

" which has of late years received no addition to its population
 " from that source. Whatever we do, let us have some definite
 " practical object in view in those exhibitions, and let us not
 " rest until that object is attained."

TO CRICKETERS.

It must be evident to any one conversant with cricket as played in the old country, that there is in Halifax no want, physically speaking, of the various elements necessary to make men good cricketers—strength, pluck, activity, and accuracy of eye.—Having granted thus much, we need offer no apology for endeavouring to point out the causes which militate against our young men being on a par, scientifically speaking, with the cricketers of English towns, far below Halifax in size and population. In the first place, to ensure really good cricket, a really good ground is essential—whether for matches or practice. Cricket, when played upon bad ground, not only loses half its interest in the eyes of good players, but becomes a game more or less dangerous to all players, whether good or bad. In cricket, as in fencing, pistol shooting, billiards, &c., much depends upon *verve*, and the best antidote against nervousness is a thorough knowledge of, and reliance upon the weapons at our disposal, whether for purposes of attack or defence. The most scientific billiard players rarely make long breaks when playing upon an untrue table, and a badly balanced pistol will spoil the aim of the most practised eye and hand. And in cricket likewise, an uneven, dangerous ground, puzzles alike batsmen, bowlers, and scouts. For young batsmen especially, a good ground is necessary, because unless a ball rises *true*, all injunctions as to a true *sys* in of defence must be comparatively valueless. A bad ground gives undue advantages to a bowler, inasmuch as it often prevents a loose ball being punished as it deserves, and, in the long run, corrects indifferent balls as often as it spoils good ones. But it is perhaps in fielding that bad ground produces the worst results. Fielding is beyond all doubt the prettiest part of cricket, as it is the most difficult and instructive. A really good man in the field is almost invariably a good man at the wicket, for, to field well, necessitates a batsman's qualifications—a quick eye, a ready hand, a cool head, and an unerring aim. In witnessing first class matches at Lord's, or the Oval, the first thing which strikes the eye of an amateur cricketer is the admirable fielding. A hit that would, with an ordinary field, be good for three or four runs, rarely obtains among professionals more than a single—indeed a hit within the field, no matter where, never involves more than a change of wickets on the part of the striker. When more than a single is obtained, the chances are the ball has been hit fairly out of the field. Now, to field well upon broken, uneven ground, is a thing impossible. No matter how practised the eye, or how cunning the hand, a ball pitching upon a stone, or into a hole, will defeat the wariest scout, and perhaps put him into a bad temper, which may cause him to bungle a ball that plays true, and disgust him for the remainder of the day. To go back then to where we started—a good ground is necessary for good cricket, and the early spring is the time to commence getting a ground in order.

To our thinking, the Common, if properly looked after, might be well adapted to the sport, but this would necessitate a plot being especially set apart, and kept sacred alike from the tramp of horses, and the hoof of oxen. We can hardly fancy that any serious difficulty would be thrown in the way of such an undertaking, provided the gain to the citizens were calmly considered. A more manly, healthful, and withal social game, than cricket can hardly be imagined, and there can be little doubt that, judging from the many matches played last season, it is a game which finds favour in the eyes of a large number of Halifaxians. But before our cricketers can hope to successfully

carry out any important reform, they should, in our opinion, endeavour to pull together. Why should not the various clubs—Halifax, Thistle, Mayflower, &c., unite? In these days, when Union on so large a scale is in so many mouths, we cannot see why there should not be a grand Confederation of Cricketers. We propose that a club should be formed, entitled the "United Halifax Cricket Club," and that all cricketers, whether military or civilian, be invited to become members of the same. In this case, at least, Union would be strength. We have as yet been unable to ascertain to whom the common legitimately belongs. While the troops are being reviewed thereon, certain soldiers have orders to keep the ground on behalf of the military against all comers—an arrangement which almost invariably results in an altercation between the officer in charge of the ground, and some choleric civic functionary who asserts that he is a Common Commissioner, or something equally unintelligible to the crowd. At other times, a party of cricketers is sent to the right about, to make way for the militia. Should a race meeting be contemplated, the authority of the Mayor is brought into play—in short, it is hard to say to whom the Common belongs. One thing, however, seems certain,—the disposal of the common rests with somebody, and to that somebody, be it Lt. GOVERNOR, MAJOR-GENERAL, MAYOR, or any other exalted functionary, or functionaries, let a petition be framed, praying that the "United Halifax Cricket Club" may be allowed to set up, around a space of 300 yards square, a light, moveable, iron fence, and also to lay down the pipes necessary for draining the ground thus enclosed. Were such a petition granted, we see no reason why, with care, attention, and plenty of rolling, a good match and practice ground should not be found on the most cheerful, as well as the most central and convenient site within the city. We cannot imagine the objections which may be raised against this scheme, altogether unsurmountable, but, should such prove the case, some other ground might be selected. However, if the general feeling of Halifax cricketers be in favor of making a move onwards, it is absolutely necessary that immediate steps should be taken in the matter. Our spring is short—our cricket season long, and we should be sorry if, in a community such as ours (and we believe Halifaxians rightly appreciate the noble English game,) cricket should be allowed to stagnate for want of a few precautions, the timely adoption of which would ensure its development. We shall be glad to hear from those who may feel disposed to favour our suggestions, and we shall esteem it a favor on the part of our city contemporaries to ventilate the question as, in our opinion (and we trust in theirs,) it should be ventilated. We, last autumn, entertained Canadian statesmen, and we should like, next summer, to entertain Canadian cricketers. We might be beaten, or we might possibly win, but we cannot ask our Canadian friends to test their skill on a ground, the eccentricities of which sets skill at naught, and exposes to imminent peril all who participate in the sport.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

No. 2.

Scene—The Provincial Library. Time, 6 P. M.

Enter P.—L. S.—y. He rushes to a table and seizes the "debates of 1864."

Now I've got him! These anti-Unionists are always contradicting themselves, their supporters, common sense and the world in general. Aha, not a bad sentence that! (*writes it down and plunges greedily into the debates.*)

Enter former L.—r., of the O—n. You here! what is the matter now?

P. S., abstractedly. Nothing, I'm busy.

L. o. O. aside, What now I wonder! why is he so peevish? (*Aloud.*) has anything ruffled the even temper of my friend, or

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