

# THE BULLFROG.

*Nec sumit aut ponit sceuras.  
Arbitrio popularis aures.—Hor.*

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## CHRISTMAS.

The science of Government is beyond all doubt the most fascinating, as well as the most toilsome of studies. Any one given to the constant study of politics, will admit that all other studies seem comparatively insipid. To have a voice, or a vote upon any subject directly bearing upon the interests of tens of thousands of our fellow men, is a grave matter, the responsibility attaching to which can hardly be over-rated. It is not therefore strange, that secular journals should commonly open upon some topic purely political. But, after all, the science of judiciously governing others may be acquired without any very great amount of self-denial, whereas self-government cannot be even partially achieved without the exercise of much self-sacrifice and severe mental and bodily discipline. None are fitted to rightly guide a portion of mankind, save those who acknowledge the difficulty of exercising themselves so as to have a conscience void of offence. But why do such thoughts crowd upon us just at present; to find utterance before all other thoughts? Because this paper appears on Christmas eve, and the associations connected with the greatest feast of the Church militant are far more important than any political associations. So, for once, let us banish politics from our first page. Political matters are of great, indeed of unusual interest just at present; but they pale their ineffectual fires when confronted by the simple assurance—this is Christmas eve. Federation, may be wise and expedient, or it may be disastrous and premature: Rockhead prison, may, or may not be creditable to us as a people; the Poor-house Commissioners, may or may not be over zealous in the discharge of their duties; news-men's horns may be melodious or the reverse: Mr. UNLACKE, may have demolished the arguments of the delegates, or the latter may have demolished the arguments of Mr. UNLACKE: the unprecedented delay regarding the Annapolis writ, may have been politic or unconstitutional: "things talked of," may, or may not be modelled upon that style of journalism which made the proprietor of the *N. Y. Herald* rich, and infamous: the Annapolis Railway, may, or may not be built: the Education Act, may, or may not cause the downfall of the existing Administration: the tri-weeklies, may be "subsidized," or the *Chronicle* may be at fault: our Country Magistrates may be thoroughly trustworthy, or they may be Salmon punchers: we may have been presumptuously dictated to by Canada, or we may think her politicians the most honest body of men in existence: no matter,—this is Christmas eve: let us think of the angelic announcement, "peace, good will toward men."

To-morrow will be observed joyously throughout all Christendom, and this fact should be sufficient to bring us all together in the best possible temper with ourselves and with our neighbours. We venture to predict that, from no pulpit will be heard, to-morrow, a controversial sermon. Which among us would, on Christmas day, trouble our heads concerning the infallibility of the Pope, or the wisdom of the thirty-nine Articles? No, let sectarian differences be hushed, let political animosities subside, let us for

one day all pull together, and while thankful that for us at least there is "peace on earth," let us not forget to exercise "good will toward men." We keep our Christmas day in Halifax, much the same as it is kept elsewhere, but our "Christmas week" lacks much of the joviality and good fellowship so conspicuous in most European capitals, and even more so in most country houses. It cannot be urged that we are better and more moral by reason of the absence of such amusements as pantomimes, snap-dragon, charades, country dances, &c., &c. All these things are perfectly innocent in their way, and materially tend to foster mirth and good humour. Who, that has ever witnessed a Christmas pantomime, can forget the bright sunny faces of hundreds of children whose joyous laughter rang from floor to ceiling? Such a sight takes five years off one's life, and sends us home almost as happy as the children themselves. Can such an effect be deemed prejudicial by any sensible man? We may be told, that all our old home gaieties are "frivolities," or "tom-fooleries," or what anyone likes to term them:—granting all this, we maintain that young and old, grave and gay, business men and loungers, all gain something from these old fashioned merry-making. The man that can at no time feel himself a boy again, must be an unhappy man indeed. We cannot disguise the fact, that we Haligonians are somewhat wanting in that real, hearty, honest, old country *fun*, which, when moderately indulged within proper bounds, does more towards bringing out men's innate good qualities than the perusal of fifty sermons. Let us rouse ourselves, one and all, and shew that the purest religious feelings are not necessarily hostile to cakes and ale: there is a time for all things, and this is the time to make merry. And let us, while we laugh and make merry, not forget that there are many among us unable to purchase those comforts which we ourselves enjoy, while not a few are sore pressed for the commonest necessities of life. The high prices of coal and wood, and the miserable condition of the dwellings of some of our poorer neighbours, are matters to alleviate which requires time and thought. But, a very little extra exertion on the part of those well-to-do in this city, would render to-morrow a joyous day for many who can now scarce keep the wolf from their doors. Let us find out the sick and destitute of our several parishes, and come to their aid upon this Christmas eve. Blankets, coal, meat, flour, anything that will add to the comforts of those who now scarce know what comfort is, let us distribute to the best of our ability and means. Do not let us be joyous without trying to diffuse our joy. Christmas eve brings glad tidings to the poor no less than to the rich; let its glad-some associations be made practically glad-some. Christmas eve! the words sound throughout Christendom as the key note of that glorious dispensation, the contemplation of which caused the *Homer* of the Hebrews to preface his grandest burst of inspired poetry with the simple sentence—"comfort ye my people." Let us then do all we can to comfort those around us. Let our papers have high holiday and good cheer; let our felons, by an extra generosity on the