

THE BULLFROG.

*Nec sinit aut pauli serena,
Arbitrio popularis aure.—Hor.*

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THE SITUATION.

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We have for many weeks to the best of our ability commented upon the Federation question in all its bearings upon the interests of Nova Scotia. We have listened to the arguments for and against the scheme, as expounded in Temperance Hall and elsewhere; we have read all, or nearly all that has been written upon the subject in this Province and in England; we have waded through columns of clap-trap in order to arrive at a germ of common sense; we have compared figures with figures, weighed the claims of classes as of individuals, analysed motives, probable and obscure, and still find ourselves utterly and entirely opposed to Federation with Canada upon the terms proposed. The more light thrown upon the Scheme, the more visible its defects; the more breath expended by the delegates, the more idle seem their words. It is not a little remarkable, that, upon a subject so comprehensive, all the clap-trap, spoken and written, should be on one side. Messrs UNSACKE, STAIRS, McDONALD, MILLER, and ANNAND, uttered a good deal that might perhaps have been left unsaid, but each and all of these gentlemen's speeches were characterized by a certain amount of hard, practical common sense. The speeches of the delegates, on the contrary, were clever rhetorical flourishes—nothing more. Much was said about self defence, still more about an Intercolonial Railway, most of all about some chimerical future greatness. The delegatic doctrines were eagerly devoured for a time, the public listening to Messrs TUPPER and McCULLY with amazement and delight. The ideas propounded were so vast, so lofty, so picturesq, and withal so entertaining, that men remained mute from very astonishment,—fascinated while perplexed. It seemed in truth a pity to mar the gorgeous day-dreams of the delegates by any sudden introduction of hum-drum, work-a-day, unromantic common sense. It was charming to shut our eyes to all those minor considerations which, taken in the aggregate, make up the story of our lives from year to year: it was sweet to think, that, having laboriously toiled to achieve greatness among the Lower Provinces, it was yet our real destiny to have thrust upon us a greatness rivalling that of nations the most illustrious on earth. We could not forego pride when we looked on Canada and were told that she loved us. We wished to hear yet more of the Ottawa palace and the frontier Lakes; it was so pleasant to hear of her splendours, since she did swear to us that they would be desolate without Acadia. As the bee upon the flower, we hung upon the honey of the delegatic tongues, and deemed ourselves blest. The poetry of the situation for a time o'erturned our reason, and we disported ourselves after the manner of Shakspeare's fairies. Our delegates, each in turn, played the part of PECK to admiration, putting "a girle round about the earth" in something less than forty minutes. The Canadians, too, deserve infinite credit for their judicious impersonation of OBERON; and indeed, had Nova Scotia's conception of TITANIA

been carried out gracefully to the end of the comedy, there can be little doubt that the King of the Fairies would have rewarded PECK most handsomely. But PECK's flower had not that magic charm which OBERON imputed to it, and although the Fairy King dropped a not inconsiderable amount of juice upon TITANIA's eyelids, the Fairy Queen was far from doting madly upon the "meddling monkey," or the "busy ass," which first caught her waking glance. But, let us drop imagery, and descend from the "Midsummer-Nights Dream" of Shakspeare, to the autumnal day dream of the delegates and their supporters.

TITANIA, as represented by the Nova Scotian public, is no longer enamoured of the Canadian note, nor does the force of Canadian virtue any longer move Nova Scotians, "in the first view, to say, to swear, we love thee." During the last fortnight, the Anti Federation party has been reinforced by the *Chronicle*,—the most widely circulated, and, in our opinion, the most ably conducted of Nova Scotian journals. The *Journal* has likewise changed hands, and if rumour be correct, we may now hope to see two ably managed morning papers—the *Chronicle*, and the *Unionist*,—each advocating a separate policy upon the great question of Federation. This is as it should be. Hitherto, the *Chronicle* has had the field to itself. Its articles have been generally clever and seldom dull; whereas the *Colonist*, its political rival, is the least interesting of Nova Scotian periodicals. We should not have deemed it necessary to refer to changes in the managerial department of any contemporary journal, were it not that the incidents connected with such changes are utterly at variance with our ideas of "greatness" as a people. We profess the profoundest veneration for the institutions of the mother country, and are ever prating about the glories of the English Constitution, as reflected by ourselves. So far, so good. We have, in our own way, a King, Lords, and Commons, and we also claim for our "fourth estate" a measure of wisdom. But our "fourth estate" is governed by rules altogether irreconcilable with those which regulate the English press. In England, an "editor" is a person unknown and unrecognized; in Nova Scotia, an editor's expulsion from office is made a theme of extraordinary importance. Yet, we are told that we are ripe for greatness, at a time when the public ear is bored by a narration of the squabbles between a *Chronicle* editor and a *Chronicle* proprietor. We must indeed possess the germ of true greatness, when those who profess to enlighten us, claim our attention by unfolding the interior economy of the office of a daily paper! The finest insignificant village in Wales would resent as an insult such tea-cup-storm revelations;—yet—Heaven bless the mark—we are ripe to take our place among the great nations of the earth!

Not the least interesting event of the past fortnight has been the appearance of Archbishop CONNOLLY in print. The position occupied by His Grace naturally commands attention, and we hang upon his words, believing them to be "words of truth and soberness." We

entertain for that Church of which His Grace is so bright an ornament a reverence most profound; we are apt to attach much importance to an Archbishop's lightest word, and to fancy that virtue, in a greater or lesser degree, exudes from every hem of the sacerdotal vestments. But, oddly enough, the letter of Archbishop CONNOLLY threw no new light whatever upon the questions involved in Federation. His Grace merely said what many men of less exalted station have been saying for the last two months. His Grace informed us that the Roman Catholic Church had no sympathy with the Fenians, and was opposed to all secret societies. This was news indeed! But it was news familiar to all liberally educated boys of fourteen. His Grace is in favor of Federation—and so is the Provincial Secretary. Now, it is hardly probable that the Archbishop should have written to the *Chronicle*, merely to tell the public that which the delegates have already proclaimed upon every platform whereon they have taken their stand within the last six weeks—viz—that "Union is strength." Still less likely is it, that an Archbishop's autograph should be deemed necessary to convince rational men that the disloyal designs of the Fenians find no favor with a Christian priesthood. What then can have been Archbishop CONNOLLY's motive in writing to the *Chronicle* at all? This is a question which it is not for us to answer. Men's published ideas are public property, but the motives which actuate men in coming before the public are beyond the range of journalistic criticism. But, while following up the workings of an all absorbing political question, it would be the merest affectation to turn a deaf ear to opinions openly vouchsafed by men of mark, in the streets, in the club, in the reading-room, and in the counting-house. Opinions thus put forth, set men thinking, and are, consequently, not devoid of weight, albeit their influence is smaller than that of opinions published in the newspapers. Many men reason thus:—The Roman Catholics materially helped to bring into power the party now holding office; the party now in power is under obligations to the Roman Catholics; the latter expect much at the hands of the Provincial Secretary, but to obtain much, mutual concession is desirable; the head of the existing Administration is pledged to Federation, whereas many influential men are thereto opposed; the name of the Archbishop, once in print, will doubtless influence many excellent, though withal ignorant Roman Catholics; it is expedient that men should stand by one another at a crisis. Such is the language of many; we note it, but we refrain from comment.

The chief events of the past fortnight may thus, therefore, be briefly summed up. The *Sonnet* has been transformed into a vulgar organ of weight, and fights for Federation side by side with the *Colonist*; the *Chronicle* has come over to the side of common sense, upon the Union question, and the Archbishop has put his name to the arguments of Dr. TUPPER. Thus, matters stand at present. No new argument has been advanced by the delegates, or their supporters. These gentlemen still vapour about "greatness," &c., much as they have hitherto done, and keep on quoting Mr. CARDWELL's words as highly favorable to their cause. This latter course is perhaps of all others the most perplexing to dispassionate lookers-on. Mr. CARDWELL wrote as an English politician; the delegates seize upon his words with a fervour amounting to fanaticism. Let us suppose, for sake of illustration, a submarine telegraph, between Halifax and London, in working order. The delegates are in the House of Assembly, the Federation Scheme is being read for the second time—the letter of Mr. CARDWELL is being fiercely commen-

ted upon. What intense excitement would prevail in England, pending a division! Imagine the effect upon the English Ministry of the following telegram:—"Dr. TUPPER has sat down!—Mr. McCULLY spoke in favor of Federation for five hours!—Mr. ANNAND rose to reply!—intense excitement prevails!—another hour will decide the question!—Mr. ANNAND is still speaking!—No importance is attached to Mr. CARDWELL's letter by the Anti-Federalists!—Danger is apprehended!—England is in peril!—Mr. A.—still speaking!" Such would doubtless be the telegrams forwarded to the Colonial Secretary, were the wires in working order and under the control of the delegates. But we question whether the Middlesex Volunteers would be held in readiness for immediate service, or whether the Merchants "on change" would send runners to Whitehall. On the contrary, we incline to the belief that the Colonial Secretary would order his brougham, and tell one of his clerks to file the telegrams from Nova Scotia for future inspection. This is, in all probability, the light wherein Mr. CARDWELL and his colleagues regard the Federation Scheme, and we throw out the idea in answer to the query propounded by a *Chronicle* writer some five weeks back—— "What will they say in England?"

DELEGATES IN THE COUNTRY.

No happier task can be imagined than that self-imposed one of a delegate when he undertakes to harangue a country audience. A delegate in the country is shielded from uproar—shielded from questions—shielded in fact from everything that makes a public meeting disagreeable by the simple fact, that he is a delegate—one of our wise men and a *rara avis* in a country town. His name is his protection. It has been long before the public, and when a Tupper mixes his name with a McCully in a country village the effect is naturally startling. So at least think the delegates. Let us take the Truro meeting as a fair example of these Delegate triumphs. There have been many like it, and the Federation press goes so far as to assert that Mr. HENRY spoke *with success for four hours* at Antigonish. The time employed is credible, but the enthusiasm displayed by the audience argues them poor critics upon public Speakers. We were neither at Antigonish or Truro on the occasions to which we refer, and must take the reports of these meetings from the journals which record their success.

The heat and burden of the three and a half tumultuous nights in the Temperance Hall past, the delegates seem to have given themselves over in the country to a general relaxation of arguments. In the country they thought—all is peace—if an objection is raised, we can afford to pass it by with a sneer. And the following is very probably the arrangement arrived at, the night before the meeting by the gentlemen advocates of Ottawa—"We have done enough to convince these Truroeans by travelling 40 miles to address them. They must see that we are in earnest about Federation by the trouble we take to express to them our views upon the subject. Our policy has always been to say as little as possible about the details of the scheme—a policy frustrated in Halifax, by the miserable inquiring minds and merchants of that city. Here, however, we have a fresh start. No great speakers are here to oppose us, and if any objection arises, it is easily crushed by a sounding sophism. Above all we must work the defence cry—Union is Strength—a Panic existing—The horrors of War—and such subjects. We have done enough for Truro, by coming here, and our presence here should relieve us from all necessity of arguing fairly. Truro!—a country village—expects too much, if beyond the

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corporeal glories of three present delegates, it is also required that they should work their brains by talking sense." Such appears to have been the mode of reasoning employed by our leading statesmen whilst addressing the crowded meeting at Truro; and such doubtless, has been the mode of procedure elsewhere, where minor audiences were to be addressed, by minor advocates of the Federation bargain. Let us consider this Truro meeting. Relieved from the shackles of a ready tongued opposition, the three leading delegates Messrs ARCHIBALD, McCULLY and TUPPER, each and all said things which they had not dared, for the sake of their own reputation, to say in Halifax. Mr. Archibald we are told—proceeded to pourtray the benefits of a Union of small States or Provinces, by reference to the unprecedented prosperity, the mighty impulse, Confederation and free trade had conferred upon America, that had increased from 3 to 33,000,000 in 89 years.

Is it possible that Mr. ARCHIBALD imagines the people of Truro ignorant of the war at present devastating the United States? To urge a confederation of the Provinces at the present moment, which should imitate in any manner that of the United States, is most futile. The last four years have shown us clearly that misery, civil war and an uprooting of the very foundations of society, may follow hard upon a confederation of States, however commercially prosperous, each of which has interests totally different from its neighbors. We fancy that Mr. ARCHIBALD would not have put forth such an argument as this in Halifax. Dr. TUPPER also said many things on this occasion which he must now feel had been better left unsaid. The *Colonist* reporting his speech, says—“Mr. ANNAND of all men to utter a word against a union of the Colonies. He (Dr. T.) took up the Journals of the House for 1861—2, read the resolutions moved by Mr. Howe, and the extract from Mr. ANNAND's own report, showing that Union of the Colonies could not be obtained without free trade, and free trade could not be obtained unless a uniformity of tariff was first secured, and that could not be until the *Intercolonial Railway* was accomplished.

Dr. TUPPER thus attempted to crush Mr. ANNAND before a country audience. Mr. ANNAND however, only holds the opinions which he held in 1862, that the railroad—free trade—and all the other items are necessary before a real Union can be accomplished, a very different matter from Dr. TUPPER's assertion, that they cannot be obtained without our acceptance of the present scheme offered by the delegates. Mr. ANNAND wishes for a Union when the provinces are fitted for such, by connecting links in the shape of a railway, free trade, and a common tariff. Dr. TUPPER on these grounds holds up his opponent to ridicule, because he will not join a scheme which promises all these—railroads—tariff, &c.—after Confederation. Dr. TUPPER like Mr. ARCHIBALD dare not have argued thus in Halifax. We cannot conclude this article without referring briefly to a portion of the speech delivered by Mr. JOHN TOBIN at Truro. The assertions of this gentleman were so preposterous, and the applause obtained so loud, that it seems highly questionable, whether gentlemen like Mr. TOBIN should be allowed to range at large about the Federation platforms of Nova Scotia. The delegates should place Mr. TOBIN in confinement. Their cause is much damaged by a rampant roaring lion prepared to assert anything as occasion may require. Pushed into a corner by a Mr. RETTIE, Mr. TOBIN, unable like his distinguished friends to escape by a flourish of rhetoric, made the following extraordinary assertion:—

“The financial returns of the two countries (Canada and Nova Scotia) proved beyond all doubt or controversy, that the Canadians pay but \$2.35 per head of their population, while we pay \$2.50 each, our taxes being higher by full

“fifteen per cent for every man, woman and child than theirs.”

This we are told brought down the house with tremendous effect. Our only hope is that Mr. Tobin may have been misinterpreted by the “*Colonist*,” from which journal the above extract is quoted. Should the reverse prove to be the case, we can only say that Mr. TOBIN, pushed by the exigencies of an excited audience, unwittingly strayed from the paths of truth, or believing his words, evinced a consummate ignorance of the primary statistics of British North America. In either case, the delegates should have their eye upon him. A man who can say that Canada is more lightly taxed than Nova Scotia is capable of saying anything. His speech, if correctly reported, must bring disgrace to his friends if they suffer it to remain uncontradicted. It must prove to the best lovers of the Confederation Scheme, that the supporters of the same, unmindful of fact, are prepared to throw honor, statesmanship, and personal respectability to the winds in furthering, “by hook or by crook,” their great BARGAIN with Canada.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.

When somebody reported something about somebody else having said that the political friendship existing between Mr. Ben. Wier and somebody else, has been estranged, and that Mr. Ben. Wier had in a public speech given expression to self glorification for past services, it was easily to be understood why Mr. Benjamin Wier should sit down and write a letter to the *Chronicle*, on, we do not know how many sheets of foolscap, he had evidently been on the look out for some opportunity, and here was one, of putting into print his picturesque conception upon things in general—his confederation and conglomerate ideas upon things Historical, Geographical, Moral, Social, Commercial, Martial, Naval, Political, Statistical, &c.—an instance by the way of the nonsense of the proposition “Union is strength”—and when the Roman Catholic Archbishop takes eagerly the slight, and as we shall show unfortunately selected, opportunity afforded him by the remarks in the *Chronicle's* article “Botheration Scheme No. 1”—upon the doings of the Fenians—it would be pleasant if we could regard the letter of the Archbishop as a similar piece of innocent vanity—but he takes pains to tell us that he does not write in his personal capacity, nor as a politician, but because the time has come when the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church should officially declare his views on a subject affecting so greatly the interests of the people: and it is plain that every sensible person must regard such an expression with much respect, and that every remark made by such an authority will be carefully weighed and thought a great deal about.

His Grace, however, does not (as small fry do,) state his opinion categorically, he endeavours to place his readers in a logical dilemma, from the horns of which if we can escape he admits that he and a thousand like him, are ready to be converted; but the dilemma in which he places us is, we fancy, not a logical one, according to the school of logic in which an Archbishop of another Church—Dr. Whateley—taught, and we venture to point out wherein it seems to us to differ.

Let us here quote his Grace's argument, in extenso.

“To deny, therefore, the obvious advantages of Confederation you must first prove that Union is not strength—that England, under the Heptarchy, and France under her feudal Chiefs and Barons, were greater, stronger, and happier than they now are as the two greatest nations of the world. You must prove that Lucerne and Geneva and Berne, and the Grisons, would be equally strong and secure out of the Confederation of their sister cantons in Switzerland: and

"that Florida and Texas and Delaware and little Rhode Island in the neighbouring States would be stronger if detached from each other. You must prove that the petty and miserable Republics of Central America, with all their Responsible Government, and entire exemption from foreign control, are in any way benefited by their smallness and isolation, and their reluctance to coalesce and form one strong Government as the only possible guarantee for the lives and liberties and happiness of all. *On the principle that the part is greater than the whole, you must prove that the smaller the state, the greater, and stronger and happier the people.* And that on your own principle the repeal of the Union at the present moment would be a signal benefit to Cape Breton, and Yarmouth, and Shelburne, where they have far stronger local reasons for being dissatisfied with the central government in Halifax, than Nova Scotia can ever be for being united, with Ottawa as its capital and the boundless British territory beyond our borders. Prove all this if you can, and without referring to the financial and commercial views at all, which are completely beyond and beside the question, you will correct me and thousands like me in Nova Scotia."

Now, we believe that it is a rule of Whateley's logic that no premises shall be subject to deductions, which are not so undeniably true that they are perfectly indisputable. Such premises form a fair axiom from which we may draw deductions, and no other.

It will be observed that the Archbishop treats the old maxim "Union is strength" as such an axiom—on which he proceeds to draw deductions in favor of the Confederation Scheme. And he is so positive of the universal truth of this axiom that he commences his argument by throwing upon us the "onus probandi." It must be observed that he maintains that "*we must first prove that union is not strength,*" before we deny what he is pleased to call "the obvious advantages of Confederation." It is not logical to assert positively that a certain maxim is an axiom and then call upon you to show that it is not. On the other hand we might with greater force dispute the premises upon which he builds his argument. We have a logical right to call upon him to prove the universal truth of his premises—that "Union is strength" and we may compel him to prove this without allowing him to take instances from the histories of past days and of past peoples. We may in fact in this question compel him to confine himself to the effects of Union on the Anglo-Saxon race of the present day. We may call upon him to answer satisfactorily various questions, such as the following, before we accept his assertion that "Union is strength"—as an axiom:—

(1.) The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? Will you show that if Great Britain is in danger of weakness anywhere it would not arise from her union with Ireland? or will you show satisfactorily that Ireland would not be in a more prosperous condition if separated from Great Britain?

(2.) On this Continent? Will you show that the effect of Union has been strength to the United States, peopled as they chiefly are by Anglo-Saxons who have come to this great Continent and had boundless wealth and prosperity forced by Nature upon them; who have been blessed as no other people in the world's history have been blessed with all the means which should have made them happy themselves and contented with others? and who have an almost illimitable territory to spread out upon—so that one marvels how it is possible that, amid their unbounded, active prosperity and in a country where there is more than ample room for all, they could have found time to disagree with one another—will you show that the effect of their Union is that it has made them a greater, stronger and happier people—

that they are not at this moment and have not for the last four years been tearing each other to pieces like savages, throwing aside for their fratricidal holocaust, all their wealth and all their morality, and carrying civilization back to the era of barbarism? and have not they rather become the most contemptible, degenerate and unhappy people upon the earth?

(2.) Will you show that the Union of Upper and Lower Canada has made the Canadians a greater, stronger and happier people (granted that they do not speak the same language—granted that they do not worship their God after the same fashion, still it is much to the point in the argument concerning Confederation, that these people are to be the chief elements of it) or will you show us to be misinformed in our information that these two provinces have been struggling for years to weaken each other, that they have been in fact ready at any moment for years past to engage in a war for separation, and that this fight has only been prevented by the knowledge that a policeman was standing by. (Lord Palmerston is on the beat just now.)

But now the Roman Catholic Archbishop here has done all but admit that The Fenian Brotherhood is a Roman Catholic Secret Society—and the following extract from his letter will appear very enigmatical to those who weigh every word of his important communication:

"If one half of what you say about Fenians and armed and hostile organization in a neighbouring country be true—which I do not contradict, some or many of our Catholic Churches, with or without our consent, may be turned into drill rooms,—but if I know anything of the Catholic body in this country, I vouch for it they will never be used."

We say this passage reads enigmatically—and that the occasion, (the unadvised allusion to the acts of the Fenians) was an unfortunately selected one for the expression of the views of the Roman Catholic Archbishop on the Confederation Scheme. We should have thought it a strange thing if the Bishop of the Church of England had seen in the passage—quoted reason to defend the Sanctuary of his Church from the desecration. The *Chronicle* never charged it with Orangemen turning it into a Drill room—and yet the Orangemen are notoriously a Protestant organization, and are spoken of in the same way in the article which the Roman Catholic Archbishop feels it his duty to correct. But if we have pointed out a passage that is enigmatical, His Grace has furnished us with a solution to the Enigmas, and we cannot quote the noble religious truth he teaches without paying a tribute to one of the purest and most brilliant gems of English literature, with which he has enriched our language, when speaking of the purpose of the Fenians, he says,

"If good, it is wicked to conceal it—the name of Him who is Light himself, should not be invoked to hide it from the eyes of mankind; and if bad, it is doubly wicked, as it is sacrilegious to attempt to have it hallowed by the religious obligations of an oath."

The pen which wrote that glorious sentiment, cannot have been dipped in the Fenian pitch with which it has accidentally been contaminated—and it were idle to seek a further solution of what would else seem enigmatical from one who places the actions of men under so faultless a religion. Nay, we might go further and require the Archbishop to show that Nova Scotia is not prospering "ceteris paribus" in fair proportion to other Anglo-Saxon people.

Again, it must be observed that the Archbishop says that "on the principle that the part is greater than the whole," it devolves upon us to prove that "the smaller the state the greater, the stronger and the happier the people"—and His Grace tries to drive us to a "reductio ad absurdum" by a reference to "Cape Breton and Yarmouth and Shelburne"—Butlo-

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gically, it is he who must show that the truth, that a "part is less than the whole" has every application to the advantages or disadvantages of Confederation:—It is he who must show that, because this axiom is admitted, greatness, strength and happiness are in ratio to size:—It rests with him to show that a large Empire will not become like that huge ship "the Great Eastern," unwieldy and unsafe—or like that immense Railroad the Grand Trunk Railway, ruinous:—(even the Robinson Diamond loses half the brilliancy of earth's most unadulterated substance from its size!) It is he who must show, we repeat that because a part is admitted to be less than the whole, therefore greatness, strength and happiness depend upon size. And farther, we might ask the Archbishop to show, that it is not probable that different interests will arise, which will divide the house against itself—we may mention as instances the question of slave labour versus free labour, which is now being worked out—Yet we may suggest that the agricultural interests of the West may some day clash with the mercantile interests of the East—that a quarrel may yet arise between California and the Atlantic States on the question of the gold basis in monetary matters of the former, versus the greenback basis of the finance of the latter, we may ask the Archbishop to prove that because "a part is less than the whole,"—therefore such matters as these may not affect the axiom he requires—viz: that the greater the state is, the greater, the stronger, the happier must the people be.—We have to become both tired ourselves and we fear tiresome to our readers, in following this question, not as politicians, but as logicians; but we have found it difficult to express in fewer words why we think that we are not pleased by the Archbishop's letter in the horns of a dilemma. The *sequitue* of course is that His Grace and the thousands like him in Nova Scotia, will be converted to opposition.

In the early part of our article we said that the Archbishop had selected an unfortunate opportunity for declaring his official views, and we will now state our reasons for thinking so.

There is, we are informed, a large and wicked organization forming in secret, both in unhappy discontented Ireland and in Anglophobia, bullying, boasting America, with the purpose of uprooting British authority from off the face of the earth—(though perhaps they will turn out to be cabbage garden and Bullsrun heroes after all)—and in the *Chronicle* article "Botheration Scheme, No. 1"—its Editor alluded to their acts in the following way, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop "feels it his duty to correct" the inference of these remarks. We give the whole of the extract verbatim. "Every mail brings us tidings of the organization and arming of Fenians and Orangemen in all the chief cities of Upper Canada. People are drilling in Churches, arms are coming in from the States in coffins, and in other disguised packages, and we are told that 50,000 Fenians stand ready armed and disciplined in New York alone and prepared to cross the Border."

There is not a word in this which the most sensible Roman Catholic could construe into a reflection upon his religion, and in fact, the Fenian Brotherhood has not hitherto been regarded as a Roman Catholic Society, but as an organization of the evil spirits generated by the New York Herald and this wretched American war; If even a lingering suspicion is prevalent that it has any thing to do with the Roman Catholic religion, it has arisen from the supposition that the greater number of the Fenians are Irishmen.

HALIFAX JOURNALISM.

We have often had occasion to remark upon the tone of the Halifax Press. The greater the subjects to be discussed the more intemperate in their language grow

the Journals which discuss them. The following sweet extracts from the *Sun* and *Unionist* support our assertion. The latter Journal in its issue of the 18th inst says as follows:—

"But what shall say of that wizened parasito the *Sun* and *Advertiser*, that lets itself out like a * * * * to do work that no other vehicle would undertake. In its issue of the 11th inst, the Editor, and we suppose the Proprietor too rolled into one, and not much at that, fancied there was a dead lion out, and he could venture near to have a kick at him.

What was it Mr. Ritchie's business, we should like to know, if "the *Morning Chronicle* did change its base," and any gentleman who was upon it choosed to retire in consequence. The idea of a miserable wingless insect like that, buzzing and creeping out with its little sting. We recommend Mr. Ritchie, instead of impertinently discoursing about anybody's "insolent manner in thrusting Union upon people" if he has not brains enough to make his own paper readable, to try and get some one who has, and let the Proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* and Mr. McCully settle their own difficulties.

The *Sun* answers the next day thus, in an article headed "Mr. McCully on the Rampage."

"We had timely warning of what we might expect, in common with our independent contemporaries, from the pen of this pseudo constitution-maker; but knowing the man so well, we were not at all alarmed, as we guessed the attack would be characteristic, that is, of a filthy and abusive nature. Wielding a ready and unscrupulous pen, Mr. McCully has been employed to do a certain work, and he does it in his own way, which is by emitting an odour offensive enough to clear the track of such opponents as would rather give up the contest than have their garments defiled. He has besides got an organ now, just adapted to his peculiar style, upon which he has played (in imagination) the requiem of the opposing press.

We leave the *Chronicle* to the fate which it so richly deserves after its unfeeling treatment of the gentleman who so enriched its pages with his refinement, and attend to our own concerns.

As well might the leopard try to change his spots, or the negro his dusky skin, as this writer (albeit he is a deacon) divest himself of his filthiness. A dirty metaphor comes readiest to him, and he is welcome to use them, for we will not. He talks of kicking a dead lion (in Irish killing a dead man twice) but we beg to assure Mr. McC. that if he was associated in our mind with any of the brute creation, we thought not for a moment of any animal half so noble as the lion. Neither did we think him dead—such beings are not easily killed—and if he insists upon fighting outside the subject for which he is paid, our spear is long enough and sharp enough to pierce his rhinoceros hide without suffering ourselves to be contaminated by his scurrility or cowed by his blustering. The above extracts are illustrative of our "greatness."

CHIT-CHAT.

In our issue of Jan. 7th, a correspondent, while criticising the policy of the Temperance League, thus alludes to the young men of Halifax—"What do I see around me—in my own sphere of life? I see parents sending their sons at 15 or 16 years of age to learn business (and merchants take them, because they are glad to get errand boys cheap—for nothing!)—and for this, these boys are taken from school and thrown into direct collision with a lower grade of society." To our thinking, there is much weight in these words, inasmuch as they open up a not inconsiderable field for discussion upon matters purely social. What about our young men?—what becomes of them, where are they to be met with, what are they like, what are their social peculiarities, what figure do they make in society? Reader, we hear a good deal about the "Nova Scotian abroad," and we not unfrequently peruse paragraphs concerning "An enterprising Nova Scotian," but what becomes of the young Nova Scotians "at home?" How is it, that you and I who make a point of going to all the parties to which it is our special privilege to be invited,—how is it that we so seldom meet in society the embryo great men of this rising Province? How is it, that, while striving our utmost to form correct ideas about Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians, we should be debarred the privilege of meeting the rising generation face to face? Whose fault is this? It is assuredly not ours, Reader, neither is it yours,—yet there is a fault somewhere, as you must admit. What constitutes "society" in Halifax? You may say, that "society" embraces those, whose local position is acknowledged by such as are hospitably inclined. Perfectly true,—there are certain people whom we meet everywhere, save in their own houses. There are some two or three families, always to be met at certain

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 impossibly 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 debarred 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. LOYDEN'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. Let I should draw down on my head the wrath of the Ottawaites, that the place already contains a population of 13,000 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

to a boiling kettle. This is on the Ottawa River itself. The Rideau Fall is divided into two branches, thus forming an island in the middle, as is the case at Niagara. It is pretty enough, and worth visiting even were it further from the town than it is; but by those who have hunted out many cataracts in their travels it will not be considered very remarkable. The Chaudiere Fall I did think very remarkable. It is of trifling depth, being formed by fractures in the rocky bed of the river; but the waters have so cut the rock as to create beautiful forms in the rush which they make in their descent. Strangers are told to look at these falls from the suspension bridge; and it is well that they should do so. But, in so looking at them, they obtain but a very small part of their effect. On the Ottawa side of the bridge is a brewery, which brewery is surrounded by a huge timber-yard. This timber-yard I found to be very muddy, and the passing and repassing through it is a work of trouble; but nevertheless let the traveller by all means make his way through the mud, and scramble over the timber, and cross the plank bridges which traverse the streams of the saw-mills, and thus take himself to the outer edge of the wood-work over the water. He will then seat himself, about the hour of sunset, he will see the Chaudiere Fall aright.

But the glory of Ottawa will be—and, indeed, already is—the set of public buildings which is now being erected on the rock which guards, as it were, the town from the river. How much of the excellence of these buildings, may be due to the taste of Sir Edmund Head, the late governor, I do not know. That he has greatly interested himself in the subject, is well known; and, as the style of the different buildings is so much alike as to make one whole, though the designs of different architects were elected and these different architects employed, I imagine that considerable alterations must have been made in the original drawings. There are three buildings, forming three sides of a quadrangle; but they are not joined, the vacant spaces at the corners being of considerable extent. The fourth side of the quadrangle opens upon one of the principal streets of the town. The center building is intended for the Houses of Parliament, and the two side buildings for the government offices. Of the first Messrs. Fuller and Jones are the architects, and of the latter Messrs. Stent and Laver. I did not have the pleasure of meeting any of these gentlemen; but I take upon myself to say that, as regards purity of art and manliness of conception, their joint work is entitled to the very highest praise. How far the buildings may be well arranged for the required purposes—how far they may be economical in construction or specially adapted to the severe climate of the country—I cannot say; but I have no hesitation in risking my reputation for judgment in giving my warmest commendation to them as regards beauty of outline and truthful nobility of detail.

I shall not attempt to describe them, for I should interest no one in doing so, and should certainly fail in my attempt to make any reader understand me. I know no modern Gothic purer of its kind or less sullied with fictitious ornamentation. Our own Houses of Parliament are very fine, but it is, I believe, generally felt that the ornamentation is too minute; and, moreover, it may be questioned whether perpendicular Gothic is capable of the highest nobility which architecture can achieve. I do not pretend to say that these Canadian public buildings will reach that highest nobility. They must be finished before any final judgment can be pronounced; but I do feel very certain that that final judgment will be greatly in their favor. The total frontage of the quadrangle, including the side buildings, is 1200 feet; that of the center buildings is 475. As I have said before, £225,000 have already been expended; and it is estimated that the total cost, including the arrangement and decoration of the ground behind the building and in the quadrangle, will be half a million.

The buildings front upon what will, I suppose, be the principal street of Ottawa, and they stand upon a rock looking immediately down upon the river. In this way they are blessed with a site peculiarly happy. Indeed, I cannot at this moment remember any so much so. The Castle of Edinburgh stands very well; but then, like many other castles, it stands on a summit by itself, and can only be approached by a steep ascent. These buildings at Ottawa, though they look down from a grand eminence immediately on the river, are approached from the town without any ascent. The rock, though it falls almost precipitously down to the water, is covered with trees and shrubs; and then the river that runs beneath is rapid, bright, and picturesque in the irregularity of all its lines. The view from the back of the library, up to the Chaudiere Falls and to the saw-mills by which they are surrounded, is very lovely. So that I will say again that I know no site for such a set of buildings so happy as regards both beauty and grandeur. It is intended that the library, of which the walls were only ten feet above the ground when I was there, shall be an octagonal building, in shape and outward character like the chapter house of a cathedral. This structure will, I presume, be surrounded by gravel walks and green sward. Of the library there is a large model showing all the details of the architecture; and if that model be ultimately followed, this building alone would be worthy of a visit from English tourists. To me it was very wonderful to find such an edifice in the course of erection on the banks of a wild river almost at the back of Canada. But if ever I visit Canada again, it will be to see those buildings when completed.

JOURNALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

We commend the following article to the perusal of Halifax editors.

We have lately received a copy of a newspaper published at Dunedin, New Zealand. The Editor—and he takes no trouble to conceal his name—is Mr. J. G. S. Grant, and he has done us the honour to appreciate our name. No. IX. of this *Review of Politics, Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art* is, we should say, scarcely dear at sixpence (the price charged), seeing that our contemporary professes to be a manual of philosophy—a subject beyond our humble attainments, or at least beyond our professions. "Philosophy," we conjecture, stands, in New Zealand speech, for strong language; and a journal of full-flavoured philosophy such as that taught by the Dunedin sage, though it consists of only eight small pages, has a right to charge as much as we do for our forty pages of tepid disquisition. Journalism, like the ancient wine of Madeira, seems to acquire body and flavour by a voyage to the antipodes, and the *Edinburgh Gazette* and the *Edinburgh Independent* are more than reproduced by the editorial amenities of Otago paper, has, it seems, a contemporary and rival editor of an Otago paper has, it seems, thought proper to speak of the Dunedin *Review* as "a hash of impudence, intolerance, absurdity, and folly," and "an incoherent rhapsody," and its editor is described as "a miserable scribbler who sends forth to the world a tissue of lies conceived in his own enkerked imagination." The *Review* is naturally, as they say in America, prettily riled by this civil language, and certainly returns its adversary's fire with vigour. Unfortunately, we are not acquainted with the title of our contemporary's assailant, for Mr. Grant's anger is so great that he falls into metaphors at once. His rival is "the Stafford Street Twinkler" and "a penny candle," and, with a fine contempt of rhetorical analogies, his editor is "the rapid editorial stock of the penny candle, who sports a white neck-tie and a six-foot chimney tile." It is not for nothing that literature has been transported to the Southern world. In regions where nature is prolific of monsters like those of the Australasian Fauna and Flora, where little otters grow ducks' bills and cherries turn their stones outwards, we can almost understand a stock editing a penny candle, which is also a penny whistle; and the Dutch pictures of St. Anthony's Temptation have also prepared us for the phenomenon of a stock sporting a white neck-tie and a six-foot chimney tile. But Mr. Grant is really too rich and redundant in his figures of speech. No sooner does the mind's eye fashion out the vivid stock in its preposterous head-gear, than this master of vituperation conjures up another image, and the writer in "the Stafford Street Twinkler" becomes "a self-inflated frog" and a "useless snob, whose arduous work consists in coming to his office at 12 noon, after pouring a quart of maceassar oil on his empty pate," and "droning away a useless life in tap-rooms and bagnios." This combination is distracting, but artistic. A rapid stock, which is also a self-inflated frog and a useless snob, and whose empty pate is deluged by a quart of maceassar oil and crowned by a six-foot chimney tile, must be worth a visit to an Otago tap-room to see. The Dunedin journalist, however, it is pleasant to reflect, has higher consolations than this world can give. Not only has Mr. J. G. S. Grant the *meus consuecree*, but he defies the whole world to find a stain on his spotless scutecheon, a flaw in the lucid transparency of his moral character, or a drawback on his intellectual and philosophical attainments. It is only the highest geniuses which can afford to enlarge upon their own personal attainments, and to challenge the world to say that black is the white of their eye; and, in a fine spirit of indignant self-exculpation almost equal to that of Prometheus appealing to all creation, the Dunedin *Review* blows its own not uncertain trumpet. "The literature of the Dunedin *Review* will stand the test of the highest University in Europe." "Let the editorial stock of the penny candle point out any lie that we ever uttered; if it cannot, it must stand convicted as a base liar." "Our character is beyond the contemptible assertions of Otago editors; we challenge all Dunedin to point out in our character one single flaw, frailty, or infirmity. Come forth, ye despicable frogs, out of your stagnant pools, and croak out your accusations against us, and we shall soon answer them." And though the *in propria* style of argument is very properly not forgotten, in reply to some special accusation, "that is a lie," "a gratuitous lie," and even goes so far as to threaten his opponent "with a writ of libel against this *Liar* for his despicable calumniations"—as he writes it—he soon soars to pure and more extra-mundane consolations. "Fortified with a pure conscience . . . we have challenged this base liar to prove any or all of his despicable charges." Rising with the occasion, the injured Editor can afford to be magnanimous and long-suffering. Combining charity, pity, and forgiveness with a slight touch of malediction, Mr. Grant finds, with Uncle Toby, that there is room in the world as it now is both for himself and the blue-bottle. He only forecasts a new moral world when the penny candle shall be extinguished, the whistle be silenced, and the rapid stock and self-inflated frog shall be annihilated. "We might raise an action for foul libel against him, and ruin him. But no man shall ever have to say we have injured a hair of his head in a court of law. We can securely repose in

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the consciousness of 'a conscience void of offence, both as regards man and God.' We shall go on the even tenor of our way, and can afford to pass over the despicable yelping of illiterate curs and unprincipled liars, tonies, and quasi-editors. We have one consolation to fall back upon, and that is—'The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' The perfect day is drawing nigh when merit shall be rewarded, and when fools and knaves and illiterate hirelings and immoral characters shall be banished beyond the pale of a more perfect social organization. There is no place under God's earnest sky for such characters."

We have sought in vain to discover the cause of all this divine wrath. It may be something connected with the Dunedin pump; or, as the Otago stock charges the *Review* with "besmearing the fame of our wives and daughters with his filthy innuendoes, there may be a Bribis in the case. But, be all this as it may, the editors are terribly in earnest. It may be said that, in small and rough communities among the Otago gold fields, this sort of thing is a matter of course, and that, when Dunedin has crept up to the Sydney and Melbourne standard of prosperity, decency of language will come, in the regular advance of civilization, to its newspapers. This is true as far as it goes, but it does not quite account for all that is before us, and which is worth a moment's idle commentary: Amongst very vulgar and wholly uneducated people, coarse language and disgusting words are a matter of course. The vocabulary of a costermonger or a cabinian is very scanty, and it is possible to believe that he scarcely realizes the extreme filthiness and coarseness of many of his habitual expressions. In the lowest strata of low life many of the worst phrases have been conventionalized, and convey scarcely any meaning to those who use them or to those to whom they are applied. They are, like the flourishes of old-fashioned penmanship, mere expletives, without any direct sense. It is a hasty conclusion, therefore, to suppose that the habitual use of coarse and offensive speech by very uneducated persons necessarily implies a corresponding moral degradation. The variations which a genuine White-Jappler plays upon the derivations of "blood" is a case in point. These derivations are applied indiscriminately to objects of praise and blame, love and hatred; and are often used absolutely in no sense at all. They are the stupid resources of an inadequate *copula verborum*. But all this does not apply to such talk as we have quoted. Nor is it, after all, chosen on Mr. Chuek's principle. It is not that the gold-diggers of New Zealand could not understand any other language, or appreciate any other style, than that indulged in by the Dunedin and Otago editors, because it may be questioned whether they understand it now. The peculiar point of it escapes their appreciation. If any of our readers are at the trouble of looking again at the manner of speech of Mr. J. G. S. Grant, they will observe that, though it may not quite come up to "the test of the highest University in Europe," yet it is plain that it is written by a man of some sort of education, and addressed to readers of some sort of education also. O'Connell silenced a fish-fag exuberant in Billingsgate by calling her an equilateral triangle, and condemning her to a quadratic equation; but it may be doubted whether a New Zealand navy would see any force in saluting an editor as a vapid editorial stork and a Staffed Stock twinkler. The question, not altogether uninteresting, is what manner of man the editor of this Dunedin *Review*, and what manner of men his readers, must be. Mr. J. G. S. Grant asserts that his circulation, albeit of 1,000 copies in Dunedin weekly, exceeds that of any contemporary, and that "it is filed up as a precious Koran from its commencement." No doubt, Otago journalism suits Otago readers: the supply is not out of all proportion to the demand. And this leads us to some appreciation of what colonial life really is. Colonization is not pursued by mere hedgers and ditchers, but it is the work of men of some sort of education— that lamentable education which writes and reads such journalism as we have given specimens of. It is not its mere coarse vituperation and its vulgar slang that is its sole characteristic, but its effacement of high-mindedness, its claims to the assurances of religious conviction, its fictitious morality, its attempt to persuade itself and others that public interests can be furthered and social duties promoted by this personal invective and senseless ruminant. All this, it may be said, is only after the American model—the true type of colonial civilization. This may be so; but it involves a melancholy consideration. Must it be a matter of course that all our colonies are to be Americanized? The United States present the example of a community which has certainly suffered a social and political degradation. There was nothing in the country of Washington and Franklin to lead to the anticipation that it would ever become the country of Lincoln and Butler. What are we to forecast of the future of a country which starts with a higher form of civilization than the North American States did, and yet which, partly by reason of its higher type, permits the existence of Otago and Dunedin journalism as it is? Modern colonies have not yet succeeded in even equaling the social and moral type of the mother country. Neither Spain nor Portugal stands at the present moment high in the European hierarchy, but Mexican and Brazilian life is much lower. The original virtues of the Anglo-American colonists have only grown more inveterate by time. Climate may have a good deal to do with it, since Canada undoubtedly stands higher in all

that makes society worth living in than do the United States. The Australasian settlements have greater elements of material prosperity; but there are awkward signs, among which its journalism is not the least prominent, that they are not likely to throw off that bias which has been the ruin of the American character, and of American institutions too.

Summary of the Telegraphic News of the Week

Peace rumors continue to absorb attention. The latest is from the Washington correspondent of the Tribune, who predicts that a cessation of hostilities preliminary to peace negotiations, will take place within ten days.

The Herald's Savannah correspondent of the 8th., represents affairs in the city quiet and unchanged, and reiterates reports as to the movements among the citizens of Georgia for Union.

Late Richmond papers are violent in their criticisms for and against Jeff Davis, and his conduct of the war.

Hood's defeat and Sherman's triumphant march through Georgia, are attributed to imbecility of Southern leaders.

Tennessee State Convention passed resolutions abolishing slavery in that state forever unanimously.

The Hon. Edward Everett died suddenly yesterday morning of apoplexy.

Richmond papers announce the arrival of Francis P. Blair in that city, supposed object of his visit to be on a peace mission. Senator Foote, late of the Confederate Congress, was arrested by the Confederate pickets while attempting to cross the line to reach Washington. He is now held in strict confinement.

Confederate refugees confirm the report that General Lee has sent troops to South Carolina to oppose Sherman.

Parson W. G. Rowan has been nominated for Governor of Tennessee by the Unionists of that State.

A Court of Enquiry is to be held in Washington in regard to the failure of the late expedition to Wilmington.

The Richmond Examiner says:—"One thing is truly to be feared, which is the decay of public spirit before the continual spectacle of executive folly and legislative subservience."

The U. S. sloop of war San Jacinto was wrecked off Bahama Banks, Jan. 1st.

The public buildings in Washington are draped in mourning, and the departments are closed in respect to the memory of Hon. Edward Everett.

Mr. Blair has returned from Richmond—He had an interview with Jeff Davis. During the interview Davis said he would either receive or send Commissioners of Peace to Washington, and he inquired if they would be received by our Government. No terms of peace were indicated.

Correspondence from Beaufort under date 9th., state that Commodore Porter's immense fleet of Iron-clads and frigates, was about standing from there to make a second attack on Wilmington.

A large body of troops were on transports ready to participate.

A. D. Richardson and J. H. Brown, correspondents of the Tribune, had escaped from a rebel prison in North Carolina, and arrived safe at Nashville. Several other prisoners escaped with them. It is now asserted that Blair's visit to Richmond was on private matters; although Richmond papers insist he was sent there to negotiate peace.

Advices from Gen. Thomas say active operations are suspended by the inclemency of weather. His army is supplied well. Hood is reported as still fleeing South.

A reliable report from Alabama states that the Legislature of that State will soon adopt resolutions favoring a return to the Union.

Never before has the rebel press spoken so despondingly of the situation.

In regard to military investigations at Washington the Tribune correspondent says:—"Gen. Butler's testimony before the Committee on the conduct of the war, lifts the veil which has closely covered so many disasters and blunders in front of Petersburg. His testimony produced a profound impression, and a summons was issued for Gen. Grant and other high officers."

Full reports of the capture of "Fort Fisher" have been received and all the Confederate defences on Federal Point.

The Federal loss in killed and wounded is estimated at nine hundred. The Confederate loss five hundred killed and wounded, and two thousand five hundred prisoners, and seventy-two guns. The storming party met with a desperate resistance inside the Fort. An explosion of the powder magazine in the Fort, killed and wounded two hundred, mostly Federals. One fifteen inch gun burst on board the iron-clad "Mohopac," but without fatal injury to any one.

Richmond papers of Monday officially announce the capture of Fort Fisher, and confess that it is a great disaster, sending Wilmington against blockade running, and a great loss to the Confederacy.

Brigadier General Terry who commanded the land assault on Fort Fisher has been made a Major General.

Admiral Porter speaks in high terms of the efficiency of our iron-clads. He says:—"The 'Monadnock' is capable of crossing the ocean alone when her compass are once adjusted pro-

perly, and navy, lay provided. She could, in case of thick as Fisher is doing at

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THE BULLFROG.

perly, and could destroy any vessel in the French or British navy, lay their towns under contribution, and return again, provided she could pick up coal without fear of being followed. She could certainly clear any harbor on our coast of blockaders, in case we were at war with foreign powers. As strong and thick as the sides of this vessel are, one heavy shot from Fort Fisher indented the iron on her side armor, without however doing any material damage.

The iron-clads laid five days under fire from Fort Fisher, anchored less than 800 yards off, and though fired at a great deal, they received no injury except to their boats and the light matter about the decks, which were pretty well cut to pieces.

The Canadian Parliament met yesterday at Quebec. The Governor General in his speech congratulates the Legislature upon the general prosperity and contentment of the people of Canada, and urges upon them the necessity and importance of protecting British soil from being used by political refugees to commit outrages on a friendly State, and commends the proposition for a Confederation of the British Provinces.

Richmond papers of the 17th state that the Confederate Congress, in secret session, has appointed a Committee to consider peace conditions.

The capture of Fort Fisher has released a large number of war steamers hitherto engaged on the blockade squadron. Gold opened at 206.

Local and other Items.

We received EAGLE EYE'S Communication, (third page was missing.) If he will kindly forward this to us we will insert his letter next week.

The Amateur Sacred Concert in the Roman Catholic Cathedral last night was, we are told, eminently successful.

“A correspondent of the *Express* calls our attention (in language common to the Colonial press of the period) to an error put forth in our last issue, relative to the Roman Catholic population in the proposed Federation. We remarked that—“Should Canada and the Maritime Provinces unite, the R. Catholic population would outnumber the Protestant population by one third.” We regret our mistake (*Nona mortalia, &c., &c.*) inasmuch as we not only led the *Express* correspondent to use language which was hardly gentlemanlike, but likewise failed to do justice to the statistics of a gentleman celebrated for the general accuracy of his figures. We should have penned the following sentence:—“Should Canada and the Maritime Provinces unite, the R. Catholic population of B. N. America would be as three to one to any other religious denomination.” As regards the “defunct Protestant Alliance,” we never heard of it. We are opposed to all sectarian “alliances,” as much as we are opposed to a political alliance with Canada, on the terms of the Federation Scheme.

THE UNIONIST.—It is somewhat painful to observe that a Journal which describes itself as the “ablest and best conducted” paper in Nova Scotia descends in its second issue to the use of language which would disgrace a radical journal in Honolulu. The sixth paragraph of its leading article on the “contemporary press” on this occasion, is so coarse that we cannot soil our columns by repeating it. The main efforts of this great Unionist paper seem to be made against Mr. Annand. It does not argue so much on Union as it does against the private character of an individual. The course adopted by the *Unionist* may be remunerative, but any sensible man must see that it tends to lower the standard of the Provincial Press. After four articles tending to prove that Mr. Annand is nobody—a nmskull—a traitor—a turncoat—and a scoundrel, the certain promise of future punishment is given to that gentleman thus:—“From the pen of a Voltaire or a Hobbs, or some other infidel, one might expect some such fling. * * * We notice that a recent *Chronicle* attempts some kind of a slur, or sneer, or caricature of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Annand is not likely to take much by that motion, either in a Province where the Baptist population is one sixth of the whole. * * * The time for infidel sneers at religion, Mr. Annand and his new found friends and admirers will find, or we greatly mistake, has passed away in Nova Scotia.” If a gentleman's opinion on Federation is worthless, and he himself an infidel, because he sneers at Mr. Spurgeon, the rest—*va sans dire*—and success to the Unionist! We repeat, it is a painful spectacle—to see the “best conducted paper” in this Province, making feeble attempts to vilify individual characters and foster sectional disorders upon a political question with which sections and sectarians have no concern.

The *Unionist* late *Journal* makes the following startling statement:—“We are endeavouring by one bold and vigorous effort to build up an Empire around us, and to make of ourselves a nation, which, at the very outset will rank with the first class powers of the earth.” Now, British North America “at the outset” has a population of something less than 4,000,000, being

nearly equivalent to that of Bavaria. The latter is not generally considered a first rate power.

The Angean Stable of the *Reporter* is not easily cleansed. Our efforts to purge that Journal of “Things talked of” has failed most signally. For a time indeed, a manifest improvement was visible, but even now when Halifax is to be emporium of manufactures from the East, from the West, from the North, and from the South, the same low conversational taste of its inhabitants is weekly recorded in the *Reporter*. The remarks, which we have at sundry times and seasons, been called by public duty to make upon “Things talked of” were never intended to refer to the columns of the *Reporter, en masse*. That Journal is on the whole most ably conducted, and we know that the respectable portion of its staff have long and loudly protested against the blot which disfigures its last column on Saturday's. That these gentlemen may bring their influence to bear upon their colleagues with success, is our earnest hope. The press of this Province is lowered sufficiently already by the scurrilities of Politicians as expressed in the Journals they control. The *Reporter* is not strongly political, and should eschew such writing as must eventually lower the newspapers of this Province to the level of those of the United States or the *Dagbladet* sheet of Quebec.

DAKEMOUTH FERRY.—We have had the pleasure of inspecting the new Steam Ship in course of construction for the Dartmouth Ferry Company. Like her sister vessels, she will be a noble specimen of naval architecture. There can be no doubt that should the enemy invade our shores, these fine vessels, mounted with three-pounder guns, and assisted by the iron-clads *Daring* and *Neptune*, would prove an auxiliary force to the British fleet, worthy of our great Western Empire—One ninth of the world.

Shipping Intelligence.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Jan. 14.
Schr. Lone Star, Keans, Margaree Bay—to M. Dorey.
Monday, Jan. 16.
Schr. Susanna, Clark, Boston—to Master; Packet *barque* Halifax, O'Brien, Boston, 38 hours, gen. cargo,—to Lawson, Harrington & Co.
Tuesday, Jan. 17.
Schr. Eagle, Romkey, Mahone Bay, fish, etc.—to E. & C. Stayer.
Wednesday, Jan. 18.
Schr. Mary and Charles, Arichat—to Master; *Matilda*, Shaw, St. Peter's—to Black, Bros. & Co; *Topaz*, Sydney—to E. Albro & Co.
Thursday, Jan. 19.
No arrivals from sea to-day.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

CLEARED.

Saturday, Jan. 14.
Brig. *Chautieler*, Matson, Jamaica; Brig. *Watchman*, Reddy, Nassau; Schr. *Traveler*, Thomas, B. W. Indies; *Vernon*, Stanwood, St. John, N. B.; *Hoppe*, Carroll, New York; *Friend*, Campbell, Nassau.
Monday, Jan. 16.
Steamer *Franconia*, Nickerson, Boston—by J. F. Thelan; Schr. *Mary Jane*, Hopkins, Jamaica—by T. C. Kinnear & Co.
Tuesday, Jan. 17.
Ship *Hampden*, (Am.) Pendleton, Bristol, timber—by W. Chisholm; Brig. *Latina*, McDonald, Fgn West Indies, fish, etc.—by W. P. West & Co; Schr. *Masena*, Nugent, Boston, fish, etc.—by D. A. Pitts.
Wednesday, Jan. 18.
Brigs. *Albion*, Haek, Bermuda—by J. S. Harvey; *Isabella* Thompson, Stevens, B. W. I.—by R. J. & W. Hart; Schr. *Anna Wall*, St. Domingo—by B. Wier & Co; *Rival*, Dunlop, Liverpool, N. S.—by Master.
Thursday, Jan. 19.
Schooner *Kate*, White, Margaree, C. B.—by S. F. Barss.

THE DOUBLE HOUSE.

(Continued).

My husband and I by his express desire spent almost every evening at the Double House. Very painful and dreary evenings they were. Convalescence seemed to the poor patient no happiness—only a terror, misery, and pain.

One night, just as we were leaving, making an attempt at cheerfulness—for it was the first time he had performed the feat of walking, and his wife had helped him across the room with triumphant joy—he said, breaking from a long reverie, “Stay—a few minutes more; Rivers—Mrs. Rivers—I want to speak with you both.”

We sat down. He fell back in his chair, and covered his eyes. At length Mrs. Merchiston gently took the hands away.

“Evan, you don't feel so strongly as usual to-night?”

“I do; alas, alas, I do,” he muttered.—“Would I were weak, and lay on that bed again, as powerless as a child. No, Barbara; look, I am strong—well.” He stood up, stretching his gaunt right arm, and clenching the hand; then let it drop, affrighted. “My little Barbara, I must send thee away.”

“Send me away!”

“Peggy,” cried my husband, in stern reproof, “be silent!”

The poor wife broke out into bitter sobs. “Oh, Evan, what have I

done to you? Dear Evan, let me stay—only till you are quite well again."

For, despite what he said about his strength, his countenance, as he lay back, was almost that of a corpse. Barbara's clinging arms seemed to him worse than the gripe of a murderer.

"Take her away, Mrs. Rivers; take my poor wife away. You know how she has nursed me; you know whether I love her or not."

"Love her!" I cried bitterly; but James's hand was upon my shoulder. His eye, which with its gentle firmness could, they said at the Hospital, control the most refractory and soothe the most wretched patient, was fixed upon Dr. Mercheston. I saw the sick man yield; the bright hectic flush came and went in his cheek.

"Rivers, my good friend, what do you wish me to do?"

"A very simple thing. Tell me—not these poor, frightened women, but me, your real reason for acting thus."

"Impossible."

"Not quite. It may be I partly guess it already."

Dr. Mercheston started up with the look of a hunted wild beast in its last despair, but my husband laid his hand on his, in a kind but resolute way.

"Indeed, indeed, you are safe in telling me. Will you do it?"

The patient hesitated, held up his thin hand to the light with a wan smile, then said, "It can not matter for long; I will."

James immediately sent us both out of the room.

Mrs. Mercheston was a very weak woman, gentle and frail. She wept until her strength was gone; then I put her to bed in her maid's charge, and waited until Mr. Rivers ended his conference with her husband.

It was two hours before James came out. At sight of him my torrent of curiosity was dried up; he looked as if had sometimes seen him coming home from a death-bed. To my few questions he answered not a word.

"But at least," said I, half crying, "at least you might tell me what I am to do with poor Mrs. Mercheston."

"Yes, yes," he thought a minute. "She must go home with us; the sooner the better."

"You agree, then," I burst out, breathless; "you agree to this separation?"

"Entirely."

"You join with her wicked husband in his ingratitude—his brutality?"

"Peggy!" James caught me by the shoulders, with the sternest frown that ever fell on me in all our peaceful married life; "Peggy, may Heaven forgive you! You do not know what you are saying."

I was completely awed.

"Dr. Mercheston has told you the secret, and you are determined to keep it?"

"Implicitly, while his poor life lasts."

My husband was a man of inviolable honor. He never would tell a patient's secrets, or a friend's, even to me, his wife; nor was I the woman to desire it. I urged no more.

During the ten days that Mrs. Mercheston remained in my house; part of the time she was in a sort of low fever, which was the happiest thing for her, poor soul! I made not a single inquiry after her husband; I knew that Mr. Rivers was with him at all hours, as doctor, nurse, and friend.

One day, when Mrs. Mercheston was sitting in the parlor with me, he looked in at the door. She did not see him. He quietly beckoned me out.

"Well, James?"

"Speak lower, Peggy, lower; don't let her hear."

And then I saw how very much agitated he was; yet even that did not quite remove the bitterness with which I could not help mentioning the name of Dr. Mercheston.

"Peggy, Dr. Mercheston is dying."

I had not expected this; it was a great shock.

"I feared it would be so," continued James; "I have seen him sinking this long time. Now the mind is at peace, but the worn-out body—"

"His wife—his poor wife," was all I could utter.

"Yes, that is what I came to say. She must go to him; he wishes it much. Do you think she will?"

I smiled, sadly. "Ah! James, she is a woman."

"And you women can forgive to all eternity. Heaven bless you for it! Besides, she will know the whole truth soon."

I asked not what this "truth" was. What did it matter? he was dying.

"But are you sure, James, there is no hope of his recovery?"

"None, I believe, and an almost glad to believe it. There is no man I ever knew whom I so deeply pity, and shall so thankfully see gone to his last rest, as Dr. Mercheston."

These were strong words, enough to calm down every wrong feeling, and made me fit to lead the wick to her husband's sick—nay, death chamber.

How we brought her thither I forget. I only remember the moment when we stood within the door.

Dr. Mercheston lay on his bed, as for some long months he had patiently and cheerfully lain. He had nothing of that old quiet look now, but with a change—the strange, awful change which, however fond friends may deceive themselves, is always clearly visible to a colder gaze. You say at once, "That man will die."

When Barbara came into the room he stretched out his arms with the brightest, happiest smile. She clung to him closely and long. There was no forgiveness asked or bestowed; it was not needed.

"I am content, my Barbara, content at last!" and he laid his head on her shoulder.

"Evan, you will not part from me again?"

"No; I need not now. They will tell you why it was. You believe, —you will always believe how I loved you?"

"Yes."

"Stop. Let me hold her close as I used to do—my wife, my little Barbara. Stoop down."

She obeyed. He put his arms round her, and kissed her with many kisses, such as he had not given her since she was a six month's bride;

their memory remained sweet on her lips till she was old and gray. Dr. Mercheston died at the next sunrise, died peacefully in Barbara's arms.

Three days after my husband and I stood by the coffin, where, for the last few minutes on earth, the features, which had been so familiar to us for the last two years, were exposed to our view. James said—touching the forehead, which was placid as a dead baby's, with all the wrinkles gone—

"Thank the Lord!"

"Why?"

"For this blessed death, in which alone his sufferings could end. He was a monomaniac, and he knew it."

Before speaking again my husband, reverently and tenderly, closed the coffin, and led me down stairs.

The funeral over, and we two sitting quietly and solemnly by our own fireside, James told me the whole.

"He was, as I said, a monomaniac. Mad on one point only, the rest of his mind being clear and sound."

"And that point was—"

"The desire to murder his wife. He told me," pursued James, when my horror had fallen subsided, "that it came upon him first in the very honeymoon, beginning with the sort of feeling that I have heard several people say that they had at the climax of happiness—the wish there and then to die—together. Afterward, day and night, whenever they were alone, the temptation would to haunt him. A physician himself, he knew that it was a monomania; but he also knew that, if he confessed it, he, same on all other points, would be treated as a madman, and that his wife, the only creature he loved, would look on him with horror forever. There was but one course to save himself and her; he took it, and never swerved from it."

"But in his illness?"

"Then, being perfectly helpless, he knew he could not harm her, and in great bodily weakness most monomaniacs usually subside. His left him entirely. When he grew stronger it returned. You know the rest. His life was one long torture. Peace be with him now!"

"Amen!" I said, and went to comfort the widow.

The terrible fact, which Dr. Mercheston had desired should be told her after his death, did not seem to affect Barbara so much as we feared. Love to her, as to many other women, was the beginning and end of all things—sufficient for life, and even in death wholly undying.

"He loved me—he always loved me," she kept saying, and her days of mourning became the dawn of a perennial joy.

She lived to be nearly as old as I am now, remaining one of those widows who are "widows indeed," forever faithful to one love and one memory.

Advertisements.

Oysters. Oysters. Oysters.

50 Kegs, one gallon, 20 kegs, half gallon, OYSTERS, very fine.

LOVELL & SIMPSON.

Confederation of the Provinces.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen.—In consequence of not having a chance of speaking at the last meeting at Temperance Hall, I have been requested to call a meeting to myself at Masonic Hall, on Monday evening the 23rd. January, 11.55. It will cost me some expenses, I want to clear myself, and after paying all expenses, I will give a portion of the proceeds for the benefit of the poor of the city. 12 and a half cents each Ticket. Doors open at 7 o'clock

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UNITED SERVICE DEPOT,

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OPPOSITE THE NORTH END OF THE PROVINCE BUILDING.

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Strangers particularly will please observe that this Shop has no connection with any other warehouse.

Dublin International Exhibition

Articles wishing to Exhibit (and of Manufactured Articles are expected to make arrangements with the Committee before the 14th of February. Our space being limited, no application for the admission of Manufactured Articles can be received at a later period. Contributions of Painting, Photography, Manufactures of Wool and Flax, Leather, Fancy Woods, &c. &c. solicited.

D. HONEYMAN, Secy.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY NEXT, the 12th inst., Places of Deposit for the reception of Letters pre-paid by stamp, will be established at the undermentioned places of business in this city, viz:

No. 1.—At John Hanan's, corner of Pleasant Street and Gas Lane.

No. 2.—At Atterton's & McDonald's, No. 89 (head of Lawson's Wharf) Lower Water Street.

No. 3.—At Robert Equihart's, corner of Birmingham Street and Spring Garden Road.

No. 4.—Henry Tully's, No. 180 Upper Water Street.

No. 5.—At James C. Crawford's, No. 394 Upper Water Street.

No. 6.—At Dr. McFaridge's, No. 52 Cornwallis St.

Letters to be forwarded by the Mid-day and Evening Mails must be posted PRIOR to the hours specified below:

No. 1.—At 1 P.M. and 7 P.M.

No. 2.—At 1.15 P.M. and 7.15 P.M.

No. 3.—At 1.30 P.M. and 7.30 P.M.

No. 4.—At 1.30 P.M. and 7.30 P.M.

No. 5.—At 1.15 P.M. and 7.15 P.M.

No. 6.—At 1 P.M. and 7 P.M.

Postage stamps can be had at all the above named places of deposit.

A. WOODGATE,

Postmaster-General.

HALIFAX, N. S., October 22nd, 1884.

EXTENSIVE FALL STOCK

SCHOOL BOOKS STATIONERY, & C.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per steamers *Sidon* and *Asia*, ships *Rowanath*, *Spiral* of the *Ocean*, and other vessels, a large part of their Fall Stock of School Books, Stationery, &c., which they offer wholesale and Retail, on their usual low terms, for cash or approved credit.

On hand—A large stock of the **IRISH NATIONAL SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.**

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The Subscribers having removed from Ear Lane to the City of Halifax, return their sincere thanks to their Old Customers in the Counties of Colchester and Pictou for the generous support accorded them, and solicit a continuance of the same in their New Establishment, No. 24 SACKVILLE STREET, Opposite J. D. Nash's Variety Hall.

Town and Country Buyers will find constantly on hand a choice selection of **GROCERIES** and **WINES** of the choicest brands suitable to their wants, at the lowest prices. Having large and commodious Store Rooms, they will take goods on Commission, and sell to the best advantage for the owners. Country Produce will be strictly attended to.

CHARLES GRAHAM & CO.,
24 Sackville St.,

Halifax, Jan. 7, 1881.

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1885.

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DEALERS IN BRITISH & FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
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Has received EX-MORNING STAR, from London, a large assortment of J. Lazenby & Son's Pickles, Sauces, Preserves, and Preserved Fruits, (candied Lemon, Orange, and Citron, Flavouring Essence, &c., &c. And has now a large stock of Family Groceries, suited for Christmas, which he offers for sale at Moderate prices. 293, BARRINGTON STREET.

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PRINTING OFFICE.

BILL HEADS, CARDS, NOTICES, POSTERS.

Job Printing of every description executed

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

The above Printing Establishment is one of the branches of industry of the H. I. S. instituted for the employment of friendless boys, teaching them trades, and affording them the means of gaining for themselves an honest living, the Managing Committee solicit the custom of the gentlemen and merchants of Halifax.

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VARIETY HALL.

The Subscribers beg to call the attention of their friends and the public generally to their stock of **FURNITURE.** Having made some alterations in their business, they are now prepared to offer their stock for general inspection. Among their latest importations are—

SUPERIOR SINGLE AND DOUBLE IRON BEDSTEADS AND

STRETCHERS.

Children's Cribbs, Oil Cloth Carpetings, Felt Druggists, Hearth Rugs, Cocoa Matting, &c., different qualities and widths. Also from Boston—Twenty new Bed-room Sets, some very handsome, containing 11 pieces bed-room furniture, round end Wooden Bedsteads, Bureaus, assorted sizes, painted; also, Mahogany and Walnut Venneered, marble tops and plain; Mahogany and Walnut Haircloth, spring-seat **SOFAS, COUCHES, AND ROCKING CHAIRS;** Case and Wood Seat Sitting and Rocking Chairs, in great variety; Children's Chairs in wood, cane and willow; assorted Case and Wood Stools, and Arm Chairs. Hair, Excelsior, and seaweed **MATTRESSES,** all widths, constantly on hand and made to order.

FEATHER BEDS, BOLSTERS AND PILLOWS,

assorted sizes; American Green Case or Fowl Beds, all widths; Wash Stands, assorted sizes; Cloth and Fowl Stands; Hall Hat Stands; Round and Square Tables; Centre, Leaf, Toilette, Dining and Extension, in various woods and well assorted; **BIRD CAGES,** a beautiful assortment; nests of Teal, dozens of Duckets, Brooms and Clothes Pins, Travelling Trunks and Valises; Brass-mounted and Plated **HARNESSES;** Looking glasses, and an endless variety of articles needed by Housekeepers, and which can be purchased cheaper at **VARIETY HALL**, than elsewhere. All Goods purchased at this place are sent home free of expense, to parties living in the city.

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Goods given on credit to responsible parties at regular prices. Intending purchasers are respectfully requested to call and examine our very large and varied stock, before concluding their arrangements for house-furnishing.

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The strictest attention will be paid to the

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M. F. EAGER, Chemist, &c.

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TERMS—Single lessons in all the above named branches for 21 lessons given at the pupils residence 25 0 0
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Also—Lessons given in Fencing, Folds. Instructions given in Gymnastics to children. Terms very reasonable.
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150 doz. superior Champagne, Hook, Moselle, &c. Moet & Chandon's, Clicquot's, Mumm's, and Prince of Wales Champagne. Superior sparkling Hook, Moselle, and Burgundy—pints and quarts.
50 doz. very superior pale and brown **SHERRIES**—Vino de Pasta, Anonitaino, Bell, Ronnie, & Co's., Lindays, Hornblower & Co's., Woodhouse and Ingalls's dry **MAISALA.** Fine old **MADEIRA.**
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Fine old Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Hennessy's Moon's and Robin's fine old pale and dark Brandy, from 5 to 22 years old. Old Tom, Holland Gin. Fine old Jamaica and Demarara Rum.
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