

THE BULLFROG.

*Nec sumit aut ponit securus,
Arbitrio popularis auras—Her.*

No. 25.

MARCH 4, 1865.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

NURSERY STATESMEN.

There are certain occasions upon which even the most virtuous men emphatically assert that which they neither believe themselves nor wish others to believe. When Paterfamilias makes a speech at a wedding breakfast, or after dinner, he almost invariably alludes to himself as altogether unworthy of the position wherein he is placed for the time being. This is especially the case when the task to be performed is that of lauding one's neighbour, or complimenting one's neighbour's wife. On such occasions the speaker always declares himself utterly unable to render fitting homage to the genius of his esteemed friend, or to the manifold graces and accomplishments of his esteemed friend's spouse. To such assertions, well bred people in general, and poor relations in particular, should promptly respond—"no, no,"—inasmuch as Paterfamilias thinks, in his heart of hearts, that he is the right man in the right place. But rude persons sometimes take orators at their words, and have the audacity to cry—"hear, hear!"—upon the first admission of incapacity, or unworthiness, albeit by so doing they make an enemy for the remainder of their lives. The fact is, no sensible man undervalues himself in public, unless he feels tolerably well assured that his audience rates him pretty highly, though perhaps not so highly as he rates himself. No man, having the slightest pretensions to statesmanship, undervalues himself in public, save when discussing a question about the merits of which no two opinions can possibly exist. We never heard Mr. GLADSTONE, or Mr. DISRAELI, preface even the most heartrending budget, by assuming themselves to be narrow minded men: a question involving peace or war is approached by Lord DERBY, or Lord PALMERSTON, without any apology whatever. Such men are real statesmen, and as such, fully aware that others are alive to their shortcomings: they comport themselves proudly while they reason modestly. It is only upon topics whereon all are agreed—such, for example, as a tribute to the talents of a great man recently deceased, that real statesmen are genuinely bashful. Colonial politicians, on the other hand, are apt to comport themselves meanly while reasoning egotistically,—to affect humility while bursting with arrogance. A brief glance at the conduct pursued by the delegates and their supporters will best illustrate our meaning. We think it was the Hon. J. McCULLY that so often repeated the assertion—"small countries make small men." A more unwise and unstatesmanlike assertion it would, all things considered, be difficult to imagine, inasmuch as it implies a galling consciousness of smallness on the part of an Hon. gentleman who would fain lead us on to greatness. We cannot imagine that the Hon. J. McCULLY, when uttering the words quoted, really thought himself a small man, because he was a Nova Scotian,—on the contrary, we incline to the belief that, like Paterfamilias at the wedding breakfast, he never intended that his audience should take him at his word, and cry—"hear, hear,"—instead of—"no, no." It is, indeed, impossible that the Hon. gentleman could have believed himself small, at a time when his happiest argument rested on the supposition that Nova Scotia offered no fair scope for the enterprise and genius of her sons. Mr. McCULLY is a Nova Scotian: Mr. McCULLY says, "small coun-

tries produce small men:" Nova Scotia is a small country: therefore Mr. McCULLY is a small man,—or else he, in his own person, is an exception to a rule laid down by himself as an axiom—i. e.—a self evident proposition which cannot be made plainer by demonstration. No real statesman would place himself in such a position.

Let us now turn to another delegate—the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY and note his claims to be considered as a statesman, in connection with the Federation scheme. The position held by the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY on the subject of Federation was, from first to last, unstable and treacherous in the highest degree. With a large majority in the Lower House, and pledged to a scheme eminently popular throughout the Province (a Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces), he allowed himself to be drawn into another scheme, of the probable workings of which the general public was profoundly ignorant. Without attempting to fathom the wishes of those to whom his party is indebted for its large majority, he, in common with his fellow delegates, must needs inaugurate a political revolution, and spurn the feelings of those who had helped him to power. The fall of Cardinal WOLSEY should have taught the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY the danger of seeking to elevate himself at the expense of those who, having set him up, have the power to pull him down. Under our constitution the people have the power formerly held by kings, and are as zealous of their prerogative as was ever bluff king HAL. That HENRY's regard for WOLSEY was as great as that of the people of Nova Scotia for Dr. TUPPER, there can be no doubt, but it is clear that the Tudor king did not relish the Cardinal's presumption, in seeking to be a legate without the Royal assent, and in corresponding with foreign potentates in the form, "*Ego et Rex meus.*" In those days, the king liked to be consulted as to the management of his kingdom, and in this degenerate age, the people, small though they be, like to have a voice in any revolution that may be going on in the land of their birth. No men, having the faintest claims to be regarded as statesmen, would have pledged themselves to a measure (reported at home as universally desired by Nova Scotians) without previously sounding public opinion. Should the people of this Province ultimately reject the Federation scheme, what will the Imperial Government think of the delegates? Her Majesty's ministers may well exclaim:—"For what purpose have we been wasting our time over the affairs of these North American Colonies, when it appears that their leading men have been deceiving us. These delegates have given us to understand, that the Provinces they represented at the Quebec Conference were nervously eager for Union, whereas it now appears that the people are averse to Union. Truly, "responsible government" has failed to produce statesmen." With this prospect in view, we can readily understand the anxiety of the delegates for the success of their scheme, and we cannot but admire the craftiness with which the *Unionist* and *Colonist* endeavour to prove that, in the event of the scheme breaking down, the English Ministry will blame the people of Nova Scotia instead of her delegates. It was, doubtless, from a knowledge of his false position, that the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY was so anxious to hurry the consummation of a scheme to

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pledged the people of this Province without condition. It has, however, been denied that the Honorable member ever declared himself determined to carry the Union with or without the express sanction of the people. It must, of course, accept the denial, so far as the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY is concerned, but it is nevertheless true, that one, at least, of our best known Union orators did (in the presence of the writer of this article) assert that the Unionists would carry the Federation scheme, *whether the people liked it or disliked it*. But our present business is with the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, who, at a Country meeting, thought proper to pledge himself to a dissolution of Parliament, in case the House of Assembly returned a majority hostile to Federation. A proceeding more unstatesmanlike it were difficult to conceive. There was no necessity whatever for Dr. TUPPER thus committing himself during the recess—indeed, we have been educated in the belief that without the walls of the Parliament house, none but the veriest political bunglers ever pledge themselves to any policy whatever. Let any man of ordinary acuteness study the speeches of English politicians, uttered outside the House of Commons, and he will find that their charm consists in their extreme vagueness. It is a thing tacitly understood, that politicians in general, and statesmen in particular, should never at public meetings attempt to do more than interest their hearers—unless, indeed, they can amuse them, which is better still. We all remember the advice of the veteran statesman, AUDLEY EBERTON, to his youthful relative, when the latter was about to explain to the electors of Lausmere some trifling inconsistency:—“plunge at once into general politics.” LESLIE, acting upon this advice, got out of a dilemma and made an oration rather effective than otherwise.

If we turn to another delegate, Mr. ADAMS ARCHIBALD, we see an almost painful illustration of the evils resulting from unstatesmanlike conduct. Mr. ARCHIBALD would have occupied a position unusually strong, had his position been recognized by the mass of his countrymen. Had he only been deputed by the Representatives of the people to attend the Quebec Conference, his absolute command of the financial part of the Quebec scheme would have placed him beyond the reach of legitimate criticism. Had he been duly authorized to manipulate figures, he might have vapoured about statistics without fearing any opposition worthy the name. But Mr. ARCHIBALD, like the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, forced himself in a position eminently false. He had to enter upon the discussion of details, concerning which Nova Scotians would never have troubled themselves, had they, through their representatives, conceded to Mr. ARCHIBALD the right of framing so novel a budget. Had the people been consulted regarding the proposal of the Canadian statesmen to treat with delegates appointed to discuss the feasibility of the lesser and first planned Union, Mr. ARCHIBALD might have been spared certain explanations, altogether unnecessary without the House of Assembly. Of course, some general explanation of the tariff question was absolutely necessary, but Mr. ARCHIBALD holding as he did a command of figures, should, to our thinking, have avoided all minute calculations. He had to deal with an exacting public, and his wisest policy would have been that recommended, under somewhat analogous circumstances, by that consummate master of statecraft—LOUIS XI,—“Give the least they'll take, and promise all they demand.” Perhaps the most bungling policy of the delegates was the attitude assumed upon the question of defence. Upon this topic, more than upon any other, lofty vapouring and vague generalities would have been judicious in the extreme, so long as the actual sum voted had been kept out of sight. Nothing would have been easier than to say, “Of course ample measures have been adopted to ensure the defence of the united empire—a question, the necessity for which must of course find a hearty response in the breasts of

all loyal and devoted, &c., &c.” But to vapour about defence, while tied down to an extra half million of dollars, was the merest folly. In fact, view in what light we will, the conduct of the delegates since removed from the careful supervision of their Canadian masters, and we are reluctantly compelled to admit that, regarded as statesmen, they have bungled their mission in a manner which must be intensely galling to the admirers of “Responsible government.” To Mr. McCULLY's assertion regarding “small countries, &c., &c.,” we therefore feel disposed to cry—“hear! hear!”



WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The political, social, intellectual, and moral position of women, has engaged the attention of philosophers and thinkers from the time of Adam to the present day. Although Eve made but a poor figure in her brief interview with the serpent, her influence on the destinies of mankind and over her husband is undeniable. The serpent, a great thinker, both knew the weakness and strength of the woman card, and he played it. The reproach thus unfortunately earned by Eve for her female descendants has weighed down upon womankind unto the times in which we live. Struggles to rid themselves of this apple incubus have been frequently made by the weaker sex, but hithe to without that success which the undoubted justice (?) of their cause should have ensured. Great and learned men have taken to themselves the task of raising women to the level, and above the level, in a certain way, of men. BUCKLE, CARLYLE, RENAN and other philosophers have cried up the intuitive tact and the deductive power of women as conducing towards a certain kind of moral weight totally unattainable by man. Bloomerism in America aimed at a somewhat similar result by the far simpler process of curtailing the skirts of ladies dresses. This, in the opinion of the Bloomers, was equivalent to the assertion of those rights political and social hitherto monopolized by the Lords of creation. These efforts of philosophers and rampant New York ladies have unfortunately failed, and woman still retains that place in the economy of things which common sense and the safety of womankind itself requires. Raised far above Eves, Miriams, Helens and Fatimas, the ladies of the present age are content to rest and be thankful for what they have got. Such at least from their present behaviour would appear to be the case. That women, however, are at once the most aggressive and persuasive of beings is sadly proved by the conduct of our provincial legislature. That women possess the great art of *wheedling*—the art of obtaining things wished for by a mild and love-disguised persuasion, where brute force or force of argument would avail little—is an established fact. The success of such a mode of conduct is amply proved by the following bill moved *pro forma* before the address in answer to the Lieut. Governor's speech was propounded. This bill was entitled:

“An act for the better protection of the estates and rights of married woman.”

It has been known for some time that many ladies of Nova Scotia, ground down by tyranny, and aspiring to many rights which in their opinion not only justified but demanded the interference of the legislature on their behalf, have made their homes less pleasant to the other sex, than the forbearance of such gentlemen deserved. The agitation has lasted many years. Mater familias has quarrelled with Pater ditto. Daughters have urged certain rights upon obdurate brothers. Society has for some time been in danger. A social revolution has for months darkened the domestic atmosphere. Legislation was imperative—and Dr. Hamilton has thrown oil upon the troubled waters. We cannot but admire the gallantry of the steps thus taken, although we sadly fear that many members will attempt to make capital out of the two words *pro forma*. Exigante and unclassical dames will be told by their recerant and abandoned husbands that *pro forma*, when freely translated means, “before anything else,” and that those promises made during fits of love and tenderness, are now at last to be fulfilled by the assembled legislators of Nova Scotia—the rights of women secured—and homes made comfortable for ever. Should so miserable a deception have been devised, or, still worse,—put in practice—we are determined to expose the audacious wretches who, whilst tampering with the best and most useful of women's attributes,—credulity, expect a life of ill deserved domestic repose during the next recess by the execution of a half measure, when a whole one

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could with equal ease have been obtained. The bill as it stands before us, though apparently exhaustive in its nature, in truth provides for married women but a very superficial protection. That this bill may become law is probable, but that the agitation which caused its creation will be appeased by so mean a measure, we cannot for a moment believe. Without further comment we give here—under some of the several clauses of the bill in question. To publish the whole Act would be impossible, nay all the libraries of Halifax will not contain the same, swelled as it will be by the revisions and additions with which three readings and decisions of committees will enlarge it. We quote at random, that the full flavour of the measure may by the uninitiated be imagined. Since to print the whole is impossible—to cull choice flowers—i. e. choice flowers to male eyes—were most unfair. Justice to the married ladies requires that we should quote at random—the bitter with the sweet—and as justice demands it, we comply.

CLAUSE 1. WHEREAS sundry married women of this Province, deeply feeling the falseness of their position with regard to their husbands and masters, are desirous of proving to these men that they—the women—know what is what; and WHEREAS it is highly expedient that not only married women but married men should also know what is what—BE IT ENACTED: (we have been assured upon somewhat questionable authority, that the above was not written by a lady.)

CLAUSE 21. THAT no married woman shall be FORBIDDEN BY HER HUSBAND from indulging in the following alluring and sin less pastimes: to wit—Dancing with men; the use of the Car and the use of Skates; riding on a horse; driving a horse; talking to respectable young men of her acquaintance. Attending parties—so called—picnics; innocent mirth as enjoyed before marriage; and general sociability.

CLAUSE 54. THAT no married woman shall be ORDERED BY HER HUSBAND to dress her hair in that fashion so called a L' Imperatrice; to make use of humming birds, birds of paradise, or the flowers called peony's, rhododendrons or sunflowers in the decoration of her head; or to take to such violent exercises as dancing, flirting, guitar playing, riding or making slides on the streets, unless such exercises be recommended for purposes of health by two or more physicians licensed by the Crown to prescribe for such cases; and FURTHER THAT in the pockets of every married woman so enjoying herself a certificate of sanction signed by two or more medical practitioners be found; and FURTHER THAT unless such certificate be found in the pocket, hand, or muff of the offenders, the same be liable to a fine not exceeding FIVE POUNDS; such fines to be paid into the hands of the anti-matrimonial alliance of London, G. B.

CLAUSE 91. THAT no married woman shall be ORDERED BY HER HUSBAND to attend assemblies where there is much noise: to wit—public meetings, public balls, theatres and such like; to have in moral charge more than eight unmarried women at one, and the same time, or to sit in buildings constructed for the purpose of skating for a period exceeding three hours when the thermometer, called by the name of its maker FAHRENHIEIT, marks below zero. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED: THAT no married man over and above the age of one hundred years be allowed to address, soothe, or confuse his wife in the course of domestic discussion by the following phrases, "Pretty puppet;" "Little charmer;" "Venus of my heart" or "ducky wucky; such phrases on the part of an ancient man to an ancient woman being irresistible by the latter and irrelevant to household matters."

And here our extracts must end. The Bill, it must be admitted, provides for all ages of married women, although it dives but slightly into the workings of the married woman's heart. Whilst we congratulate Dr. HAMILTON on having made a stop in the right direction, we must hope that next year the measure which be so nobly fathers will not only be made more acceptable to mothers, but also embrace under its protective wing, the rights of unmarried daughters. A large field for work and usefulness is open, and another year must see on this question either reform or—revolution!

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

It is not long since we republished an article from a London paper, ridiculing the nonsensical squabbles of two New Zealand papers, the *Dunedin Review*, and a journal published at Otago. A writer in the former, thus addressed his Otago rival:—"Let the editorial stork of the penny candle point out any lie tha

"we have ever uttered; if it cannot, it must starve."
 "as a base liar. Our character is beyond the reach of the assertions of Otago editors; we challenge all Dunedin to point out in our character one single flaw, frailty, or weakness." "ty." While sympathizing with the wounded feelings of our Dunedin editor, we cannot but congratulate Nova Scotia upon the superiority of her press as compared with that of New Zealand. Antipodal writers are, it would seem, somewhat partial to hard names, whereas the more refined intelligence of Nova Scotian journalists is evinced in a partiality for heavy wagers upon points of vital interest to the community at large. As a people on the eve of extraordinary greatness, it would be highly impolitic to lower ourselves, by means of our press, to the level of even MACAULAY'S New Zealander—a gentleman far more enlightened than the "editorial stork of the Otago penny candle." We cannot, just now, while the eyes of all the world are upon us, afford to call one another "liars," &c.,—for by so doing we might, through the medium of our fourth estate, justly merit the contempt of those dispassionate lookers-on who are undecided as to our fitness to rank with the greatest nations upon earth. Six months back we had fewer scruples—indeed, before greatness was thrust upon us, the *Colonist* (commonly supposed to reflect the views of those great men now in office) published an article against one of our embryo great men, under the elegant heading—"Another lie nailed." All this sort of thing was bad—very bad indeed—but at that period we were unoppressed with a sense of greatness, and comforted ourselves according to our taste. The tone of our press was not lofty, but it was free and unmistakable, whereas it is now, to say the least, somewhat insipid. Last autumn, the battles of our leading men were fought out on those fair, open principles, for the exercise of which colonial writers are so justly celebrated, but our present style of editorial warfare is neither hot nor cold—neither rabid nor drivelling—but a strange and uninteresting jumble of twaddle, and egotism. In former times, the readers of the leading journals were regaled with full flavoured language. The *Colonist* nailed "another lie," in the columns of the *Chronicle*, and the *Chronicle* informed us that one of our great men had "replenished his poison bag from a distillation of rotten hams, essence of sewers, gutters, drains, and slaughter houses, with a tincture of the virus of small pox." Now, there can be no doubt, that this style of writing was forcible in its way, and commended itself to a vast majority of the thinking men of both Provincial parties. This was not a high style of literature we freely admit, but that it was suited to Nova Scotians (before they became great) is undeniable,—otherwise, the *Chronicle* and *Colonist* could never have attained their present popularity. But how do we—the general public—fare, now that twaddle has superseded invective? We are all abroad—the reasoning powers of our instructors have in no wise expanded, while the weapons with whose use they are familiar have been prematurely deemed obsolete. That the result of this compromise between full flavoured invective and milk and water scandal, has been somewhat disappointing is manifest to all who have watched the late exciting conflict between the *Chronicle* and the *Unionist*. The struggle between these two mighty organs differed from that waged by the "stork of the Penny Candle" against the virtuous Reviewer of Dunedin, inasmuch as a question of personality rather than lying was at issue. The *Chronicle* did not, like the *Dunedin Review*, defy its rival to prove its untruthfulness, but merely offered the *Unionist* one hundred guineas to substantiate an unseemly charge of personality—or at least to prove that the *Chronicle*, although "sometimes compelled to combat such as the *Unionist*, with their own weapons," was ever "the first to resort to personalities." The *Unionist*, while lacking the vigour of the Otago "stork of the penny candle," was not slow to accept the challenge, and forthwith proceeded to cite numerous in-

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personality on the part of the *Chronicle*—a proceeding which is part of "the best conducted paper in Nova Scotia," and should not fail to impress strangers with the highest respect for the intelligence of Nova Scotians. For our part, we feel something akin to trepidation, while contemplating the subtle intelligence of a community, every member of which is expected to discuss with critical acumen the merits of a wager between two leading journals on so delicate a question as that of personality. We should not indeed have noticed this great question, had not one of the belligerent journals referred to it to "a body of impartial gentlemen," such as the managers of the *Bullfrog*. We, therefore, proceed to sum up the merits of this great case with the diligence and impartiality of a Judge upon the bench—feeling assured that upon our righteous judgment depends, in no small degree, the welfare and happiness of the readers of the warring papers for all time to come.

The first personality quoted by the *Unionist* has reference to the *Chronicle's* assertion that "*Dr. Tupper and Mr. McCully may be friends from the teeth outwards, just so long as it is necessary to carry this scheme.*" This is merely a figurative way of saying that the present coalition between these two great men has been entered upon with a definite object. So far—nothing personal. The *Chronicle* is next charged with calling someone a *deacon*, a proceeding which is silly, and indicative of extreme bad taste. The next paragraph is somewhat more amusing. "*Mr. McCully may have the power to knock out his mother's brains, but the act, if done, would be murder nevertheless.*" So we should imagine: the illustration is not one we would ourselves employ, but it is apt and to the point, inasmuch as the taunt conveyed has reference to the sudden overthrow of a constitution which has been the parent of the Honorable gentleman's Provincial greatness. The *Unionist* writer detects a personality in the expression "*political humbugs.*" We are sorry for this—we see nothing personal in it. The *Chronicle* is next blamed for "holding up one of the delegates to ridicule, under the soubriquet of *Mrs. Garrulous*, and another as a *good deaconess*," in which epithets the *Unionist* describes an attack upon somebody's "wives or daughters." The conservatives of England might, with equal justice, declare themselves insulted because the *Herald* and *Standard* are invariably spoken of as *Mesdames Gaup & Harris*—nay more, Lord PALMERSTON might object to being nicknamed "the bottle-holder." We must declare our conviction that the *Unionist* has not fairly won the hundred guineas, although we have won something in an increased appreciation of the intense littleness of those who would seek to instruct the public mind of Nova Scotia. We have e'er now been accused of sneering at our public men, and it is possible the accusation may be renewed. Whose fault is this? What sensible man can, day after day, wade through column after column of such rubbish as we have quoted, without entertaining a most profound contempt for such school-boy politics as are daily wrangled over by men aspiring—heaven bless the mark—to greatness. For such men this Province is wide enough.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

The young men of this Province must be well nigh ready to faint under the extraordinary weight forced upon their unwilling shoulders by the Hon. J. McCULLY, M.L.C. Let our readers judge for themselves:—"Young men of Nova Scotia, we have arrived at the turning point of the history of this British America of ours. * * * The issue is with you. The fate of a mighty empire, the grandest and the greatest the world has ever witnessed depends upon the solution of this proposition, the answer to this simple question—SHALL THERE NOW BE A UNION OF THE PROVINCES?"

To what "mighty empire" does the Hon. gentleman allude? It cannot, surely, be that of Great Britain, of France, of Russia,

or of the neighbouring States. We confess ourselves puzzled. That there is some "mighty empire," the fate of which depends upon the young men of Nova Scotia, the Hon. gentleman clearly believes, otherwise he would not have alluded to it as the "greatest the world has ever witnessed." We really feel no small anxiety as to Mr. McCULLY's meaning. We are conceited enough to fancy that the empire whereof we are citizens—viz: the British empire, is, all things considered, one of "the greatest the world has ever witnessed." Can it be possible that the fate of the whole British empire depends upon the views entertained by juvenile Nova Scotians upon the "simple question—shall there now be a Union of the Provinces?" But, let us hope that Mr. McCULLY does not refer to Great Britain, but rather to France, Russia, or the neighbouring Republic. Mr. LINCOLN has e'er now, doubtless, heard the sad news by telegraph, and as the head of (in his opinion) the "grandest and greatest empire the world has ever witnessed," he must be in a state of the most feverish excitement. Well, he knows the worst. But the news cannot yet have reached LOUIS NAPOLEON, or the AUTOCRAT of all the Russias. Another month must elapse e'er we can learn the effect which the startling assertion of the Hon. Mr. McCULLY, M.L.C., NOVA SCOTIA, will produce in the capitals of Europe. Mark the Hon. gentleman's words "*the fate of a mighty empire,*" depends upon our acceptance or rejection of the Federation scheme! Young men of Nova Scotia, "*the issue is with you,*"—it rests with you to declare, whether the "grandest empire the world has ever witnessed," shall, or shall not be annihilated. Young men—be careful—the happiness of the whole civilized world is trembling in anticipation of your nod! Should Mr. McCULLY's genius not be recognized throughout Europe, "the threatened storm-cloud referred to by Lord DERBY, big with mischief, already bigger than a man's hand, bursts upon your devoted country." Young men be warned in time—the issue is with you, at least, Mr. McCULLY says so, and Mr. McCULLY is—an "honorable" man.

JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

We have before us the first number of this valuable periodical, which reflects much credit upon all connected with it. It promises to supply a want long felt by the agricultural population, and it will, we have little doubt, materially advance the farming interests of Nova Scotia. We subjoin the opening article of the March number, which explains the objects of the Journal:

"In presenting the first number of the JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE to the Farmers of Nova Scotia, much preface is not required. The publication is issued in terms of a provision of the Act of last session, which empowers the Board of Agriculture to publish a quarterly or semi-annual journal for the diffusion of Agricultural and Horticultural information adapted to the condition and circumstances of the country." These plain and explicit terms indicate sufficiently the nature and general aim of the publication.

One of its principal objects shall be, to make known, from time to time, the operations of the Agricultural Board, and the steps that may be taken to promote agricultural improvement. Farmers in the most distant parts of the Province, ought to be equally well informed on such matters with those more favorably located, so that they may participate in the encouragements offered. The proceedings of the various Societies that have been, or may be, organized under the Agricultural Act, will likewise form a prominent feature of the publication. But while it will thus contain a considerable amount of official matter and intelligence, it is intended that its columns shall be chiefly devoted to the publication of useful information on the science and practice of farming.

In order to supply this kind of information, recourse might be had to various sources. Valuable assistance might be obtained from the researches of scientific men, and the experience of agriculturists in other countries, in the British Islands, in our neighboring Provinces of New Brunswick, Canada and Prince Edward Island, as well as in the Northern States; and we shall not fail to draw, to some extent, upon such fertile sources as these. But it is necessary that the information offered should be thoroughly adapted to the climate, circumstances, and present requirements of Nova Scotia. Whilst therefore we may profit largely by looking over the fences of our Canadian and

American neighbor most useful to the Province and chief to be hoped, therefore our efforts; but w of knowledge.

We require to the country, before culture or new mo have proved in th extent an experim to the most obvio every day, brings with crop or stock, made known amon superphosphate, o ashes, or lime, o appreciable effect, with the result, in if a profitable one. able. In the same ing and managem pigs and poultry b grain, turnips, ma and in certain dis disease. Let us k chines are best sui be preferred for ro profitable varieties general culture of why the hum of varieties of culina den; and what er air of beauty arou

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American neighbors, yet the kind of information likely to prove most useful to the Nova Scotian farmers is to be sought in the Province and chiefly among the farmers themselves. It is to be hoped, therefore, that they will not be backward in aiding our efforts; but will cheerfully contribute to the general fund of knowledge.

We require to know the practical results of experiments in the country, before we can safely recommend new processes of culture or new modes of feeding, however successful they may have proved in other hands. Now, every farmer is to a certain extent an experimental farmer, unless indeed his eyes are closed to the most obvious teaching. Every year, every month, even every day, brings about some result upon a farm in connection with crop or stock, that affords him a useful lesson, worth being made known among his brother farmers. When bone-dust, or superphosphate, or sea-weed, or plaster, or swamp muck, or ashes, or lime, or compost, are applied to a soil, and produce an appreciable effect, other farmers ought to be made acquainted with the result, in order that they too may benefit by the practice, if a profitable one, or avoid repeating the experiment if unprofitable. In the same way let the experience of farmers in the feeding and management of the various breed of neat cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry be made known. Let us hear what varieties of grain, turnips, mangels and potatoes succeed best in certain soils and in certain districts, and are least liable to insect-enemies and disease. Let us know what labor-saving implements and machines are best suited to smooth intervals farms, and what are to be preferred for rough up-lands; let us know what are the most profitable varieties of apples for orchard culture, and why the general culture of apples is so strictly limited to a few counties; why the hum of the honey bee is so seldom heard; what varieties of culinary vegetable are adapted to the farmer's garden; and what creepers and flowers are best suited to throw an air of beauty around his dwelling.

These are a few of the topics that invite attention in the columns of the JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE. To the farmers of this Province we appeal for that practical information which they alone can give in order that the various matters introduced may be discussed in a thoroughly practical and profitable manner. Let it not be said that the farmers of Nova Scotia lack the ambition necessary to give spirited support to a Journal specially charged with the interests of their profession.

Communications, &c.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not, by inserting letters convey any opinion favorable to their contents. We open our columns to all, without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Nova Scotia.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous communications. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

TO "CRITIC," IN THE "COLONIST."

I shall spend as few words as possible on your last silly production. As to your pretended respect, and courtesy towards me in your first letter, I only acknowledged them, as what is called "a left handed compliment." Now, from your last low language I may safely infer, that knowing my fair reputation in the Province, you thought it well to preface what you had to say, with that profession of respect, so as to gain some attention to your trifling objections. That profession may now be properly put under the head of what is called, "false pretences;" and even your own conscience will tell you that such is its character. As to my calling the proposed union a Legislative one, I certainly did so name it, and also said, that it was "both a Federal and a Legislative Union." Now, do you pretend to be a critic, and yet cannot see that both these statements are quite consistent, and in harmony? I never said, as you have untruly asserted of me, that it was a Legislative and not a Federal Union. In regard to Mr. McDonald's speeches, I used the words—"his facts and arguments," not his "figures and estimates." Again I ask, cannot you,—a professed critic,—see the difference between the two sets of terms. But, here I must stop, and say that I cannot lower myself, waste my time, and offend against the public, by remarking any further on your silly objections, which as you have truly said,—"are of no moment, in reference to Confederation;" and all of which, I suf-

ficiently exposed and answered in my first letter. You are as yet but a *Myth*,—a very weak anonymous scribe. Anonymous writers are mostly regarded with but little consideration, and are never on a par with those who give their names. I have given mine, to all I have written on this Union subject. Now, do you come forward in a manly courageous manner, and in your true name, endeavour to support your side of the main subject, and I promise to treat you with all becoming civility. I give you the challenge to do it, and then we shall meet on equal terms. As you view my pamphlet with such hostility, and yet affect to make light of it probably it will not be very pleasing to you to hear, that it seems to be most beautifully doing the work for which it was brought out. I have only about some half a dozen copies of it now on hand, having furnished a copy, to nearly all the members of the two Houses of Parliament, and have had calls for it from several parts of the Province,—one by a telegram,—and have supplied to St. John's and Fredericton, in New Brunswick, applications for numbers of copies. I have reason to believe that it has been something like a *shell* in your traitorous camp; and I am now bringing through the press some further, and still more formidable and destructive projectiles, which may possibly put you to the trouble of some other productions which you may dignify with the name of *criticism*. Prepare for the work, but let us have your true name; and as, doubtless, you have some kind of reputation in the community, it may give your critical labour some little effect.

J. G. MARSHALL.

[We cannot agree with Judge Marshall regarding anonymous writers. To our thinking, the best arguer commonly wins the day, whether his arguments be put forward in his own name, or under a *nom de plume*. To assume a writer "*a Myth*," because he writes anonymously, is to measure a man's arguments by his character—a proceeding most unwise. The veriest drunkard might write well upon the merits of total abstinence, and the most self-indulgent man might write well upon the luxury of self-denial. While we agree with Judge Marshall in his views upon Federation, we are by no means prepared to endorse his views regarding anonymous writers in the public press. Many men, well informed, and worthy of an hearing, would never come before the public unless they could do so anonymously. Had *Janus* no weight,—Ed. B. F.]

WINDSOR, 17th Feb. 1865.

Mr. Editor,—

You are well aware, I suppose, of the fact, that a few months ago a gentleman from Canada, Mr. N. C. Gowan, visited this Province for the purpose of organizing or establishing a new Temperance Society called the "British Templars." That gentleman had no sooner entered upon the performance of his duty, than the Sons of Temperance, commenced to pour upon him, through the columns of the Public press, the severest threats and denunciations that their excited passions could possibly invent. But not only did they act in the most contemptible manner by opposing the gentleman in this way, but Public officers (men in whom any man of whatever class, sect or nationality, should be able to place full confidence) because they were "Sons of Temperance," refrained not to carry the vindictive spirit into their official duties—I may cite as an instance the action of the Colonial Express Agent in this town. That gentleman, sir, a Son of Temperance, mark you! has dared to violate the sanctity of his office, has dared to overstep the bounds of his official relationship to the public weal, and has ventured to lend himself to the intrigues of that order, on the Banner of which is inscribed "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," but whose Standard Bearers, have inscribed on their hearts as their wondrous cardinal principles "Lunacy, Pseudology, &c., &c." But, sir, this gentleman has lent himself to the performance of an act of the meanest character, and one which I think is too barefaced to be allowed to remain unnoticed. Mr. Gowan, the gentleman I before referred to, having had a large quantity of books printed in Halifax; containing the Ceremonies, Lectures, Degree Ceremonies, &c., of the order, (all of which are held sacred and not allowed to be made public), ordered the books to be sent to Windsor by Colonial Express. They came, tied up in thick brown paper, but by some means or other (whether done after the parcel came to the Windsor office or not I cannot say) the paper got broken off one of the corners of the package. The books, however, were tied up in such a manner

that they could not slip out. Notwithstanding, the Colonial Express Agent had the audacity to draw two or three of the books out and keep them, and Mr. Gowan, a thorough gentleman not suspecting any wrong, neglected to count the books, and of course was quite unaware of the fact. Mr. Gowan, having now returned to Canada, the Express Agent "makes no bones," as the saying is, of exhibiting the books for public inspection. Thus, he has made public what every member of the order is pledged to keep sacred. Not only this, but an old friend over the way, an old S. O. T., has also been kindly favored with one copy, which is constantly laid open at his business place for inspection, and to which he specially invites the kind attention of the inquisitive public of Windsor. And when a gentleman high in position in the Society, good-naturedly asked the parties to deliver up the books—they refused to do so, first declaring that they had them not, and afterward acknowledging that they had them. If Express Agents are allowed to act in this way, it should be made public, in order to prevent the property of others from being filched in the same manner.

PRINCE OF WALES LODGE.

[We cannot but imagine, that our correspondent has been misinformed regarding the conduct of the Express Agents. Surely, no agent would dare to tamper with any goods temporarily consigned to his charge. The law will doubtless settle this matter in favor of our correspondent, should his case be clearly established.—Ed. B. F.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO LAWYERS, GRANVILLE.—In the waste basket. You should learn how to spell, before seeking to gratify your taste for scurrility. You are wise in withholding your name.

F. W. CHESLEY.—Your letter has been received, and will appear next Saturday. *Bullyrog*, No. 22, was sent to you on Thursday last. Please inform us as to any future postal irregularity.

Extracts.

READERS AND WRITERS.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.

Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitious of distinction in such forms of literature as require freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope. We often see men who have overread at college entering upon life as languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigor to cope with their own generation; for their own generation is young, and they "wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth in its contests for fame or fortune.

Study with regularity, at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best, if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of a twelvemonth.

He is seldom overworked who can continue to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self: when an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his.

Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book.

Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize; but it is only when details are generalised that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature, or action. The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision which seem to the crowd like the intuitions of genius. And, indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent than the facility of generalizing the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent, but all of which can be only gathered into a single whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.

Invention implies the power of generalization, for an invention is but the combining of many details known before into a new whole, and for new results.

Upon any given point, contradictory evidence seldom puzzles the man who has mastered the laws of evidence, but he knows little of the laws of evidence who has not studied the unwritten law of the human heart; and without this last knowledge a man of action will not attain to the practical, nor will a poet achieve the ideal.

He who has no sympathy never knows the human heart; but the obtrusive parade of sympathy is incompatible with dignity of character in a man, or with dignity of style in a writer. Of all the virtues necessary to the completion of the perfect man, there is none to be more delicately implied and less ostentatiously vaunted than that of exquisite feeling or universal benevolence.

In science, address the few; in literature, the many. In science, the few must dictate opinion to the many; in literature, the many, sooner or later, force their judgment on the few. But the few and the many are not necessarily the few and the many of the passing time; for discoverers in science have not unoften, in their own day, had the few against them, and writers the most permanently popular not unfrequently found, in their own day, a frigid reception from the many. By the few, I mean those who must ever remain the few, from whose dicta we, the multitude, take fame upon trust; by the many, I mean those who constitute the multitude in the long run. We take the fame of a Harvey or a Newton upon trust, from the verdict of the few in successive generations; but the few could never persuade us to take poets and novelists on trust. We, the many, judge for ourselves of Shakespeare and Cervantes.

He who addresses the abstract reason addresses an audience that must forever be limited to the few; he who addresses the passions, the feelings, the humors, which we all have in common, addresses an audience that must forever compose the many. But either writer, in proportion to his ultimate renown, embodies some new truth, and new truths require new generations for cordial welcome. This much I would say meanwhile, Doubt the permanent fame of any work of science which makes immediate reputation with the ignorant multitude; doubt the permanent fame of any work of imagination which is at once applauded by a conventional clique that styles itself "the critical few."

A VISIT TO THE CRIMINAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

We are all of us familiar with the verdicts, "acquitted on the ground of insanity," and the invariable sentence which follows on them, "to be imprisoned during her Majesty's pleasure." These two meagre scraps of information, if such they may be called, are generally all that the public learn concerning the career of criminal lunatics. What becomes of them afterwards—where they are imprisoned, how they live and die, whether they become partially cured, or still more confirmed in their derangement and add to their first crime by fresh attempts upon the lives of their keepers—none but their own friends, if even they, ever know afterwards. The criminal lunatic—and by this term we mean to refer only to those of homicidal tendencies, persons never dangerous to themselves, but always so to others—is, when once acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity, as dead to the world as if the earth had already closed over him. For every other class of criminal there is some chance of ultimate reprieve: for these dangerous madmen none whatever.

The great Broadmoor Asylum, is distant about two miles from the Wellington College Station of the South-Eastern Railway, and, surrounded by pine woods, commands a magnificent prospect. Every part of the buildings, and the long, steep, terraced slopes

which lead down the gardens, are surmounted by a wall, to be expected from the lunatic, but, as it should be seen, is not beyond these walls, committed to Broadmoor, they live and little cemetery attached to those who are condemned to the perpetual incarceration of maniacs, those who factually check nor really this rule is a several now in Broadmoor from complex or three years in lunatic, healthy life, medical treatment; sanity, and they were sane in the quiet of the more marked rounded, soon lost struggle with all such have been committed to its never-but this time for more murders unpremeditated. So quiet of the asylum again to almost san the same in either liberty. A commit final as regards the

Broadmoor now and 50 or 60 women, and we say that the victim is 1,000. Here, on the lawn, the gate of some 30 m tells, a little group time rung. Enter the visitor passes; rooms, which are; firmaries being abfall, the first thing criminal type of a of visiting our gre expression. The associated with cri head, narrow and at Broadmoor into weakly, undersiz heads, narrow sto tating gait, are th a "block" of a h selves, "Her Maj of murder on the ment during Her writing, some pla moody silence lik blank intensity u move their eyes. dangerous to Her from a vain love the grand strut v enough. The on to a mild and ino as really mad as non-commission some years ago s about his good c have already all tempted murder, then perpetrated here for evermor and these seldom tensely are gene H. J. Secretary, the Commissioner for their discharge Meyer and the g for their being s solemnly, "I hol jury themselves; for not going to sence of a sane u have noticed it; This man is rath All in this first can be enforced

THE BULLFROG.

which lead down the hill in front, and are hereafter to be used as gardens, are surrounded with high walls, for the place, as might be expected from the character of its inmates, is not only an asylum, but, as it should be, a strong house of detention also. Beyond these walls, whether sane or insane, the murderers once committed to Broadmoor never pass in life or death. Within these they live and die, and within these are they buried in the little cemetery attached to the asylum. It may at first seem hard that those who are restored to comparative sanity should still be condemned to the darkest and most terrible of all dooms—that of perpetual incarceration in a madhouse with the very worst class of maniacs, those whose homicidal frenzies no discipline can effectually check nor whose medical attendance entirely mitigate. Yet in reality this rule is a necessary even if a harsh one. There are several now in Broadmoor who years ago were only saved by accident from completing murder, and who afterwards passed two or three years in lunatic asylums. There in course of time the quiet, healthy life, freedom from mental anxiety, and careful medical treatment at last succeeded in restoring them to apparent sanity, and they were set at liberty. But the mind which seemed sane in the quiet good order of a well-regulated asylum, and amid the more marked mental derangements with which it was surrounded, soon lost its feeble balance when returned again to struggle with all the nervous excitements of the world. Some such have been once liberated are now at Broadmoor—committed to its never-ending confinement, not for having attempted, but this time for having completed, sometimes one, sometimes more murders under circumstances of peculiar cunning and premeditation. Some of these are still as bad as ever; some the quiet of the asylum and kindly care of Dr. Meyer have restored again to almost sanity for the second time. But the result will be the same in either case. Neither will ever more be trusted at liberty. A commitment to Broadmoor for murderous madness is as final as regards the chances of return to the world as death itself.

Broadmoor now contains nearly 500 inmates, about 400 men and 50 or 60 women. With a few rare exceptions nearly all are homicides, and we are probably much within the mark when we say that the victims of their united crimes would amount to nearly 1,000. Here one may occasionally see a female croquet party on the lawn, the players in which have been guilty in the aggregate of some 30 murders; or on the men's side, playing at bagatelle, a little group, with each of whose crimes all England at one time rung. Entering one of the large blocks devoted to the men, the visitor passes at once to the sitting, dining, and recreation rooms, which are all on the ground floor, the dormitories and infirmaries being above. In the sitting-room, which is nearly always full, the first thing which strikes him on entrance is, as a rule, the criminal type of all the faces. Any who have been in the habit of visiting our great convict prisons know what we mean by this expression. The low mental organization which one always finds associated with crime in the common run of criminals, the small head, narrow and receding forehead, and restless furtive eyes, are at Broadmoor intensified, and in most cases accompanied by a weakly, undersized physical development. Small ill-formed heads, narrow stooping shoulders, weak limbs, and shuffling hesitating gait, are the rule among them. These are the occupants of a "block" of a hundred, and are what they always call themselves, "Her Majesty's pleasure people," that is, people acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity, and sentenced to imprisonment during Her Majesty's pleasure. Some are reading, some are writing, some playing draughts, a few shambling to and fro in moody silence like caged animals, while some sit staring with blank intensity upon the opposite wall, from which they never move their eyes. Here comes one who was, when at large, more dangerous to Her Majesty than Oxford himself, hopelessly mad from a vain love of notoriety, which he thinks he has attained, as the grand strut with which he enters the room shows clearly enough. The once terrible Captain Johnston is here now, cured to a mild and inoffensive idioty; and here, too, is Manaughten, as really mad as when he killed poor Mr. Drummond. Here is a non-commissioned officer, whose murder of his wife and family some years ago shocked all England. His only anxiety is now about his good conduct medal. Here, too, are several whom we have already alluded to as having been in asylums before for attempted murder, who have been discharged as cured, and having then perpetrated murder outright, have been committed to stay here for evermore. As a rule, those reading are the half-cured, and these seldom speak or are spoken to. Those writing so intently are generally preparing interminable memorials to the Home Secretary, or keeping the most insane of diaries to show the Commissioners in Lunacy as proofs of their cure and reasons for their discharge. The maddest of all are those who beset Dr. Meyer and the governors with endless arguments on the necessity for their being set at liberty at once. "Mark me," says one most solemnly, "I hold you now responsible for my detention, for the jury themselves acquitted me." The same individual, as a reason for not going to church, said, "Why, you see, I cannot; the presence of a sane man among these lunatics always disturbs them." I have noticed it myself, so for their sake I had better stay away. This man is rather dangerous and has committed murder.

All in this first ward, and in fact in all the wards, as far as it can be enforced, observe the same rules of early rising, at 6

o'clock in summer and 7 o'clock in winter. Their diet is nourishing and abundant. The men who smoke are, under the doctor's orders, allowed tobacco in moderation. They are encouraged to amuse themselves with reading and bagatelle, and, in fact, everything is done to keep them quiet, which is about all that can be effected here. With a class so dangerously afflicted, of course, anything like regular work as a labour is out of the question. All, it is true, would very gladly work. It is, however, only a very small proportion that can be trusted with such implements as spades, knives, scissors, or even needles and thread. In the quiet wards the patients have blunted knives and forks, just enough to keep up appearances and enable them to cut and eat their vegetables. In the "strong block" the food is cut up and the inmates have only a smooth horn knife and spoon with which to feed themselves. Yet in some few cases the labours of the lunatics can be utilized. Under the eye of vigilant attendants, a few are trusted to work in the garden. There is a cobbler's shop, in which every one at work, save the superintendent, has killed one or more people. You can pass through a row of tailors, where all are quiet and busy, but where all have a history of crime—where the earnest-looking man in the midst, whose very spirit seems absorbed in the movements of his sewing machine, is among the worst, and, if mad crime is to be taken as a proof of danger, the most dangerous of all. Outside are a small group of gardeners labouring with the minute labour of love upon the patch of ground committed to their care; and again you come upon a few painters with Edward Oxford, now a fat, elderly man, at their head, all busy, and Oxford himself carefully graining a door in beautiful style. Oxford has now perfectly recovered his sanity, and is the most orderly, most useful, and most trusted of all the inmates of Broadmoor. A small pecuniary reward is given to those who labour well as an inducement to others to do likewise, and this money they are allowed to spend in any harmless way they please. Out of his small earnings Oxford has between £50 and £60 carefully saved.

In the women's ward the same hours and rules are observed as in the men's, with only the difference which their additional fretfulness, vanity, and occasional acts of wanton, though not dangerous, mischief necessarily entails upon their management. The want of a refractory ward for the more violent of the women patients is sadly felt in this division, and the visitor's ear is often pained and startled by the prolonged hysterical outcries of those suffering under a sudden access of frenzy. Every possible care, however, is taken of them. Nearly all are quietly engaged in sewing or reading, while many, young and old, are walking rapidly to and fro in the airing ground beneath the window. It is very rarely that any of the women wish to be let out or make complaint of their detention. Their intellect seems to acquiesce at once, with a humble feebleness that is inexpressibly touching, in the necessity for their future restraint, and their mania seldom rises beyond little vagaries in the matter of dress or jealous anger among each other. The last comer in the women's block is one who murdered all her children in a fit of jealous vanity. The overweening airs of pride which this young woman still gives herself would be almost amusing in their exaggeration, if they were not also painful evidences of the hopelessness of her malady.

It is in the "strong block," however, where the most dangerous of all the male lunatics are confined, that what may be called the terrors of Broadmoor and its fearful collection of patients culminate. Here are confined the men whose murderous propensities and love of bloodshed seem almost inextinguishable. They are in the airing ground as we enter, a ground enclosed with tall, strong iron railings, within the area of which they are muttering and pacing to and fro, only a certain number within each sub-division of the yards, and with each gang sufficient warders to guide them, rule them, and, when their desperate fits of murderous insanity break out against each other, as they do sometimes, to overpower them when necessary. As we enter, a thin, slight, dangerous man advances to the bars and, clutching them, blasphemes with vague unmeaning oaths at visitors and all around, and then with a burst of laughter lets go his hold and shuffles away across the ground, cursing as he walks. Another takes his place—a man named G., the most dangerous of all at Broadmoor. This man, the surgeons say, is not so much mad as irrecoverably bad—a kind of modern Frankenstein, born apparently without a moral nature. Of all within the walls of this asylum there is none that will not at once betray his fellow in any attempt at escape, any concealment of weapons, any premeditated onset on the warders, save this man G. He alone possesses powers of combination, and can gain over his dangerous associates to do his will and keep it secret till it is done. He is here for most cruel murders, and is of all those in Broadmoor the most watched and dreaded. He is always asking to be let out and to be allowed to do work, but one might as soon trust a tiger with children as him with knives or tools. Beyond him is a man whom we will call F., red-haired, tall, lithe, and powerful, with a quick brow and frowning smile at the least token of recognition. Face to face with F., you are safe enough, yet neither warder nor doctor would ever turn their backs upon him, or woe betide them. He will kill, or try to strangle and kill any whom he can surprise unawares and from behind, though bearing this little failing, he is, when openly confronted, harmless and even timid enough, though very cunning. He, however, is one whose

perpetual yearning and search is after weapons of offence of any kind. In this he resembles another dangerous murderer, P., of whom we shall have to say more presently, as also of W., whose cruel slaughter of his mother and sister shocked all England a few years ago. As a matter of course all these dangerous men are kept distinct from the rest, and as much as possible from each other.

It requires great care and constant watchfulness to keep these men from instruments with which to injure the warders or each other. Their airing ground is carefully weeded of large stones, yet the man G., a short time back, persuaded his comrades to collect small pebbles, with which he filled the locks of the doors, so that the warders could not open them, while he and others used their forms as battering rams to beat away the bars of the windows, and so succeeded in escaping into the court below. Over the walls of this, however, they could not pass, and there, with characteristic imbecility, they submitted at once to the captivity which one or two warders re-imposed upon them. Into the refractory wards of this "strong block" never less than three warders enter, so that in case of any attack by which one should be struck down, there are always two left to grapple with the maniac.

One day when Dr. Meyer was going his rounds a patient told him, as they all will tell like children upon one another, that P. had got a knife. He had not seen it, but he was sure from his mutterings and other signs that P. had got it and was likely to use it. This was alarming news of such a lunatic as P., so Dr. Meyer with the warders went at once to his cell. "Mr. P.," said Dr. Meyer, "I am told you have got a knife." P. of course, was utterly surprised at this intimation. Where could he get a knife? It was against the rules to have a knife, and he of course would never break them—not he. This was part of the persecution he had been subjected to throughout life. These lies came of being locked up with madmen, &c. "Very well," said Dr. Meyer, "but at least you must let me search you; so come with me." Away went P. with the Dr. and warders to a refractory cell, where P. was stripped of all his clothes, a new suit given him, and the old ones searched. No knife was found. A fresh inquiry was made, and the information as to a knife in P.'s possession became clearer and more explicit still. So Dr. Meyer returned to P.'s cell and told him that after his examination of his clothes he felt quite sure that he had not a knife. "But still Mr. P.," he added, "as every one reports to me that you have got a knife, and as that is quite against the rules of the establishment, here, in this refractory cell, you will have to stay, without tobacco, until you find a knife. Think about it, therefore, if you know of any place where a knife may be found, and then let me know, for here you must remain until you do." Of course P. protested. It was very hard to be answerable for the falsehoods of lunatics. How was it possible that, shut up there, he could find a knife? If Dr. Meyer would only tell him where they were kept he would find a dozen cheerfully, but otherwise how could he? and so on day by day as Dr. Meyer came to see him. A week thus passed away, and then P., becoming tired of his confinement, began to relax a little, and at last told Dr. Meyer that if he would come alone to his cell, he would show him something—not a knife of course—that they knew he had not got, but still there was something to be seen. To this most uninviting proposition Dr. Meyer of course declined to assent. Whatever Mr. P. had to show in his cell must be shown to Dr. Meyer accompanied by his warders. Upon this the negotiation again fell through, till nearly a fortnight elapsed, when at last P. sullenly gave in, and went with the warders and Dr. Meyer to his cell. Arrived here P. removed his bed, and kneeling down, took out carefully one of the pine knots in the boards which fitted into its hole like a cork, and which when removed gave a little spot of access to the space between the floor and the ceiling beneath. P. then produced from an obscure corner of his cell a piece of cotton, to which was attached a pin bent like a hook, and dropping this into the hole he began a long and weary fishing to catch something, while Dr. Meyer and the warders stood patiently watching. At last P.'s efforts were successful, and he hooked up a thread of worsted through the hole and then sat sullenly down upon the floor. That was all he had to show. Dr. Meyer, however, thought differently, and lifted out the thread through the hole, and lo, attached to it was a knife pointed and sharpened to the keenness of a razor!

BY THE NIGHT TRAIN.

(Concluded.)

I remember one agonised moment of suspense as I was violently thrust forward, one hurried frenzied prayer that rose from my heart to my lips, but was drowned by the roar and rush of the long train of massive carriages as they tore along the iron way. I was launched out, and felt myself falling, and then I dropped with a crash, and my brain reeled, and sensation seemed again to desert me.

On coming gradually to myself, my first vague perception was, that I formed a part of some vast moving body speeding swiftly along, swinging and swaying, but rushing fast through the cool night air. Then, as memory returned, I began to realise my position. In falling, when the assassins had thrown me out of the carriage where the robbery had taken place, I had dropped upon the wooden plank that runs like an elongated step below the carriages, and my hand had closed mechanically, in a

clutch like that of a drowning man, on some projecting portion of the iron-work above, which I presently conjectured to be the prop of one of the iron steps by which passengers ascend. And there I clung instinctively, like a limpet to a rock, while the swerving, swinging train flew madly on through the black night. It was a position of fearful peril. True, I had escaped immediate death; but to all appearance my fate was only deferred. The train was not to halt till it reached C—; I despaired of being able to hold on till then, for already my cramped sinews seemed to be stiffening, and my attitude was a painful and uneasy one. And by night there was no hope that my danger would be observed, and an alarm given, as I was hurled, helpless and despairing, through the darkness. The wounds I had received in my head caused me a dull, aching pain, and I was weak with loss of blood; but my thoughts were coherent and clear. I knew my risk well. If I fell now I must certainly be left behind, a mutilated corpse, torn to fragments by the cruel wheels that whirled and spun close by me. My only chance was to hold on—to hold on till I reached C—, if my strength lasted so long. Once or twice I essayed to cry for help, but my feeble voice was lost in the noise of the train. And presently I felt thankful that it had not been heard, for, from the window of the carriage to the left of where I lay crouching, was protruded the head of a man who peered out into the night; and I shrunk still closer to the woodwork as I recognised in the faint lamp-light the flat white face, the red-brown beard, the tigerish grin of the Russian, my late fellow-traveller. He did not see me, however, but resumed his seat with a well satisfied air.

On we went through the silent country, with scream and rush and roar,—now diving into tunnels, now plunging our way between deep banks, now among the dark trees and hedges. On past the lighted stations, where the signal was made that the road was clear, and where policemen, and porters, and passengers waiting for some slower train that stopped there, were to be seen watching us as we flew past. But they never saw me as I clung, with desperate gripe and aching limbs, to the swiftly-hurrying mass of wood and iron. Twice during that phantom ride I heard the shriek of a steam-whistle of a coming train, and twice I saw the red lamps and flame of the advancing engine, glaring through the dark like the angry eyes and lurid breath of some monstrous creature rushing down upon its prey. And then, with clang and clash, and deafening roar, and in the midst of a gust of wind, caused by its rapid progress, the long array of carriages went by me. On, on, as if impelled by a demon's force we flew; and still feebler grew my arm, and I felt despair and fatigue numb my faculties, and was half tempted to let go my hold and drop, and face the worst at once beneath the grinding sway of the merciless wheels.

Should we never be at C—? How long would that hideous night continue? Was it possible that my tired muscles would much longer endure the strain upon them? And then came a new thought. I remembered that in dear Carry's last letter she had made me a half-playful promise that she and my sister Clara and the rest would come down to the station and meet me there on the arrival of the night train. That recollection filled my tortured heart with a new anguish, as I thought of our mutual love, of the wedding-day so soon to come, and of poor Caroline's grief when she should be left, widowed of the betrothed bridegroom of her choice. And then the mental pain was conquered by physical weakness and distress, and my dull brain preserved nothing but a vague terror lest I should fall—fall beneath these pitiless iron wheels so close to me. And then I seemed to fall again into a waking dream, through which the lights of C— station gleamed very brilliantly.

Real lights! a real crowd! though the figures seemed to waver dimly before my dazzled eyes. The train had come to a dead stop. We really were at C—. I saw a commotion among those on the platform. I heard a shout of surprise, and men came running and lifted me from where I lay, and carried me between them into the station, the centre of a number of eager faces and cries of pity, amazement, and alarm. Among those faces was that of Caroline Lethbridge, and as she saw me, pale, bloody, and apparently dead, and heard me called dead by the heedless tongues around her, I tried in vain to speak, as I saw her totter and sink fainting in my sister's arms. And then I swooned again, and when medical care and rest brought back my senses, I read in the pitying looks of those about me that some fresh grief was in store for me. It was even so.

My Caroline was dangerously ill of a brain-fever, and though her life was saved, her reason, poor stricken thing, never was restored. As for myself, a long illness followed, and left me broken in health and spirits, and with hair that the horror of that hideous night had sprinkled with premature grey. Our two happy young lives were blighted by one stroke.

As for the Russian and his accomplice, all clue to them and to the stolen jewels were lost. Yet, soon or late, I cannot doubt that Justice will claim her own.

The BULLFROG is published every Saturday at one o'clock, P. M., by T. CHAMBERLAIN, 176 Argyle Street. Terms \$1 per annum strictly in advance. A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates.

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