

THE BULLFROG.

Nec snuit nisi ponit aureas,
Arbitrio popularis aurea.

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ENGLISH VIEWS ON FEDERATION. D

The more attentively we peruse the comments of the English press upon the contemplated Union of B. N. America, the more convinced are we that the English people know little or nothing about our provincial peculiarities. In another column will be found an article from the *Saturday Review* upon Mr. CARSWELL'S despatch to Lord MONCK, which may be taken as a fair sample of English opinion upon the scheme drawn up at Quebec. The language of the *Saturday Review* is just such as we might expect from Englishmen far removed from those whose immediate interests are at stake. It would be unreasonable to suppose that even English statesmen are well informed as to the various interests involved in the contemplated change. No amount of despatches from the several provinces can make Englishmen comprehend the fact that, having granted us Responsible Governments they have virtually trained us in the belief that we are so many separate kingdoms, accustomed to legislate for ourselves, independent one of another. When an Englishman alludes to the American colonies, he has not the faintest conception that they can have any separate interests; he views them merely as a whole, in much the same manner as he views Hindostan. It is only those who have resided in India that speak of the various Presidencies;—to the ordinary Briton, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, are merely the three largest towns of one vast Eastern possession—India. So, in like manner, do the majority of Englishmen regard Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, as mere integral parts of one vast Western possession, known as Canada. They read in the *Times*, that on such and such a day despatches were sent to, or received from, the Governors of Nova Scotia, or Newfoundland; they also read, that on the same day despatches were sent to, or received from, the Governors of Madras or Bombay; but beyond this they know nothing of our individuality as separate Provinces,—they have never troubled their heads concerning the effect of Responsible Government upon the minds of colonists. It is now too late to reflect upon the consequences of Responsible Government as affecting our position with regard to Imperial policy, but it is quite clear that in the minds of Englishmen our nationality is a thing unrecognized. Nor is it at all likely that our nationality as Nova Scotians will ever become apparent to those living on the other side of the Atlantic. We cannot proclaim it without causing a smile, inasmuch as a narration of party squabbles among a population of 300,000, must seem quite unintelligible to ordinary Englishmen. Do all we can to evince our ability for self-government, we can never hope to be regarded save as an item of England's Western possessions. We have among us two or three men whose abilities and oratorical powers would ensure success in the House of Commons,—but were we to put forward these men as evidences of our fitness for self-government, what would be the result? We should merely be told—that it was a pity a young country capable of producing such men, should devote so much energy to politics rather than to developing its innate resources. We should be told that the \$30,000, annually distributed among the members and officers of the two Houses, might be expended in a manner far more profitable. Such being the sentiments of the Mother Country, it would be strange indeed were the Federation Scheme not approved by the English press. The following passage explains the natural common sense views of Englishmen upon the subject:—"It will be something to have the chances of dispute limited to one body instead of several, and it will be a much greater gain to have to deal with a nation conscious of its responsibilities and ashamed to neglect them. Without making any idle attempt to forecast the remote future, one may see in the great enterprise of the statesmen of

British North America the elements of union rather than "of disruption." Now, were we reasoning as Englishmen, we should at once adopt this broad view of the case, inasmuch as we might not unreasonably suppose that the statesmen of B. N. America planned "the great enterprise" in entire accordance with the wishes of the people for whom they legislate. Men bred in an atmosphere of home politics can form no just idea of the hardihood of colonial politicians, neither can they appreciate the fact that the several Provinces of B. N. America are somewhat more widely distinct one from another than are two adjoining counties of the parent land. While talking of these Provinces as an "embryo nation," Englishmen lose sight of the fact that each Province has a nationality of its own, and that the area of B. N. America is somewhat larger than that of Europe. As regards population, this "embryo nation" is, however, about on a par with Bavaria, and, viewed in the abstract, it seems preposterous that to rightly govern a population only a little larger than that of London, are necessary five or six representatives of Royalty and twice as many Senate Houses. It is beyond all doubt advantageous that England should maintain relations with a colonial nation rather than with five or six provinces, but it does not necessarily follow that on this account only we should enter a Union for which during many years we have studiously sought to disqualify ourselves. Each successive year that has elapsed since we obtained Responsible Government has served to confirm our love of political independence, rather than to bias our minds in favour of political subservency. The same remark holds good concerning Canada, and Canadian statesmen have too long enjoyed the sweets of political power to readily relinquish them. Had these Provinces never known separate and controlled political power they would be fitter for a Union than they are at present. In granting us Responsible Government, England gave us what she considered a mere ornamental appendage, and from the tone of the *Saturday Review* press it is clear that the gift we have so dearly cherished is still regarded in the same light. But it is not easy for the people of this Province regard as merely ornamental the form of Government so long and hotly contended for. The *Saturday Review* very naturally deprecates the idea of the Union Scheme being made a party question in the House of Commons, and then says:—"Canada and Nova Scotia are not to have their destinies wrangled over in detail, as those of Hindoos and Parsees were during the debates on the Bill which vested the Government of India in the Crown. The part of England in this transaction is, first, to ascertain how far the broad scheme is compatible with Imperial policy, &c." It must, we fancy, be apparent, that the *Saturday Review* accepts the Quebec Scheme as it appears on paper, and is consequently impressed with the idea that we can really act up to our promises. Such being the case, we can readily excuse the flattery which places us on a level with India, albeit we are unpleasantly reminded of the fact, that a dozen Bombay Parsees could buy up the whole of Nova Scotia. The *Saturday Review* writers would doubtless be astonished to learn that the high sounding item—"Military and Naval Service, and Defence,"—meant merely an additional outlay of \$500,000, the whole of which sum is to be expended in strengthening a militia force. As regards "Imperial policy," it will of course be directed towards making the N. American colonies as independent of the Mother Country as possible. "The example of the United States has impressed Canadians, no less than Englishmen, with the utter futility of any Federation which leaves a debatable ground for conflict between the rights of the Central Government and those of the component States. In case of difference, one must be supreme, and all the

"leading delegates at Quebec were (if their public speeches afford any criterion) of one mind upon this essential point." The *Saturday Review* cannot be expected to know that the "leading delegates" from Nova Scotia went to Quebec at the public expense without asking the people of this Province whether they wished for Union or preferred remaining as they are at present. We question whether the *Saturday Review* would applaud the morality of our delegates, if conscious of the fact that their bargain with the statesmen of Canada was altogether repugnant to at least one half of our population, as fraught with evil to our mercantile and political interests.

AMERICANISATION.

It is, we think, undeniable that the majority of Nova Scotians bask in the sunshine of many popular fallacies. First and foremost amongst these, is the idea that we are thoroughly English, and unlike the citizens of the United States in our manners, customs, and modes of thought. Like King George III, of pious and somewhat stupid memory, we each and all "glory in the name of Briton." We pride ourselves upon the fact that the sun never sets on the Empire of which we form a part. Our harbour is beautiful during the summer months by the presence of those walls either of wood or of iron which are the protection both at home and abroad of every loyal subject of our Queen. Our Sixteenth and Seventeenth regiments of the line, accompanied by our Artillery and our Engineers parade our streets and we are proud of their "fine appearance." We rest our pride in these things, and the like, because they in a certain measure belong to Nova Scotia, as a component member of the British Empire. And have we no right so to consider them? Are they not in part our property, belonging as they do, to that Crown which we profess ourselves ready at any moment to serve? Do we not live under the same form of government as that which first drew breath on Runnymede? Nay, more: has not the Under Secretary for the Colonies, lately declared that it is essential for the welfare of mankind, that a great nation should be established in British North America, which, living under forms of constitutional government similar to those of the parent state, should balance the dangerous growth of a nation so strong, so rash, and so hot blooded that great dangers to the world in general, might be incurred should the dominions of this continent fall into its grasp? All this we must regard as undeniable, but after all it only amounts to this: that we are under a form of government similar to that of Great Britain. We fancy that we are perpetuating her manners, customs and laws in America, and we agree with the Under Secretary for the Colonies, that it is wise that we should do so. On a closer examination, however, it may appear that it leads us somewhat astray, and that though we live under the letter of a Constitution in all respects similar to that of England, the practical working of the same is somewhat different. No sane man could suppose that the introduction of English laws into Timbuctoo, would materially improve the condition of its inhabitants. There must, in all cases, be a substratum of popular feeling—a general feeling of honour in public men as in England—or a general feeling of dishonour in becoming a public man—as in the United States. Constitutions are not to be transplanted like young oak trees—especially such a constitution as that of Great Britain, sealed as it has been, during many centuries, in the blood of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Anglo Saxon race.

Since however it has been transplanted to Nova Scotia, the least we can do for our welfare is to give it a proper soil to grow on. The British Constitution suits England, but it most assuredly cannot be successful in a country where the American element rules supreme—where public men succeed rather by cunning than by honesty, and where the foremost men of the day avoid meddling with politics altogether. It could be no more successfully worked in such a country than it could be in Timbuctoo. Even we Nova Scotians, the most English of all British North American colonists, are getting Americanized to a very serious extent. It is natural that, to a certain degree, this should be the case. Our gold mines, our coal mines, and a great portion of our fisheries are in the hands of American companies, and where the treasure is, there also is the heart. We are within forty-two hours sail from Boston, and at least seven days sail from England. But if we have all these temptations towards Yankeeism to contend with, it is only the more necessary

that we should strive with all our might to understand not only the written parts of our constitution, but that underlying national feeling, which is absolutely necessary for its successful development. That we do not do this at present, we could adduce numerous instances to prove. We will confine ourselves to one example illustrative of what we mean. It has been stated in many of the leading journals that the Speaker of the lower House canvassed for the Government candidate in the recent electioneering struggle in Annapolis County. This statement remains uncontradicted. Now there is no statute, either in Nova Scotia or in England, which forbids the Speaker of the lower House to take any active part in politics, but should a first Commoner of England thus commit himself—thus declare himself in favor of one party, all who know anything about English custom, must be aware that he would not remain many days in the Speaker's chair. There is no statute against a Prince of the Blood Royal receiving bribes. There is no law which can bind a Judge to impartiality. There is no act forbidding a Foreign Secretary to receive bribes from foreign Governments—yet it is not the less true, that did any of these high personages so abuse their place as to receive bribes, or act partially in the administration of justice, eternal infamy would be their lot. This is the unwritten portion of the British Constitution, which we fear is not understood as it should be, on this side of the Atlantic. The traditions handed down from century to century, of the unexpressed duties of its great functionaries, play no mean part in its successful existence. If these be ignored, the whole machinery must of necessity become deranged. It has been well observed by Mr. TROLLOPE that "our constitution is most difficult of comprehension. How many Englishmen have failed to understand accurately their own constitution? But when this knowledge has been attained, it has generally been filtered into the mind slowly, and has come from the unconscious study of many years. An Englishman handles a newspaper for a quarter of an hour daily, and daily exchanges some few words in politics with those around him, till drop by drop the pleasant springs of his liberty creep into his mind and water his heart; and thus earlier or later in life, according to the nature of his intelligence, he understands why it is that he is at all points a free man." Now whether Nova Scotians are afforded any opportunities of information on the working of the British Constitution "pur et simple" we must leave it for our readers to decide. To us it appears, that overdone with United States politics, and engaged during any spare time they may possess in the discussion, (until Federation came upon the tapis), of Lilliputian local squabbles, small space has been left them for the consideration of English matters, and English policy, except when the latter was connected with the lower Provinces. To one column of English news in our papers, (and that not unfrequently devoted to Court slip slop,) we have at least a dozen bearing upon the politics (not the war) of the United States. This may be but natural; in our opinion, however, so long as we profess to be English in sentiment, it is desirable that we should know something about England, and that our Journalists, who know all about such men as the late Mr. EVERETT, should also have some information, however small about Political life in England. We were somewhat amused at a statement made the other day, by a leading journal, to the effect that a certain gentleman had been appointed to the Chief Clerkship of the House of Commons, a position, perhaps almost more important than that of the Speaker himself." If Nova Scotians only receive a column or two per week on English matters, and are then misinformed about such matters, our tendency towards Americanisation must naturally increase daily. It appears to us most essential that when we talk about joining our fortunes with a nation, accurately described before the outburst of the American war as "half Yankee and half French," we at least should be "English in sentiment;" a consummation devoutly to be wished, but not easily to be obtained, unless we understand fully what the phrase itself means.

POLITICS IN PRAYER.

Since the days of Dr. SACHEVEREL and Bishop ATTERBURY political sermons have gradually lost popularity in England and throughout Protestant Europe. The cause for such effusions having died out—freedom of religious opinion being sanctioned by all Protestant Governments and religious opinions being no longer barriers against Political power—it is

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but natural that such should be the case. Even in America, sermons bearing upon the great political questions of the day have been hitherto confined to the chapels of such divines as Messrs. CHEEVER, BECHER and the like whose main objects in life would appear to be mob popularity and a high rent for the pews whence their incomes are derived. We have, of course, our thanksgiving sermons and our sermons on days of humiliation during times of war and times of famine. These either call forth from the congregation praise for past mercies or prayer for a cessation of present suffering; but they do not hint at any correct line of policy which, in the opinion of the preacher it is desirable should be adopted, or lay down any general dogmas of political philosophy of which a divine in the pulpit for the day may approve. The common sense of mankind seems to have prescribed as an axiom for general use the law once given to a few but now bearing full fruit that we shall render unto Cesar the things that are Cesars and to God the things that are Gods; that we should not allow temporal matters to bring their petty influences to bear upon the worship of our maker—and eschew politics, above all, when we profess ourselves to be praying for the welfare of our own souls.

These remarks have been called forth by the growing popularity in this city of sermons, nay, we blush to write it prayers, in which a political element is introduced. We say "growing popularity" and trust that the phrase may be inapplicable to the case. The increasing frequency of such exorcisements in our Sunday services makes us fear however that the supply only keeps pace with the demand. We will instance what we mean by referring to a prayer which we heard offered up by a most exemplary divine in a well known Wesleyan Methodist Church in this City, on Sunday last.

Journalists, of course, in their positions as such, belong to no particular section of the Church. When however politics are introduced into the Sunday services of a place of worship it is allowable for them either to enter into argument with the pulpit politician, or to deprecate pulpit politics altogether as unseemly, useless, and opposed to the common sense of mankind. We prefer the latter course. The divine to whom we allude, in the course of his morning prayer, expressed a desire to the Almighty, that Great Britain might never interfere in the quarrels of other nations, and also that these Provinces, whilst retaining their individual freedom might become parts of a great nation on this continent which, &c., &c. These we believe were the words used or if not the exact words, words to the same effect, which, interpreted freely mean that the gentleman in the pulpit is in favor of Union and a general policy of non-intervention on the part of Great Britain. We will set aside, for the present, the idea that a minister prays for himself alone before his congregation, though the example before us might strengthen such an impression. It is generally supposed that a prayer offered up by an officiating minister should be one to which every Christian member of his congregation could cry Amen, without reservation. And this suggests the following reflection. Is it advisable that on Christian grounds politics should be introduced into the pulpit? Is it not quite possible that two members of the same congregation may differ on questions of subaltern expediency? Such being the case, is it not highly probable that if these two members are fortuitously placed in juxtaposition during the service, and say "Amen" to the same political prayer, a tempest of temporal feelings totally unsuited to the calm spiritual atmosphere of Church worship might be the result. That a Federationist and an Anti-Federationist might by accident be closeted in the same pew, is not impossible, and under ordinary circumstances, such a coincidence could not interfere with a common worship of the creator of all mankind. When, however, in a prayer in which both are called equally to join, an exhortation is offered up for a political consummation which one of the two pew fellows objects to on strong grounds of personal and political interest; it can hardly be supposed that peace can much longer reign in that pew. The Anti-Federalist disgusted at the uncalled for introduction of a hateful subject, would mutter at the first pause in the prayer. "I do not endorse that part which refers to Union," whilst Federationist pleased and elated at a breach of custom in favor of his cherished scheme, and hearing his neighbour's remark would not improbably observe "who desired that you should do so?" Whether such a scene as this is desirable or not in a place of worship we

leave it for our readers to decide. For our own part we conceive that the Divine who gives an opening for such a scene, is guilty of a great error in judgment. There is, indeed, but one motive for such conduct on the part of a minister which could prompt him to such a curious breach of good taste and the fitness of things. It is a motive which we are far from attributing to the clergyman with whom we are dealing; but it is one which, were the public once accustomed to Political prayers and political sermons, would, through the frailty of man, soon result in a constant conversion of the pulpit into the platform of the political orator. Most church-goers must have observed the pleasant and enlivening effect produced upon the most drowsy congregation by allusions in a sermon to matters even of a semi secular nature. If pounds, shillings, and pence can be introduced, the effect is more electrifying still. During the delivery of a charity sermon, how the sleeper wakes at the first mention of statistics, names, and places! How the inattentive pay attention when the "efforts of Mr. so and so," and the "noble collection" made in such and such a village, Church or city, are held up for the approval of the pious! It is easy enough to make sermons or prayers "interesting," (hateful word applied to such a subject!) by attracting attention to matters purely secular and we truly believe that the Divine to whose prayer we take exception had no such unchristian object in view. If once, however, congregations become accustomed to exhortations, spiced with politics, and sermons of the CHEEVER, SPURGEON, and BECHER style, there is no knowing how far the desire for more of such spice may extend. To judge from the sermon which succeeded the prayer we are considering the Reverend author of both is a sound Christian and a man of moderate measures. Let him then take our words in good part and exert his influence with his friends to purge our pulpits of politics, and, above all, to keep prayers to the Almighty free from all allusion to party politics.

Reviews.

MEMOIRS OF REV. S. F. JOHNSTON, REV. J. W. MATHESON, AND MRS. MATHESON, Missionaries to Tanna. By Rev. G. Patterson, Pictou, N. S. Z. S. H.A.

That this volume will be largely read by many excellent persons we have not the smallest doubt. We ourselves, however, somewhat wearied by its perusal, quit its pages with a feeling akin to relief. The memoirs of these ill-fated Missionaries will interest a certain class more than they will interest the general public,—indeed, the volume before us there is such that may possibly interest ordinary readers. Mr. Patterson seems to have foreseen this and has deemed it necessary to address himself, in his preface almost exclusively to members of the Presbyterian church. He believes "that there is something more impressive to church in the lives of her own worthies, than of others, even of superior gifts or more extensive labours." This is true only with regard to a certain class of men. We cannot but suppose that the faithful record of a saintly, self denying life, is calculated to impress alike the Roman Catholic and the Anglo Catholic, the Calvinist, and the Lutheran. Self-denial, piety, and devotion, are qualities which command admiration for the human race in general rather than for the particular views of any one Christian sect. The details of a saintly life make us proud of that humanity whereof we ourselves are an unworthy part, rather than of a community whose religious observances may, or may not be congenial to our taste. The volume before us consists, for the most part, of extracts from diaries, journals, letters, chiefly relating to matters of conscience between men and their creator. It is not easy to define the limits beyond which extracts of this nature become valueless. Many persons, for whose religious opinions we feel great respect, object altogether to the public exposure of such secret exercises as are here promulgated—of the solemn communnings of a soul with its Saviour:—it is, they say, a breach, as it were, of the confidence between God and man, which has a tendency to encourage vanity and fanaticism on the one hand, or cant and hypocrisy on the other. There can, however, be little doubt that the practical example of a high religious influence predominating over all human passions in men eminent for talents, or brilliancy in society, or for activity and intelligence in the business world, may be

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productive of much good. But, on the other hand, we are of opinion that from the devotional diaries, journals, &c., of men semi-educated, and comparatively obscure, the mass of mankind derive but little benefit. It is, we conceive, hardly fair to a man's memory, to bring to the light of day his peculiarities of self communion, as illustrated by his private journals, or diary. A man usually keeps a journal with one of two objects: he wishes his journal to be read; in which case he writes, not exactly what he thinks, but rather what he wishes others to think of him: or he writes from the fulness of his heart a journal strictly private, and therefore sacred from the public gaze. We think Mr. Patterson might have omitted a good deal of the journalistic matter before us, without in any way failing to do justice to the memory of those whose memoirs he has placed before the public, and we also think that Mr. Patterson's style of writing is occasionally somewhat forced. Talking of Mr. Johnston's parents as persons neither rich nor poor, Mr. Patterson says: "In their worldly circumstances they occupied the position prayed for by Agar, of having neither poverty nor riches. Why Agar should be brought in to illustrate a very ordinary phase of middle-class life, it is difficult to conceive.

Mr. Johnston had, it would seem, a memory marvellously retentive. He had a severe attack of the croup at the age of four years, which incident of his life was "the first he deemed worth recording." At the age of from six to eight he used to reflect much on the nature of sin, especially on original sin." Such precocity of reflection is rarely witnessed.

That Mr. Johnston's grandfather was a plain spoken man, may be inferred from the following anecdote. (p. 19)

"One morning I arose from my bed and immediately commenced singing light songs and indulging in levity. Grandfather noticed this and reproved me, as nearly as I can remember to this effect: "Do you know why you are alive and well this morning? Many little children like you died last night. Why were you not among the number? Why are you not in eternal burning this morning?" It is clear that his terrible grandfather was aware that the infant prodigy had already mastered the doctrine of original sin. At the age of 26, Mr. Johnston writes;—"When in company I was often the object of merriment. My whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the amusement of the company, into which I entered with the warmth, earnestness, and enthusiasm of my nature. I was negligent of prayer, or engaged in it in a cold and unenthusiastic manner. How depraved is the human heart!" It may be said that it is easy to reconcile Mr. Johnston's final reflections with the man's remark—there is a time to be merry, or with the injunction—whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. We cannot see that much good is to be expected to follow the publication of such extracts as we have here, and similar passages occur throughout the whole volume. In page 41 we are treated to a string of reflections of this strain:—"Jan. 15.—This day I have found the evil of not being strict to perform what you promise, and also of promising without consideration, and resolved to amend in this. This day occupied with things of the world." Why does Mr. Patterson bring to light such common place remarks? Mr. Johnston was intensely shocked at the way in which the citizens of St. Louis observed a certain Sunday, indeed, "he had not heard a single individual mention that it was the Sabbath." (p. 96. This was not at all strange: even in moral Halifax, people do not preface a conversation by saying—"this is the Sabbath."

Mr. Johnston made good use of his time during his stay at Cape Breton. His lecture there seems to have embraced a variety of subjects: I gave one on the "Signs of the Times." In consequence of some remarks on dress, the young ladies threatened to rise against me and drive me from the place. I gave a lecture on Popery * * Last night I was on rum-solling."

On the 1st Dec., 1859, Mr. Johnston sailed (together with his wife) from Boston for Melbourne, and considerable space is devoted to the narrative of his voyage. The following extract may be quoted as a fair example of the views entertained by a certain class of men upon God's providence:—"In this little closet we spend most of our time. The cabin is so small and has so many occupants, that we do little in it with any degree of comfort or satisfaction to ourselves. But we have reason to be thankful, that our room occupies the most comfortable and airy position in the ship. For this we have great reason to be thankful. The room was not our choice. Hence we must regard it as a gift of

"Providence." p. 173. Such sentiments are pure and proper for a man to feel, and perhaps to note, as Mr. Johnston did, for contemplation—but are they fit to be published to the world in connection with such trivial incidents? Our whole existence is God's bounty and protection—it is by his laws that we live, move, and have our being; but to see a special providence in a gentleman having an airy and comfortable cabin on board the ship "Herbert," seems anything but edifying. Our gratitude should be constant, fervent, unbounded, "for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life;" to look for special providences in such trivial matters, seems to us to mistake wholly any individual man's share in the general distribution of God's infinite but equal dispensations.

Here is another of Mr. Johnston's meditations at sea:—"Oh, thou mighty deep, thy treasures are exhaustless! A surface of over 147,000,000 square miles thou presentest to the sun, and 61,471,872,000,000,000,000 cubic feet are contained within thy channels." This may be undeniable, but we have neither time nor inclination to test the accuracy of such an overwhelming array of figures. The following picture of the moral status of Melbourne and Australia generally (in 1860) is somewhat gloomy.—"Has the gold made this a happy land and people? No. There is a universal complaint of his honesty and want of principle. Man cannot trust man. Drink, pleasure, ending in misery and insanity, and most wretched death and shame, prevail. Men drink, women drink, all drink." Mr. Johnston left Melbourne for the New Hebrides, in April, 1860, in a schooner of 233 tons register. "The accommodations on board were very inferior. But I suppose that they are better than the great Apostle Paul had during his missionary voyages in the Mediterranean Sea." This we are inclined to doubt, as St. Paul sailed in company with 275 persons, in a vessel heavily laden with wheat.

Mr. Johnston's views regarding dancing, almost lead us to suppose that he was never present at a well conducted evening party. Having described the heathen dances as utterly obscene and degrading, he continues:—"I cannot describe to you my feelings, as I have looked upon the heathen dance, and called to mind the fact that the dance of Christian lands is only the heathen dance polished. Satan appearing in his white robes." Such intolerance of the recreation of thousands of pure minded men and women, speaks ill for Mr. Johnston's liberality, and Mr. Patterson has been ill advised in rescuing this and similar passages, from obscurity. Death overtook our missionaries ere they had much opportunity of forwarding a noble work gratuitously undertaken, but we are glad to learn that, upon the whole, missionary work progresses favourably in the heathen regions of the eastern seas. A "glorious change has been wrought" upon many of the Polynesian cannibals. Through the labors of a few devoted servants of God, one fifth of the Fijians, who a few years ago knew not that there is one true God and Saviour, can now read the Bible. All honor to those heroic and devoted men, whose lives have been given to missionary labor—they will have their reward. Here we must conclude. We have endeavoured to point out what seems to us the glaring faults of religious memoir writers in general, and of Mr. Patterson in particular. Should the work before us go through a second edition, which is however by no means likely, it would be materially improved by omitting at least one half of the extracts so injudiciously selected from Mr. Johnston's journals and diaries.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—OPENING SPEECH.

The Speech of Sir R. MACDONNELL, C. B. on opening the present Session, may be briefly summed up—as follows:—"Mr. President, and Legislative Councillors,—Mr. Speaker and people's Representatives—

I know something of Colonial legislatures, and I hope to get on well with you all. Nova Scotia is in luck and can afford to look calmly upon the Federation Scheme. The delegates formerly appointed to consider a Union of the Maritime Provinces, have since been re-appointed to consider a more comprehensive scheme,—to wit—the Union of B. N. America. You have before you the latter scheme, and are at liberty to debate thereon to the best of your ability, but you must excuse my giving any opinion on the subject. You must vote much more for purposes of defence than you have voted hitherto, and the Militia must be reorganized. The estimates for the current year will of course combine

economy with the exigencies of the public service. The probable termination of the Reciprocity Treaty is to be deplored. Try and make a name for yourselves, at the Dublin International Exhibition. Improve the School Bill, look after the Pictou and Annapolis railroad, and say something about the St. Peter's Canal. Enlarge the Lunatic Asylum, thank God for all his mercies, and — fight out the Session like men.

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.

To the Editor of the Bullfrog.

SIR,
I observe in your issue of the 28th ultimo a communication signed "A. B. Granville," in which the writer takes, in my opinion, a very singular method of aiding you in "your mission to elevate the tone of our society, both morally and politically."

He admits the "Agricultural Exhibition held in Bridgetown last year to be a failure"—and gives as a reason that—"In this County the proceedings of the Fruit Growers' Association were viewed with great suspicion, &c. &c." Can A. B. inform me what connection existed between the F. G. Association and the Bridgetown Agricultural Society, under whose auspices the Exhibition referred to was held, and to whose members the competition was limited?

It is true the Association held an Exhibition of Fruits, Roots and Cereals, at Bridgetown, on the same day; but so far from being a failure, it was confessedly the largest and best Exhibition of Fruit ever shown in Nova Scotia, as is proved by the number of First and Second Class Certificates taken by a portion of the same fruit at the International Exhibition held in London in December.

Now Mr. Editor I come to the most serious part in this communication, in which the writer makes a direct attack on the private character of a gentleman who can be none other than the respected President of the Association. He says—"It has lately been reported and believed in the County, that "a man high in office did not scruple to obtain one of the "highest prizes of the Association by unfair means—he got "from a neighbour's orchard fruit that he should have raised "himself."

It is well known that the gentleman in question, in his official capacity as member of the Central Board of Agriculture, was obliged to attend the Provincial Exhibition in Fredericton, which was held the week previous to that held in Bridgetown, and did not return home until late on Saturday evening, and on the following Monday morning left for Bridgetown. During his absence in N. B. I passed through his orchard with his foreman, Mr. Graham, and examined the fruit on the trees; I afterwards saw the picked fruit in the Fruit Room, and can say positively that both, on the trees and in the Fruit Room, I saw the same kinds of Apples, and in as good condition and appearance as I afterwards saw in the collection marked FIRST CLASS SILVER MEDAL, in the Grounds of the Association, at Bridgetown.

In conclusion, let me say to A. B. that if we may estimate his principles by the high moral tone of the latter part of his communication, he will at once come out, and over his own signature and address give his authority for making those statements, and use his influence to expose the parties guilty of originating such falsehoods, thus in some measure to expiate the wrong which he has—we may hope unintentionally—been the means of committing. I am yours, &c.

Cornwallis, Feb. 6th, 1865.

ROBERT W. STARR.

Extracts.

MR. CARDWELL'S CANADIAN DESPATCH.

No English statesman could, if he would, disguise from his mind the extreme significance of the projected union of our North American Colonies. In place of five or six provinces, England will in future have to maintain relations with a colonial nation; and we believe Mr. Cardwell has rightly judged that the change, so far from accelerating the often pre-

dicted severance of the Colonies from the Mother Country, will tend, as its promoters evidently desire that it should, to the permanence of the British connexion. It will be something to have the chances of dispute limited to one instead of several, and it will be a much greater gain to deal with a nation conscious of its responsibilities, than to be ashamed to neglect them. Without making any idle attempt to forecast the remote future, one may see in the great enterprise of the statesmen of British North America the elements of union rather than of disruption. The anxiety which they have manifested to proclaim their loyalty to the Crown, and their appreciation of the advantages of union with the most powerful of maritime nations, is no empty and insincere manifestation, but the expression of what is, for the present at any rate, the genuine sentiment of the North American colonists. There was a time when the French party broke out into rebellion, and the ill-blood was appeased by a partial union. Yet later, there prevailed among a section of the British colonists a vague desire to link their destinies with the United States; but both of these dreams have long since vanished, and for years past the suggestion of having once favoured the annexationists has been the taunt which a Canadian felt more deeply than any other slur upon his honour or his wisdom. The theory recently broached by the American Correspondent of the Times, that Canadian loyalty dates only from the outbreak of the civil war, and that the dread of Federal taxation and conscription has transformed the colonists from eager admirers of the North into earnest sympathizers with the Confederate States, is an entire delusion, which has been warmly resented by the organs of the most powerful party in Canada. The truth undoubtedly is, that loyalty as a mere sentiment is as real across the Atlantic as it is in our own island, while the feeling is strongly reinforced by a sense of the extreme convenience of having the protection of an English fleet, and the co-operation of an English army, in any of the emergencies which arise so rapidly on American soil. The almost laboured energy with which Mr. Cardwell congratulates the Colonies on this state of feeling is based on something more solid than the desire to supply the proper amount of conventional flattery.

Although the Government despatch has only now reached us after twice crossing the Atlantic, it has been patent throughout that the Union movement has had the hearty co-operation of the Ministry at home, and no one can doubt that it will be met in the same spirit by the Houses of Parliament. The discussion of an Imperial Bill to revolutionize the Constitution of our Transatlantic dependencies will not the less be a matter of some delicacy. It is only on the invitation of the Colonies themselves that our Legislature could resume the functions which were practically abdicated when self-government was conceded to the North American Provinces, and this consideration will, we hope, induce both the Government and the members of the Opposition to refrain from too eager a dissection of the measure that England is asked to sanction. It is impossible that any new Constitution should exactly square with the ideas of every ingenious member of the Legislature, and in would be an unfortunate mistake to treat the project as a measure introduced by the Government for the purpose of affording opportunities for party controversy. Canada and Nova Scotia are not to have their destinies wrangled over in detail, as those of Hindoos and Parsees were during the debates on the Bill which vested the Government of India in the Crown. The part of England in this transaction is, first, to ascertain how far the broad scheme is compatible with Imperial policy—a question which may be assumed to be already solved; and, secondly, to lend her aid in putting the project into the shape of an effective Act of Parliament substantially as it comes from the hands of the Colonial Legislatures. Modifications may with propriety be introduced in concert with the delegates who may represent the Colonies, for the purpose, if necessary, of guarding the prerogative, and with the more practical object of adding to the precision of the proposed Constitution; but it would be an abuse of the legislative authority of this country materially to depart from those provisions the previous acceptance of which by the different Colonies is the sole occasion of our interposing at all. Mr. Cardwell's despatch, though it suggests some alterations in the scheme drawn up by the Colonial delegates, does not appear to be intended in any way to violate what we take to be the funda-

...tions under which Parliament must approach
 It is open to us either to accept or reject the
 but it is not our function to tinker the fundamen-
 tal which has been negotiated between the Colonies
 in such way as to change the spirit of the document.
 ...three points on which Mr. Cardwell suggests the pro-
 of reconsideration are by no means of equal import-
 ... The concession, within certain limits, of a power of
 to Lieutenant-Governors not appointed directly by
 the Crown would no doubt be a theoretical invasion of the
 of the prerogative, and a Minister would not be exceeding
 his functions in insisting, as a condition of Imperial sanc-
 tion, that the rights of the Sovereign in this respect should
 be preserved intact. But the brightest jewel in the Crown
 is the least desirable of all its prerogatives. At home, it
 only means, in practice, the right of Sir George Grey to re-
 verse solemn decisions on the faith of random gossip, or in
 deference to popular clamour; and we are by no means sure
 that the embarrassing privilege might not be as well lodged
 in Deputy-Governors, in respect of all minor offences, as in
 the Governor who is vicariously clothed with sovereign at-
 tributes. This, however, is not a point on which any serious
 difference is likely to arise.

The constitution of the Upper House of the Federal Par-
 liament may have much more practical importance; but, at
 the same time, the objection which Mr. Cardwell suggests
 is, from its nature, one which could only be thrown out for
 the consideration of the Colonies. If the people agree to
 give the Crown the nomination of Senators for life, it is not
 for this country to reject the offer in favour of an Elective
 Council, if the change would be distasteful to those immedi-
 ately interested. The project, it must always be remember-
 ed, is a compromise between provinces with interests and
 feelings by no means identical; and it might be dangerous
 for an English Minister to disturb the balance, even by an
 alteration which was a manifest improvement on the scheme.
 Still the subject is unquestionably one to which it is not im-
 proper to invite the consideration of the colonists, though it
 is not quite clear that any substitute could be found more
 satisfactory than the Council which Mr. Cardwell seems to
 disapprove. His dread of a collision between the two House-
 ses is, we believe, chimerical. It is true the life-peers of
 Canada will not be guided by that traditional sense of their
 position which makes our House of Lords at once so conserva-
 tive and so pliant; but, on the other hand, it will differ
 less in its constitution from the more popular assembly.
 Class feeling has always yielded in this country to nobler, or
 at least more sagacious, principles of action. The House of
 Lords gave up its rotten boroughs, though not without a
 struggle, and as it increased in political wisdom it gave up
 Protection with a graceful alacrity. The same sort of wis-
 dom could not perhaps be expected from a new Colonial Sen-
 ate, but then it would never be tried by the same tempta-
 tion. The nominee Senate would in no sense represent a
 class, but would be composed of men of the same stamp, and
 with the same interests, as the mass of the Lower House—
 almost as much so perhaps as if its dignity were sacrificed to
 the supposed necessity of renewing its inspiration by peri-
 odical re-election. The working of either plan can be so lit-
 tle predicted with certainty that, if the colonists are really
 bent on enjoying the honours of a Council endowed with
 aristocratic permanence, there is no sufficient reason why
 England should thwart them, nor do we imagine that Mr.
 Cardwell contemplates any change in the project that would
 be unacceptable to the Provincial Legislatures.

The only remaining subject specially noticed in the de-
 spatch is in itself of the gravest importance, and might in-
 deed endanger the whole scheme if there were not every rea-
 son to believe that the doctrines enunciated by the Colonial
 Minister are precisely those which the statesmen of Canada
 intended to embody in their Report. The example of the
 United States has impressed Canadians, no less than
 Englishmen, with the utter futility of any Federation
 which leaves a debateable ground for conflict between the
 rights of the central Government and those of the component
 States. In case of difference, one must be supreme, and all
 the leading delegates at Quebec were (if their public speeches
 afford any criterion) of one mind upon this essential point.
 The ultimate sovereignty was to rest, not, according to the
 the American theory, in the component States, but in the
 Federal Government. And the heads of agreement on which

our legislation must base itself are quite as clear on this point
 as could fairly be expected in what does not purport to be
 more than a provisional document. A long list of matters
 of common concern is given, all of which, together with
 everything else of a general nature, are reserved for the Fe-
 deral Government. Then a number of local subjects, to-
 gether with all matters of a local nature not particularly
 specified are set down as within the exclusive competency
 of the several provinces. If it were possible to make these
 categories at once exhaustive and not inconsistent, the whole
 problem would be solved, but this would be beyond the
 power of language or of foresight. To meet the case of con-
 tingencies not expressly provided for, a sweeping provision
 is added, that in every case of concurrent jurisdiction the
 laws of the general are to supersede those of the Local Legis-
 latures. It is true that in even this, language does not cri-
 tically cover the whole ground, and that, in passing the Act
 of Parliament which will be the charter of British North
 America, some care will be needed to attain the requisite
 precision; but the spirit of the scheme is obviously to make
 the central Legislature the depositary of all power which
 is not expressly reserved for local action, and we believe that
 there need be no apprehension, on this vital question, of any
 difference of opinion between the Imperial and Provincial
 Parliaments. The co-operation of delegates from the several
 Provinces in framing the Act is properly invited, and will no
 doubt be given; and, if we may judge from the sense and
 moderation displayed by the Colonial statesmen in settling
 knotty questions of principle among themselves, there will
 not be much difficulty in adjusting matters of form and detail
 in concert with the Home Government. Already the spirit
 of the embryo nation is manifesting itself in the alacrity
 with which Volunteers are pressing to the frontier, with
 the immediate duty it is true of preserving the peace, but not
 we may be sure, without the resolution to prepare for war.
 Warlike ardour, indeed, has never been wanting on the Ca-
 nadian borders, and the official parsimony which has some-
 times checked it will not outlive the creation of the most
 formidable nation that ever rejected to call itself a colony.

[From the London Tablet.]

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

We have the privilege to publish this week a full and
 carefully verified article on the subject of the Encyc-
 lical Letter of our Holy Father Pope Pius IX., to all the
 Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the
 Church, together with the Catalogue of 80 Condemned Propo-
 sitions appended by order of His Holiness thereunto. The
 Infidel, Protestant, and Jewish Press of England and the con-
 tinent are so astounded at the inflexible courage and invinc-
 ible faith of every syllable of this great document, that they
 have not yet had time to rise to the full measure of their
 wrath and hate. Here is language loftier than Gregory's—
 here are pretensions higher than those of Sixtus! They
 thought the Father of the Faithful had learned the hard les-
 son of adversity, and that he was only imagining now how
 he could turn to account in some small diplomatic way the
 close conditions of the Convention of September. And lo
 from St. Peters his word goes forth into and against the
 world—word of which the youngest child now living shall
 not live to hear the last echo die away—a word that is
 among the weightiest and most far-reaching acts of this most
 memorable Pontificate.

There is as yet, we feel, some sense of superstitious awe
 about the way in which the critics, who particularly repre-
 sent the spirit of the nineteenth century, treat this Encyc-
 lical. We feel tempted to ask—What would they have?
 The Pope has uttered words about the meaning of which
 there times can be no doubt. There is no " Jesuitical " mys-
 tification, no amphibological casuistry here; it is all as plain
 as a table of turnpike tolls; it is a condemnation of the Re-
 volution in all its phases, forms, and principles—its false
 doctrines of government, its false doctrines of religion, its
 false pretensions of civilisation, its false propositions of phi-
 losophy. One and all, it smites them with the strong, sub-
 tle force of authoritative dogmatic truth. Why are the lights
 of the nineteenth century not glad with a great joy? Is not
 this awfully unwise of the Pope, according to the world's
 wisdom? Will it not form one common bond of union for
 every enemy of Rome? Is not every heretic, every schismatic,

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every infidel, every lax and disloyal Catholic, justified in joining arms herein? What State, from autocratic Russia to constitutional England, but will find a warrant here for giving vent to its animosity against the Power that claims to over-rule all Power, and to condemn the principles by which they live and move? Is not the French Emperor at last justified in the eyes of Catholic Frenchmen, who at least hold the doctrines of '89, in leaving such a superannuated system of superstition to its fate? Is not the King of Italy warranted beforehand in any means he may take to rid the people of Rome of its presence? Nay more, is the spirit that led to the great heresy of the sixteenth century dead among men? Will the Catholics of the nineteenth century bear indignities that Luther never was asked to bear? Has the spirit of Bossuet died in France—and even the spirit of O'Connell in Ireland?

Such might have been the tone of the gentlemen of the Press, who, in half-a-dozen leading newspaper offices, with the aid of two or three telegraphic agents, superintend the spirit of the nineteenth century; but such is not their tone—whether we look to the *Times* or the *Debats* or the *Siecle* or the *Daily Telegraph*, seems to us to be an exceedingly stupid tone and quite beneath the dignity of the occasion. And why so? We believe the reason to be, that all these fine spinners of phrases have at bottom a superstitious awe of the Pope, which they would be ashamed to confess even to themselves, but which an occasion like this very broadly reveals. They have learned, even from their slight historical readings, to recognise in the acts of the Papacy a wisdom that is not the wisdom of time and tide, of cunning based on a nice calculation of chances, of human policy and the ways of the world. They are aware that the Pope, acting on supernatural principles, has not now for the first time ventured to contradict what they would call the common sense of mankind and the natural order of things. And they know that this great act bodes some imminent struggle of Powers visible and invisible, in which Thrones and Dominations may pass away, but at the end of which Peter will still stand serene and unshaken at the Vatican—perhaps to offer the Bonaparte family the same hospitality that Pius VII. fifty years ago, gave to its head; perhaps to intercede with the enemies of his House for some penitent Prince of Savoy.

And so measuring the times that are and the times that are to come, the Holy Father asks all his people to join their hands and hearts to his in prayer. Once more the Treasury of the Church is unlocked, and a Jubilee proclaimed throughout the Catholic world. The privileges of this Jubilee will be identical with those granted in the Letters of Indulgence issued on the accession of His Holiness to the Supreme Pontificate and in whatever climate enjoyed, will revive the devotion and love ever felt towards the most munificent of all the Popes who has held the keys. Five Jubilees have already marked in the annals of the Church, a Pontificate which has not yet entered its twentieth year. May he live to proclaim one still more remarkable than that of 1865, which shall celebrate the triumph of the Church over its enemies, and the restoration of its full Temporal Power to the Holy See.

[From the *Saturday Review*.]

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

It is always pitiable to watch a vain struggle against the inevitable ravages of time. A former beauty fancying herself still young, a bishop believing in ecclesiastical suits, a peer proposing to summon the editor of a newspaper to the bar of the House of Lords, are melancholy exhibitions of human frailty. The hopelessness of the attempt, the secret despair which its very extravagance indicates, and the *sic transit* reflections which it suggests, combine to appeal to compassion even in cases where the character of the effort itself is little calculated to awaken sympathy. No one can read the Pope's new Encyclical without feeling that there is a pathos about its very folly. This poor old priest is standing up in the very crisis of an attack which threatens to crumble into the dust mouldering the edifice which it is his post to defend. The vast organization upon which he rests is honeycombed and rotten with unbelief. He still holds, though with difficulty, a few fastnesses in the vast area of

his nominal domain against the irresistible advance of modern thought; but over the greater part of it he holds little more than nominal. Compromises have been made for him from many sides which might give to his organization a chance of real usefulness within limits which the advance of civilization will not dispute; and a field for her work which the undying needs of human nature will never allow to be closed. It is a crisis at which a false step, and a cautious word, may be ruin. Enemies who have been seeking a better understanding are beginning to despair, and the thought is crossing their minds that sterner means must be employed for dealing with an impracticability which no efforts at conciliation will soften. Friends are beginning to waver, and to doubt whether they can continue to sustain much longer the discredit of complicity with the Governor of Rome. Such is the moment which the Pope selects for screaming out his defiance to modern civilization, and renewing in the most offensive terms every extravagant claim which the enlightened friends of the Papacy had tired to persuade us were forgotten.

In private life, only a very foolish old woman would select such a mode of defending herself. But the governing power at Rome is not entirely composed of old women. That the Pope, individually, should have been willing to sign such a tirade is intelligible. He may really have fancied that he was doing something to reconvert the world. Every one is inclined to think too much of the power of the instruments he has always been in the habit of using. The Pope has thrown about big ugly Latin words all his life, just as Mrs. PARTINGTON wielded her mop all her life; and both have fallen into a very similar exaggeration in estimating the efficiency of their favorite weapons. The poor old man may have been expressing himself in perfect good faith when he wrote that "the well-being of human society itself absolutely demands that we should again exercise our pastoral solicitude to destroy new opinions."

He thought he could do it, and it was not wonderful that he should try. But Cardinal ANTONELLI can have been subject to no such pleasant illusions. He must have known the exact chance which his master's bombastic objurgations would have of persuading mankind to restore "ecclesiastical jurisdiction over temporal lawsuits," to prevent "emigrants from enjoying the free exercise of their own worship," or to declare that "the civil power may not lend its assistance to those who desire to quit a religious life." What possible purpose can he have thought that the promulgation of these claims could serve? It can hardly be conceived that there is any considerable body of Roman Catholics whose attachment to their Church will be cemented by the revival of such doctrines. On the other hand, there is a school among them against whom several of the condemnations are obviously aimed. The section represented in France by M. De Montalembert, and in England, till lately, by the *Home and Foreign Review*, can only receive this condemnation of their most cherished ideas with silent regret. They indulged in the wild dream of uniting the dogmas of the Papacy to the ideas of the nineteenth century. They now find that they cannot make the attempt any more without openly renouncing all respect for the decisions of the Holy See. Their teaching is necessarily stopped. They cannot support the restoration of ecclesiastical jurisdiction over temporal suits, or the lifelong imprisonment of unwilling nuns within convent walls. But what advantage to the Roman See can it be to silence these agreeable and harmless dreamers? They made no sensible impression upon the compact organization of the Church of Rome; and they furnished a bridge upon which those could stand who did not wish to desert her, but whose intellects were revolted by Ultramontane extravagance. Their adhesion is shaken, or at least their advocacy is silenced. The Church of Rome has lost or discouraged many a warm friend by these condemnations, and she has neither disarmed nor foiled a single enemy.

The measure tends to confirm the impression, which has become very general in recent years, that all the old astuteness and craft of the Church of Rome have gone from her. She is beginning to resemble the condition of a secular despotism far advanced in its decline, where decisions of the greatest moment are taken, at the solicitation of the most unworthy persons, from motives of the most trivial character. It is a day of cliques, and courtiers, and small intrigues.

THE BULLFROG.

capable of taking wide views do not exist among the only relief from the universal reign of pious is probably furnished by those who, like the POPE cling narrowly and fanatically to their old traditions. The impression that this is the kind of motive-force that the machine in these days was confirmed by the remarkable letter from "A Vert," attributed to a well-known Oxford graduate, which went the rounds of the religious newspapers some little time ago. It was there intimated that the scheme for a new Roman Catholic translation of the Bible into English, to be entrusted to Dr. NEWMAN, fell through, because it would have been antagonistic to the interests of a book-seller who happened to have a considerable number of copies of the Douay Bible on hand. It is likely enough that motives of an equally exalted order have been at work in the present instance. Diplomats may be wondering what can be the profound policy of which the first and most obvious consequences are to throw down the gauntlet to France, to disgust England and irritate Italy, and of which the advantages are as yet absolutely concealed. But, after all, it is probably only some petty personal intrigue, by which some prominent ecclesiastic who is suspected of too enlightened opinions is to be snubbed and silenced.

It is worth remarking, as a proof of the tenacity with which the POPE's advisers cling to their traditions, that the celebrated difficulty of the condemned passages in the "Augustinus" has not deterred them from returning to the practice of condemning, as dogmatic errors, what are simple questions of fact. Error No. 75, for instance, is, that "the children of the Christian and Catholic Church are not agreed upon the compatibility of the temporal with the spiritual power." To maintain this statement is to maintain what the Holy See has condemned. Unfortunately, the statement is a bare matter of fact. Unless the POPE means to assert that those who think the two powers incompatible have thereby ceased to be members of the Catholic Church—which is, of course, impossible—it is as clear that children of the Catholic Church have maintained the opinion in question as that the sun shines by day. In the same way, one or two historical propositions concerning the acts of various Popes, in respect to which the present POPE is probably wrong, are plumply condemned as dogmatic errors.

But the reckless adhesion to old tradition is shown most strongly in the distinct assertion of the duty of persecution which the letter itself contains:—"And, contrary to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, and of the Church, and of the Fathers, they do not hesitate to affirm that the best condition of society is that in which the power of the laity is not compelled to inflict the penalties of law upon the violators of the Christian religion, unless required by considerations of public safety. Actuated by an idea of government so absolutely false, they do not hesitate further to propagate the erroneous opinions very hurtful to the safety of the Catholic Church and of souls, and termed delirium by our predecessor, Gregory XVI., of excellent memory, viz. 'liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man.'" This most candid admission is very hard upon the adventurous men who, for many years past, have been labouring to prove that it was a horrible calumny to accuse the Church of Rome of being a persecuting Church. Perhaps the remarkable candour of this document may prove inconvenient also to some whom the Pope had not in his mind, and who are certainly not responsible for its language. But, just at a time when the merits of an ecclesiastical tribunal for the trial of doctrine are being actively canvassed here, this specimen of what an ecclesiastical authority can do in the way of definition of doctrine may prove inconvenient.

BY THE NIGHT TRAIN.

(Continued.)

I think these words were either uttered in a louder tone than the rest of the jeweller's discourse, or a lull in the roll and rumble of the carriages made them unusually distinct, but at any rate three or four of the passers-by turned their heads inquisitively towards old Mr. Miles and myself, as we stood in the open doorway. And among those three or four was the ugly foreigner with the red-brown beard. He was repassing the shop, coming down from the opposite direction to that in which he had previously been walking. A coincidence, no doubt! Merely a coincidence.

I beckoned to the driver of a Hansom, sauntering past in

quest of fare, and rattled down to the club. It wanted some time as yet to the dinner hour, but I preferred waiting at the club for my friend's arrival to driving back to my father's house in Harley Street. The second editions of the morning papers had just come in as I arrived, and there was a hum and buzz of conversation going on upon the subject of some important telegrams from America which they contained. It was just then that McClellan was meeting with his first reverse, if I remember rightly in his peninsular campaign, and I gladly secured one of the copies of the Times, and applied myself to read. In vain. A strange feverish listlessness oppressed me; there was a dull weight upon my spirits, and my mind seemed to be possessed by a sort of aimless activity that wearied my thoughts to no purpose. In vain I fixed my eyes upon Mr. Reuter's telegrams. The big black words swam before my eyes, and the sounding sentences were barren of meaning. Had I, at that moment, been put on my examination before the sternest of commissioners when all I valued at stake on the results, I could not for my very life have given a lucid definition as to who was fording the Chickahominy, or passing the James River, or what the bone of contention might be. Vague, formless apprehensions of some invisible danger, of something too shadowy to be boldly grappled with, floated through my brain, and I found myself looking forward with positive dislike to the solitary journey that lay before me that night.

All these gloomy fancies vanished, however, at the first grasp of a friendly human hand, and the first sound of a friendly human voice. I was in excellent spirits at dinner time, and took the fire of good-humoured banter with which my companions plied me—in very good part. We lingered rather longer over our wine than I had anticipated, while we talked of old days, and wondered when our next meeting would be; but at last I jumped up, looked at my watch, and found that I must drive fast if I meant to catch the train. I shook hands cordially with my friends, and bade them good-bye; and, amid a shower of hearty wishes for my future happiness—how little did I think that I should never see the speakers more?—left the club. A Hansom cab had been called for me by one of the messengers, and I found it drawn up by the curbstone, as I briskly descended the steps. It was twilight by this time in the streets, and the lamps had long been twinkling. I noticed, as I stepped into the cab, that another, a four-wheeler, was stationed a few doors off, and that a man's head was protruded through the open window nearest the pavement, but the instant I looked that way, the head disappeared into the interior of the vehicle like that of a tortoise within its shell. I did not give a second thought to this circumstance.

"Drive fast, my man. I want to hit the night train for C—. Half-a-crown extra if we don't miss it."

The cab bowled swiftly off, and the streets being clearer than at an earlier hour, we met with no interruption, until, suddenly, in a narrow part of one of the most frequented thoroughfares, a lock occurred, in which a string of carts and waggons, two or three cabs, and a dray, were entangled confusedly together. There was the usual exchange of oaths, street witticisms, and abuse, the usual cracking of whips, grinding of wheels, and interference of a single bewildered policeman, but the provoking feature of the case was the great probability that I should lose the train. My charioteer had been forced up a narrow cross street by the pressure of the loaded vehicles in front, and as he flourished his whip, and rated the carters and draymen in no measured terms, I looked anxiously about me for signs of a clearance. Then it was that I noticed, hard by, the very same cab, drawn by a flea-bitten light-gray horse, that had been stationed close by my club door. By the dim light of the street lamp, I could see that the horse was in a lather of foam, and had evidently been forced along at a great pace. The windows of the cab were close shut, hot and stifling as was the atmosphere of the reeking and crowded quarter of London. But just as I had conjectured that probably the occupants of the cab, like myself, were eager to catch some train, the lock of carriages broke up, and I was borne quickly to the terminus.

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