

THE BULLFROG.

*Nec sumit aut ponit aures.
Arbitrio popularis aures.—Hor.*

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THE LATE PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Prior to the commencement of a war which has for four years occupied the attention of the whole civilized world, the Americans were apt to quote the mediocrity of their public men as illustrative of their country's greatness. In their opinion there was no better proof of prosperity than to require scarcely any governing at all; indeed, an American once said to Mr. TROLLOPE:—"It is better to have little governors than great governors: it is our glory that we know how to live without 'having great men to rule over us.'" This theory, however plausible during times of calm and sunshine, proved utterly unsound in times of strife and difficulty. Almost all the early reverses of the Federal Government were the result of mismanagement in the details of the public service, whether financial, administrative, or military. English writers saw in every American failure only the evil results of democracy, and were loud in condemnation of institutions which they had been brought up to condemn. Month after month the English press regarded the civil war, and all the varying incidents connected therewith, as illustrative only of the evil working of a constitution based on principles the reverse of those which find favor in Europe. The secession of the Southern States was cited chiefly as an instance of the instability of that great Republic whose praises had been so vauntingly noised in the ears of the world, in season and out of season. All Europe had tired of American braggadocio, and the real greatness of America was scarce recognized owing to the offensive manner in which it was proclaimed. It was, therefore, not strange that in England, and indeed throughout Europe, the shortcomings of BUTLER and HOOD, of POPE and McCLELLAN, of STANTON and CHASE, should have been seized upon as an argument against the truth of those vaunted principles of freedom and the rights of man—universal suffrage and the ballot—which Americans so eagerly proclaimed—in the Senate, in the Press, and on the platform. America was regarded as one new power against many old powers, rather than as a new against an old world. It was indeed admitted that the rise of the United States was without a parallel in the history of nations; but at the commencement of hostilities it was commonly supposed that the mighty Western Republic would crumble away beneath a pressure it had not hitherto been called upon to sustain,—that a constitution framed under circumstances singularly favorable would not stand the wear and tear of a protracted civil war. Three years ago, it was confidently asserted, in England, that the "government of the multitude" would not much longer bear the strain of war, that, in fact, democracy had on this side of the Atlantic proved a complete failure. The English people little knew the real strength of those whose institutions they so hastily condemned,—little comprehended the real greatness of a people whose distasteful vauntings have since been proved undeniably true. How different is the present position of Federal America from that wherein she stood three years back! The government of the United States is no longer regarded as a merely experimental institution, but as a power to whose decision the great European powers attach considerable weight. England has just now a peculiar interest in American policy, as regards Canada; France

has a peculiar interest in American policy, as regards Mexico:—neither England nor France can any longer affect to regard America as a young "bumptious" power, all swagger and no real strength. And such being the case, how can we be insensible to that sad catastrophe, the announcement of which has come upon us in a manner so terrible and unexpected. PRESIDENT LINCOLN dead! PRESIDENT LINCOLN assassinated!—the news will cause a thrill of horror throughout all Europe. During the last two years of his life, Mr. LINCOLN dictated the policy of his country with extreme moderation, though with inflexible firmness. While careful not to compromise Federal honor, he was yet conciliatory towards the European powers, and specially anxious to maintain friendly terms with Great Britain. He was beyond all doubt one of the best friends England had in Washington, and his courtesy to Englishmen on this side of the Atlantic was proverbial. During the commencement of the war his power was, it is true, exercised in a manner somewhat foreign to British notions of freedom. But, be it remembered, he was the supreme Governor of a great nation at a time of great national danger, and his subsequent return to constitutional procedure was as sudden as had been his departure therefrom. His power was absolute, and few men have ever been able to use absolute power without occasionally abusing it. Mr. LINCOLN found himself opposed to a race of men whose self-sacrifice and gallantry had never been surpassed, and whose aptitude for self-government seemed apparent to all. Speaking of the Southern States, at the commencement of the struggle, an English writer truly remarked: "History contains hardly another instance of a government so complete, so effective, so powerful, so popular, so wisely guided, and so well obeyed, starting into life at the first outset of a revolution, almost in sight of the enemy it had defied. Neither in the opening history of the United Provinces, nor in that of the United States themselves, can any parallel be found for this marvellous feat of administrative energy and skill." Such was the government to which Mr. LINCOLN found himself opposed, and such was the government which Mr. LINCOLN lived to see humiliated. Under Mr. LINCOLN's rule the Federal States proved themselves capable of carrying on year after year a war at the magnitude of which the mightiest European potentates stood spell bound. Men were slow to believe that an all-powerful democracy could long exist in the nineteenth century against adverse circumstances, but the fact is now patent to the world, and the mighty Western Republic has only just found out its real strength. We all, indeed, had read and heard much of American greatness, but we have now lived to see that greatness proved, and that too, under circumstances peculiarly trying. And through all the trials, chances, and changes of four eventful years, the late President had the destinies of America in his hand, and his re-election was the best proof that, up to the end of his Presidential career, he had the confidence of his countrymen—the proudest tribute a public man can desire. He stood manfully by the helm at a time when all around was dark, and stormy, and dangerous, and it was under his able guidance, that the good ship Constitution weathered the storm and carried the star-spangled banner within sight of the haven

of peace. He was not permitted to see the end of the great struggle, but he lived long enough to see the Federal arms victorious—the stars and stripes waving over Richmond—and his gallant Southern rival a fugitive from the Capital of the Confederacy. As we write, the Union Jack of England is flying half mast above the Citadel, in token of England's respect for the memory of him who has been called away so suddenly, under circumstances so terrible.

OUR BUILDINGS.

There are perhaps few subjects more worthy the attention of practical men than those arts which occupy the debatable ground between the useful and the ornamental; yet from various causes they are often neglected, or given over to a quackery worse than neglect. The artist is seldom willing to submit his fancies to the stern rules of the workshop, and the mechanic cares for little beyond good materials and the exactness of rule and square. Some arts, again, are optional, others imperative. Life in a cottage may be endurable without a piano, or in a palace without a gallery of paintings; many things which are sung in our churches might perhaps be better said,—but we cannot well do without our cottages, and palaces, and churches. In other words, while we may dispense with music and other sister arts we *must* have architecture, and it is important to everyone that the buildings wherein we spend the hours of leisure, business,—or devotion, and which may be perhaps the only memorials to tell posterity what kind of men we are, should be such as gratify the eye and please the taste, and appear afterwards the work of a man—not of an ape, which copies the tricks and defects of others.

The chief classes of buildings we meet with in common life are our churches, public buildings, and private houses. There is a kind of architecture intermediate between that of the two latter, whereof we are often as proud as we ought to be ashamed. Oh, that the muse who cherishes the building art (her name is somewhere in our school-books) would drop a tear on the name of "Street Architecture" and blot it out forever! The great lexicographer who is so familiar to us over his cups (of tea) in the pages of Thrale & Boswell, (but whose great work is unrecognized in our printing offices,) is reported to have said, "Sir—Let us take a walk down Fleet Street." We would gladly do so, but the pressure of temporal concerns and the exorbitance of Atlantic toll-keepers forbid; however, we will draw on our long boots and take an architectural stroll down Granville Street. The first edifice of mark which meets the eye is "The Building," *par excellence*, of our Province, in which the honourable and wise are deciding the most important questions, universal or particular suffrage, big-wigs at Ottawa or little-folks at Halifax, tory light house keepers or whig post mistresses.

The chief architectural features of this building are the Ionic Portico and the round headed windows, the former abridged from the architect's epitome of Grecian Architecture, and the latter from the fifth proposition of the fourth book of Euclid. Of the combination thus formed, whether it be Roman or Palladian, or what else—all that can be said is, that it has a respectable look, suggestive of a long established bank or railway terminus—and doubtless makes a very fair public office. With respect to mechanical details; if the flat arches over the basement windows had been real instead of make-believe, or if the money spent in falsely ornamenting them had been applied to give the lintels a few inches more bearing, the unseemly cracks down each side of the windows would have been avoided. Nearly opposite to the home of the Legislature we find a good specimen of what our commercial buildings ought to be, in a new granite warehouse of the simplest design but of good material

and ample proportions. There is here no frivolous imitation of the ornamented cell which contained the statues of the ancient divinities, no ambition for the solemnity of the Parthenon or the grace of the Erechtheum, but rather the expression of the commercial industry and stability for which our city has a fair reputation. Of the showy looking houses which extend for about one hundred yards on each side of Granville Street, there is but little to say. The upper stories seem to be supported in the air, as the iron girders and columns which sustain the weight are carefully concealed, and one cannot help feeling that the central part of the street is the safest. In fact, in one building which we noticed during construction, the weight of the upper stories rested on a very thin iron beam which might easily be softened by fire or eaten through in a few years by rust. In other respects the general appearance of this part of the city is pleasing, except in one instance, where a large arch, (probably of iron) with no apparent abutment occupies the whole front of one edifice, and, consequently, appears to have no stability of its own—like some of our too zealous processionists after their anniversary dinner—requiring the support of a neighbour on either side.

The great fault of our street architecture is its one-sidedness. The front most exposed to the view of the public is adorned profusely, while the remainder is built of altogether different and inferior materials, the mask of stone being often so loosely fitted that the junction is denoted by a crack, or failure. This is well exemplified in a bank, with a basement curiously ornamented with carved tadpoles, on the west side of Hollis Street. If directors will put their trust in advertising columns and large capitals to attract the public, they ought to do their work thoroughly and keep up appearances in flank as well as in front. With all their faults our banks are generally handsome buildings in front, and where the situation at the angle of two streets forbids the "mermaid" style of construction, as in the Union Bank, they are worthy representatives of our commercial prosperity.

The last specimen of street architecture which we can notice is "The Club." Few people who are familiar with it in Hollis Street would recognize its Granville street aspect as belonging to the same building. In fact, it resembles a pinch-back watch with a gold dial—although we admit the dial to be a handsome one. Instead of completing the front wall with a projecting parapet, as is usual in flat roofed buildings, the architect has chosen to construct a small portion of false roof sloping up from the cornice. This has a most ridiculous appearance when looked at from one side, and is one of the most offensive instances of architectural deceit that we have met with.

After the Province Building, the only remaining secular one of importance is the Court House. This is, without doubt, in external appearance the finest building in Halifax, and with larger dimensions and a stone cupola instead of the present wooden one, would do credit to any city.

With respect to our domestic architecture, it is evident that our citizens have, until a very recent period, paid more attention to comfort in their residences than to external adornment, but within the last two years several handsome and substantial houses have been erected and we may hope soon to rival in that respect the sister capital of St. John. We would entreat our citizens, however, not to paint wood in imitation of granite, or make stucco represent stone—as they would not think of decorating their wives with false jewelry, or presenting a tradesman with a brass dollar. We would like also to see many useful culinary utensils, such as egg-cups and pepper boxes (which are often set up in stone as ornaments on a porch or cornice,) utterly done away with, or remitted to their proper place in the kitchen.

A modern writer has classified the principles which should be our guide in the construction of ecclesiastical buildings into seven branches, which he calls "lamps of architecture." Let

us take up a few from some light churches:

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us take up a few of these in succession, and try to throw them from some light into the sacred gloom of our cathedrals and churches:

The most important is the 'Lamp of Truth.' Whatever material we use should appear in its own proper character, with the natural strength or beauty it possesses; whatever mode of construction we indicate in our decorative features, should be the actual construction of our building.

The Lamp of Power refers to the sense of human strength and energy exerted in the erection of some great work. This is the origin of our wonder and admiration in contemplating the pyramids, or the rude Cyclopean masonry of the Pelasgic races. We gaze with satisfaction on some huge stone fixed firmly in a vault hundreds of feet above our head, because it recalls the labour and industry of the workman who quarried it, the mason who shaped and carved it, the zealous monks or bishop who raised it as the key-stone of their church, and spent their days under its shadow. These two lamps will probably be sufficient to illumine the Haligonic churches without calling for the other lamps of "memory, sacrifice, beauty, life, and obedience." The Cathedral of St. Mary's, although exceedingly plain and almost devoid of ornament on the outside, presents from its size alone, a very massive and imposing appearance, but most of the effect is lost from the confined nature of the site. In choosing a soft sand-stone for the front, the builder gave an excellent illustration of Mr. Ruskin's "Lamp of Sacrifice" which recommends, that of two materials equally useful and ornamental, the more expensive should be used for the sake of the self-denial involved. As regards St. Mary's, this must evidently have been the ruling idea, as our native iron-stone is prettier and more durable and—where there is little carving—in every respect preferable to the crumbling sand-stones of our eastern counties.

On entering the church, the inexperienced stranger is at first favourably impressed by the dim religious light from the richly stained windows, the height and lightness of the columns, and the massive stone roof with its sharply cut groins and gilded bosses. Much of this reverential feeling is soon turned into something like contempt and disgust, on discovering that the church is not vaulted at all, but covered with a wooden roof painted and jointed in imitation of stone. In fact, the slender pillars and unbuttressed walls would collapse under a heavy stone roof, like the salary of a Governor's Private Secretary before a disconcerted Assembly. But some practical individual may suggest, that as all architectural pleasure is derived from the eye, the appearance of a vaulted roof gives the same amount of pleasure, no matter what the material may be. We deny *in toto* that architectural objects are to be judged by the eye alone. For instance—when the organ of sight fails to distinguish between true and false granite or marble in porch or pillar, we are in the habit of applying the practical test of a pocket knife.

The charm which some great master-piece of Gothic or Classic art inspires, is not so much sensual as intellectual. We estimate it as the work of a man in overcoming mechanical and mental difficulties, besides the moral one of diverting so much wealth and labour from purposes of temporary enjoyment to spiritual uses or the benefit of posterity. When the massive stone becomes resolved into plank, and painted spruce takes the place of clustered marble columns, and the architect is changed to a carpenter or scene-painter, the whole building becomes a sham and an imposition, the more odious from its connection with a religion which professes to honour honesty and truth. While we are obliged to condemn the church of St. Mary's as false and pretentious in the style of the roof, we believe that had sufficient funds been forthcoming to complete the superstructure in the same substantial manner as the external shell, or if the builder had been content with an honest open timber roof, the Haligonic would have had one respectable and substantial church in their city. The way in which the light is introduced above the

apse is remarkably pretty and effective, and the windows, though of somewhat gaudy colours, are handsome. We wish we could say the same of the Archbishop's marble chair, which, by the addition of a small tank and simple mechanical arrangements, would make an excellent shower-bath.

The rival cathedral of St. Luke's presents a venerable and sober appearance, being so well coated with the dust of Morris Street, that the ground and the church seem to melt into one another, like the sea and sky in one of our spring fogs. St. Luke's has, of course, the usual faults of a copy in wood of a stone church. There are buttresses made of shingles which are supposed to resist the heavy thrust of the roof of the tower, pinnacles weighing about ten pounds each, which are supposed by their weight to keep the stones of the buttresses from sliding, and imitation stone arches over doors and windows. The great fault of St. Luke's is the form of the large windows of the side aisles, which are not only excessively inelegant in their tracery, but are half covered up by the galleries,—the architect having probably drawn the exterior design first, and being too lazy and careless to adapt it afterwards to the requirements of the interior. The bright patches of unharmonized colour in these windows are not only barbarous, but productive of much inconvenience when the sun shines through them on the heads of the flock. It is startling to awake from an involuntary drowsiness, and see one worshipper staring at us with a countenance of the most fiery orange, while another seems to be suffering under an accumulation of blues beyond human endurance. The interior of St. Luke's is much less objectionable than the exterior. The pillars are of a natural wooden form, and the gallery is skillfully introduced as an architrave connecting the two rows of columns. The new channel is fitted up in excellent taste, and its honest timber roof is worth all the wooden vaults and plaster groins in the universe. If the present windows were replaced by a number of smaller ones of some tasteful form, above the gallery, and the whole interior skillfully painted in light colours, with touches of more vivid colour where the architecture seems to require it, and some fresh air admitted, the present forbidding aspect of the church would become more pleasing, and the 122nd Psalm might be read there without a mental reservation.

The Scotch Church is a handsome building, and its graceful tower—grouped with that of St. Mary's and the Wesleyan Church—is one of the chief features in the distant view of our city. We would prefer, however, to see the honest brick-work outside instead of stucco, and the ornamentation of the interior by a false imitation of granite must be considered as a great blemish, hardly redeemed by the very handsome rose window in the eastern gable. It would be tedious and useless to discuss further the merits or frailties of our ecclesiastical buildings, especially as the frailties are often more conspicuous than the merits. It is to be regretted that our builders do not try to perfect some system of wooden architecture by steadfastly rejecting every form which belongs to masonry, and making the most of the materials at hand. Common pine, stained, is quite as pretty as stone, and can be carved more elaborately. We can never hope to rival in stone the old cathedrals of Europe, but we might produce a new style (and probably no unworthy one) by constructing and ornamenting our large wooden buildings in strict accordance with the nature of the material used—and no other.

The great Chinese giant *CHANG* *alias* SING-WOO-BAH is shortly expected in England. His true height is a matter of earnest conjecture, and will probably remain so until he appears in Europe. He was last seen, says report, by the light of the full moon, looking over a wall seven and a half feet high. The same lady of doubtful veracity gives his true height as eight and a half feet, but, as the *Daily Telegraph* wittily remarks, the Chinese compute height in "lis."

OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor,—

In carrying on a correspondence with you I shall endeavour to be really an "English Correspondent." I shall not keep my eyes and ears open only for items especially interesting to you locally, but shall aim at telling you in a chit-chat sort of way what people in England are really interesting themselves about, and I daresay that many of your readers will be pleased if I can take them "home" in this way for a while. In the first place then, I will tell you what English people are not talking about—they do not talk about Halifax or Nova Scotia. It is rarely that I meet even among "well informed" circles any people who even know exactly what part of the world Halifax is in; and those who do happen to have a vague idea that it is somewhere in America would be puzzled if asked whether it was in the States or a part of Canada. In fact, a lady friend of mine, on hearing that I had just returned from Nova Scotia made some inquiries about some relations of hers "out there" "somewhere—I think" she added, "the place is called Rio de Janeiro"—and when I went to the Post office of one of our leading fashionable towns—Cheltenham—to ask when the Mail for Halifax closed, I was told "every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday." "Nonsense," I said, "It is no nonsense," said the official, pointing out triumphantly in the printed list, "Mails for North America." I must, however, do him the justice to say that Halifax was not even mentioned in the Post Office list. I am quite sure that I might with much greater ease find a needle in a bundle of hay than a person in England who knows who Dr. Tupper is, or Mr. McCully, or even that local genius of yours, Mr. Benjamin Wier, whose comprehensive mind enables him to imagine the waters of the St. Lawrence pouring into Bedford Basin or the Dartmouth Lakes, and in short I do not find any cause for apprehension that the British Lion would be roused if the Haligonians do not enter into Confederation with Canada, as is felt by the *Reporter*. No doubt there are some of your readers who to quote Tennyson—"think the rustic murmur of your bourg,—" "is all the world"—who will smile in kind pity at the ignorance this shows.

Until the last few days I have never heard a single person say anything about the American War, but the publication of President Lincoln's Inaugural Address and the generally believed account of the extraordinary scene of a Vice President reeling "Drunk and Disorderly" into the very embodied presence of the majesty of a huge, if not great, Anglo Saxon people, babbling inarticulate John Brightisms, and laying blasphemous hands on the Awful Book—these things have certainly attracted a little attention, but it is that kind of attention which belongs to two sensations, those of the sublime and the ridiculous—those feelings which nature prompts us to entertain when the high are brought down to low places, and which at the same time compel us to laugh in ridicule at the contemptible exhibition. The following extract from a New York paper struck me not only as an extremely clever epigram upon the subject, but also as a very correct mode of expressing English opinions thereon:—

"The rhapsody of a jester affecting to be devout:—the "mouthings of a drunkard affecting pride in his low descent"—thus commences the Presidential term."

I cannot, however, quite share in the attempt to cast ridicule upon President Lincoln's address. It is not a subject for ridicule. I have as yet been even unable to learn why Abraham Lincoln is taunted as being a "jester,"—he may be a witty old man and his quaint appearance may make everything he says sound funny; but Lord Palmerston is a witty old man too—and, in fact, Abraham Lincoln is really a very popular man in England—he is regarded as a sort of Yankee Lord Palmerston—with a big foot to put on anything which it is awkward to

move off. As for the rest of the Yankee officials nothing can exceed the disgust which is entertained about them, they are positively regarded as unworthy the consideration of any honest man, at all events those whose names like Mr. Seward's are known,—but Abraham Lincoln seems to be thought an honest man, and withal a clever man. The difficulty of preserving his honesty in association with dishonest partners is fully recognised here, and he is much respected. People are much disappointed in getting a sermon from the Presidential Chair. It seems, by the way, that Parsons are not to have the monopoly of sermon writing—here is our Poet Laureate trying his hand at it in Aylmer's Field and his pretty imitation Jean Ingelow has taken the queue; and now Abraham Lincoln thinks it the duty of a President not to arrange merely days of Thanksgiving but to tell his people what is the "will of God" according to his interpretation of the Scriptures; but people will not believe that, "if the war continue until all the wealth piled by the Bond—" man's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until "every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword" it has anything to do with the "will of God,"—they remain convinced even after reading the sermon, that it is simply a political question, answered according to the "will of the North and South, who are almost unanimously represented by Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis"—and even those people who admire Oliver Cromwell on the pages of history do not think Oliver Cromwell suitable to the present age. It may or it may not be political skill in Abraham Lincoln to foster the religious alliance of his people by Abolitionism as Oliver Cromwell did by Puritanism—but mankind will not respect religious phantasies. Puritanism, even in these days of its kindred fashions, Temperance Leagues, Revivals, Orange Societies, or Fenianism, would not now be regarded as honest—people will not regard as the Gospel of our Merciful Father, that it is His Will that brother should be arrayed against brother either in bloodless strife or in a fratricidal war—whose victims are holocausts to the God Moloch not to the God of Mercy. I myself have a sneaking regard for Charles the 1st., and had I lived in those days I am sure I could not have been a Puritan. I could not have killed my brother with a text of Scripture in my mouth. If I had had to do so I should have had to keep my religious notions pretty quiet during the operation. Talking about Puritanism, I once saw in the City Road, London, an Inn with a sign which puzzled me, "The Goat and Compasses" and a picture of the sign swung over the door. At first I thought it must be some Masonic hieroglyph, but upon inquiry I found that in the days of Oliver Cromwell public houses used to adopt texts of Scripture for their Puritanical tipplers—and that in those days the Inn was called "God encompasseth us,"—since metamorphosed to suit the tastes of another generation. "The Goat and Compasses." I wonder whether Abolitionism has reached a similar state of fervor in the U. S. yet—whether Andy Johnson took his deep potation under the sign of a Bible quotation! I do not think, however, that I need be a religious enthusiast to say that Abraham Lincoln's address will take a high rank in literature as literature. Apart from the diplomatic use, or as I consider it abuse of Religion—the document is simple and grand—alike free from self glorification for the Past or boasting for the Future. If Louis Napoleon is correct in the theory he has enunciated in his pretentious work the "Life of Cesar"—that a Divine Providence has marked the course of human affairs by raising up particular men such as Cesar or Bonaparte—it seems that Abraham Lincoln thinks the new era of his people has culminated in his day and in himself, and that a sort of inner feeling persuades him he is the appointed Apostle of a new Evangel for a nation started not a century ago with similar ideas; but we must not forget that Mormon Smith and Jefferson Davis likewise think themselves Messiahs of Civilization. The

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aspirants for such Divinity employ different mottoes,—that is all! One cries War—another Slavery—and a third Polygamy!

The next most interesting topic of conversation here, is the startling decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of Bishop Colenso. It will be remembered that the heretical Bishop of Natal had been deposed by his Metropolitan, the Bishop of Capetown, on the ground of heresy; but the case before the Privy Council was unlike those of Gorham or the Essayists, it had nothing to do with either the Formular, or the orthodox views of the church, it had simply to decide whether the Bishop of Capetown possessed such jurisdiction over the Bishop of Natal, as would entitle him to depose Dr. Colenso on any ground whatever. Now, the Letters Patent declared plainly that Dr. Colenso had taken an oath to be precisely in the same position to his Metropolitan, Dr. Gray, as the Suffragan Bishops of England are to their Archbishops; but the hard, cold decision of the Privy Council was, that there was no value, whatever, in the Royal Letters Patent themselves, and therefore Dr. Gray could have no jurisdiction over Dr. Colenso, because his title to authority was in itself worthless. The documents were drawn up with all the skill of the legal advisers of the Queen, (among whom, by the way, was that same Sir R. Bethel, who now, as Lord Chancellor, decided that these documents were worthless.) But one important thing had been overlooked—the learned jumblelers had forgotten to look even at the Title Deeds, and it now turned out that the Queen had no more authority to give Episcopal jurisdiction in a colony to which Legislative Assemblies had been granted, than she would have had to create a Baron of Natal and endow him with Feudal powers. The only authority the Queen had in the matter was that she might give these Rev'd. and Irreverent Gentlemen, certain high-sounding names—such as Bishop of Capetown, and Bishop of Natal, and these empty titles are not disturbed by the decision, but they are kings without kingdoms—they are merely the titled heads of “voluntary associations” of clergymen—and this is the position of all Colonial Bishops, excepting those of Jamaica, Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, who were legally appointed; so you have now no real Bishop of Halifax, he is by this cold legal decision merely a titled leader of a voluntary association of clergymen, and all his semi-regal utterances have been, it seems, illegally assumed. I need not tell you how unfair and hard all this seems to every thinking man in England. A sense of shame at the incapacity of our lawyers which leaves Colonial Bishops and Royal Letters Patent in such an awkward position, is universally felt; but I doubt not that good will come out of it—that the disease being discovered, a remedy will be found. It strikes us as a matter of shame too, that two clergymen who should be men of honour and education, should have had any doubt as to the nature of the Oath they took regarding their mutual relations towards each other—that Dr. Colenso and Dr. Gray could entertain two different notions about the meaning of a solemn oath, and I need scarcely say that Dr. Colenso is the man whose honour is thought light; and although he has won his case, it is a matter of public congratulation that he has not done so through the quibble he set up—but that he has been “hoist with his own petard.” He being no longer Bishop, except by empty title, and the “voluntary association” of clergymen over whom he used to preside having declared themselves against him—he is left not only without a kingdom, but without subjects—and there is a marked public satisfaction in the feeling that as he is merely titular Bishop of Natal, the Colonial Bishopric's Fund is no longer bound to waste money subscribed for the Church's benefit, on one of her enemies—henceforth the Bishop of Natal may learn his religion from Zulus, if he likes, but he is not, it is hoped, to be paid by Christians for his education. His title will henceforth suit him as the title of Consul did the Roman Emperor's horse.

The bloodless civil war in the Iron trade does not attract so much attention as you would probably expect. People have got tired of hearing about strikes and the rights of man. The prevailing opinion seems to be that the masters are the oppressed ones in this case, for it is generally believed that the men were trying to beat the masters by detachments. As for the direct cause of the strike and consequent Lock-out, the masters were undeniably right according to the rules of their trade, to reduce the wages; the only question is whether they are not assuming a bullying tone towards the men, by a general and united Lock-out, because a few were refractory; their reply is that the detachment dodge was being tried against them, and so they declared open war to have done with it—otherwise the masters would certainly be wrong in punishing all because of a few refractory ones, even if the sensible ones chose to provide for the men on strike out of their common Trade Union funds—for I take it, it was no business of the masters what the men chose to do with their money; if they had thought well to throw it into the sea they should have been left at liberty to do so. But on the broad question of strikes, people, as I say, are tired of hearing about them, and only think that it is quite fair “that two should play at the same game,” and that it would perhaps be as well if this North Staffordshire trouble should finally settle the question as to who are to be the masters—the Employers or the Employed.

There has been some childish discussion going on, increasing in warmth in accordance with the religious feelings of the circle where you hear it, about Roman Catholic priests locking up in underground cells some heretics warranted not to be able to hold out—they can't manage the preachers of “loud lung'd Anti-Babylonianisms.” I fancy—however, I think your readers will understand the position and feelings connected with this source of public talk, when I tell you that the whole affair is the private property of the Protest nt Alliance.

The Lord Chancellor is under a cloud about some imputed tamperings with the privilege leading men should always have; his patronage and his character is undergoing a trial in a most thoroughly un-English tribunal—a private court with closed doors and witnesses sworn to secrecy; what this amateur Star Chamber is doing nobody knows. The *Times*, imitating Yankee journalism, has been forestalling the judgment of this Court, and the *Daily Telegraph*, imitating Nova Scotian journalism, has been edifying the public by pitching into the *Times*. I must, however, do the *Telegraph* the justice, to say that it did not get so far as some of your leading papers do—it did not even mention the name of the Editor of the *Times*—by the way no one seems to know who this modern Jupiter is—we all know who the important individual who edits the *Chronicle* or *Reporter* is, but somehow we don't care about the name of the Jupiter, though it would be interesting to know something about him and his private affairs. I suppose I ought to administer to the same tastes as the *Reporter* does, but I have not time to-day, in fact I am writing you a long letter simply because I have not time to write a short one. There is some attempt to drag the time honored Leader of Abolitionism under the cloud lowering over the honor of our woosack, but people look for the silver lining of that cloud in the clearness with which Lord Brougham's character will shine forth, as it emerges from the examination of this amateur Star Chamber, and only regret that he should in his old age be annoyed by having his name coupled, even for an instant, with evil report.

The House of Commons have been talking about Canada, and some one said on the occasion, what has been, I believe considered a very clever thing. I am sure no ordinary intellect could have conceived the idea! It is grand in original force beside modern truisms! Some hon. member actually said—“War with Canada means war with England!” You don't mean to say so now, law! who'd have thought it!

Everybody is talking about the weather. It is unseasonably cold; there are sprinklings of snow every day; the leaves are peeping out, and the lambs are gambolling on real green fields, and England is very pretty, and people are very well, thank you kindly.

Yours faithfully,

EAGLE EYE.

LONDON.

SIR,—Though your columns have hitherto inclined their readers to the belief that Colonial affairs were viewed with but small interest in the parent country, the recent debates in Parliament, no less than the tone of the London press, must, ere now, have led you to change your opinion. Two leaders per diem on the States and Canada in nearly every London journal for a week,—several leaders in the Paris papers, and four or five debates in the House of Commons, prolonged until late hours, are sufficient proofs that American and Colonial affairs are not without much weight in the political atmosphere of Europe. But if the eyes of Europe are now turned westward, it appears to me that a wise provision of Providence has hitherto provided those organs with spectacles of coloured glass. When a man desires to observe an eclipse of the sun, such optical accessories are necessary. When an Englishman wishes to look at the Colonies, the use of coloured glasses spares him much embarrassment. Nay, more; whilst the ignorance of Englishmen on the details of Colonial administration facilitates the labours of article writers and airy dilettantes in Parliament, it also provides a screen which saves politicians, such as yours, from the ridicule which many of their escapades and extravagances deserve. Were phrases, so common in Nova Scotian Parliament, as "slimy trail of misrepresentation and falsehood," or elegant articles headed, "another lie failed," known to be as common as they actually are, Nova Scotia would be thought but poorly of here. It would *therefore* appear that some good is gained by the ignorance of English writers upon Colonial affairs. The politicians rest in safety under its shield.

The excessively "woolly" ideas which obtain in the London journals on the Union of the North American Provinces, is fairly illustrated by the leaders in the *Times* of March 21st, and March 25th. Whilst in the former the defection of New Brunswick from Unionism, appears to the celestial commentator of but small weight against the consummation of the scheme, in the article of the 25th Nova Scotia also is declared by its elections already to have pronounced its condemnation of the measure. As to whether the defection of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined, has ought to do with Confederation, this dabbler in colonial affairs publicly proclaims his ignorance. Again, in the article of the 21st, Nova Scotia is accused of opposing Union upon SENTIMENTAL!! ground: The very suspicion of any calculation but those of

Dollars and cents, dollars and cents,
Taxes and rents, taxes and rents.

entering the minds of Nova Scotian statesmen is too preposterous. And again, the scribbler says that the prospective loss of the little courts is a natural cause for opposition. Since the perpetuation of these little courts is one of the most distasteful portions of the scheme, it is not difficult to imagine that this dictator of terms in the Thunders never saw the Quebec prospectus at all. This ignorance, however it may amuse the politicians of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, should cause Mr McCully some hesitation before he renews his hitherto fruitless task of becoming well known abroad. But more. We all know that one half of the world is ignorant of what the other half does. Now, it has been gravely asserted in my presence that the politicians of British North America have no object in life but their own advancement! So gross a misconception it was not my business to deny, but I did so nevertheless. I stamped my feet, I raved, I cried aloud that it was untrue, *mais que voulez vous?* The man who made the assertion had lived longer in Nova Scotia than I had, and said so. He shut me up. I had caught a tartar. He mentioned facts. I felt small. My burst of honest but ill-informed enthusiasm caused me to make but a poor figure, whilst defending the characters of your statesmen. But he not disturbed in mind O "nailers of lies" and "jobbers of jobbery," such men as the one I speak of, are rare in this country.

It appears evident from the tone of the recent debates, and the public press, that if money is to be provided by the Home Treasury for the defence of British North America, a Union of Provinces will be pressed by the Home Government on the colonies. That such should be done is but natural and fair. It will then only remain for Nova Scotia to make the best bargain that is possible for her. All those to whom I have spoken on the subject, admit the necessity of the next delegation assembling in London, under the presidency of the Secretary or under Secretary of the Colonies. The private distribution of places, which though, of course it never occurred at Quebec, was believed by nine-tenths of Nova Scotians to have occurred, could in London never be dreamt of. The scheme so constructed, unlike that of Quebec, would have only one side, and that side exposed to the light of day. No Colony could say with any show of truth, that it had been sold to make a statesman's holiday. No colony could doubt that all promises so made,

were bona-fide, given as they would be, under the seal of the Imperial government. It may be urged that since the proposal of Union comes from the Colonies, the Home government has nothing to do with the construction of its terms, and that, therefore, the delegation should not assemble under the authority of the Colonial Secretary. When it is remembered that the existing scheme was to be ratified by a measure passed by the Imperial Parliament, this difficulty disappears almost entirely. To one conclusion the history of British North America points most clearly, viz: The utter impracticability of effecting any great measure by a congress of North American statesmen. They never have done anything. They never will do anything. The commencement of a survey for the great railroad, is the fruits of ever so many assemblies of delegates. Let then a congress assemble in London.

One word more and I have done. The *Times* has taken the pains to assure us that the Colonies are as distinct from the mother country as was Hanover before its separation from Great Britain. Such an assertion could easily be shown to be fallacious by many arguments, but it receives a practical contradiction by the conduct of the Home authorities on this very union question which we have been considering. The general Parliament was to sanction a union of the colonies. Without their sanction, therefore, we must suppose it impossible to exist. The English Parliament had never one iota of power over Hanover; but as I said before, since the *Times* does not know how our colonies are situated, geographically, it can hardly be expected to arrive at their correct political situation in regard to the Parent country. Your obedient servant,

*** DAWDLE.

INFORMATION GIVEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BULLFROG.

SIR,—Not often, probably, does your contemporary, the *Morning Chronicle*, receive much notice on this side of the Atlantic. "Information Wanted," that worthy journalist heads the leading article in his issue of the 16th March, and if the echo from this side, by the necessary law of acoustics, is delayed so long as to cause your contemporary's wants to be forgotten by his readers ere the sound from such a distance can travel, he will perhaps not have forgotten the burden of his own song—and I proceed to give him a few words, if not altogether in precise answer to his question, yet conveying sincere and genuine information as to what is likely to be the condition of affairs between Nova Scotia and her Mother England.

If the Monroe doctrine is in favour with the Yankees, what may be termed the Goldwin Smith doctrine, is in growing favour with Englishmen.

England has scarce a dependency in any part of the world, that she would not gladly leave to itself to go alone on the deliberate and generally expressed wish of its people to that effect. Preeminently so with reference to her North American possessions. If, on the other hand, her Colonies seem to value the maternal connection, are true and willing to take a fair share in helping themselves in time of common danger, she will stand by them to the last. This, by the unanimous voice of the British Parliament is now declared with reference to the Provinces to be comprised in the scheme of British North American Confederation. Canada has made her choice and spoken out decisively. New Brunswick too has made her choice and spoken. If Nova Scotia has not yet spoken, by all accounts she seems to have made up her mind what to say.

The prospect, affording not only a hopeful chance against foreign aggression, giving at the same time a bright glimpse of future prosperity, and national greatness, has been deliberately rejected by one Province, and appears to be in a fair way of rejection by the other.

England is, however, not the less bound to Canada who has done her part and is doing all she can, and England is hers to the back bone. Every Canadian battle field is the battle field of England.

Will your contemporary tell us of what use to this genuine holy alliance are the Provinces that reject it?

I put the question chiefly with reference to Nova Scotia (New Brunswick obviously is neither useful nor ornamental, and whatever is said with reference to Nova Scotia in that respect applies with augmented weight to New Brunswick.) What use, I ask, is Nova Scotia to the Mother Country, for any purpose either of war, commerce, or national pride?

The Inter-Colonial Railway, so valuable towards the defence of Canada, and the development of the vast future, is knocked on the head and dies with the Confederation scheme. Can your contemporary specify a single fact, point to a single motive which should induce England to expend a farthing or prick a finger for Nova Scotia. The one thing that made her truly valuable is effectually shelved. Is she now anything beyond a mere incubance and useless absorber of resources that are needed elsewhere?

"Oh" exclaim the Halifaxians, "England can never do without our beautiful harbour for her ships!"

Is this really so? Bermuda, of choice, is the Winter Station,—For the Summer Station, in lieu of Halifax, Quebec, and the

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Much more tions of Halifax thrown away. the British Pa assumption of

This grant late put into j ern Battery, l bec, where th

The idea of landed—say— British soldier ered in Halifax heretofore spa in that brancl effectual supp Scotia must b subject to the tempt. Am I once to surr up in pet o her own electi

scores of her jesty's Commi one in partic highest Politic quirements to Nova Scotia fisheries as a believe, who shielded from land would h fend herself, getically sup

Reform Cl

The *Esper headed "The p.r.s by co considerably find the sins o contemporary regret, howe allusions to th their publishi sonality is—i whose educa what the *Esj* somewhat de with a sneer*

THE SUNT dence has be ance and M Company, in which he r duty to force cessity desire Sunday to cr do so. On t ments to Su trains at low and evening classes, who goods trai document yo rance of the passes by ne runs from ar taken off th diminished; b would durin

We beg to "Murdoch's next issue.

scores of beautiful natural harbours on the Gulf shore, in which the coasting traveller will any day see the men-of-war of our chivalrous French allies lying as snugly and conveniently as ever they do in Halifax harbour. And in Canadian summer waters will float England's fleet, nearest to its work.

Much money has of late years been expended on the fortifications of Halifax—of course under present circumstances, this is thrown away, but some £30,000 or £40,000 has just been voted by the British Parliament in continuation of the same object on the assumption of uses and deserts now proved to be delusive.

This grant must be diverted to Quebec. The heavy guns of late put into position on George's Island, at York Redoubt, Eastern Battery, Point Pleasant, now will come in most useful for Quebec, where the ordnance, by late report, is antiquated and rotten.

The idea of defending the Citadel of Halifax against an enemy landed—say—in Margaret's Bay, is a mere absurdity. Every British soldier now be withdrawn. The Regiments usually quartered in Halifax are needed in Canadian Garrisons. England has heretofore spared Governors for Nova Scotia—the very best men in that branch of her public service. As she can no longer afford effectual support to the higher Satraps, that class of men for Nova Scotia must be discontinued. England cannot permit them to be subject to the disaster and disgrace that their presence might tempt. Am I therefore arguing that the Queen of England is at once to surrender the Sovereignty of Nova Scotia? Throw it up in pet or panic? Not so. I merely say, (since she has made her own election) "Nova Scotia for Nova Scotians." I think I know scores of her sons, good men, enough, well fitted to hold Her Majesty's Commission as Governor of Nova Scotia. I could name one in particular on whom all eyes rest, one who has held the highest Political position in the Province, second in talent and acquirements to none, and were I to mention that worthy son of Nova Scotia who now holds Her Majesty's Commission for the fisheries as a fitting Vice Regent of the Province, there are few, I believe, who would not endorse my feelings and opinion. Under such happy sway it may be well hoped Nova Scotia would be shielded from hostile aggression by her insignificance, whilst England would have her forces concentrated and well in hand to defend herself, and those of her subjects who faithfully and energetically support her views elsewhere.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.
PHILO—NOVA SCOTUS.

Reform Club, March 28th, 1865.

Local and other Items.

The *Express* of Wednesday last contained an excellent article headed "The Art of Boasting." It might, however, have been improved by condensation—the introductory portion of the article being considerably longer than the remaining portion. We are glad to find the sins of the *Bullfrog* so constantly furnishing our esteemed contemporary with themes for the exercise of fine writing. We regret, however, that so much fine writing should be marred by allusions to the supposed writers for this journal rather than to their published ideas. But unfortunately for the public taste, personality is—in Nova Scotia—preferred to argument, even by those whose education should have taught them better. This is one of what the *Express* calls our "foibles," but, to our thinking, it is a somewhat degrading vice, which cannot even be alluded to save with a sneer of contempt.

THE SUNDAY TRAIN QUESTION IN SCOTLAND.—A correspondence has been published between members of the Sabbath Alliance and Mr. Hodgson, chairman of the North British Railway Company. The chairman closes the correspondence with a letter in which he says:—"The directors do not believe it to be their duty to force that portion of the public who from inclination or necessity desire to leave their homes, or to regain their homes, on a Sunday to conform to the bidding of others who think it sinful to do so. On the contrary, while they do not hold out extra inducements to Sunday travelling by means of frequent or excursion trains at low fares, they consider that limited service by morning and evening trains is due to the public, especially the humbler classes, who cannot, except by railway, move at all. With regard to goods trains, the objections and suggestions contained in the document you have transmitted to me are founded in simple ignorance of the matter under discussion. If every goods train which passes by necessity (and there is not one which, in a practical sense, runs from any other motive) on the North British Railway were taken off the line, the net profit of the company would not be diminished; but the insecurity and inconvenience to the community would during the week days be largely increased."

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the second number of "Murdoch's Nova Scotia"—a review of which will appear in our next issue.

The advisability of fitting out a final expedition to discover the North Pole was discussed at a great meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 27th March. Amongst the speakers on the occasion were Sir Edward Belcher, Captains Mc-Cle and Mc-Clintock, Admirals Manby, Collinson, Fitzroy, Dr. Rae, Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir George Back. The last named accompanied Sir John Franklin in 1818 and a few years later, shared the perils and glories of the overland journey to the mouth of the Coppermine river. These great explorers and savants, though they spoke one and all with reserve, urged the dispatch of the expedition, for which, with the increased advantages of modern science in its favor, they anticipate the successful achievement of its object—the discovery of the North Pole.

THE SOUTH WALES IRON TRADE.—The lock-out in Staffordshire and the north of England has sent many orders for iron to South Wales, and the Welsh ironmasters are, as a rule, full of specifications, and the works are in active employ. Stocks are being gradually reduced, and should the lock-out continue for any length of time there is no doubt that prices will advance. As yet the South Wales employers have taken no action in reference to the lock-out, as the ironworkers of the district have not assisted the North Staffordshire men to stand out; on the contrary, they have determined to remain aloof and have refused any contributions. On the other hand, it is feared that the resolution of the various trades' unions to support the men, will induce the Staffordshire and north of England masters to apply to the ironmasters of Shropshire and South Wales to lock-out as well, in order to protect the interests of the trade.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received a communication having reference to the management of the City Library, but our correspondent must furnish his name before we can insert his communication. To this rule we can make no exception.

Mr. Holt's Concert of Tuesday last was highly successful.

Extracts.

COLONIAL BISHOPS.

(The Times.)

The judgment of the Privy Council in the case of the Bishop of Natal, which was delivered yesterday, is a document of the greatest interest and importance, treating, as it does, of the whole position, authority, and character of the so-called Church of England in the colonies, and of the persons who assume to bear office in it. No question, it will be remembered, was raised before the Privy Council upon what are called the merits of the case—that is, whether or no Dr. Colenso's opinions were contrary to the Articles and Formularies of the Church. Dr. Colenso raised a prior question as to the jurisdiction claimed by the Bishop of Cape Town. He denied that Dr. Gray had any metropolitan authority over him, and he disputed the validity of the Letters Patent which purported to confer such authority. His counsel pressed this argument so far even to bring it in question whether Dr. Gray had any lawful episcopal authority at all, and an elaborate argument was thus maintained before the Privy Council upon the very foundation of the colonial Churches. The result is that the prayer of Dr. Colenso's petition is granted, and the proceedings of the Bishop of Cape Town are pronounced "null and void in law;" but this judgment proceeds upon grounds which are of much wider application than to the particular case at issue, and will have a rather startling effect upon that elaborate edifice which a certain ecclesiastical party has been of late years erecting with such unsuspecting enthusiasm.

The upshot of the matter is shortly this, that, although the Bishop of Cape Town has no authority at all over the Bishop of Natal, yet, on the same principle, neither the Bishop of Natal nor any other colonial Bishop not created under special legislative provision has any authority over any one else. They are Bishops, and nothing more; they are not Bishops of any diocese or over anybody in particular. If their ordination of itself conveys the capacity of exercising spiritual functions, such as Confirmation and Ordination, they of course possess that capacity; but they have no authority to exercise it. They are, in short, in very much the same position as any clergyman of the Church of England who is not appointed to a definite cure. He is a priest or a deacon, but he holds no local office and has no authority over any one. They are, in fact, as much Bishops in the Feejee Islands as in their nominal dioceses, and, on the other hand, they are to no greater extent Bishops in their dioceses than they would be in the Feejee Islands. The principles from which these sweeping results follow are very clear and simple. It is laid down as "clear upon principle," that after the establishment of an independent Legislature in any colony or settlement there is no power in the Crown to create of its mere prerogative "any ecclesiastical corporation, whose *status*, rights, and authority the colony should "be required to recognize," still less to establish a metropolitan see, with jurisdiction over the sees of other independent settlements. Now, the Letters Patent both of Dr. Gray and of Dr. Colenso were issued after distinct legislative powers had been granted both to the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope and to the colony of Natal. The case, indeed, of a "Crown colony, properly so called," is reserved, but the judgment goes so far as to decide that, "although the Crown, as legal head of the Church, has a right to command the consecration of a Bishop, it has no power to assign him any diocese, or give him any sphere of action within the United Kingdom; and after a colony has

"received legislative institutions, the Crown (subject to the special provisions of any Act of Parliament) stands in the same relation to that colony or settlement as it does to the United Kingdom." It is necessary, therefore, in order that a Bishop may have a legal status in such a colony that his authority should be confirmed and established by an Act of the Colonial Legislature, and this course was pursued in the instance of Jamaica in 1824. Where this cannot be done an Act of the Imperial Parliament is necessary to make his authority valid. This condition was observed in the creation of the see of Calcutta, and subsequently of the subordinate sees of Madras and Bombay; and it has always been observed within the United Kingdom, even by so arbitrary a monarch as Henry VIII. Moreover, even if the Crown had possessed the power of establishing these two Bishops, and placing them in the relation of metropolitan and suffragan, it would yet have had no power of establishing any such coercive jurisdiction as is described in the Letters Patent; for "it is clear," says the judgment, both on general principles of law and by express enactment, that the Crown has no right to establish any new Court for the administration of any other than common law, and particularly no such additional Ecclesiastical Court. The clauses, therefore, in the Letters Patent of these two Bishops, and of all other colonial Bishops in a similar position, which seem to have such an effect, are simply null and void. It was not even legally competent for the Bishop of Natal voluntarily to give, or for the Bishop of Cape Town to receive, any such ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

It is hard to say which of the contending parties has the more or less reason to be satisfied with this singular result. Dr. Coleoso has successfully disputed the authority of the Bishop of Cape Town, but only to discover that his own authority is equally shadowy; and the Bishop of Natal, if he is compelled to surrender his usurped authority in Natal, may console himself by reflecting that Dr. Coleoso has no power to assert a counter authority, and that no clergyman need be contaminated against his will by any intercourse with episcopal heresy. That which will probably strike the public as forcibly as anything is the confusion which this judgment brings to light. Here have Bishops been sitting in solemn conclave and going through all the elaborate forms of ecclesiastical trial and judgment, hearing learned arguments and pronouncing pompous decisions, and that they were doing all this through no more than a sort of ecclesiastical play, and that for all practical purposes they might just as well have been acting a mediæval farce for their own amusement in London. The only good they have done is to furnish an opportune illustration of the sort of ecclesiastical law which their friends would be glad to introduce in this country. But, more than this, we see "official persons" drawing up the most elaborate Letters Patent for these two, and for other colonial Bishops, in innocent ignorance that they were producing mere waste paper. Solemn documents have passed the Great Seal over and over again which are simply null and void, and oaths have been repeatedly taken which either had no meaning, or which it would have been illegal to observe. The depth of confusion which these ecclesiastical demonstrations have reached, is, indeed, unfathomable. The judgment points out one characteristic illustration. When Dr. Coleoso at his Ordination took the oath of canonical obedience to the Bishop of Cape Town, there was actually no metropolitan see nor any Bishop thereof in existence. The Letters Patent purporting to establish them were issued some days afterwards.

One cannot but feel a certain compassion for the colonial Bishops who are thus reduced to so helpless and comparatively insignificant a position, but the public in general and the colonies in particular may be sincerely congratulated on this issue of what promised to be a most troublesome and difficult question. Ever since whatever may be the distracting influences which Zulus, Kaffirs, or other heretical savages may bring to bear upon the Christianity of the colonies, the consequent disputes will have to be settled by the voluntary action of the colonists themselves. Those, for example, who do not like Dr. Coleoso need not have him, and those who do can monopolize him. The Bishop of Cape Town, on the other hand, may imitate Hillierland to his heart's content among his own admirers, while those who have no respect for his spiritual authority may look on with great content and quietude. If the quarrels between these rival potentates ever get so high as to disturb civil order, the Colonial Legislature must intervene, but we very much suspect that the venom of ecclesiastical bitterness will be rendered much less virulent when it is once clearly understood that no legal authority is at issue. We, at all events, shall not be mixed up with so unseemly a struggle. The whole case will suggest a salutary caution to those whose intemperate zeal has wove all this net of confusion. It really seems as though, in pretending to establish Bishops with territorial authority in the colonies, and still more in parts of the world where Her Majesty has no authority at all, we had been taking a leaf out of the Pope's book, and were advancing similar pretensions for the English Church to that which he claimed for the Roman Church in these islands. The colonies are as free to have their own established form of religion as we are ourselves; and the sooner practices are dropped which lead even in theory to such preposterous claims as those of Bishop Gray the better.

THE LEGEND OF BOSHAM BELL.

Many of our readers who have visited "Glorious Goodwood," and lingered in its beautiful neighbourhood after the excitement of the busy race-week, if they like the supernatural, may have been rewarded (which is not always the case in legends) by finding what follows to be true with reference to the old superstition of "Bosham Bell."

Bosham, far from busy scenes and dissipations of a town life, lies in quiet seclusion on the Sussex coast in the neighbourhood of Chichester, and still boasts of an ancient church dedicated to the Holy Trinity; but the bell we are celebrating sounded harmoniously at an early period of the Saxony sway, when Bosham had a monastery and church dedicated to St. Nicholas, and when, in those good old times, the fisherman's patron saint was regarded with the reverence and devotion so much wanting in these latter and more degenerate days.

On one unhappy day for Bosham, some Danish pirates landed near the little town, who, being worshippers of Thor and Odlin, had never heard of St. Nicholas, and had little reverence for the sanctity of his

monastery; they pillaged the hamlet, they robbed the church, they broke into the monastery, scattering the affrighted monks far and near, and, worse than all, they carried off the pride and glory of the whole country—the great tenor bell!

Some of the miserable monks betook themselves to their prayers, flinging themselves on the ground and imploring the aid of St. Nicholas, and, wonderful to relate, the seven remaining bells of their own accord rang out their best backward peal; but hard it was to them, harder even than the hearts of their enemies, to succeed without their lamented tenor, whose muffled voice was heard amidst the cries of the monks, the sobs of the women, and the lamentations of the fisherman as the pirates bore it off to their vessel.

A favourable breeze having sprung up, the ill-omened ship proceeded about a mile down the harbour undisturbed, while another and another melancholy peal sounded from the shore. Still the monks prayed on, and loud were the cries of St. Nicholas, when behold the pirate-ship stops suddenly, the crew feel an unusual constraint, and suspicion springs up amongst them; soon quarrels and threats are heard, and the ship appears to be influenced by some supernatural agency, for she refuses to answer to the helm, and the sails flag lazily against the mast in spite of the rising storm. The clouds look dark as night, and the affrighted heathens call in their agony upon Thor and Odlin. All was in vain. The storm surges open a deathly furious violence, and the vessel appeared likely to become a total wreck. Amidst the terror and confusion that prevailed, the voice of a little child, who had crept on board unobserved, was heard praying that the bell might be restored to the safe keeping of the monastery from which it had been so ruthlessly torn. The sailors looked at one another with terror on their countenances, and the captain, yielding to the general fear, ordered the vessel to be put back; which produced another peal such as another mortal would never relate, the great tenor bell, which had been carefully secured on deck, sank at once through the boards out of sight of the terrified crew; they ran below, but it descended deeper and deeper through the timbers into the sea, the hole through which it passed closing of itself and not suffering a drop of water to enter into the ship. Down sank the bell into what is now called the Great Bell Hole, and there it remains to this day perfectly whole and sound, a constant menace to the St. Nicholas, although he doubtless for some good reason thought fit to take the bell from the keeping of his servants, yet suffered it not to rest in the hands of unbelievers. The lost tenor still chimes with her sister bells, and any one standing at the brink of the Bell Hole can still hear plainly and distinctly the whole octave peal.

For fear our readers would not believe this legend, and be unable to visit the Bell Hole and judge for themselves, we give the following reason why the lost tenor still remains faithful, and chimes in with her sister bells.

It is a fact well known to modern times, that if the third and fifth notes are struck at the same time on any instrument producing full tones, besides the natural sounds, the faint echo of the octave is heard also. It so happens that the woods of Ichenor, on the opposite side of the harbour, are so disposed by the natural sweep of the ground as to throw back a perfect echo to the Bell Hole, and consequently whenever the true tone of the third crosses the echoed sound of the fifth, the octave-for last bell sounds also, and of course is heard at the Bell Hole and nowhere else. Hence the legend of Bosham Bell. As an instance how marvellously all the works of the Almighty are in perfect unison we will mention a similar phenomenon with which those who are acquainted even slightly with the laws of colour are probably aware.

The human eye always attempts to supply the complement of colour. Thus, if the eye rests for any time on any one colour, say green—which is composed of blue and yellow—on shutting the eyes a faint repetition of the object will be seen in red, which is the third of the primary colours and complementary to the other two.

The laws of acoustics are hitherto but little known, but it would seem that a similar effect is produced, two notes of the major triad when struck calling forth a faint impression on the ear of other notes being omitted. It is a curious fact, and one which quite upholds this law, that on striking any chord on the piano-forte, all the strings of the same chord throughout the instrument which are in unison with the notes struck, are in vibration, while the other notes are not agitated. This can be ocularly demonstrated by placing on these strings little saddles of paper, which will be seen to vibrate violently, while when placed on other strings which are foreign to the chord, they rest undisturbed.

—Once a Week.

H. K. B.

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PARISIAN NOVELTIES,
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April 22.

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