

organ under his control? He despises argument, and makes a personal attack upon Mr. A. in his character as a deacon of the Baptist church! Again, a gentleman writes three or four articles upon the advisability of registering births, deaths, and marriages, and we are forthwith treated to an account of the said gentleman's matrimonial prospects! Again, a gentleman gives time and trouble in the endeavour to reclaim from vice and idleness the outcast children of the street! What follows? The columns of the *Reporter* are devoted to mimicking this gentleman's peculiarities of speech and manner! Reader, is not this a high style of literature? Does it not reflect infinite credit upon you,—who support it; are you not proud of the journalism of your country? We see that you are,—we see that this “spicy” writing is much to your fancy. But is it altogether creditable to your taste? You bow your head—you have nothing to say. Reader, what think you of the “spicy” style of journalism? Give it your calm reflection, and then say whether you are proud to belong to the city which supports it. What say you concerning the “things talked of” in the *Reporter*? You will doubtless say, that you seldom read them;—but then, the question arises—for whom are they written? You shake your head—you do not know,—you blush for your fellow citizens—well you may. Suppose, reader, that you and I resolved to set up a journal such as the *Reporter*: could we not likewise have our column of “things talked of”? Nothing easier. We could tell our servants to conciliate our neighbours cooks, and find out what Mr. C, or Capt. D, had for dinner on such and such a day. We might ask our waiting maids to ingratiate themselves with the tiring-women of Mesdames E and F, and bring us word what conversation ensued in our neighbours' pantries,—what visitors called during the week,—what was said while the dishes were being removed, &c., &c. Yes, reader, we might do all this, and we might doubtless make money by publishing knowledge thus gained; but what would people think of us for so doing,—how should we bear the gaze of honest men,—what sort of reputation should we earn among gentlemen and gentlewomen? Reader, reflect on this matter in connection with the *Halifax Reporter*.

We should not have deemed it necessary to refer to the tone of the *Reporter*, were it not that the unceasing attacks made upon us by that paper have, we believe, gained us many friends. Next week, we change our office, and this day concludes our association with the Industrial School, an Institution which the *Reporter* thought proper to revile merely because its type was hired by the proprietors of the *Bullfrog*. We quit the Industrial School with regret: From the gentlemen connected therewith we have met kindness, forbearance, and in some cases—long suffering. But the time has arrived for the *Bullfrog* to become a Halifax Institution, and it is all important that we should henceforth (as a proof of stability) issue from an established Halifax printing office. The editorial management of the *Bullfrog* remains unaltered, but—thank Heaven—the “business department” is taken off our hands, and we are “anateurs” no longer. Gentle public, we invite your patronage.

Since the above was in type, we have seen some remarks in the *Unionist*, the perusal of which amused us mightily. The *Unionist* speaks thus: “But we have graver charges against the Editors and writers of the *BULLFROG*. It is pretty well understood who they are, and that three or four of them are commissioned officers of the garrison. Under a guise of neutrality, these gentlemen threw themselves into open hostility to a scheme for union of the provinces, that came recommended to Her Majesty's subjects, by one of the principal Secretaries of State. We declined, heretofore to press this charge, but it would not have been less seemly in principle, whatever it

“might have been in degree, and General Doyle amused his “leisure hours, if any he have, in attempting to thwart the “policy of the war office or the home government by the exercise of his pen, &c.” Now, let us see what all this means. Does the *Unionist* writer suppose that an officer must be a neutral regarding the policy of England? Does he suppose that an officer is not at perfect liberty to do all he can to thwart a ministry of whose policy he disapproves? We do not wish to quarrel with the *Unionist* writer for his profound ignorance concerning the rights of military men, but we shall be happy to instruct him. Suppose Mr. *Unionist*, merely for the sake of argument, that the gentleman who doubtless feels flattered by your coupling his name with the *BULLFROG*, was in England during the next election. Do you suppose he would be a “disguised neutral?” on the contrary, he might for aught you can tell, obtain a fortnight's leave, for the express purpose of voting against a Whig candidate for the House of Commons. Nay, more—he might, and probably would, exert himself in his own immediate neighbourhood to obtain votes *undisguisedly* hostile to the party under which Mr. CARDWELL, and the Secretary of War, hold office. Nay, more—he might, were the opportunity afforded him, use the columns of an English paper for the expression of his political views. Are you answered, Mr. *Unionist*? What becomes of your charge about “attempting to thwart the policy of the Home Government”? But, you say something about the War Office,—that is another matter. Would you like to hear all that is contained in the “Queen's Regulations” relative to the literary pursuits of Officers? We shall be happy to instruct you once more. “Commanding officers are to use their utmost vigilance to prevent the non-commissioned officers and men furnishing military information to the public press.” There, Mr. *Unionist*, that's the only restriction which Her Majesty places upon the literary tastes of her military servants. So much for your charge. One more scrap of information and we have done:—our circulation has nothing whatever to do with the Anti-Union league, or any other league. So much for the *Unionist*! Its writers should confine their remarks to matters wherein they are at least partially informed, and not go out of their way to talk about the duties of a class of men of whom they know nothing.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY. CHARLES DICKENS. Z. S. HALL.

The most widely known English authors of modern times are BULWER, DICKENS, and THACKERAY, and it is not easy to say which of the three has taken strongest hold of the public mind. BULWER's name will live longer than either of the others, inasmuch as his works are of a more standard nature than theirs. BULWER is a sound, practical philosopher, and his philosophy being sound, will stand the test of time; indeed, we question whether some of the Essays in *Cassell's*—those, for instance, on the “Management of Money,” and “Motive Power,”—are not fully competent to take their place side by side with the works of BACON, or MONTAIGNE. The comedy of “Money,” likewise, will draw full houses when SHERIDAN's master pieces are included among things well nigh forgotten. THACKERAY, giant genius though he was, wrote merely for the age in which he lived, and moved, and had his being. Few writers have exercised a more salutary influence upon society than the author of *Vanity Fair*, and *The Snob Papers*, but the name of THACKERAY will be almost forgotten ere our grandchildren come to man's estate. DICKENS, inferior in point of intellect to neither of those whose names we have quoted, will be forgotten sooner than THACKERAY, but we doubt whether any living author ever commanded so great a sale among people of every class in life as the author of *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield*. Nor is this strange, for MR. DICKENS writes and creates as no other man ever wrote or created. His humour is so peculiar, his knowledge of eccentric human nature so varied, and his choice of characters so original, that an attempt to judge his works with reference to any acknowledged standard of excellence would be utterly hopeless. When we say, that the following extract from DICKENS' last Christmas story, reminds us of DICKENS in his best days, we imply that no man save DICKENS could have penned it; and, are not sorry that (however hard