

extent responsible for the issue of election writs. It is hardly possible that a personage who by his position is raised, or supposed to be raised, above an allegiance to any political party, can have succumbed to the blandishments of the party now in power. However this may be—whether the Government or the Speaker be to blame, the broad fact remains—Annapolis county has remained unrepresented from May to December. This insult to the freedom of the electors of the valley is perhaps the most pregnant with future trouble of all that have been during the past year heaped upon them. Other political delinquencies, however, have added to the incubus which the conservatives of Annapolis bear upon their shoulders, tied as they have believed themselves to be to the great conservative party of Nova Scotia. "No Railway extension and retrenchment" were the pseudo conservative cries which convinced the apple districts, at the last election, that the great party to which they belonged had returned, after many wanderings, to its former principles. Railway extension eastward, the airy promises of a railway for their own county, and a general insinuation of a prodigal expenditure in the West, should Mr. REED be elected, must considerably damp the ardor of the Annapolis population for a self-styled conservative government in general, and that of Dr. TUPPER in particular. If the people of Annapolis still exhibit their mad love for a party which has long since forfeited all claim to the name it bears—if they still show their affection for men who have done their best to deceive them, and have infringed upon the liberties of their electors—upon their own shoulders must rest the blame of any future tricks which it may suit the government to play upon them. Cheerless and rayless will be their position, the acknowledged toy of Dr. TUPPER and—it is not impossible—the laughing stock of Nova Scotia.

CHIT CHAT.

But few people were abroad on Tuesday last, still fewer on Wednesday. The weather was unpropitious and the streets ankle deep in melting snow; in fact, "rubbers" were excusable. But, despite the weather and the state of the streets, the side walk conversations between such young ladies and gentlemen as happened to meet accidentally, were more prolonged than usual. The orthodox commentaries upon the state of the atmosphere were got through in double quick time, in order to lead up to an all important topic which some of us have heard discussed before. The moral certainty that this topic would, sooner or later, in the course of a five minutes conversation be forced upon us, kept us timidly within doors until the lamplighter had made his appearance, at which period we sallied forth bent upon a somewhat dreary "constitutional." After sustaining a rude shock from a somewhat heavy fall, and a terrific wrench from endeavouring to prevent a similar mishap, we found ourselves confronted by not less than three casual acquaintances of the softer sex. Retreat was hopeless, and we knew what we had to expect; but by means of exceeding volubility it seemed just possible that (considering the lateness of the hour) the impending crisis might be averted—at least for a season. But it was no use,—the question came out at last—"you weren't there on Monday—how was that? Surely you intend to come to the Rink this winter?" "Well, yes,—but really skating is, after all,—" "But you got on so well last year," &c. &c. This is the old story, isn't it reader?

Well reader, the Rink is, after all, rather a dismal place than otherwise. To find oneself inside of a building expressly designed to let in the cold is, to say the least, somewhat chilling. To be alone in the Rink is of all solitudes the most depressing; to be in it when it is crowded is to be at a so-

cial gathering unsurrounded by any of the ordinary adjuncts of sociability. Our Christmas notions of sociability are to a great extent connected with cheerful fires, closed shutters, and drawn curtains; or with a clear, bracing atmosphere, and invigorating exercise. Skating upon a lake, studded with cheery faces and blithesome forms, is most enjoyable. The clear sky, the bright sunshine, the marginal evergreens, and the pure, frosty air, each and all tend to keep us in good humour. But the Rink! well, it may be seen under various aspects, each and all more or less gloomy according to the tone of individual minds. But we must get there,—how shall we go? Let us take a cab reader, eh! By all means.

The Rink is empty—well, so much the better. It certainly looks larger inside than it does without, but so would any one-storied building of a single apartment, unfurnished. The ice looks very smooth and nice, but somehow one feels more inclined to sit down and look at it than to hasten that terrible business of putting on skates. However, it's no use sitting down doing nothing when we've just paid for a cab. This gimlet is not the smallest use—perhaps there's a better one in the dressing room. No, how provoking! But we must get on our skates somehow—what a fool that boy will think us if he happens to come in, and finds us gazing helplessly around the Rink when there's no one in it but ourselves. Try the gimlet again. Ah—at last. But the exertion has been tremendous, and we must rest awhile. What time is it?—one o'clock—been here half an hour already—how absurd!

Seyr-r-r-r-lasse,—all right; take care of the corner—oh!—isn't the ice hard! No matter, try again,—that's better—that's much better—down again! At this period it is absolutely necessary to sit down and examine our skates, the more so as Miss Tomkins has just come in. What a long time that woman always stays in the ladies' room when the Rink is empty! Ah, here she comes, and here will she remain for the next five hours. Well, that's her look out. What time is it now?—ten minutes of two—been here nearly an hour and only gone round twice. We must start off once more. There, what do you say to that reader? three times round without a tumble! we'll try the outside edge to-morrow. Miss Tomkins hasn't improved one bit. Well, why shouldn't she sit down; it must be rather provoking to have the ice all to herself before a breathless audience of one. We're not looking at her, not a bit of it,—but it would be hard to make her think so. But no wonder: When there are only two individuals in an unfurnished room with a slippery floor, it is almost impossible for them not to watch one another. It is absurd reader, isn't it,—to see Miss Tomkins sitting down at one end of the Rink and your esteemed friend Mr. BULLFROG sitting down at the other end? It is simply ludicrous. Come reader, we'll look in again at five o'clock on Saturday next.

Communications, &c.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not, by inserting letters convey any opinion favorable to their contents. We open our columns to all, without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Nova Scotia.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous communications. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. To H. B.—Your communication is unfortunately too long. It is rarely indeed we are able to set apart any space for a Poet's Corner.

CHRISTOVA, and EAGLE EYE—Will appear in our next.

COUNTRY NOTIONS ABOUT FEDERATION.

To the Editor of the "BULLFROG"

"Federation of the Provinces" was Dr. Tupper's theme, the other evening, before a Wolfville audience. Like an itinerant preacher's stock sermon it was a reiteration of the "Temperance