

THE BULLFROG.

...d, then the pent up 'Bravas' of papas and mamas
 women and brave men break loose and get away
 a shower of bouquets, in a style that would have start-
 at Temperance Hall. We're no better than our neigh-
 , and we have gone with the current. We have bought
 selves skates, we have been knocked down abundantly
 and have entered, as far as possible, into the "spirit of the
 ning." But it won't do, it's always the same. We seem
 in the very centre of all the traffic of the world; we are never
 rid of the idea that we are surrounded on all sides by steam-
 engines without whistles, and that the "Express" may be
 down upon us at any moment.

But 'three times three' (all together gentlemen) for the
 heroes who are 'agreeable' in such a place—the "ladies"
 men" of the Rink. Sir Richard Macdonnell will have a place
 in history, and will be remembered as the "bravest man in
 England," until Hongomont has been forgotten. And have
 we no Walhalla for the brave men, the much deserving, who
 can be "so nice" under such arduous circumstances.

We declare, as an act of justice to ourselves, that, as in
 duty bound, the "irrepressible conflict for ascendancy bet-
 tween crinolines and magna charta rags incessantly within
 us—are we not Britains? But if the ladies are not so readi-
 ly recognised hereafter as the weaker portion of creation,"
 the blame must be borne by the rink. The example of the
 good samaritan, says a voice from the Treasury—Bench,
 must be sadly thrown away upon him who could look on at
 a distance upon a lady in distress without bringing his don-
 key to the fore. Samaritans didnt skate, my dear ladies,
 and then donkeys were not rough shod. And pray show
 some consideration for our unhappy friend's nerves; pity the
 sorrows of the poor young man—He is willing enough in
 Spirit, if the truth were known, though unfortunately inno-
 cent of the outside edge. But see, he has heard you, the
 poor fellow's off!

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

No. 1.

SCENE.—A well furnished Dining Room.—Time, 7, P. M.—An Eng-
 lishman and a Haligonian are talking together over their wine.

HAL.—You say that Halifax is a dull town: I am sorry
 that you find it so: I had hoped that you would have taken
 back to the old country, some pleasurable recollections of
 our city.

ENGL.—So I shall, many pleasurable recollections of a pri-
 vate, social nature,—but it is not every stranger that has had
 the good fortune to note, as I have done, the difference be-
 tween the inner and the outer life of Haligonians. You
 must remember, that the majority of those who pass through
 your city, form their opinions of Nova Scotians somewhat
 hastily, and—

HAL.—Exactly: the vast majority of Englishmen, form
 their notions of a colony in twenty-four hours. If within that
 period, they see a good deal that reminds them of England,
 they are satisfied,—if within the same period, they see any-
 thing un-English, they condemn the colony, without trou-
 bling their heads whether a British colonist may not, with-
 out compromising his loyalty, suit himself to circumstances
 rather than follow a fashion which his fellow colonists cannot
 rightly appreciate.

ENGL.—There is a good deal of truth in what you say;
 but I had no intention of drawing you into a discussion upon
 English peculiarities. I admit, that Englishmen are as a
 rule, too fond of judging all mankind with reference only
 to an English standard, but I cannot see what such an ad-
 mission has to do with the dullness of Halifax. I said, and
 I repeat it, Halifax is a dull town—a remarkably dull town,
 and, I ask you, as a Haligonian, why it is so.

HAL.—My good sir, you must recollect, that in a young
 country, such as ours, you cannot fairly expect all the en-
 joyments of London or Paris. Pray consider:

ENGL.—I have considered: I anticipate all you can say
 on the subject: I did not expect to find in Halifax, a Lon-
 don or a Paris, but I did expect that 30,000 people of Anglo-
 Saxon origin would support some public place of amuse-
 ment. I was mistaken, you have no Theatre, no concert
 room, no music hall, in a word—you have nothing to interest
 a stranger visiting your city—is it not so?

HAL.—You are quite correct—our city offers few attrac-

tions to strangers. But, on the other hand, we are, beyond
 all doubt, a moral people.

ENGL.—Granted—but are your morals materially im-
 proved by the absence of all legitimate amusements? I see
 that a Foundling Hospital is needed in Halifax, and if I re-
 member aright, some startling revelations were brought to
 light on cross-examining the witnesses in the trial of Mr.
 WOODILL for manslaughter.

HAL.—It is too true;—but, in all parts of the world
 young men are much alike.

ENGL.—Of course, I don't, for one moment, mean to imply
 that youthful Haligonians are a whit worse than other young
 men:—what I mean, is, this,—would we, as a people, be
 less wicked, if we contented some nocturnal amusement
 —say, a theatre, or a music hall?

HAL.—Well, you see,—we have a prejudice against such
 entertainments—I hardly know why. It is difficult to make
 Englishmen comprehend our social peculiarities in this re-
 spect.

ENGL.—Can you quote any one argument against theat-
 ricals, as subversive of social morality? Would you deem it
 wrong to see KEAN play Hamlet?

HAL.—Assuredly not. All who feel pride in claiming
 kindred with the land which gave Shakspeare birth, must
 rejoice to see Shakspeare's plays perpetuated on the British
 stage. The man who would turn his back on the legitimate
 drama, as immortalised by Shakspeare, would forfeit all
 claim to be regarded as an Englishman.

ENGL.—But, would KEAN draw a full house at the Spring
 Garden Theatre? Would TAMBERLIK & TIETJENS, playing
 together in DON GIOVANNI, insure a crowded audience?
 What say you,

HAL.—I don't think they would.

ENGL.—Have Haligonians, then, no taste, either for the
 drama, or for music?

HAL.—On the contrary, Sir,—they have a keen appreci-
 ation of dramatic excellence, and an undeniable ear for mu-
 sic.

ENGL.—How comes it then, that in the city of Halifax we
 have neither theatre or music hall?

HAL.—Sir, we are a trading community, and we have no
 time to spare upon frivolities.

ENGL.—But Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, &c., are also
 trading towns, and yet in these we recognise an inborn taste
 for theatricals, music, singing, &c., &c.

HAL.—Sir you are an Englishman, and I perceive in the
 whole tenor of your remarks, a disposition to sneer at Nova
 Scotia,—to disparage Nova Scotians,—and to exalt yourself.

ENGL.—Nay, believe me, I am a cosmopolite, I never
 sought to—

HAL.—Enough Sir,—you have thought proper to find fault
 with Halifax—and you must consequently be an upstart,
 mean, stupid, conceited, good for nothing, &c. &c.

ENGL.— Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud
 Without our special wonder.

Extrats.

THE POETRY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

The American struggle has of course generated, amongst
 other things, a plentiful crop of poetry. Equally of course,
 nine-tenths of the poetry is distinguishable from prose run
 mad only by the rhymes at the end of the lines and capital
 letters at the beginning. It seems indeed to be almost im-
 possible even for a real poet to write a decently good poem
 about contemporary wars. The great social and intellectual
 movement which produced the wars of the French Revolution
 produced, in another direction, a great outburst of
 poetical genius in England. The poets would naturally, it
 might be thought, have derived their inspiration, or at least
 have taken their texts, from the history that was being acted
 round them. The fact was quite different. Two or three
 lyrics by Cambell are almost the only tolerably successful at-
 tempts to perform the poet's proverbial function of immor-
 talizing heroes. The worst poem that either Sir Walter
 Scott or any one else ever wrote was the result of his rash
 attempt to describe the battle of Waterloo. If the Duke of
 Wellington's escape from oblivion had depended upon the
 poets instead of the daily press, his fame would have been
 by this time food for the rag collectors. The task which

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