

formal dinners, but rarely to be answered as families seeking the society of their neighbours. But say what we will, Halifaxians are as hospitable (as a rule) as any people upon earth;—but what becomes of "Young Halifax," as represented by the brothers of those ladies, whom to know is to esteem? This is a puzzling question, and one which we are not careful to answer, inasmuch as we cannot answer it satisfactorily. That Nova Scotians are equal to any emergency, is evident from the columns of the city press,—that they can hold their own in society, is apparent to all who have had the good fortune to draw them from their self imposed seclusion,—that they can make themselves eminently agreeable to the softer sex, is amply proved by reference to the marriage announcements of our contemporaries. But, despite all this, we rarely meet "Young Halifax" in society, and we cannot but suppose that "Young Halifax" is to blame.

Let us suppose, for sake of illustration, an English Officer quartered in Halifax, and enjoying the hospitalities afforded him. He dines out, sups out, dances, pic-nics, &c. &c. and is naturally anxious to exchange civilities with those who have befriended him. But his acquaintances are limited. He must either try to entertain at dinner, men, old enough to be his father, or he must exert himself towards getting up a ball whereto must be invited all Halifax. There is no middle course,—simply because the strange officer meets only elderly gentlemen and young ladies. Where are the young men? We cannot say. They flit past us in the streets, but they never appear at any social gathering.

CONCERNING THE "BULLFROG."

Reader, will you step into our office for a few minutes? With pleasure! Pray take a seat,—thanks.

Our office is not like ordinary newspaper offices, inasmuch as it is comfortably furnished, carpeted, and curtained and contains books other than books of reference; it is in fact an amateur office, as the *Bullfrog* is an amateur journal. But, reader, does it follow that because we do not aspire to make money by journalism, we should be sneered at by those whose lives have hitherto been passed in an atmosphere of damp proof sheets and printer's ink? Does it follow that because we are Englishmen, living in your midst, profiting by your conversation, and enjoying your society, we should, week after week, be insulted and contemned, not for what we write or think, but because we have been born out of Nova Scotia? What say you reader,—you are mute! Now, reader, suppose that we rent a house in Morris or Hollis street, as several Englishmen do,—must we be debarré from complaining in the event of our water supply being turned off, or because the drains in our neighbourhood are somewhat out of order? Or, suppose on a dark night we tumble over an obstruction on the sidewalk,—are we to be denied the luxury of relieving our feelings by a testy common place? You will surely answer in the negative. You will doubtless admit that we have as much right to laugh, or censure, to ridicule, or praise or blame, as our neighbours. But you may say that Englishmen cannot understand your politics. Possibly not, but they may surely try to do so, in order that on bidding you farewell, they may be able to say that they have learned something while abroad. You regulate our conduct by your local laws.—You tell us that we must not travel upon Sunday:—we bow our heads and say nothing. But will you also seek to regulate our ideas? Will you dictate to us, what studies should occupy our leisure hours, and insult us for holding opinions other than your own. Is it altogether consistent, Mr. *Chronicle*, to republish our opinions regarding Mr. Lowden's dismissal from office, as those of "unknown and disinterested essayists," and to call us "whipper-snappers," "tadpoles," &c., when our opinions differ from your own upon the question of Federation? Is it manly, Mr. *Reporter*, is it generous, having availed yourself for months of a gentleman's ideas, to call that gentleman hard names, when he is supposed to publish identically similar ideas in a journal other than your own? But, pardon us reader, it is with you we vain would have a chat. You wanted to know something about the *Bullfrog*, and it is well we should understand each other thoroughly, in order to ascertain how much

longer our acquaintance shall last. Reader, this depends upon yourself, and it was to settle this question that we asked you to step into our office;—it rests with yourself to declare whether we give our first croak next week, or whether, under a new name,—say "The *Examiner*," or "The *Independent*," or whatever title you most fancy, we continue our weekly issue. But you say that you do not altogether understand us, that you do not know with what object we first came before you, in a word,—that you want to know more about us, before you can decide one way or the other. Well, so be it: we shall make a clean breast.

The *Bullfrog* was born 3rd September, 1864, and is consequently twenty one weeks old. The circumstances attending its birth were somewhat peculiar. Mr. X. and Mr. Y. saw some little absurdities in connection with the first visit of the Canadians to this city, and feeling tempted to make a few remarks thereon, looked around for a paper likely to publish them. But they saw no paper that was not more or less wedded to some particular party, sect, or clique; in a word,—Halifax boasted no really independent paper. Then it was, they thought of the Industrial School Printing Press, and pondered upon the advisability of establishing a small weekly journal. The scheme was broached to Mr. W. likewise to Mr. Z. and Messrs. W. X. Y. and Z. put their heads together and resolved to come before the public. Mr. Y. was elected editor, the others pledging themselves to carefully study any question whereon it might be deemed prudent to dwell. Z. proved terribly lazy, and upon X. and W. devolved very hard work. Everything was against us at starting. We had but little knowledge of business, no city or country connection,—in short we had nothing to recommend us, save a novel name, really good paper and type, and a capacity for hard work. Our first issue was 400 copies; our present circulation is 1750; in twenty weeks our sale has been quadrupled. We have subscribers in almost every county throughout this Province, and a few likewise in New Brunswick. In this respect we have every reason to be satisfied with our success.... But we have been promised literary support by many whose promises have never been carried out. The very few who have occasionally assisted us deserve our warmest thanks. Many influential men have over and again congratulated us upon our progress, and have assured us that we were doing much good in the community. We sincerely trust we have done some little good, and can honestly affirm that we never spared ourselves in the endeavour to do so. Well, reader, do you not understand us now? Yes, we see you do. The *Bullfrog* has become unwieldy, unmanageable for a staff so small as ours. Gentle public, do you want an independent weekly paper, or not? If you do, we can doubtless come to terms before next Saturday; if not, we shall make our bow next issue.

Extracts.

THE CITY OF OTTAWA.

I said that the City of Ottawa was still to be built; but I must explain, lest I should draw down on my head the wrath of the Ottawaites, that the place already contains a population of 15,000 inhabitants. As, however, it is being prepared for four times that number—for eight times that number, let us hope,—and as it straggles over a vast extent of ground, it gives one the idea of a city in an active course of preparation. In England we know nothing about unbuilt cities. With us four or five blocks of streets together never assume that ugly, unfledged appearance which belongs to the half-finished carcass of a house, as they do so often on the other side of the Atlantic. Ottawa is preparing for itself broad streets and grand thoroughfares. The buildings already extend over a length considerably exceeding two miles; and a half a dozen hotels have been opened, which, if I were writing a guide-book in a complimentary tone, it would be my duty to describe as first rate. But the half dozen first rate hotels, though open, as yet enjoy but a moderate amount of custom. All this justifies me, I think, in saying that the city has as yet to get itself built. The manner in which this is being done justifies me also in saying that the Ottawaites are going about their task with a worthy zeal.

The town of Ottawa lies between two waterfalls. The upper one, or Rideau Fall, is formed by the confluence of a small river with the larger one; and the lower fall,—designated as lower because it is at the foot of the hill, though it is higher up the Ottawa River—is called the Chaudiere, from its resemblance