

THE BULLFROG.

Best of this poem is that a trifling alteration "will" bear upon the opposite party. The large class of the war poetry consists of ballads upon various most exciting incidents. It is, however, curious to observe how, as the continuance of the war has deadened sympathy and made the reality more terrible, this class of poetry has died out. The fall of Sumter was celebrated in innumerable verses on both sides. The wreck of the *Cumberland*—one of those minor incidents which might be really susceptible of poetical treatment—produced about as many more. Since that time the people have, we suppose, seen too many ships wrecked and too many forts fall to care to read tenth-rate verses about them. There is a Southern song of some merit, which has already appeared in England, called "Stonewall Jackson's Way," which describes, not without spirit, the most picturesque figure that has hitherto appeared in the war. But, for the most part, this poetry on both sides is of the class which fills the spare columns of an English country paper, and which may be spun to an indefinite extent by any one who will lower his mind to it. As a specimen of the prevalent style, it will be perhaps sufficient to quote one stanza out of twenty describing the cruise of the *Santiago de Cuba* :—

Soon after this a steamer came,
It was the *Mappin*,
With orders for us to proceed
After the *Ore*.
But they let her in at Mobile,
Or her we should have caught,
And, though inferior in strength,
Our captain would have fought.

We are unable to account for the trifling irregularity in the metre of the first four lines, but the general style is neither better nor worse than that of most of the rhymed narratives of actions by the poets of the period. They are simply the letters of newspaper correspondents, fitted with more or less success into rhyme. Many of the poems, however, referring to the smaller incidents of the war are affecting, in spite of their total want of art, and sometimes of their affectation of art. In a poem by one Percy the Willson, the author takes leave of all approach to intelligible sense or metre—unless our readers can discover the metre of the following lines :—

Boy Britan—only a lad—a fair haired boy—sixteen.
In his uniform!
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry—
Boldly bears the Federal fortilla—
Into the battle-storm!

But grotesque as the lines are, even beyond the imagination of a Tupper, the death of the unlucky boy afterwards described is so sad a story as not to lose all its effect in the absurdity of the telling, and such subjects for poetry accumulate rapidly. The favourite all over the States some time ago had for its chorus "When this cruel war is over," and a similar sentiment inspires the best of the popular poetry. There are some incidents in every war which no ingenuity can entirely vulgarize in the telling.

On the whole, the most conspicuous fact about the poetry of the war may be said to be its absence. There is a great deal of verse-making, but scarcely any of the spontaneous song which a whole people adopts as the fit expression of its sentiment. The North, perhaps, is too prosaic, and the South too seriously absorbed in the war. We might have looked to known authors for the supply of something better. There are, in fact, some writers in America whose work shows a more practised hand, than the stuff we have been quoting. It is, for example, impossible that the author of the "Biglow Papers" should write without showing a keen sense of humour. But the "Biglow Papers" were one of those hits that seldom bear repetition, and in copying his own work Mr. Lowell has lost some of the fire and vigour of his original. Longfellow has published one or two poems on such incidents as the sinking of the "Cumberland" but, like Tennyson's Ode on Balaclava, they chiefly go to prove that the writer could not make a trumpet out of a flute. There are a few short pieces by Bryant, Whittier, and others, which are grammatical and of respectable execution, but not the sort of poetry that stamps itself upon the memory uncalled for. The nearest approach to really good writing is perhaps made by Mr. O. W. Holmes, who encloses a respectable quantity of fire in really polished verses. As a specimen of the best war-poetry that we have been able to discover, we conclude with two or three stanzas from his "Army Hymn," which it is said, has gained great popularity. It is to be wished that its sentiment was a little better appreciated :—

O, Lord of Hosts, Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free,
To die for her is serving Thee.

God of all nations, Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee.

Local Items.

SLIDES.

Few and evil though the days be, on which a citizen can stir abroad with any prospect of enjoyment at this season of the year, the criminal negligence of our police force tends materially to prevent us from leaving our homes at all. When the absence of blinding snow or pouring hail allows of a walk in the city, the supineness of the blue-coated "peckers" leads Pater, Mater, and Familia to the conclusion that under the circumstances a walk had better remain unattempted. We must confess that this state of things is most disappointing. We are almost sorry that we advocated the abandonment of those sticks, which gave to a body of police the semblance of a huge centipede. In those days the authority of the constable over small boys, at all events, was undeniable. The approach of the sticked body was a signal of flight to the smaller unwashed ones. The body hunted in pairs, and though insufficient in a real row, performed the part of Bumble to perfection. But now, alas, all is changed! With proud stomachs and crowned truncheons, men and women alone are fit subjects for their wrath. The youthful population cries "bully for us" as the policemen in their new dignity watch with condescension their infantile sports on the ice. As for the public, its promenade is confined to a dead level. To ascend a hill street is dangerous. To descend a hill street without a fall is impossible. We must confess a certain amount of admiration for the boldness with which some house-proprietors first make themselves liable to fine by not clearing the snow from the pavement in front of their houses—and then set their children to work that the snow may be turned into a dangerous slide. The admirers of uncontrolled audacity, can see this pleasing spectacle performed daily in front of many houses in South Street, Morris Street, and other roads, which by a gentle incline, give additional inducements to the sport. When we consider the great power which impunity thus gives to our city urchins, a proper direction of their sports, during play hours, becomes a matter of grave moment. A boy of six, eight, or ten makes a slide, and the following are the probable results of his labour.—Firstly: a young man falls down and breaks the third commandment on the slide.—Secondly: a young woman falls down, and would wish to break the third commandment, if acquainted with the details of the operation. Modesty and education alone restrain her from the crime.—Thirdly: an old gentleman falls down and breaks a couple of bones,—the third commandment,—faith in the city fathers, and belief in all things good and great.—Fourthly: an old woman falls down, and behaves as only very, very, old women can. And all this because one little boy made a slide, and the police looked on with calm indifference, as though slide-making was merely a development of original sin, consequent upon deficient veneration and life in a cold climate, and as such, to be conquered by spiritual pastors and masters, instead of the arm of the law. "Sirs," as Baron Boozle said, "The body of this individual must be protected."

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—Many weeks ago we remarked that this Province was hitherto uninformed, as to the route which would be adopted by the proposed Central Government for the Intercolonial Railway. A great threat has been recently put forth by the Federalists, in which the dismal picture of Nova Scotia left "out in the cold," with the Intercolonial road debouching upon the Atlantic at St. John,

is painted in vivid colours. Lord Fleming has survived. The one left. The other is the centre. raise no reasonable objection. remarked before, it will give to St. John leave Nova Scotia, as much "in the cold" heads of our politicians the power of choice perative that the delay in the matter, whether bribe is to be devoted

GEOGRAPHY.—W. describes Annapolis as Scotia, and mentions Scotians may be fast. lage of the province as the unionist was. nial statements, as in England. Sensi they reflect that so we of the Canadian world renowned applebeavers. When was effected, the p was not unknown in our railway and kn we join hands with evil, until death us

LETTERS TO YOUNG McCULLY has been in a series of letters to the rising generation to the common sense arguments used by that nothing but necessary, double universal call for McCully asserts gr can colonies, Nova sea girdle which s very long since a success, to prove the river was as wasted much time doctrine (never to a seaboard gave frontier. He was to our thinking, b rence river was a safety of Canada a decision of his col our ext ended line point out that bo ing to prove the gning a long sea these Provinces r will be at hand fo mains the first Mr. McCully incl great strength.) least exposed to from that long se a bug-bear for strength has long end very sudden Hon. Mr. McCully a poor opinion of to ins ruct.

STREET PLEAS streets running c lated to bring m ons, owing to eally pastime. present unfit for plation of which