

sible, and appropriated the implied censure. Having, however, relieved their minds of this chance morsel of sense, they become severe, and at times rather maudlin, bewailing themselves with an air of the most comical woe. Having once got hold of a long word like "anonymous," it must be dropped in over and over again, the mere fact that its application is silly, and that it only gives a weakly acidulated appearance to their whole production, being overlooked. "The Board acknowledging as they do their responsibilities to the public for the well-being and good management of the poor under their charge, deem it, *notwithstanding incumbent* to notice the publication." Making a merit of acknowledging their responsibility to the public, whose servants they are, strikes us as being rather cool, and more adapted to July than November: they are punished, however, by being led into a most hopeless jumble, "deem it, notwithstanding, incumbent to notice the publication." Notwithstanding what? incumbent upon whom? upon what? What are these poor forlorn words doing here? Does it not look as if some little but important words had been squeezed out to make room for Mr. Fozzie's favorite "notwithstanding." Then again, "the grounds of complaint are mainly owing to the inadequacy of the building."

Here is Mr. Dazed with his tiresome "owing to," it fills up a line, but obscures the meaning. They go on to say that they cannot disregard "the numerous and increasing applications for admission made by the aged and the wholly destitute, though from the now limited accommodation it is not in their power to classify them as it would be proper to do." What accommodation do they require for the purpose of classifying applications? do they want a separate house for the operation? we should have thought that one room furnished with Johnson's Dictionary, a ruler, and plenty of India rubber should have sufficed; a complete Letter-writer might have been useful. "It will be seen that it is not possible that a separate apartment could be provided for surgical operations, *even if* the medical officer were to deem it necessary to remove the patient from the sick room; everything which can tend to alleviate his sufferings and add to his comfort is supplied." The judicious application of "*even if*," in the above sentence gives it a charming resemblance to "Hokey Pokey Conjurous, Wrong by the way and right at the end," which we suppose is what the Commissioners aimed at. And they are quite right in trying to turn the matter into a joke, though it may seem a rather ghastly sort of merriment, for their ideas of what can alleviate the sufferings of the sick do not redound greatly to their credit. The finale to this strange apology deserves reproduction. "The other observations of the anonymous writer in the *Bullfrog* the Commissioners do not consider themselves called upon to notice, they rely rather on the knowledge their fellow citizens possess of their character and long continued charge of the poor, as sufficient to exonerate them from the imputations cast upon them, and with confidence hope that it will be readily admitted that they have every humane desire to discharge aright the duty they have *gratuitously* (sic) undertaken."

The Commissioners deserve some credit for their attempt to pull-in "their fellow citizens" to share any blame that may fall upon them, but such clap-trap is a little behind the age. In declining to notice "the other observations" of the anonymous writer, they apparently do a sensible thing. If they could only cover them with tears, as they have done those already noticed, they were best let alone. It is a bad plan to show when "a raw is established," and a worse one to flounder into print with very slight knowledge of the meanings of words; particularly when there is nothing to be said, one is generally sure of coming to awful grief. Of course there can be no two opinions as to the bad taste of the last half dozen words of this singular minute; it is not merely offensive, to obtrude the fact that they are not paid, but looks as if they considered it, in some sort an apology for carelessness.

Good English and no ideas, in a Minute, is not very enticing. Bad English and Good ideas, is a degree better, but Bad English and no ideas—at least no good ones—is simply intolerable.

THE RETURN OF THE DELEGATES.

SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FARCE BY THE CLERK OF THE PEACE.

SCENE.—On board the S. S. Emperor nearing the Windsor wharf.

Enter the P—c—I S—y, and the L—r of the Op—n.

P. S. *cheerfully*. This is indeed a charming end to a delightful trip. It is long since I have enjoyed a summer so much.

L. o. O. The feeling that in you Mr. P. S. and myself, were represented all the seamstress and common sense of Nova Scotia has added vastly to the charm of that delightful tour which now approaches its close.

P. S. The knowledge that the public men of Nova Scotia have distinguished themselves in the Conference must always be soothing to us both. (*Steamer bumps against the wharf.*) Ah! here is Windsor—what a lovely spot it is to be sure!

L. o. O. Pah! Yes. No. Very fine town. I was thinking what a wonderfully long suffering people the Nova Scotians are.

P. S. (*after a fit of pretended coughing, assumed to give him time*)—They were so once. Two years ago they were so. Now however they have all that suffering humanity can desire. What with Union, the Pietou and Annapolis—

L. o. O. Hush my dear Sir, all mention of that job, I beg pardon scheme, was proscribed during our merry trip. Remember we are not yet on our native soil.

P. S. You began it. This rush of eager passengers, most of whom, as you will have observed, came on board at Parrsboro, quite overwhelms me. Let us leave the vessel.

L. o. O. Only one got in at Parrsboro, and he came off in a boat. That snag is a disgrace—*voice drowned in the tumult of disembarkation.*

Scene changes to interior of Railway Car.

P. S. and L. o. O. are discovered seated opposite to each other. Each holding a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

L. o. O. A very rough road this sir, and the cars I fancy require repair.

P. S. *Bitterly*. It is not astonishing that you should think so. *Opens a paper defiantly and reads.* L. o. O. does ditto, —and a pause of some moments ensues, during which the face of P. S. becomes gradually livid.

L. o. O. *reading half aloud*, "Regardless of either truth or consistency the Chronicle asserts one thing in its columns one day, and contradicts its own statements in the next issue. The shameless misstatements with which the Chronicle is now teeming in order to dash the cup of prosperity from their lips, will only bring discredit upon themselves." There sir! If you can wade through a few sentences of malice, meanness, falsehood, purgery, treachery, and claptrap, a laugh will probably repay you for the trouble of reading this ungrammatical twaddle. Here sir is the Colonist for the 4th of October.

P. S. *refuses by angry gestures the proffered boon and turns over his seat*—the L. o. O. does the same, and the two gentlemen sit back to back. Another pause during which both are engaged in reading the bundles of newspapers in their possession.

P. S. *reads aloud*. "Who we should like to know envies the leading men of the Administration their positions or their public reputations, damned as they are at this hour by a public repudiation of all the obligations, promises and pledges that secured them their present position." Chronicle October 3d." The lowness of this paper is inconceivable! The impertinence of the publisher of this article is only equalled by his stupidity. The whole thing is false, false, false, and rotten into the bargain.

L. o. O. *quietly*. That may be but I can find here a fair match as to *lowness*, for the publication you have just so indelicately quoted. (*Reads*) "The *we* of the Chronicle without the least feeling of shame publishes the shams. But their moral olfactories are dull to all sense of offence, to themselves or their friends. Colonist, October 6th."

P. S. *rising angrily and rummaging the files of the Chronicle he holds in his hand*. I did not come here to be insulted, (*then recovering himself and rummaging amongst the papers.*) We are talking I believe of the prevalent lowness in Editorial compositions. Allow me to pursue my studies for a few moments. *Another long pause, after which the P. S. waxing*