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MAY 13 1863

# THE BULLFROG.

No. 1.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

PRICE 4 CENTS.

In England, newspaper editors are a race of beings of whose existence the reading public cares nothing whatever. In Nova Scotia, on the contrary, Editors are commonly invested with an importance to which they have no real claim whatever. This unenviable greatness is thrust upon them, not by the reading public but by rival editors. In more advanced communities newspaper opinions are quoted with reference only to the journals wherein they are published; in Halifax, published opinions are too often quoted with reference to some individual writer. The absurdity of this is manifest to everyone possessing a grain of common sense. It often happens that an argument is lost sight of in order to impute motives to him who argues, and the value of argument is thus considerably weakened. The private character, or means, or position of a writer, are matters with which the general public have no concern, nor do such matters necessarily influence published opinions. Half starved authors have written with seeming pleasure about details the most luxuriant, whereas opulent men have written in a strain of envious parsimony. An habitually self indulgent man may pen an excellent treatise upon the luxury of self denial; a drunkard may argue ably in favour of teetotalism; an infidel may set forth the beauties of the Christian religion. Such men should be publicly judged only with reference to their opinions as publicly expressed. Has such a measure of common fairness been awarded to opinions made public in the Halifax Press? Assuredly not. Examples are close at hand. A paper publishes an article favourable to the policy of the existing Administration, and we are forthwith informed that the writer is in Government employ. No sane man will accept this fact as any argument whatever. If it be a man's pecuniary interest to advocate a certain policy, the chances are he will argue with all his power: if then his arguments be disproved, so much the better for those opposed to his views—they have probably heard the worst that can be urged against them. But what in such a case, cares the reading public regarding the individuality of the writers upon either side? Nothing whatever. A man's published opinions are public property—his motives belong to himself. If an argument be sound, nothing that can be advanced against the arguer will in any way lessen its soundness. Such are our views regarding personality, a system, the baneful effects of which degrade journalism, and silence those most competent to guide men's minds. We belong to no Provincial party, and we come before the public resolved to speak the truth, unbiassed by any consideration save the honor of this Province as a territory of the British Crown. The truth may at times seem harsh, here as elsewhere, but its effects commonly tend towards the welfare of a community, whereas wholesale and unmerited laudation has a directly contrary effect. We invite literary support, in all honesty and good faith, and with this brief notice, let the *Bullfrog* take its chance with the Halifax public.

## OUR POLITICAL CONDITION.

Although British Colonists may at times entertain no very kindly feelings towards the Colonial Office, their liking for England rarely wavers. The former may blunder now and then

but this latter is something to be proud of. England, fully conscious of this fact, has granted to her Colonies the fullest powers of self government wherever the infusion of British blood has been sufficient to warrant such a course. The experiment was however attended with no little risk as regarded Canada. Long after the unhappy insurrections of 1837-1838, it was clear that there existed in Canada a powerful party almost openly hostile to the interests of Great Britain, and wise men were not slow to declare that under such circumstances it seemed little short of madness to confide Canadian interests to a people at war with themselves. In this Province, the Home Government had to contend with no such difficulties. The people, taken en masse, were eminently loyal, and as fully qualified to govern themselves as any set of Colonists could be. But in this Province as in the Canadas, the people had been insensibly educated in American rather than English ideas, and such an education, irrespective of situation or institutions, men never get over. We may with the utmost sincerity toss up our caps and cry "God save the Queen," but in manners, in customs, in accents, nay—even in slang—we show signs of an American education which, almost imperceptibly to ourselves, tends to be in a state of continual warfare with the customs, the pride, and the love of distinction, which are the inalienable offspring of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the social system of England. This is not our fault. We cannot alter our geographical position, nor shake off that tinge of nationality that all large communities impart to small ones adjacent to them. It was but natural that as men conscious of latent strength we should have desired to develop our strength by that course of training which seems best suited to our peculiar organic structure. We wanted self government and we obtained it. We wanted to govern ourselves, and we deemed the English form of government best suited to our capabilities. A vast power, hitherto unknown in Colonies, a power analogous to that of the ministry in England, and known by the name of Responsible Government, was thrown among the British North American Colonists to be scrambled for. This power, always held in England by the heads of great parties—by men of lofty intellects and great character—by men who were literally invested with the moral worth, the intelligence, the rank, and the honour of millions—this mighty power was tossed up like a cap in a crowd, to fall upon the head of whosoever it might chance. The vast power thus scrambled for, is that what in England must be from the very nature of things, a guarantee for all orders in the state being preserved and protected under it. No ministry in England could be formed without the nobility, the gentry, the wealth—all that owed its all to the preservation of the institutions of the country—being represented in it. How is it in Nova Scotia! How does the British form of government chime in with the American Education of our people! To those accustomed to live from year to year amid the discordant clamour of local politics, the prospects of this Province may seem fair, and the political world respectable. But to men uninfluenced by local traditions and unbiassed by party feeling, the political condition of Nova Scotia must appear in a light at once ludicrous and pitiable. Of course no sane man would institute on general grounds any comparison between English and Colonial politicians, or expect to find in a new country that lofty tone which characterises the leading men of Great Britain. But, on the other hand, we have a right to expect that in the political condition of a colony governed upon forms strictly English, we should find at least the main features of English politicians, preserved intact. Such is not the case. In one important respect we differ most materially

from the mother country. The first interest of England is the honor of its public men,—a consideration which this province tacitly ignores. A member of the British Cabinet may bungle the trust reposed in him, and cause much mischief without necessarily losing office, but he dare not continue to hold office when once his honor as a public servant has been impugned. In Nova Scotia, on the contrary, the leader of a Government is not even disquieted when publicly charged with "lacking the essential element of truth." This is a charming state of affairs, well calculated to impress outsiders with a sense of that "sterner stuff" which sustains Colonial ambition in matters political. A stranger would certainly be puzzled to form a correct notion of our political world. He must either measure politicians by personal experience, or be guided by what appears in the political press. He is apt to go wrong in either case, for, as a rule, politicians are not in society, and the press is so outrageously violent as to baffle any attempt at dispassionate judgement. He would meet those who from their position and local influence should be most interested in political matters, but who nevertheless ignore politics most religiously. He would meet those who have retired disgusted from public life, as also those who in happier times gained provision from their political labours. But he would meet a scarce any man now high in office, and he would find that the position of a member of the lower House was rather shunned than coveted by the leaders of society. As straws indicate the winds' direction, so may the general tone of our political world be indicated by the impressions formed of it upon the surface of society. It is not often that ladies venture a remark upon politics, nor is it at all desirable that they should be deeply versed in such matters, but when ladies openly sneer at the mere mention of the House of Assembly, the chances are, they reflect in some measure the opinions of their male relatives. When ladies can afford to say—"who cares about the House of Assembly—I'm sure no gentleman would belong to it now,"—depend upon it politics are at a very low standard indeed. Of course such unqualified exclamations on the part of the fair sex must be received with a certain amount of reservation. To assert that no gentleman can now take an active part in politics would be to assert what is not the case. There are, we are happy to say, in the existing House of Assembly some men whose independent course of action, and even handed rectitude of purpose, must command the respect and admiration of all to whom the welfare of this Province is dear. (Conspicuous in the ranks of such is MR. STARRS, whose manly bearing against those who would have wronged his friends, formed the chief topic of discussion without the House last session.) Still, a melancholy fact remains, that those highest in the social scale have little in common with the men to whom the interests of the Province have been confided. Office holders, as a body, are not respected. Whether they are, as a body, entitled to respect, is a question the consideration of which we shall enter upon hereafter.

#### OUR FARM. I.

You have all heard of Mr. BULL! His large family is the talk of the whole country—his wealth, his good humour, his laziness—may even his large stomach—are criticized everywhere by everybody who knows anything about anything. This Mr. BULL, as you are doubtless aware, has many outlying estates occupied for the most part by relatives, near or distant as the case may be, but all descendants of an old BULL, who lived and died many years ago. These properties though occupied by distant cousins still form an integral part of the great BULL estate, and to this day draw to themselves envy and admiration as belonging to the great capitalist. "All that belongs to BULL must be well managed," people say. "What a good head the old fellow has to be sure; he gains wealth daily the longer he lives." And so he does—good luck to him! long may he continue hale, hearty, and as well to do as he now is.

Of all these above mentioned outlying estates none seems more prosperous than that at present in the hands of a very respectable gentleman called BLUENOSE,—a very respectable man indeed—a man also naturally endowed with a great deal of mental and physical activity. This farm, or rather conglomeration of farms, consists chiefly of barren land and pine forests, with a great water power and a few good arable acres of which

Mr. BLUENOSE is justly proud. Nevertheless, on the whole the land is less fertile than most of the BULL farms—a fact which BLUENOSE is very loath to admit.

This estate has been in the family of the present occupant for more than 115 years. For nearly a century BULL himself farmed the land,—that is to say BULL himself superintended the general system of agriculture within it, endeavouring as far as possible to assimilate its cultivation with that of the home farms so long famous for their productiveness.

This was effected by an agent resident on the BLUENOSE estate, a man generally selected for his knowledge of farming in all its branches, and especially well informed on the system in vogue for many years on the home farms.

These agents took counsel with some of the BLUENOSE family, or their dependants, choosing usually for their advisers those who had proved their competence to give advice by long and faithful service on the land, of which they had already perhaps held a small portion on lease. This arrangement apparently suited all parties. Mr. BULL knew that the estate was well managed—BLUENOSE sucked in the cash, ate, drank, and made merry with a full conviction that his property was secure, and that in the hands of the bailiff it would be farmed to the greatest possible advantage. From all poachers he was secure, for BULL supplied a noble staff of keepers, and from all hostile litigation also (especially from the greedy Mr. STARRS, who lived to the South) BLUENOSE dwelt in peaceful security, for he knew well that no STARRS, or men of his stamp, would venture the risks of a law suit with BULL, whose purse was so long and whose counsel were so astute.

One word about this Mr. STARRS. He owned a very fine estate lying, as I said, to the South of the BLUENOSE farms. This had once belonged to the BULL family, but legal difficulties having arisen between STARRS and his landlord, the latter, seeing no end to the litigation that might ensue, after a feeble resistance resolved to cede all claim to the STARR property, which from that time until now has remained in the hands of its present owner.

For many years BLUENOSE lived in great comfort and ease, and every year Mrs. BLUENOSE presented him with a fine son, or daughter, and sometimes both. As these children grew up they set to work clearing the ground, building sheds, roads, and fences, raising cattle, marrying wives, and in a general way adding to the prosperity of the estate. All this they did under the guidance of the several agents whom BULL thought fit to depute for their guidance.

One day BLUENOSE came into his house puffed with rage. He had had some words with the agent and looked as ugly as possible.

"I won't stand it," he cried, "blessed if I do,—I know just as much about managing things as this fellow, and then he comes simpering and smirking about as if not being customary at BULL's place. I won't stand it for another day."

And sure enough he wrote a very angry letter to his landlord in which he enlarged upon what he called the hardships of his case in not being allowed to manage his own affairs, when his own balance at his bankers entirely depended upon the way in which these were looked after, "and who so good a judge," he concluded, "upon that subject as myself."

Well, BULL, as I have said, with all his great energies was in some things almost culpably indolent. He received BLUENOSE's letter just after his dinner, which, in its turn, had succeeded a hard day's work.

"Bother the fellow," he said, "why can't they let a fellow alone for a few hours"—and he was proceeding to tell his bailiff to write a note granting the request at once, when he fortunately fell asleep before the servant had answered the bell.

The next day his eye caught BLUENOSE's letter and he thought over it for a few moments. "Well, well," he reflected, "We have all had the same sort of feelings at one time or another. I remember in the year sixteen hundred and—let me see, what was it,—will never mind the exact time, but I had the same sort of ideas.—aye and put them into practice too, ha! ha! ha! and who says I'm the worse for it now. No, no, the fellow may be right after all. It won't do to be hard upon him any way. There is no fear of his playing me a shabby trick like STARRS. By Jove I'll write him a letter myself!

So he wrote that although once hardly were the matter it should be "require that matters are goose at Mich at any time he will seriously will not proceed Mr. BULL all property from STARRS to take of way.

BLUENOSE my own master as rich as STARRS his old fashion shall not work him. I must hurry."

So I believe will see his fine doings th

Over the 5 Over the 5 D'ARCY N Shall come

Sing a son A pocket 4 Four-and-t Shall come

So the me Left their Came to s Came to v Do not th Ever saw Do not th Ever ate 1 Railway w Meats all Meats a-w Never was Washed a

Far, so fa Drinking Noble hu What th Nothing i For you l And my

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So he wrote a very kind note, in which he told Mr. BLUENOSE that although in his own opinion his (Mr. BLUENOSE's) experience hardly appeared to justify the expectation of a good result were the management left in his hands, if he still desired that it should be so, it should be so. "I shall still" he wrote, "require that an agent live on your estate to report to me how matters are going on, and I expect that you will give him a goose at Michaelmas and a Turkey at Christmas. If moreover at any time he comes to the conclusion that any of your measures will seriously affect the value of the estate, I must beg that you will not proceed in such measures until my sanction be obtained." Mr. BULL also expressed his willingness still to protect the property from poachers, and not to allow the now wealthy STARRS to take any liberties about fences or unauthorized rights of way.

BLUENOSE of course was delighted. "Now," he said "I am my own master, and who knows if I may not some day become as rich as STARRS himself. It is all very well, BULL cying up his old fashioned system—his cattle penned up for months in the same field, and so on,—I like STARRS' method better and shall not wonder if by degrees I took a good many wrinkles from him. I must be very cautious however, and do nothing in a hurry."

So I believe he at that time honestly intended to be, but you will see his spirits a short time later overcame his caution and fine doings there were on the estate and in his house.

## THE CANADIAN VISIT.

Over the Sea,  
Over the Sea,  
D'ARCY MCGEE  
Shall come to see me.

Sing a song of puffing,  
A pocket full of cents,  
Four-and-twenty Editors  
Shall come without expense.

So the members left their children,  
Left their children and their spouses,  
Came to see our noble city,  
Came to view our peerless harbour:  
Do not think that any mortal  
Ever saw a sight so lovely,  
Do not think that any member  
Ever ate as on our railway;  
Railway with its jerks and jumpings,  
Meats all mixed with fruit and pastry,  
Meats a-wooling of the pastry,  
Never was a meal so dainty  
Washed a-down by Bluenose beer.

Far, so far beyond the Sea,  
Drinking beer whilst I'm at tea,  
Noble husband think of me,  
What though little ones are bawling,  
Nothing is to me appalling,  
For you have a noble calling,  
And my dreams are all of thee.

On the morrow all the strangers  
Walked around our growing city,  
Shewed in black coats on the hillside,  
Thick as berries on the hillside,  
Went to see our Province Buildings  
Not disgraced by scenes as their's are,  
For our courtesy is famous  
And our members never squabble—  
So agreed our noble strangers,  
When we told them all about it—  
It was after dinner truly,  
But the truth comes after dinner,  
Then they raved about our GRANVILLE,  
HOLLIS made them talk of PARIS,  
BARRINGTON about VIENNA,  
All which places known to none were.  
Next they hied on board the Flag-Ship,  
Saw old England's might and glory,  
Saw a sample of the bulwarks,

That had made their home life happy—  
Felt the honour of the tall mast  
Bearing high the world-blown pennon—  
Pennon sign to all of freedom,  
Freedom high above, and claret  
Bubbling round, and lovely lasses,  
Tripping lightly o'er the hatchesways;  
Need we say they grieved at sundown  
When their "bully time" was over?

Don't come telling me of hops Sir!  
Got up for your clumsy flop Sir;  
These gay fetes are held there weekly,  
So I beg you'll bear you meekly,  
Never dreaming all this dancing,  
Got up for your private prancing,  
I'm a mother too with feelings,  
You yourself are old for reelings,  
Pray thoo dearest end all flirtings,  
Speak—I long to read your spiritings.

To day the buzz of eager homespuns run,  
To make a speech to show that they are men;  
"A chowder!" cry they, "it will be jolly fun,"  
We'll prove our mettle, make a speech, and then,  
At home they'll cry with trumpet tones "that's good!"  
So started all our friends and made right merry  
Union, Champagne, good faith and better Sherry—  
"Halifax certainly," they say, "is best of places,"  
And shew their mirth by their redundant faces.

Chowder in front of them,  
Chowder to right of them,  
Chowder to left of them,  
Little there left was.

Drink though as fishes can,  
Eat though as bullocks can,  
Talk though as monkeys can,  
End there to all was.

Speech-making failed them,  
Boats they out-baled them,  
Homeward they sailed them,  
Martyrs to duty.

Husbands now be up and doing,  
Tarry in your task no more;  
Fame wou'd bear a longer wooing,  
Speak, and shew your deep-stocked lory

Then there came the day of dinners,  
Dinners to which all were bidden,  
After which they made some speeches.  
D'ARCY made a pretty good one,  
Full of long time weighed impronptus.  
TERRER kept his head as usual,  
Said he loved ideas of union,  
Though he'd pledge himself to nothing  
Last our glorious JOE arose him,  
Beaming o'er with kindly feeling,  
Said the labor of a life-time,  
Soon should bear its golden fruit;  
"There" he said "you see our prairies,"  
("Casting out his thumb to seaward,")  
"Prairies tilled by paddled monsters—  
"Prairies harrowed by ships' bottoms,  
"Bright with phosphorescent promise;  
"Can we bring you nothing neigheours,  
"Let the ocean give its answer?"

Sober to bed,  
Sober to rise,  
Husband I love you  
When you are wise.

Do not ask me now to tell you  
How the other days were passed o'er,  
How our friends enjoyed their stay here,  
How they went to MR. PARIS,  
How they left their faces with him,  
And appeared with smiling faces  
In the mansion of the Vice-Roy.

If you ask me of that evening,  
 If you wish to know more of it,  
 Ask those strangers who enjoyed it,  
 Ask the songster too who sung there.  
 Shall I ask, (as hath a brother)  
 That our guests should praise our city,  
 Shall I say "you must concede Sirs,"  
 "That our port is very thriving,"  
 "That it is a rising place Sirs,"  
 "Though there may be larger somewhere?"  
 No, I will not tell of these things,  
 And we will not pray for puffings,  
 For is heard the railway whistle;  
 We must wish our friends good speed now,  
 Leave them to their own reflections,  
 Leave them with our reputation,  
 As they choose to make or mar it.  
 One thing surely will be granted  
 By our greediest for honour,  
 That they saw us at our fullest,  
 In the very prince of seasons;  
 That they saw our very noblest (?)  
 Saw us working and at play too,  
 Met our best (?) and shared the savour  
 Of our daintiest fare to boot too;  
 If they love not then our city,  
 After all that has been shewn them,  
 We must feel that such re-unions  
 Do no good to man or brother.

Through Provinces and hall rooms though you may roam,  
 Husband, sweet husband, there's no place like home;  
 Both excitement, it always does harm,  
 Remember, dear husband, the marital charm.

Union is a so-so thing, enjoyment is no better,  
 I'm glad to see you home at last, (the children have the letter);  
 'Tis good to study wretched places, right they should be seen;  
 I'm glad you've come back home at last, so God save the Queen.

#### PUBLIC GATHERINGS.

Meetings convened for no other purpose than setting forth the excellence of integral portions of the British Empire, are no longer very popular in the mother country. People, now-a-days, are content to merge into one common vortex all those minor peculiarities of character which distinguish the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, Irishmen, when abroad, have no objection to be called Englishmen, and Scotland is now called North Britain, even in the hearing of Highlanders. It is true that on rare occasions, platforms are erected for the convenience of fervent patriots, and much eloquence is expended without any result greater than uproarious cheering. Intelligent Scotchmen do not care to give up much of their time to the consideration of some fanciful slight put upon the Lion of Scotia by those who designed the Royal Standard. In Ireland, too, the people have grown somewhat tired of hearing of their wrongs, and even the O'Donoghue cannot, while on this topic, command a respectable audience. This is as it should be, in a Kingdom where all are at heart united for the common good. As the most ultra Irishman is far more English than Austrian, and the most patriotic Scot far more English than French, it follows that meetings purely patriotic cannot do much good when held in Great Britain. Neither can they avail much in our Eastern Colonies. A Scotchman in Mauritius is not at all likely to copy the French settlers, nor is an Englishman in India or China, likely to adopt Asiatic views. But here, we are inclined to argue from a somewhat different point of view, and to uphold patriotic gatherings as productive of good. This Province is, so to speak, a stepping stone between England and America—between opinions founded on long and bitter experience, and opinions hastily adopted in the excitement consequent upon a sudden rise to great prosperity. While profiting to the utmost by the example of American enterprise, ever before our eyes, we should hold fast to those lofty English principles which animated the earlier American settlers. We are, from our position, liable to become infected with Yankee "smartness" (G. G. Bennett, is considered the "smartest" man in the States), the best guard against which is to cherish customs, which, for the time being, bring us back in spirit to the land of our forefathers. Such gatherings as that held at Downs' on the 24th August, tend no less to foster our loyalty than to promote good fellowship.

#### "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

We notice that several of our contemporaries have published from the St. John Telegraph, an account of a day spent at Downs' establishment. The correspondent of that newspaper must be a

man of vast imaginative power, and our enterprising naturalist, we feel sure, will be the first to laugh at, and condemn, the bulbous flattery, and fulsome meditations of his visitor. This correspondent seems peculiarly ill selected as a writer upon natural history, not to mention his inaccuracies upon the life of courts. How General Seymour can be an aquarman, what an aquarman is, and what are its duties, we are at a loss to conceive, unless indeed the gallant General be a walking fish pool, in which absurd supposition he would only then be an aquarman. Again, the comparison of the snapping Turtle (the only reptile at present on the premises) to maiden tresses, and the certainty of a sanguinary end to any loving advances on Mr. Downs' part towards that offensive beast, compel us to the conclusion that the writer must have had in his head a strange jumble of Mr. Downs, Medusa, and the golden age. Passing by the snobbish allusions to the Prince of Wales glove, (by the way we were not aware that it was customary to wear white gloves in the day time,) we can only imagine, that whilst, as he remarks, he was making mental comments upon the mildness of Mr. Downs' eye, that gentleman was debating upon the propriety of having him removed from the premises as a lunatic. Since he was permitted, however, to remain, we should fancy that if his conversation is at all on a par with his writings, Mr. Downs would hardly agree with his visitor in pronouncing the day spent in his company one of the pleasantest of his life.

Seriously—although Downs' grounds are undoubtedly very pretty, and his collection excellent in its way, this stupid flatterer expends upon these hundred acres as much hyperbole and extravagant language, as though he were describing the beauties of Switzerland or the falls of Niagara. Such nonsense can do no good, and only stultifies the writer. It raises expectations so erroneous that they cannot be realized, and causes disappointment to those who visit the grounds, from which, had they not anticipated too much, they would have derived unmingled pleasure and enjoyment.

#### HOME NEWS.

The news by the "Europa" is scanty in the extreme. With the exception of the Belfast riots, an account of which we publish elsewhere, there is little to demand attention.

The removed additions to the peerage include the Speaker, Mr. Evelyn Denison, Sir Charles Wood, Secretary for India, and Mr. Beaumont, three very respectable and uninteresting members of the Lower House, who will probably serve their country as efficiently as heretofore in the solemn chamber of the Lords. The elevation of Lady Palmerston to a peerage in her own right, is a graceful tribute to the premier, who though full of years, seems loath to depart from the scene of his former glories. Did he do so indeed, it were difficult to name his successor.

It is said that the Prince and Princess of Wales will shortly visit Paris, the great event of whose summer season has been the magnificent reception accorded to the King Consort of Spain.

Thackeray is to have a monument in Westminster Abbey, the Dean having cordially granted the request of many of the great novelist's friends and fellow-labourers that such an honor should be allowed.

Progress is being made in the preliminary arrangements for laying down the Atlantic telegraph cable.

The funeral of Mr. Robson, the celebrated comedian, took place on the 17th August, and was attended by many members of the theatrical profession and literary men of London and its vicinity. In the *grand pakein* line, Mr. Robson has never been excelled by any previous actor, and in purely grotesque acting, his powers were unrivalled.

#### NEWS FROM THE STATES.

The most prominent feature in the Field movements of the two great Northern armies of Virginia and Georgia, would appear to be the abandonment at both points of any direct scheme of attack against the enemy's entrenchments. These having proved hitherto fruitless, both Grant and Sherman are directing their energies against the railway communications which they believe to be indispensable for the longer occupation of Richmond and Atlanta by Confederates. The obstinate fighting which has been going on, on the Magon and Weldon Railways, proves that the new task which they have undertaken is no light one. Rumors of Southern raids into Maryland are still afloat, though all that was desired in the way of a diversion, and for the sake of plunder, has been accomplished, and the truth of these rumors is rendered still more improbable, by the new line of attack so far successfully entered into by Grant upon the railroads around Richmond. General Early, though commanding a sufficient force to keep Sheridan in check, can scarcely expect sufficient reinforcements from the South, to make an attack across the border either safe or expedient.

Mobile appears to be in much the same position as Charleston has been in for the last 15 months, with this advantage in its favor, that it is free from the bombshells of the enemy, and will probably continue to be so for some time to come. The capture of Fort Morgan can have produced little change in the situation either way, and with so much on their hands elsewhere, it is hardly probable that the North will afford such a force as would render a land attack against the city itself successful.

Far more important, however, than the absolute war news, are the statements which reach us day by day of the new force which is steadily asserting itself, and tending towards peace.

The Chicago plan for the president form." An arm consents to open whole game into without such a The Federal attended with

Advices from heavy guns at rendered with were thrown in ceeding the sur The rebel comet" on the was 369 feet Numerous Latest desp his entire line Newspaper attempt to ret Gold 252.

The followi

A few Gent Board and L preferred.

Johnson deli and we see no the vulgar, and 32, George Str men is a pro suppose that mechanics, gentlemen I why make of much above t ufacture. The some strange words.

The Conce evening, altho was nevert The extra see those present son is a fair s to advantage she possesses that in a m common wit towards serene in ballad m through viva ecting in the was such as which comel written, and but the "dru from first to honored tans sensationalis suffered not indeed the e last, was as mental Band tolerably good cludes, we n such enterat and the publ

It would s as dangerous by a hirsute Reporter, wh Breton. Re forcibly driv

The Chicago Democratic Convention has nominated Gen. McLellan for the presidency, on an armistice and reconstruction "Platform." An armistice will, we fear, be impossible, unless the North consents to open Southern ports, a course which would throw the whole game into the hands of the Confederates, and an armistice without such a concession, would never be accepted by the latter.

The Federal operations on the Weldon road have hitherto been attended with success, and the line remains in their possession.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2nd.

Advices from Mobile Bay are to the 27th. Over sixty heavy guns and a large quantity of ammunition were surrendered with Fort Morgan. Over three thousand shells were thrown into the fort by the fleet during 12 hours preceding the surrender.

The rebel ram "Nashville" was blown up by the "Metacombet" on the night of the 25th ult., below Mobile. She was 369 feet long and to mount 12 guns.

Numerous torpedoes have been fished up from the channel. Latest despatches from Grant report unusual quiet along his entire lines.

Newspaper reports assert that Lee is preparing for another attempt to retake the Weldon Railroad.

Gold 252.

INVIDIOUS.

The following Advertisement is taken from the Reporter:—

BOARDERS WANTED.

A few Gentlemen can be accommodated with comfortable Board and Lodgings at No. 32, George Street. Mechanics preferred.

Johnson defines a "gentleman" as "a man above the vulgar," and we see no reason why a mechanic should not rise above the vulgar, and be a gentleman. But why the proprietor of No. 32, George Street should prefer mechanics to all other gentlemen is a problem difficult of solution. It is but natural to suppose that gentlemen should be preferred to ordinary mechanics, but why should mechanics be preferred to ordinary gentlemen? Since only gentlemen can be accommodated, why make a distinction so invidious? A man trading upon the proceeds of mechanism skillfully applied may have a soul as much above the vulgar as a man versed in the process of manufacture. The advertiser in question must surely labor under some strange misconception regarding the meaning of certain words.

Local Matters.

THE CONCERT.

The Concert held in the Horticultural Gardens on Monday evening, although not so well attended as it might have been, was nevertheless appreciated by a large concourse of people. The extra seats provided were for the most part occupied, and those present seemed to enjoy the music greatly. Mrs. Stephenson is a fair second rate singer, and has studied stage business to advantage. Although not gifted with a very powerful voice, she possesses the merit of making the most of her powers, and that in a manner both pleasing and effective. She has, in common with several artists of a higher order, a tendency towards screaming, while executing grand compositions; but in ballad music she is perfectly at home, and wins her audience through vivacity. Nothing could have been better than her "acting" in the "drum songs," and her execution of Rory O'More was such as to reel forth loud applause. The "drum song," which concluded the first part of the programme, was well written, and set to the popular music of the "white cockade;" but the "drum song" which concluded the entertainment was from first to last, simply—clap-tr-p—and not even the time honored tune of the "British Grenadiers" could divert it of sensationalism. The band of the 16th Regt., seems to have suffered nothing from the absence of its legitimate leader—indeed the execution of "The Mermaid" galop, on Monday last, was as perfect as could possibly be expected from a Regimental Band. The night was lovely, and the illuminations tolerably good. We trust that, ere our too brief summer concludes, we may be present at another open air concert. From such entertainments, the performers, the garden proprietors, and the public, derive a fair profit.

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

It would seem that literary portraiture is at times a pastime fully as dangerous as caricaturing. Mr. BOURNOR has been assailed by a hirute giant, on account of some remarks published in the Reporter, regarding an eccentric Yankee lately arrived from Cape Breton. Whatever satisfaction the latter may have obtained by forcibly driving Mr. BOURNOR into the gutter, there can be little

doubt that the would-be-bully has made himself thoroughly ridiculous in the eyes of all sober thinking men. The Reporter sketched the leading peculiarities of one whose follies were deemed worthy of remark in a small community. Mr. HEAD, by appropriating such remarks to himself, identified himself with such follies, and has reaped the just consequences of his childish egotism. Had he not thought proper to assault Mr. BOURNOR, few of our citizens would have known of his existence; but his name is now known to all, as belonging to one seemingly demented.

SERPENTS.—A long vexed question regarding the habits of infant serpents has within the past week been satisfactorily settled in this Province. The possibility of young snakes voluntarily seeking protection within the bodies of full grown serpents would now seem to be placed beyond a doubt, inasmuch as a snake recently killed within twenty miles of Halifax was, when opened, found to contain a large number of living young. The body of the snake in question, carefully preserved in spirits, was despatched to an eminent English naturalist by the last mail.

A Temperance Pic-Nic will take place at Mount Unacadie, on the 9th of September.

The Pictou Cricketers were beaten by the Islanders at the recent match at Charlottetown.

The Canada papers intimate that it is the intention of the Montrealers to invite the leading citizens of St. John, Fredericton, and Halifax to be their guests during the approaching Provincial Exhibition in that city.

Complaints are almost weekly made at the Police office, of the disorderly conduct of a number of lads who are in the habit of congregating in the vicinity of Freshwater on Sabbath evenings, and annoying the citizens by their unseemly behaviour and profane and obscene language. Last Sunday this gang of urchins was more than usually noisy and turbulent.

ACCIDENT.—At a quarter past 6 on Thursday evening, a man fell from a waggon in Barrack street, and was taken up insensible.

The return Rifle match between the Scottish Volunteers and Chelmsford Greys, resulted in a victory to the former by nine points.

FIRE.—Early on Thursday morning, one of the houses fronting the Clock Tower was re-occupied on fire. The fire was speedily got under. If the devouring element should claim its periodical dues, we know of no locality where the ravages would be less deplored by the citizens in general.

The Court of Enquiry touching matters connected with the Militia Artillery has been adjourned until next week, in consequence of Colonel Stairs of the 9th Regt., one of the members of the Board, being engaged with the annual drill of the latter corps. It is earnestly to be hoped that this most promising arm of our local defence—the Militia Artillery—will be placed upon an efficient footing forthwith. Anything that would tend to obstruct the organization of the great guns into an efficient corps must be avoided by every possible means.

We learn from the Yarmouth Herald, that on Monday, 22nd inst., at Tusket, two men, named John H. Hamilton and —Benson, got into a quarrel, which resulted in Hamilton drowing his knife and stabbing his opponent in the abdomen, inflicting a fearful wound. Benson lingered till Tuesday night when he expired. Hamilton made his escape and constables are in pursuit. Neither of the men had resided long in the country. Benson was from New Brunswick, and Hamilton represented himself as having been in the Federal army. The left hand of the latter is gone from the wrist.

Mons. L. Pajol has been appointed Professor of languages in Dalhousie College.

It is understood that the new Organ for St. Mary's will be ready at Christmas.

We learn that Ex-Ald McCulloch will be brought out for Alderman for Ward No. 1. Ald Danbar is again in the

held for Ward 2; and we have also heard mention of the name of ex-Ald Ackhurst for the same Ward. For Ward 4 Ald Trenaman will again offer. And for Ward 6 Mr. John Starr is named.

**THE NEW COUNTY JAIL.**—This edifice which is being erected in rear of the County Court House, Spring Garden-road, is rapidly approaching completion, so far as its exterior is concerned. Mr. Peters, builder, of this city, is contractor for the building.

#### MR. PERRINGTON'S DIARY.

*Monday, August 29th.*—Took a walk abroad in the afternoon, as has been my custom for the last 30 years, (always like to know what is going on.) Met B—— who seemed in the dumps, probably on account of the Lillian's disaster, though he accounted for his ill humor by a fit of indigestion. On this I dragged him to a neighbouring chemist's, and we joined in a "pick-me-up-bitters." Much refreshed, he told me that there was a concert in the gardens this evening. Determined to go, and bought a ticket for myself. Wife and children never go to the gardens in the evening. Wife says many of the best families are never seen there on such occasions. I think it is laziness on her part, for the girls are always bothering her to go. Performance good; approve Mrs. Stevenson's taste in giving her concert out of doors, and cannot bear being stuffed up in Temperance Hall. Saw several friends at the gardens and passed a pleasant evening. Wife read me a lecture by Dr. C—— on "Gallivanting."

*Tuesday, August 30th.*—Was sorry to hear that Fort Morgan had been captured, but do not think it will affect the capture of Mobile. Went to the Grand Parade, (soon I hope to be made a Green Market,) for some cards which I had ordered a fortnight since for my wife. Was told to my disgust that not one had been struck off the plate. Was further told that I should have saved time by sending my copper-plate to Boston or New York, which annoyed me still more, for this trade is at present very brisk, though some of the shopkeepers that follow it appear to be sadly negligent of their own interests. Sent the card-plate to Boston. My wife was sick all the afternoon, so I dined at the Club with B——.

*Wednesday, August 31st.*—Was glad to see the red flag on the Citadel signal staff, and went off betimes to Cunard's wharf, whence, after much buffetting, I struggled on board the packet and enquired the news. Finding none returned home to breakfast, and regaled my wife with a description of the persons of the passengers, and how they were dressed, though, to speak the truth, they were all asleep when I visited the ship. With Tom, who arrived this morning, to the Fish market. Tom said he wished an earthquake would destroy the disgraceful structure, the more so that it would not improbably leave one or more great fissures for the benefit of a new edifice. This display of geological learning and refined wit pleased me much, indeed I have always considered the educational system of Windsor a very good one. Was asked to hear from B. to-day that our good magistrates had sent to St. John to enquire about the police regulations in force at that city. This is a good reason for judging our police by their actions, or rather want of action, nothing can be worse than the regulations by which they are governed.

*Thursday, September 1st.*—Was much vexed this morning at the extracts published from the Montreal and other Canadian papers. Tom was quite riled at the assertion that our young men admitted openly that they had no chance with our ladies, when officers blue or red were in the field. All I can say is that if such is the case, our own boys are to blame. As for my girls Eudocia and Anastasia, they shall never with my consent be wrenched from their native city. These Canadians by the bye were on the whole far from a refined set of men. Mr. C—— who lodged with us was a charming exception. He was a real gentleman, and is I feel sure, as my wife remarked, a distinguished member of his own body. Tom went out woodcock shooting, but as he relies for his information on the country people of the district he has gone to, I fear he will meet with disappointment.

*Friday, September 2nd.*—Dragged to the Gardens by wife and daughters, to play at croquet. The latter seemed to enjoy the game, though my wife and self could not understand its intricacies. The point seems to be that gentlemen have a chance of teasing the ladies opposed to them by driving the balls a long way off. This kind of teasing, however, evidently gives pleasure to all concerned. In the evening to a small party with the girls, it being my week of duty, and Mary Anne having a bad head-ache. No music and no dancing which pleased me, as we got before the earlier for it. The girls pronounced it a slow affair. Disturbed at night to let in the cook who had paid a visit to Mr. Simmons the conjurer. She returned disgusted with the performance, and had evidently been solacing herself with strong drinks.

#### Extracts.

##### DEFENCE OF CANADA.

The Times reasons as follows regarding their own defence of Canada.—

"Let the Canadians provide for their own defence according to their own estimate of the demand. We see that there is a

party in the colony which holds that the best armament is no armament, and if that doctrine prevails we are not inclined to quarrel with it. We are certain, at any rate, that it is sound when applied to an armament of Imperial troops, and if the colonists choose to extend it they may, perhaps, be the best judges. But whether they rely for their protection upon natural difficulties and political repulsion, or whether they resort to the more recognized policy of military organization, let the work be their own. From us they may count upon the aid of a powerful navy, and what that means in a war may be learnt from the embarrassments of the blockaded Confederacy. On these terms the disadvantage would be all with the Americans instead of with us, and perhaps three millions of white men in the North, supported by the naval power of Great Britain, would form as troublesome an enemy as six millions in the South deprived of free intercourse with the world. At any rate, reason suggests that these should be our terms. By our present policy we are at once deluding our colonists and tempting to aggression the only power from which aggression is to be feared. The isolated detachments of our troops might attract invasion, but could not possibly repel it. Their removal would extinguish one of the principal chances of danger, and for the rest the colony should provide according to its resources and interests as estimated by itself. The Canadians must be good judges of their own position. They are under the influence, at present, of indefinite impressions if not of false expectations, and we can hardly presume that their conclusions would be sound. But if they can distinctly understand the views of this country, and divest themselves of all illusions about our intentions, we have no doubt that they will adopt a wise policy and remain on better terms with the mother country than ever.

#### THE BELFAST RIOTS.

The Morning Post publishes the following remarks concerning the late Belfast Riots.—

The north of Ireland is, as our readers are doubtless aware, composed of a population chiefly Protestant, whilst the south and west is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, and each succeeding year the anniversaries of those victories by which William III. established his dominions in Ireland are celebrated with much enthusiasm by the former to the extreme disgust and indignation of the latter. But, as the population in many of the northern towns and districts is a mixed one, the recurrence of these anniversaries was always the signal for a strong rumour of the champions on either side, and Orangemen and Ribandmen regularly sallied out armed to teeth, and many were the lives lost and profuse was the blood spilt on such occasions as the anniversaries of the Relief of Londonderry and of the Battle of Anghrim. A special enactment was passed by the Legislature with the object of preventing these armed assemblages and party processions, but, as the proverb has it, "where there's a will there's a way," and this year a very simple incident has served to afford the contest-loving Irish of Belfast an opportunity of gratifying their national partiality.

On Monday last the ceremony of laying the first stone of a monument to be raised to the memory of O'Connell took place in Dublin, the citizens, to the number of many thousands, having testified by their presence the satisfaction with which they looked forward to the erection of a memorial to a man, who, undoubtedly, did good service to the Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. The proceedings passed off peaceably. There was no political or religious demonstration, and, to the great credit of all concerned, considering they were Irishmen, there was not a single broken skull. In Belfast, however, the memory of the hero of Roman Catholic emancipation is not revered and the indignant Orangemen of that town entered what they perhaps considered a mild protest against the proceedings of the people of Dublin by burning the Liberator in effigy, having in the first instance submitted the image to indignities to which it is needless more particularly to allude. The religious and political atmosphere of Belfast was charged with electricity, for had not the month of July, with its two great anniversaries of Anghrim and Boyne, and the 1st of August, sacred to the memories of the brave defenders of Derry, passed by without any vent being given to the feelings of the vivacious but pugnacious inhabitants? The burning of the effigy was, however, as the tralling of a coat at Donnybrook fair, it was a challenge which could not be refused. The more demonstrative of the Orange party in Belfast inhabit a region known as Sandy-row, whilst the Roman Catholics occupy a place called the Pound, and for three nights in succession the "Pound party" and the "Sandy-row party" have waged an irregular warfare, with varying success. On Thursday night the former burned King William III. in effigy, in retaliation for the treatment to which the effigy of O'Connell had been subjected by their opponents a few days previously, and, having received a considerable stock of ammunition in the shape of a cartload of brickbats, were enabled on that night to defeat the Sandy-row party. On Friday morning, however, the latter were reinforced; a hand-to-hand conflict took place in the streets of Belfast, and before night the Protestants were enabled to boast that they had sacked a nunnery, gutted the house and offices of the St. Patrick's Burial Society, and wrecked the residence of the Roman Catholic

Bishop. In the windows of impartial persons on the side of the of the very high kind, we fancy, the formist elegy, altern who has

According to the intention of to suppress the proceedings be told made for the no distinguishable an Catholics invari rioters have been patience of those

Cheerfulness is affected by us all, and do no more than follows if we did it we can superadd a the encounter, so full, a few speculat and how we may cheerful man is, in one about him. I weights and supporty. It is not ig them, but owning teaches others to d an unruined temp It is the expressio much cheerfulness among our acc standard; though c experience has, at Except that cheerf this is not compat man himself is co We know this by t have been distinguish—rules and precept enery at our very friendly to this habit, are not often touch of poor Bun heavens did grudge the tiles upon the l only because these cess there is too pathetic in the broad man and the ch in soliloquy; but t others' spirits have Sydney Smith is a true, but he describ him never saw him household existenc views of life," to b to look forward to t worse may appear; "worse," they realiti more constantly c employments are moe rural either of fa feminine organizati examples of cheerf home more than th than the old hack poetry, of cheerfu of the heart, brig

Every form of this should be infectious, refreshing, and make new, even to be attributed of the man not, for example, a jolly, totally irrespect on the Miller-of-Do do not find this out plete when circumc indifference and p can only be sustain greater discouragem fall in with people v smile on. We mu It sometimes seems had a place in our to distract us from There is a form of

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Bishop. In the evening the Catholics retaliated by smashing the windows of a dissenting minister's meeting-house. Every impartial person must, however, admit that the advantage was on the side of the Protestants, the person injured by them being of the very highest ecclesiastical dignity. In matters of this kind, we fancy that a prelate bears the same ratio to a nonconformist clergyman that a general killed in action does to a subaltern who has shared the same fate.

According to the latest accounts, we understand that it was the intention of the authorities to seek the aid of the military to suppress the riots. But why, let us ask, should such proceedings be tolerated a single hour? Much a howlance may be made for the notional predilections of Irishmen, and the unextinguishable animosity with which Orangemen and Roman Catholics invariably regard each other; but surely the Belfast rioters have been allowed to trespass a little too much on the patience of those to whom society looks for its protection.

#### CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is universally acknowledged as a duty, and as such is affected by us all. We are glad, and find pleasure, a dozen times a day, and do no more than is expected of us—in fact, should pass for morose fellows if we did not smile at the accent of every acquaintance; and if we cannot superadd an air of brisk self-assertion at the good fortune of the encounter, so much the better. If, then, we have all to seem cheerful, a few speculations on different kinds of cheerfulness, what is the sort, and how we may invest ourselves with it, cannot come amiss. The ideal cheerful man is, indeed, a great benefactor. He is a moral tonic to every one about him. For cheerfulness is a genial strength; it can carry weights and support the weak. At its greatest it is a form of magnanimity. It is not ignoring the troubles of the world, but looking at them, and owning them, meeting them, and rising above them. And it teaches others to do the same. It is a happy union of fine qualities—of an unruffled temper, a clear judgment, and well-proportioned faculties. It is the expression of an inward harmony. However, if we are to have much cheerfulness, it cannot be all of this superlative quality; and, looking among our acquaintance, the readiest examples are not of the heroic standard; though even this is not so rare but that we believe every man's experience has, at some time or other, come in hardly contact with it. Except that cheerfulness in this nobler sense can hardly be spontaneous; this is not compatible with human infirmity; it may look so, but the man himself is conscious of effort, and has his moments of reaction. We know this by the rules for cheerfulness laid down by persons who have been distinguished for it in conjunction with great powers of mind—rules and precepts which all show consciousness of melancholy as an enemy at our very doors. Great powers, as far as we can judge, are not friendly to this habit of mind. Poets, philosophers, deep thinkers, even wits, are not often cheerful men for themselves. All by turns have a touch of poor Bunyan's experience, "as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light, and as if the stones in the streets and the tiles upon the houses did bend themselves against them"—but this only because these powers are not well balanced; for where there is excess there is too commonly defect somewhere. There is some unappreciated in the broad difference that constantly exists between the cheerful man and the cheerful companion. Even Falstaff is a different man in soliloquy; but many of those most noted for their powers of raising others' spirits have been habitually hipped and sad in their solitary hours. Sydney Smith is a contrary instance. He did not affect solitude, it is true, but he describes his spirits as perennial, and those who lived with him never saw him depressed, or at all the way and frolic of the household existence. But even he had his rule—namely, "to take short views of life," to hold by the present for all that is good in it, to refuse to look forward to a possible change to worse, however imminent that worse may appear; all things more easily said than done, and not always wisely they could be done. It may, however, be because women are more constantly occupied with the immediate present, because their employments are more connected with the time being than building up a future either of fame or prosperity, as well as because there is in the feminine organization a more even balance of powers, that our readiest examples of cheerfulness are, we think, women. The girl cheers up home more than the boy, the old maid is unquestionably more cheerful than the old bachelor; and if we would raise up the image, the very poetry, of cheerfulness, we recall some fair matron, the presiding genius of the hearth, bright-eyed, persuasive, who can

Change by her power

Every weed into a flower.

Turn each thistle to a vine,

Make the bramble agitate.

Every form of this quality, whether in a man's self or for his fellows, should be infectious; the spring of content should scatter drops of refreshing, and make us gay too for more than the moment. All cheerfulness, even to be attractive, ought to do us good, and not to be a mere attribute of the man. But all does not do us this good turn. There is, too, for example, a more offensive fellow than one who insists on being jolly, totally irrespective of our mood. A good deal of cheerfulness is on the Miller-of-Dee principle, and consists in not caring. So long as we do not find this out, it is all very well; but the disenchantment is complete when circumstances disclose, under the jaunty, easy hilarity, a hard indifference and positive incapacity for sympathy. Such cheerfulness can only be sustained by selfishness reduced to a system, and there is no greater discouragement, when things are going wrong with us, than to fall in with people who affect "pity in their smiles of comfort," and yet smile on. We must not be hard on merely constitutional cheerfulness. It sometimes seems as if these social butterfies, these summer friends, had a place in our economy, but at best it is only to add to our mirth or to distract us momentarily from our trouble, not really to alleviate it. There is a form of cheerfulness which nobody can stand—

Send me hence ten thousand miles

From a face that always smiles—

perhaps because it is impossible the smiles should be real, but rather, we incline to think, because smiles should be rare things, and cheerfulness that is always parading itself in smiles is of the wrong sort. People

ostentatiously and notoriously cheerful are at best foolish people, their spirit of a brisk but thin quality—nothing about them in good working order. The thing we respect and admire shows itself more consistently in its quiet moments, the soul looking out through the eyes. Anybody can smile; out to look bright, with the muscles all at rest, betoken a habit of seeing things at their best, and making the best of them.

Those in whose way it falls to hear of the characteristics of modern ascetics are constantly informed of the exceeding cheerfulness, the almost childlike hilarity, observable in persons who have renounced the pleasures of the world, abandoned every natural tie, and made themselves desolate for religion's sake. Whenever a knot of converts get together, we hear of much laughter and boyish ebullition of spirits. No one visits a nunnery but, if the rule admit of his seeing a nun at all, he comes back charmed by her smiles. No young lady falls in with a Sister but she is struck, not by her resigned expression, that "leadens eye that loves the ground," but by her cheerfulness. Perhaps serenity is not enough; the fair ascetic is positively merry, and laughs with a silvery laugh. None in the hour of recreation are often described as children over again. Some persons regard this conventional hilarity as a strong sanction for this mode of life—as, in fact, a miraculous reward for utter self-renunciation. For our own part, whatever reflection we may incur by the avowal, we never hear of these ineffable good spirits without irritation. What right have these people to be so happy? Why should they have lighter hearts than any of us? Is there some chance of snatching at their satisfaction? Is there a connexion is there between seclusion and separation and this exuberant joyousness? We even ask, if these people who have turned their backs on us laugh while we take life as a very grave affair, are we necessarily in fault? Must the contrast be owing to our worldliness? What is it that makes men whose lot it is to live in the world often heavy and depressed? What is it that gives the sense of weight? Not, we think, the society of pleasure, but the sense of some burden, but the burdens of life pressing on shoulders not strong enough or properly disciplined to bear them. To bear them lightly. If the celibate or the nun is merry when we are sad and lumpy, it may be of course the sunshine of a pure conscience breaking out into smiles; but may it not also be because they are free from the anxieties which oppress us, and which they have taken violent means to be rid of? There is a certain class of worries inseparable from the duties of the professions, and which cannot exist where the natural affections are suppressed and superseded. For, in trade, we must exchange our burden for theirs. Their existence would be an intolerable vacuity and restraint to us; we lack, it may be, their contemplative faculty. But nevertheless they have shaken themselves loose from the natural trials that beset us, that compose our countenance into grave lines, hinder our smiles from being as frequent or as bounding as they might be, and make fresh, careless hilarity a thing of memory with which they can never again expect to have anything to do. For, in trade, the most fortunate existence has care enough to make good its natural condition. The way to be a child again, is, it seems, to throw them all over, though it be to assume more onerous tasks, if only they do not pull at the heart-strings.

We are not saying that life is not pleasant. If it is, an "auxiliary" being, the most constitutionally melancholy of poets, calls it "pleasing," and "cheerful." Grave as we are, we are probably happier than we look; while, on the other hand, we have not much to be said for our life as we are now speaking of. It is compatible, we know, with long fits of dreariness and misgiving. If it be not also compatible with a latent yearning for "le bon vieux temps quand j'étais si malheureux," we are greatly mistaken. The happiness of nature life does not show itself in marked, fussy expression; it may look low under some dissipated evidence of harassment. It is only the outside part of us that we profess that is merry and glad, and smile like a child, and that is the only refreshment of spirit in childish things which have nothing in them for "the grown-up to relish." But all the same we say that, if she would have been sad at her own old home—for the brother that has gone astray, for the sister drooping in premature decay, for the mother fretted into ill temper by her trials—and is now merry, having separated herself by one strong act from the tyranny of these caring cares, we see no particular reason to regret her jollity, though we do not grieve at the hilarity; we say also that, whatever she gains, she is losing one most important part of training—the sorrows and pains of the affections. She may serve the outer world, the poor and stranger, with an energy of self-sacrifice; but she cannot love with quaking nerves and throbbing pulses any but the heart's natural belongings. And this fact will be written in the smiles of which so much account is made, which, however beautiful in themselves, do not cheer our spirits, for the very reason that there is, and can be, no sympathy and fellowship in them. But we have digressed, not only into gravity, but into polemics.

We sometimes think that mankind must at one time have been endowed with a more robust cheerfulness than our civilization can boast, to carry them through the trials to which they were exposed in lawless times. History is such a succession of miseries, tyrannies, cruelties, and wrongs, that how people stood it and lived out their days is sometimes a marvel. But something constantly lets out that life under these conditions was vigorous—that people caught, with an alacrity foreign to us, the pleasure within their reach. Even where torture and hideous forms of death curdle the modern reader's blood, there are continually indications, if we look for them, of a somewhat jovial society in the thick of these horrors, and that not only among the victimizers. What a wild cheerfulness characterizes, in Mr. Motley's book on the Netherlands, all the scenes principally and most fatally concerned! Spirits may be crushed in the end, but while there is hope, excitement will always engender cheerfulness, just as soldiers are cheerful; and probably both from the same necessity of "taking short views of life," while the present is occupied by stirring events.

We may be a little over-educated for this frank, careless form of cheerfulness. Ours must be in some degree the result of rule and self-discipline, yet still the first qualification, the indispensable ally, must be courage. There can be no cheerfulness without it. We must have no ingenuities, no frightful fiends in our rear which we dare not turn upon. The cheerful man must be able to look everything in the face—take it in, in its just proportions, but not dwell upon it. Such remedies as occur to him he applies with promptness, but he broods upon nothing. Hence cheerfulness is most rare and difficult to an active imagination, unless this is allied to the most sanguine temperament. It is all very well to tell some people

they finally emerged shorn of their outward plumage, dragged, weary, and depressed. While the jam was tightest, and the struggle fiercest, our eye lighted upon two fair sisters whose demeanor was calm, despite some traces of physical exhaustion. Their interesting half-mourning garb riveted our attention, as admirably suited to their pensive style of loveliness, and we sighed to think of the devastation to which such toilettes seemed about to be consigned. A moment more, and our fair enslavers were in the thick of the crowd, battling for prominence. Freeing ourselves by a tremendous effort, we gained their side, fought a passage through the heaving mass, and breathless and exhausted conducted the ladies to an unoccupied bench. "Permit me," we exclaimed, "to offer that homage to your beauty, which—"

"Enough Sir," said the taller of the two, "we thank you for your escort, but what think you of our dress?" We had expected a question less practical, but gallantry compelled to answer that so directly vouchsafed to us, and we turned our admiring gaze from the ladies themselves to their outward habiliments. We were literally thunderstruck! Not a crease, not a wrinkle, bore witness of the recent struggle—the ladies looked as though but that instant released from the hands of their tiring women. The question involuntarily came to our lips. "What marvellous *artiste* can have—"

The lady addressed, raised her daintily gloved hand to enforce silence, smiled sweetly, inclined her head towards us, and with a blush of girlish pride mantling her fair cheek, whispered in our expectant ear, "DUFFES and Co." We need say no more.

#### WHO IS THE GREATEST OF MORTALS ANCIENT OR MODERN?

This is a much vexed question. We with many others have, until lately, held that the greatest of the CESARS, JULIUS the conqueror of the Gauls, the hero of Pharsalia, Munda and Thapsus, the philosopher, author, statesman, warrior, all in one, stood unrivalled in the historic page. But even CESAR yielded to an insidious foe. The Hero veiled with victorious bays his hairless brows. Greater than CESAR must she be before whose baldness has fled this earth never more to return. Let us, joining the train of worshippers, raise to heaven our glad voices and cry unceasingly, Hail to thee Queen of Queens, Victor of Victors, MRS. S. A. ALLEN. Hail to thy World Wide Hair Restorer. Hail to thee INVENTRIX ZYLOBALSAMUM.

#### GREAT INTERCOLONIAL EXHIBITION OF 1865.

##### AWARD OF PRIZES.

There is only one thing at present talked of in the Provinces. There is so far as we can see only one thing worthy of talk in the Provinces. And the talk is that the exhibitors from our country are sure at least to carry off one prize, should the great Industrial REUNION become an accomplished fact. The gratifying manner in which our productions were the year before last extolled by admiring millions, the noble show made at Paris, and at London's great fair of 1851 would more than justify the conclusion that in certain branches of manufacture our citizens are second to none. There is one line however in which we especially excel, and there is one spirited man amongst us who in that line has far outdistanced all his competitors. Need we say that we allude to Mr. WOODILL, whose patent medicine, unrivalled in its efficacy for removing the weaknesses of the young, has long formed a fertile theme for congratulatory comment alike in the shanty of the backwoodsman and around the gilded *Berconnettes* of our youthful aristocracy.

##### SOLD IN BOXES.

And to be had direct from the Manufactory of Messrs. WOODILL and Sox, City Drug Store.

#### PITY FOR THE MISERABLE.

From the high top of Ida, rich in groves,  
The Thunderer gazing on the world below,  
Saw the vast misery spreading o'er the earth,  
And pitying heard the voice of human woe.

"SON ESCULAPIUS," the Great God cried,—  
"Descend on earth and health and joy restore,  
Cause a new age to dawn upon the world,  
And pain and sickness to be known no more."

In human form, 'midst the abodes of men  
The God of Health his heavenly mission speeds,  
Not blest by all, for fools will ever sneer,  
And learn repentance only in their need.

Men know not RADWAY when they hear of thee  
That a great God is hidden by thy name,  
That thy Resolvents Renovating Balm,  
Is heaven's gift—not a thing of human fame.

#### THE BULLFROG.

Published Weekly, Price Four Cents per copy. Terms of Advertising.—Five cents per line. Communications, Advertisements, &c., to be addressed to X. Y. Z., Bullfrog Office, 111, Barrington St.

The Bullfrog is Printed at the Halifax Industrial School Printing Office, 111, Barrington-street. Mr. W. Theakston, Manager.

not to dwell on things, not to look forward, not to devise terrors; they cannot help themselves. We perceive, therefore, that the cheerful man must be a busy one—not a drudge, but always with something in hand to engage and arrest the attention, and impart interest to the present. We do not much believe in that form of it which is fed by illusions. Charles Lamb describes a man who keeps himself and his household in supreme spirits by calling everything by wrong names—asking, for example, for the silver sugar-tongs, when the thing indicated, and under the very nose of both host and guest, "was but a spoon, and that plated." Real, lasting cheerfulness throws its own hue upon things, but it sees them in exact shape and proportion. It also is one of its secrets to esteem everything the more for the fact of possession. All the cheerful people we know think the better of a thing for being their own; disparagement is altogether alien to this temper, unless of things obviously beyond reach. Cheerful people, again, have few secrets, and no willing ones; they do not hug mysteries, and, in fact, have a way of scattering them—perhaps for the reason that in its nature cheerfulness is akin to daylight, and while other humours shut up men "each in the cave of his own complexion," this brings him into the sunshine. We can see all around him and into him as well, and he is not only illuminated, but in his turn an illumination; so that it is wonderful what a change in morbid states of feeling and general misunderstandings the sudden presence of a cheerful spirit will bring about.—*Saturday Review.*

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES A FREEMASON.

The Prince of Wales has made the formal application which is preliminary to any person becoming a member of the Masonic body. I am not among the initiated, and cannot pretend to describe the process of initiation; but, whatever it be, his Royal Highness, of his own free will and consent, had undertaken to satisfy the Grand Lodge that there is not in his character or position anything that would disqualify him from being a member of the body. The usual inquiries will be made, and if satisfactory the Prince of Wales becomes a Mason. It is said that in the annals of the craft it is recorded that the late Prince of Wales was anxious to become a Mason, and that he was not accepted. If this be so, the present Prince will probably be the first apparent heir to the Crown who has entered that body. We know that the Royal blood of England has ere now been brought in contact with the rites, and that the Duke of Sussex was a Grand Master, but that the Prince of Wales should join the craft, is a subject of welcome to the brethren. The date of his formal admission is not yet fixed. I understand that his Royal Highness became infected with the desire of being a Mason, during the pleasant days he spent at Cambridge University, and that a lodge there, which embraced his most intimate friends, drew its beguiling influence over him. The Marquis of Hastings, imitating his chief, the Earl of De Grey and Ripon, has become a Mason, and will to-night present himself for the honour of being made a Grand Mason.—*Tablet.*

#### INCREASED GROWTH OF COTTON IN TURKEY.

From the "Djeride Havada's" Record of News, Constantinople native paper.

Ninety thousand *Oka* of Cotton seed from America and Egypt being sent to all the "well guarded possessions" of his Majesty the Sultan, from the most high Chamber of Commerce, 5,000 *Oka* of Egyptian, and 7,000 *Oka* of American cotton seed have been sent to Smyrna; and in consequence of this, and the effort of the local authorities to promote the art of agriculture in the year 1860 (according to the Christian mode of reckoning) from the port of Smyrna, 12,000 bales of Cotton were sold and exported, in payment whereof, 30,000 English pounds were received. And fresh efforts being made to promote this industry, which bore great fruit, in the past year, 1863, 60,000 bales of cotton were exported and sold from the said port, the price whereof amounted to 1,700,000 English pounds. And this year, 1864, 180,000 bales will probably be produced. And there is every reason to hope trade and commerce, all kind of productions will be greatly increased in all parts of Anatolia, if it so please Allah.—*Public Opinion.*

#### Advertisements.

#### THE MONSTER CONCERT.

##### A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

The large muster of our citizens at the Horticultural Gardens on Monday last, was fraught with some trifling annoyance to the fair sex. The injury to wearing apparel was considerable especially in the immediate vicinity of the entrance gates. Shawls, lace mantles, victorias, &c., were in many instances literally torn to shreds, nor could the almost superhuman efforts of the City police do much in mitigation of an evil which increased with each successive batch of arrivals. It was indeed pitiable to note the havoc among ladies outer garments caused by the relentless pressure of the great unwashed. Hemmed in, as we were, within a yard of the western entrance we were compelled to remain silent spectators of an almost wholesale destruction of feminine finery, nor could our most heartrending appeals restrain spruce-dressed damsels from rushing headlong into that densely packed throng, from which