point. We fear, Mr. VULGUS, that you have somewhat over-estimated your own powers. Could you not endeavour to reason by illustration, instead of discussing the peculiarities of those of whom you probably know next to nothing? You tell us that we are "surrounded by men who, intellectually, can toss us to and fro at their pleasure." We do not question the fact, but we feel tolerably certain that such men would not write as you have done. You assert that to "the higher essentials that elevate mankind," we can lay no claim

whatever—a somewhat unchristian remark as applied to men of whose characters you are in ignorance. We do not attempt to set ourselves "above our fellows," but we can at least keep our temper, and avoid personalities, and in these important particulars we are fully competent to set you a good example. You talk about "despising our arrogance," and the words "pretentious," "audacity," "assurance," "presumption," "impudence," &c., all nice long words—seem to constitute your literary stock in trade. Why, Mr. VULGUS, any one could write in this style. Why not prove us to be all you assert—or at least attempt to do so? Your accusations are not a whit less incoherent than that preferred by Brabantio against Othello (you quoted Othello, you know), which drew forth the Duke's gentle remonstrance—"To vouch this, is no proof." But, suppose, Mr. VULGUS, that some of those articles, the perusal of which has so ruffled your sensitive organization, were not written by Englishmen, but by Nova Scotians—possibly your own dear friends—what would you say? What, in such a case, would become of some of your choicest paragraphs? Would they not lose any little point they might otherwise seem to possess? And yet, dear VULGUS, it is true, most true, that some of those articles which have borne hardest upon "our institutions, our modes of thought and action, our public bodies and individual members," have been penned by bona fide Nova Scotians! But VULGUS, we are anxious to make every allowance for you. You doubtless, feel somewhat vexed that Englishmen (as you suppose) should estimate your Provincial celebrities at a standard not much higher than they estimate themselves. Try, for one moment, to imagine yourself an Englishman, accustomed to revere public men for their honesty, integrity, and lofty-mindedness, and then imagine yourself transplanted to a country where (under a constitution similar to that of Great Britain) public men are in the habit of calling one another "liars," "swindlers," &c. ! Would you not be somewhat disgusted? We feel sure you would; we feel sure that you would exclaim—what a hideous mockery of that form of Government we have been educated to revere! Then, again, suppose it had been your good fortune to daily consult the columns of a press wherein dispassionate argument, cool criticism, and moderate reasoning shone conspicuous—what would be your feelings when brought face to face with a press which designated the premier a snob, and the opposition leader a Munchausen? What say you Mr. VULGUS?—you bow your head—the blush of conscious shame crimson your cheek—you have nothing to urge in your defence—so you fall back on personality. Oh, shame!—you know that the *Bullfrog* speaks the words of truth and soberness, but you are vexed that a stranger should note those vices which are carrying you, day by day, further and further from that country you profess to love, and nearer and nearer to that republic you affect to dislike. You are already thoroughly Yankee in one respect,—you cannot bear to have your shortcomings noticed by a stranger. Your remarks about the *Bullfrog* are made in precisely the same spirit as that which breathes in the columns of the Yankee papers. Read the following extract from one of the most charming of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," and remember that our city press brags even more about Nova Scotia and her sons, than does the Yankee press about America and her sons. But read:—
"As we are talking of bragging, and I am on my travels, can I forget one mighty republic—one—two mighty republics, where people are notoriously fond of passing off their claret for port? I am very glad, for the sake of a kind friend, that there is a great and influential party in the United, and I trust, in the Confederate States, who believe that Catawba wine is better than the best champagne. (We make no wine in Nova Scotia, but *all our geese are swans*.) Opposite that famous old White House at Washington, whereof I shall ever have a grateful memory, they have set up an equestrian statue of General Jackson, by a self-taught American artist of no inconsiderable genius and skill. At an evening party a member of Congress seized me in a corner of the room, and asked me if I did not think this was the *finest equestrian statue in the world?* How was I to deal with this plain question, put to me in a corner? I was bound to reply, and accordingly said that I did not think it was the finest statue in the world. "Well, sir," says the member of Congress, "but you must remember that Mr. M. had never seen a statue, when he made this!" I suggested that to see other statues might do Mr. M. no harm. * * * But, oh! (mind this Mr. VULGUS) what a

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