

THE BULLFROG.

*Nec sumit aut ponit aureas,
Arbitrio popularis auro.—Hor.*

No. 30.

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ENGLAND AND B. N. AMERICA.

The position of Canada is just now critical in the extreme, and her connection with England may be said to hang upon a thread. In Canada, as in many other colonies, an idea long prevailed that England was materially strengthened by her outlying dependencies, and that British Colonists—comport themselves how they would—might always rely upon the Imperial treasury for purposes of Colonial defence. Strong in this belief, the Colonists, while profiting largely from the presence of Imperial troops, as also from the sums yearly expended upon Imperial works, lost no opportunity of excluding English manufactures from the Colonial market, and of declaring themselves practically independent of the Mother Country. The time has, we think, arrived when British Americans must shake off the unreasonable idea that they can be bona fide citizens of the British Empire without bearing any appreciable share of the taxation necessary for that Empire's support;—we have too long been content to depend upon England's forbearance; it is now time we should evince some spirit in England's behalf. These Colonies have since the introduction of Responsible Government occupied a false position with regard to the Mother Country. They have asserted their right to have their own will, and have at the same time depended upon England for the means to carry their will into execution. It is morally impossible that such a relation can hold good during times of danger—or of impending danger; indeed, to use the words of Mr. ADDERLEY: "Romantic patronage on one side, and interested attachment on the other, is not friendship, but mutual deception." We do not think that the people of Great Britain are just now disposed to pay any very exorbitant price for their pride, and it remains to be seen whether the people of Canada are disposed to pay a reasonable price for the furtherance of Imperial policy. Without being alarmists we yet think it would be prudent to set our house in order to the best of our ability and means. The Home Government has wisely refused to recognize, in the face of the world, any hostile menace in the recent actions of the Government of the neighbouring Republic, but there is some significance in the fact that an explanation has been demanded on such a question in both Houses of the Imperial Parliament. We can hardly afford to remain idle while the ablest minds of England are so attentively canvassing our affairs. We owe a good deal to the Mother Country, and it rests with the people of British America whether we shall improve our credit or declare ourselves bankrupt. Let us look our position manfully and resolutely in the face. Canada wanted the Maritime Provinces to enter into a Confederation with her, and our statesmen, without having duly sounded public opinion, represented us as willing to do so. The news reached England and was warmly accepted as a proof that Canada, heartily ashamed of her selfish conduct during the Trent affair, was at last willing to do something in her own defence. England's pride was gratified and the Canadians were applauded to the echo;—even the *Times* waxed eloquent upon the subject of Canadian loyalty. But the English public saw only the bright side of the picture. Canada's political troubles were matters about which Englishmen knew nothing and cared nothing. The difficulty of successfully de-

fending the Canadian frontier was duly appreciated, and an Union of the Provinces was regarded in its moral rather than in its political aspect. But with us the case was different. We fancied that the scheme planned at Quebec would never have been planned at all had not Canadian statesmen been at war among themselves, and we feared that any compact hurriedly agreed upon during a political crisis would be productive of unsatisfactory results. Well,—we rejected the Federation scheme, or rather the decisive action of New Brunswick saved us the trouble of declaring for or against it. Let us see how affairs stand now. Canada, whose noble aspirations for the consolidation of British Empire in the West called forth the praises of English statesmen and the English Press,—now hangs back, and Mr. GALT, speaking of defence, declares that unless England is disposed to guarantee all that the Canadian Government demands:—"he is not prepared to say that this million of dollars will be expended on these works." It must, we fancy, be tolerably clear to any unprejudiced person that the consolidation of British Empire in the West was *not* Canada's main object in the matter of Federation. Canada is even now more disposed to remain comparatively defenceless than to undergo taxation for the advantages of British connection, and we maintain that the recent language of the *Times* might be more truthfully applied to the Canadians than to the people of the Maritime Provinces:—"Their holding off can be ascribed to a lurking wish to reserve their decision for the present, and see which way the wind blows. * * * If they will not take the requisite steps now, we cannot expect them to do more in the very hour of approaching conflict." The language of the *Times* throughout the whole of the much discussed article from which we quote is somewhat remarkable. The *Times* would never publish such an article about any section of Englishmen, for by so doing it would weaken its real power, which consists in never speaking dictatorially until after the British public has fully made up its mind. It is only on small social topics that the *Times* aspires to lead English opinion. The Bolgravian Lament, the hardships of needlewomen, the extortion of Hotel keepers, &c., are the sort of questions whereon the *Times* takes the lead; but in dealing with Strikes, Hyde Park riots, &c., the *Times* is perhaps more temperate than any other paper published in London. Of the *Times*' policy regarding Canada there can be no two opinions: it would (in common with many sensible Englishmen) fain be well rid of Canada, and of all British America except Halifax, whose harbour is an admirable sanitarium for the West India fleet. It is not, to our thinking, altogether improbable that such may prove the ultimate fate of B. N. America, and we await with some interest, an answer from the British Government relative to the guarantee stipulated for by Mr. GALT. We think it hardly probable that England will act as Canada desires, and if Canada then refuses to vote a million of dollars for purposes of defence, the regiments now quartered in Canada may possibly enjoy a little home service. But, on the other hand, should Canada accept England's present terms, we shall readily credit Canadians with a desire to sacrifice something for the parent land, and we shall advocate Union to the best of our ability. Whatever may be the action

of Canada—the discussion of the Union question has been productive of good results. It has opened men's eyes to the unreality, and we must also add the *instability* of our present relations with England. So far as Halifax only is concerned we are comparatively secure, but if we would aid in establishing upon this side of the Atlantic an English nationality sufficiently powerful to hold its own against the possible encroachments of a vastly powerful neighbour, we must be prepared not only to unite with Canada, but likewise to bear the burthen of direct taxation in common with those to whom we now look for support. Canada is even now hesitating between moderate taxation and English good will, and we are in no mood to join our fortunes with hers until we see which way her statesmen will decide. If their decision be in favor of British connection and direct taxation—let us by all means unite for our mutual mercantile advantage. But if Canadian statesmen, failing to obtain what seems to us an unreasonable guarantee so far as England is concerned, are content to “reserve their decision for the present, and see which way the wind blows”—then we say, let the Maritime Provinces enter into the best alliance they can without reference to Canada. We do not think that an Union of the Lower Provinces with Canada would materially increase our power of resistance against an enemy, but we are not blind to the many advantages of Union in a mercantile point of view. We see no reason why Nova Scotia should not become a wealthy manufacturing Country, capable of supporting between two and three millions of people, provided only we have railway communication with a grain producing Country such as Canada—or a portion of Canada. We are rich in coal to an extent scarcely comprehended by those accustomed only to note the coal veins of Great Britain, and our mineral wealth in general is not yet rightly known even to ourselves. The commercial advantages of Union are indeed too obvious to need illustration, and we have, as we formerly remarked, no sympathy whatever with those who would reduce this really momentous question to a matter of taxation as estimated by so many *cents* per head. *The Times* is fully justified in affirming that such arguments “are of the most mercantile character.” But, it may be urged that we are inconsistent in advocating an Union with Canada after having persistently opposed the Quebec scheme for many months. We have, we fancy, already explained pretty clearly our motives for distrusting Canada, and as matters now stand, we see no cause for regret in anything we have published against Federation. It has often been urged that the Anti-Federation party has been influenced by personal or party motives, but so far at least as the *Bullfrog* is concerned any such imputation must be regarded as a dull impertinence. We opposed the Quebec scheme for several reasons. (1.) We mistrusted Canada for reasons already set forth. (2.) We thought that any sudden adoption of a scheme which necessitated largely increased taxation, would be resented by those who were called upon to pay for privileges which they could not all at once recognize as advantageous. (3.) We knew that the Delegates did not fairly represent the opinions of the general public.—Having thus set forth the motives which prompted us to oppose the Quebec scheme, we are in duty bound to advocate what seems to us a wiser and a better mode of dealing with a question so important. It is, we fear, pretty evident that mutual distrust must always stand in the way of any compact (however advantageous) arranged by B. N. American statesmen. The history of all congresses about railroads, tariffs, &c., between the Provinces, is a history of agreements repeatedly broken,—a history of constant failures. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering the manner in which our politicians write one of another. So long as our political press continues to educate the public in a thorough contempt for the leading men of either Provincial party, so long will we be unable to carry any measure for the good of all parties. The objections to the Quebec

scheme have been tolerably well sifted, and we trust that the next “Constitution” may be drawn up in London by delegates selected from the ranks of those both for and against the scheme lately rejected. The presence of two or more English statesmen would be highly advantageous, indeed it seems only in accordance with common sense that such should help to frame any bill to be submitted to the British Parliament. A measure thus framed in England could be submitted to the Provincial Legislatures, and if accepted, brought before the British Houses. A Union scheme thus framed would provide largely for defence, regulate the construction of the Intercolonial Railway (not, as matters now stand, to be mentioned in the Imperial Bill), and place the united Provinces upon a firmer basis than can possibly be achieved by any congress of B. American statesmen on this side of the Atlantic. A bill framed in London by a mixed assemblage,—would be above suspicion. A portion of the Anti-Federation press has not scrupled to ascribe to the Quebec delegates motives the reverse of honorable, and to hint pretty strongly at underhand promises of “Governorships,” “seats on the Bench,” &c., &c. If a Congress such as we have described were to frame an Union Bill in London, we should hear no more about our “Country being sold,” and it is just possible Lower Canada might be persuaded into Legislative Union.

RETRENCHMENT.

It is certainly not the fault of the press, if every Nova Scotian who can read, does not know all about Dr. TUPPER's Retrenchment scheme,—indeed, as the *PROV. SECRETARY* humorously remarked in reply to Mr. ARCHIBALD: “The hon. gentleman “had not considered it necessary to occupy any great length of “time in discussing the Estimate before the House, he * * * “fell back to the three told tale of retrenchment—to that speech “which, as long as he (Dr. T.) had a seat in the House, he “must expect to have annually brought up by gentlemen opposite.” This is a somewhat dreary prospect for the reading public, inasmuch as the subject was, to our thinking, exhausted some twelve months ago. The story of retrenchment is indeed so simple that we wonder how the public can care to hear it so often repeated. Prior to the last general election, the financial affairs of the Province, were far from healthy, and retrenchment of some sort was advocated by both parties in the House. The Liberals wanted to raise the tariff—the Conservatives to lower Official salaries. The latter went to the hustings with the cry of Retrenchment, and forthwith came into power. In the course of a year the financial affairs of the Province regained a healthy state, and retrenchment not being needed, was not carried out. The very head and front of Dr. TUPPER's offending, hath this extent—no more. He acted in the matter as every man of common sense on either side of the House would have acted under similar circumstances. Almost every politician goes to the hustings with some popular cry, which it would be highly impolitic to carry out to the letter. Upon this subject an English statesman says: “On the one side, the greater number of representatives consists of those who profess reforms which cannot be “achieved; on the other side, the greater number are those who “the most strenuously denounce the changes which must inevitably take place. To judge by the temper of constituencies, “a compromise would be impossible; the nation must be governed by the opinions which obtain the triumph on the hustings. But, *the election once over*, it is the few temperate men “whose temperance finds small favor at the hustings, who obtain the confidence of the public and the ear of Parliament.” There can, we think, be little doubt that nothing short of absolute necessity would justify a reduction in the salaries of our public officers. As it is, they are only just high enough to tempt a man of very moderate means away from his business. If they

were treble what of Assembly met benches; if they wealthy men might honorable ambition calculated to bring if possible. To £700 (currency, politic. Cheap at too dear a price when applied most unwise who tailed expenditure—a comprehensive to taunt a public the necessity for revenue is not fit tuates according control; any attempt laid down twelve months in service of the P order to carry of greater mistake vice, and not at the service of the der, and the bes

Habits of the fine arts, virtues of godliness Baths and The Baths and Church London, Paris, other Roman I clean people forever, be confused rather in a north England and many, France, women of the content with at cause of this p in the English habits of refinement. A cent place in English now considered That so wholes ranks of life idently far re county paper, husband. An nuptial barga place. “Do widow's motto though it is desire to avoid advertising for daily immersed the life of her of a bath with this, is not ch it is very sad

were treble what they are at present, we might find in the House of Assembly men of higher social standing than now occupy its benches; if they were one third of what they are at present, wealthy men might adopt politics as a profession from motives of honorable ambition. As the salaries stand at present, they are calculated to bring needy men into politics—a thing to be avoided if possible. To knock off two hundred pounds from a salary of £700 (currency) a year, would, to our thinking, be most impolitic. Cheapness may under certain circumstances be bought at too dear a price. However just and proper retrenchment may be when applied to a lavish, improvident expenditure, it may be most unwise when applied to a well regulated and already curtailed expenditure. There is in public affairs a true and a false—a comprehensive and a short-sighted economy, and it is unfair to taunt a public man for not practising a system of economy, the necessity for which has happily passed away. The Provincial revenue is not fixed like that of a private individual, but fluctuates according to circumstances which politicians cannot always control; any attempt, therefore, to prove that a scale of retrenchment laid down in one year, should necessarily be carried out twelve months later, must fail ignominiously. And the public service of the Province is not a thing to be tampered with in order to carry out a popular election cry. There can be no greater mistake than to look only at the cost of the public service, and not at the mode in which that service is performed; the service of the state ought not to be held up to the lowest bidder, and the best government is in the end the cheapest.

BATHS.

Habits of personal cleanliness, like religion, philosophy, and the fine arts, were first born in the far east. The cardinal virtues of godliness and cleanliness marched forward hand in hand. Baths and Temples simultaneously arose in ancient Rome. Baths and Churches are equally open to the well-disposed in London, Paris, and New York. The baths of Diocletian and other Roman Emperors, have been retained in the memory of clean people from ancient times unto the present. It must, however, be confessed that the spread of daily "tubbing" has been rather in a north westerly than in a purely western direction. England and North America are cleaner countries than Germany, France, or Spain. Two hundred years ago, men and women of the higher classes, both in England and France, were content with at most one total ablution per week. Whether the cause of this partial cleanness was the scarcity of printed works in the English language, and a consequent ignorance of the habits of refined people in the ancient days, or not, we cannot say. A century or less past, however, a great change took place in England, and somehow or other no dressing room is now considered properly furnished in that country without its tub. That so wholesome a custom is spreading rapidly to the lower ranks of life is amply proved by the following: A widow evidently far removed from respectable society, advertised in a county paper, with a somewhat indecent haste, for a second husband. Amongst other requisites on the male side of the nuptial bargain, the following remarkable stipulation found place. "Daily immersion indispensable." What the good widow's motive may have been it is not for us to enquire, although it is highly probable that amongst others was the desire to avoid, as long as possible, the disagreeable necessity of advertising for a third husband. She looked probably at the daily immersion as a means of providing health for, and prolonging the life of her spouse. It is indeed the health giving properties of a bath which are its greatest recommendation; and besides this, is not cleanliness next to godliness? Such being the case, it is very sad to observe that this great north westerly march of

the washing tubs has received a rude check in the city of Halifax. The upper classes can take care of themselves, but are the great unwashed to go for ever unwashed? We can safely assert that there is no city in the civilized world of an equal size with this, so totally unprovided with public baths. Where are baths to be found for the hard worked operative, the loungers in our streets, or the stranger within our gates? Echo may either answer "where," or, if she have the face to do so, suggest "Lower Water Street," and this reminds us that we have exaggerated a little—there are public baths to be had. Elegantly and commodiously situated, facing one of the dirtiest parts of the harbor, stands a row of shed-like closets, whence a plunge into the outfall of a drain can be obtained cheap. This noble boon, moreover, can only be enjoyed in the summer time, a plunge even into a sewer at this period of the year being too shocking to the system to be either wholesome or agreeable. And what must strangers think of us? Summer visitors expect sea bathing and are conducted to the drain mouth. Winter visitors expect a warm bath, and the pipes of the only one in the town are frozen, or, to the great credit of the city, the one bath is occupied. And notwithstanding this lamentable deficiency we talk of Halifax as the future watering place of Canada—the favorite northern retreat of Southerners after the conclusion of the war. Since Southerners are in the habit of occasionally using cold water, they will not favor us long, and the Canadians will hasten back to their Lake shores comforting themselves with Mr. PETER LYNCH'S exclamation, "Why, they are like inland seas!"

Of course nothing can be done. Perhaps an American may come and turn our city into a watering place. Perhaps a Canadian company may come, but the bare idea of Nova Scotians doing anything to help themselves is out of the question. But now an awful thought strikes us. Perhaps if there were baths nobody would use them! Perhaps the pipes of the only bath in the city are often frozen because of lying idle for long periods at a time. If this be the case (but we scout so horrible an idea,) it is no use doing anything, and enterprise in such a cause were wasted, and public baths—pearls cast before swine.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

No. 4.

Scene. Interior of a railway carriage on the North Western Railway, England. The train is stopping at a station.

E—l of D—y is discovered reading the "Times."

A voice is heard outside. Now Conductor, are these the cars for London? Just fix up these rugs in a snug place—I guess I'm going through.

L—d D—y, aside. Ah ha! an American gentleman. I wonder if he will come into this carriage? Though not partial to Yankees or their customs, they are an intelligent people, and I may pick up some useful information. Oh, he is coming in. I will let him have all the talk to himself.

Enter Nova Scotian politician (perhaps a delegate.) Good day to you, Sir.

L—d D—y. Good morning.

N—S—. Cars are rather late. Do you know what time we reach the Easton dépôt?

L—d D—y. A journey of five hours I believe. Continues reading. A pause of ten minutes, after which, (aside.) He is not so communicative as I expected; perhaps he is not a Yankee after all. (Aloud.) There is very little news from America by the last mail.

N—S—. N—o not very much. Canada has adopted Federation, Sir.

L.—d D.—y. That is a good thing. I suppose you are a Canadian from the interest you take in the subject?

N.—S.—. No, Sir, I'm a Haligonian.

L.—d D.—y., with surprise and fear. Patagonian!?

N.—S.—. Haligonian, Sir,—Nova Scotian.

L.—d D.—y. Oh, I see—oh yes of course, Nova Scotian, and what is the news from St. John—that is your capital, is it not?

N.—S.—. Halifax is *our* capital. St. John is in New Brunswick—a poor city compared to Halifax, Sir.

L. D. Yes, yes. How dreadfully one forgets one's geography, and our colonies are so very numerous. Well of course Halifax—I mean Nova Scotia, will be only too happy to join Canada?

N. S. Not a doubt of it, Sir. All our Statesmen have agreed that the step is most appropriate. A great colony, self-supporting, self-defending, and still under the Crown, will naturally strengthen the British Empire.

L. D. No doubt of it. It has always been my hope to see something of the kind. I see that your scheme provides for your self-defence, but stipulates no fixed sum. How much do you think will be devoted to this object—2 millions a year?—3 millions?

N. S. Mr. Archibald said one million.

L. D. I have not the pleasure of knowing who Mr. Archibald may be, but if he be correctly informed on this matter, the sum seems rather small—especially at such a time as this. We have all along, as you know, complained of the colonial parsimony in matters of defence. Do you know what sum has been hitherto expended by the different Colonies!

N. S. It amounted in the aggregate to about 500,000 dollars.

L. D. Then this million is about ten times that. Well that is not so very bad after all.

N. S. How, Sir?

L. D. Why five dollars go to the pound do they not? and a million pounds are ten times 500,000 dollars.

N. S., innocently. Mr. Archibald mean't dollars, Sir. The country could not stand it in pounds. He meant a million dollars per annum.

L. D. Frowning and resuming his paper. A pitiful sum. A farce. You talk of relieving the mother country of the burden of defending you, and you vote a fifteenth part of what we annually paid.—Pish.—I can only hope that Mr. Archibald, or whatever his name is, speaks without authority.

Train stops five minutes at Wolceton for refreshments. Nova Scotian gets out, has a glass of Sherry, buys 3 apples, and returns to carriage.

N. S. Well, Sir, and how are you now?

L. D. Quite well, thank you, (*aside*), that must be an American custom, always saying, How are you now. (*Aloud*.) I have never had the pleasure of meeting any of your Nova Scotian statesmen,—are they mostly men of education? I have heard one or two of them well spoken of a few years ago. Have you any rising men?

N. S. Mr. Mc—y is a very smart fellow. A very brilliant writer too. He has started a paper in favor of Confederation.

L. D. I thought there was no opposition to the measure; but tell me—do all your statesmen manage newspapers of their own.

N. S. Well, Sir, they like to have one open to them. The government is always sure of one or two.

L. D. How so?

N. S. What with the Government printing and that sort of thing, one or two can always be secured to the interest of the government.

L. D. Aghast! What! and do the people buy them?

N. S. Oh yes! and the Opposition papers openly accuse them of receiving subsidies, and wait for their turn to come next.

L. D. Gracious me, how disgraceful! Don't you think it is so yourself!

N. S. Well, I don't know. Canadian papers say the same thing goes on there. We are a young people.

L. D. Humph! pray tell me, Sir, have you a Conservative party in Nova Scotia, and if so, is it now in or out of power?

N. S. Indeed we have, Sir, a very large one. Dr. T—r is at present chief—a very able man. He has a majority of two thirds of the House.

L. D. What did your last ministry go out upon?

N. S. Dr. T—r came in on a retrenchment and universal suffrage platform.

L. D. Is it possible? (*Aside*.) More Americanism. I begin to change my opinions about these Colonies. I must have a talk with — when I get to London. (*Aloud*.) You are yourself in politics, I should imagine from the amount of information you have on the subject.

N. S. Yes, Sir, I hold office as —

L. D. See what a beautiful river we are crossing! and that reminds me, your inland fisheries are excellent, are they not? I have heard sportsmen extol them vastly.

N. S. They used to be, Sir, but bad management has allowed the fish to die out. Are you a fisherman, Sir?

L. D. No, I never took a great interest in the sport, neither did I ever excel in it—as dear old Isaac says, a good fisherman, like a good poet, *nascitur non fit*.

N. S. I don't remember when Isaac said that—but I remember him sending Esau out hunting.

L. D., aside. Gross ignorance? *Aloud.* I speak of Isaac Walton the father of Anglers, and an English Classic. Are our great authors not studied in Nova Scotia? *Aside.* I wonder if my Homer has reached those shores yet?

N. S. Oh yes, Sir, there are lots of books out there, but we politicians have not much time for study.

L. D. More is the pity. No man can call himself a statesman who has't studied at some period of his life. I find time to study even now—but here is Easton Square. I will wish you good day. (*Aside*.) What a queer ruler of the people!

N. S., to a Guard, and pointing to L. D. Do you know who that man is—quite an intelligent gent.

Guard. The *E—l of D—y*, Sir.

N. S. The friend of the Colonies! I fear I said too much. *Expectorates, and exit.*

Local and other Items.

The *Express* of Monday last published some creditable stanzas upon a clerical error which appeared in our article upon the General Post Office. We plead guilty to having inadvertently quoted the name of an Indian minister instead of the name of a Nabob who was, if we remember aright, but a minor when Hastings became Governor. And upon the strength of an error such as this the *Express* fills up a column and a half! Under the circumstances we cannot but grant our contemporary's request to "pardon its Provincial stupidity." However, as we before remarked, the stanzas published under the heading "The Art of Veneering" are, taken as a whole, creditable to our contemporary, although marred here and there by provincial peculiarities. It is, for instance, hardly fair to tamper with the text of Shakespeare thus:—"Sound and fury and signifying nothing,"—or to explain Macaulay's meaning after saying of a passage quoted from his works:—"The meaning of Macaulay is of course clearly and graphically expressed." We might also challenge the *Express* to prove the following assertion true:—"Our industrious contemporary found his information nicely "cut and dry" in a book of elegant extracts, which stopped at the Company's cadet." This peculiar book of

extracts we fancy of our contemporary save by poetic licence the *Bullfrog* could unless some allusion though it is not easy to do with references such "Provincial poetry, afford a criticism. We might good deal about a Dublin Brewer, 3 year in perpetuity Cathedral," &c., according to the 1 three million, sterling yearly. Our con on the strength of got out of the *Bu* we could as cons from the column improve—at least

The P. E. Islar that the affairs of extent which the mand. The Islar be brought from Quebec Scheme, of the Governor House governme a fact which the l remembered but Atlantic. The If they rashly calle future have the b

Halifax contain when brought to These horses are we must protest upon the Point P rate of seventeen pedestrians anxio The turns of the sud len, and it is or hurled against merely in order t On Tuesday last in endeavouring

Our poetical poem, and suppr *Telemachus*:—*poem like those o* the eccentricities superior to "Pa "Faust" better lay in tragedy; than he rated "Gertrude of V are not disposed as an heroic poe other hand, we r proper to estima ings of a Fren English languag word *poem*—*i. e.* lishmen in gene Johnson's judg son's dictionary longer than ever

extracts we fancy does not exist save in the poetical imagination of our contemporary, and the assertion quoted cannot be justified save by poetic license. Of course no poetry having reference to the *Bullfrog* could find its way into the columns of the *Express* unless some allusion was made to a "Captain," or a "Major," although it is not easy to perceive what Captains, Majors, &c., have to do with reference to Macaulay's Essays—we must again pardon such "Provincial stupidity." But we cannot, like our contemporary, afford a column and a half for the discussion of small criticism. We might, if we thought it worth our while, write a good deal about an *ode* commencing in this style:—"The princely Dublin Brewer, Mr. B. L. Guinness, has, at a cost of £150,000 a year in perpetuity, rescued the crumbling edifice St. Patrick's Cathedral," &c., &c. In other words, a Dublin brewer has, according to the *Express*, endowed St. Patrick's Cathedral with three million, sterling the interest upon which sum is to be paid yearly. Our contemporary's circulation has doubtless increased on the strength of the assurance that "there's lots of fun" to be got out of the *Bullfrog*. We do not doubt the fact, and only wish we could as conscientiously affirm that any fun could be extracted from the columns of the *Express*. But our contemporary may improve—at least we hope so.

The P. E. Island patriots must be somewhat disgusted at finding that the affairs of their country are not sited in England to that extent which the importance of "the Island" would seem to demand. The Islanders, doubtless, imagined that their Island would be brought prominently into notice by reason of a clause in the Quebec Scheme, reminding the Imperial authorities that the salary of the Governor of P. E. Island has hitherto been paid by the House government. Short-sighted Islanders—to call attention to a fact which the Imperial government would, perhaps, never have remembered but for your patriotic wish to be noticed across the Atlantic. The Islanders *have* been noticed—the mistake to which they rashly called attention has been discovered, and they will in future have the honor of paying their own Lieut. Governor.

Halifax contains just now some first rate trotting horses, which when brought to the hammer may, we trust, realize a goodly sum. These horses are regularly trained and in excellent condition, but we must protest against their power of speed being tested daily upon the Point Pleasant road. These fine animals, trotting at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, are rather a nuisance to quiet pedestrians anxious to enjoy the beauties of Nova Scotian scenery. The turns of the road in question are in certain localities somewhat sudden, and it is not pleasant to be driven into two feet of water, or hurled against a boulder of granite, or prostrated upon a swamp, merely in order that "sulky" drivers should drive against time. On Tuesday last, three young ladies narrowly escaped mutilation in endeavouring to avoid a "sulky" seemingly driven for a wager.

Our poetical contemporary still affirms that *Telemachus* is a poem, and supports its opinion by a quotation from the author of *Telemachus*:—"It is a fabulous narrative, in the form of an heroic poem like those of Homer or Virgil." We are not answerable for the eccentricities of genius. Milton thought "Paradise Regained" superior to "Paradise Lost;" Goethe thought the second part of "Faust" better than the first; Liston was of opinion that his forte lay in tragedy; Byron rated his imitations of Pope more highly than he rated "Childe Harold;" Campbell was of opinion that "Gertrude of Wyoming" was inferior to "Theodoric;" and we are not disposed to dispute Fenelon's right to consider *Telemachus* as an heroic poem such as those of Homer or Virgil. But, on the other hand, we are not disposed to estimate Fenelon as he thought proper to estimate himself, nor are we disposed to seek in the writings of a Frenchman any just estimate of the meaning of the English language. We still affirm that Johnson's definition of the word poem—i. e. "a composition in verse"—holds good with Englishmen in general, and while agreeing with Macaulay, regarding Johnson's judgment upon "books," we yet maintain that Johnson's dictionary (from which we quoted) will be remembered longer than even Macaulay's Essays.

We notice in the *Reporter* of Tuesday last a letter signed JUSTITIA—a portion of which runs as follows:—"The B. F. (*Bullfrog*) only a week or two ago, gave *undue* praise to mere amateurs who performed at Mason's Hall—for a certain charity.—"No right minded man ever called it (*sic*) in question." Making the necessary corrections for JUSTITIA's peculiar English, we may remark that no "right minded man" could possibly have "questioned" our remarks upon the performance at the Masonic Hall, inasmuch as we published thereon no remarks at all. JUSTITIA trusts that the editor of this journal "will be more careful in seeing that his correspondents, in their strictures on others, judge 'righteous judgment.'" Physician, heal thyself! Perhaps JUSTITIA will explain the "rightness" of that judgment which attributes to the *Bullfrog* "undue praise" of a performance which was never even noticed in our columns.

We learn that D. HENRY STARR, Esq., Secretary of the Fruit-Growers Association, has received a valuable collection of Scions of Apples, Pears, Plums, and Cherries, from the Royal Horticultural Society, London, for distribution among the members of the Fruit-Growers' Association throughout the Province. The collection contains many choice sorts which have not hitherto been introduced into our Province.

The *Reporter* informs us that Mr. Lawrence Stewart, of Dartmouth, has passed a very creditable examination for the Royal Navy, and wishes "the young gentleman every success in his naval career." The *Express*, anxious, doubtless, to meet England's wishes upon the question of a Naval Reserve, wishes the said young gentleman every success in "his native career." We cheerfully add our congratulations.

Extracts.

PRURIENT PROTESTANTISM.

It is surprising how keenly a large audience of fervent British Christians is attracted by the prospect of a little decorous naughtiness. If the Pope could be persuaded to abolish all the nunneries and convents in Europe, the staunch Protestant professors of Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall would be deprived of a source of the most sincere pleasure. To hear of all the dark misdoings of nuns and their confessors, with the proud consciousness that you are looking down on them from the loftiest possible moral elevation, must be a genuine treat of the very choicest kind.—There is about the "disclosures," which are always a great feature on such occasions, a pleasing suggestiveness, a prurient reference, which imparts a charm that even the most improper of French novels cannot rival. In fact, a French novel is very tame fun compared with a thoroughly good oratorical raid against nunneries. The novel must be read more or less in solitude, and the incidents, after all, are not always so very improper. In a great meeting one has all the pleasure and excitement of companionship. The sniggering of everybody around one, over indecorous innuendos has a wonderfully delightful effect. Then innuendo is so much more pleasant than the detailed statement of a novelist, and gives so much more employment to the imagination. And a peculiarly indescribable gratification is occasioned in the youthful or female mind by hearing solemn fathers of families and clergymen talk on naughty subjects. It is always refreshing to find that our loftiest mentors are still beings of flesh and blood like ourselves. The instructors themselves doubtless rather enjoy their temporary release from the gravity and propriety of private life. They share the prevailing excitement, and the novelty of finding themselves making unseemly allusions and discussing unsavoury topics before ladies is as tickling to them as to their listeners. Altogether, the scene of a great anti-convent demonstration is so truly pleasing to so many kinds of people that the only wonder is that the thing is not more frequent. At all events, we cannot be surprised that the most is made of any fortunate opportunity which presents itself. The pother about convents which has been raised and kept up in the columns of a penny sensation newspaper could not reasonably be expected to subside until the faithful had made it an occasion for one of these naughty merrymakings. The recent meeting at St. James's Hall was all that could be desired. The innuendos were most racy. The excitement was intense, and the eloquence superb.

It need scarcely be said that "there was a large attendance of ladies." But for the ladies the entertainment would have lost three-fourths of its zest. A mere assemblage of men talking

about the mysteries of the convent would have been an extremely tame affair. The great speech of the evening would not have been nearly so pointed had it not been delivered before a large number of the sex which a preposterously exaggerated propriety commonly delars from all opportunities of hearing how much of a certain sort of wickedness goes on in the world. The orator whose mastery effort contributed so largely to the triumphant success of the demon's effort is a divine of some denomination, and this fact was doubtless a comfort to some of the audience who might have thought his line of argument rather prurient if he had been a coxse layman. Besides being a divine and an orator, Mr. HOBART SEYMOUR has been a traveller, and in fact a man of the world. He told his hearers that he had once been to Madeira, where he met a priest, in whose company, with some other young men, he visited a well-known convent. The large attendance of ladies pricked up their ears, but to no purpose. All that he and his companions said and did on the occasion "he was not going to tell them; in fact he could not tell a mixed assembly." Great laughter, and one or two solemn nods of approbation, followed this practical joke on the general curiosity. However, "he would say this, that some of the poor girls in that convent implored them with fearful earnestness to come to them at night and assist them to escape, promising to go to the ends of the earth with them on any condition or in any capacity whatsoever." This terrific picture of despair and abandonment had about it the right ring of a genuine polemical anecdote, and the indignant but tickled audience cried "Shame!" with vigorous unanimity. The notion of Mr. SEYMOUR going to the convent "at night," "with fearful earnestness," and the latent unseemliness of "any condition or any capacity whatsoever," were all touches indicative of the true artist. That German rationalist whom the *Morning Advertiser* justly holds up to the pity and contempt of its readers might indeed ask how the poor girls got a chance of such a scene with a number of young men, and even whether it was not as well that they should stop in the convent as roam over the world with Mr. HOBART SEYMOUR in the vague and rather polygamous way they proposed. But no demon of German rationalism intruded his despicable criticisms upon the enchanted audience. The only interruption to the harmony of the evening occurred when Mr. SEYMOUR declared that, when once a poor girl was immured in a convent, "the cry of insulted innocence, the shriek of outraged 'virtue,' could never more be heard. The candid reporter tells us that "this was too much" for a Roman Catholic at the end of the room, "who made such a noise that he had to be removed by the police." What very strange behaviour on the part of the Roman Catholic! Perhaps the poor behavoured being at the end of the room had a sister or a daughter in a convent; and, if so, he ought to have been very much obliged to the kind Christian gentleman who reminded him of her insulted innocence and outraged virtue. If the Roman Catholics were to hold a large public meeting for the purpose of pointing out some defect in the organization of a Protestant community, the British public would doubtless listen to the eloquent invectives with a patience and composure very different from the turbulence of the person for whom Mr. SEYMOUR's elegant and moderate language was "too much." Perhaps the laughter which greeted the speaker's truly decent and charitable joke about the priests who had "no honest wives or legitimate children" would also have been "too much" for this fractious and ungrateful person.

After the unreasonable Roman Catholic had been removed by the policeman, Mr. SEYMOUR got slightly dull and satirical for a time, but he soon recovered the appropriate tone. He proceeded to give what the reporter calls a "lively description" of the interviews he had seen between young monks and nuns "at twilight in Italy." Why at twilight? "He suggested nothing against the propriety of these young people"—nothing, much as one might have thought it. But "the young people" ought to have been allowed to consecrate an honest affection by an honest marriage, and "had he a scourge of scorpions he would drive from the land the Church which would enact 'any laws to prevent it.'" The imagination of the audience was so excited by this graphic picture of Mr. SEYMOUR chasing his adversaries with a scourge of scorpions, that they "broke out into loud and protracted cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs for some minutes." The philosophic looker-on would see in this edifying spectacle a conclusive retortuation of the wicked calumny that the most characteristic feature of Exeter Hall Protestantism is its intolerance; and it can only be regretted that a timorous Legislature does not hasten to entrust the power to scourge the Roman Catholics to such temperate and high-minded persons as Mr. SEYMOUR, and those who greeted his Christian aspirations with loud cheers. After this ferocious outburst, he again returned to the amusing aspect of the matter. Not only were the nuns not permitted to marry, but they were permitted to choose a confessor. "Some nuns selected square confessors, some selected round ones"—a statement which must have had some meaning, because the audience are reported to have laughed at it. When a nun got a round or square confessor to her taste, her confessions took an hour, or even more. "It was not for him to say what took place on those occasions;" but the pure-minded audience guessed what he meant, and went on laughing heartily. "Were he not addressing a mixed assembly, he could relate some fearful facts." After all, this scruple was a little superfluous. A fearful fact or two might have helped to tame the imaginative ef-

forts which the orator's disgusting insinuations were no doubt successful in begetting. Another speaker said he could quote cases "of gratified lust and secret cruelty," but, like Mr. SEYMOUR, he contented himself with a few suggestive hints. A third, with immense gusto, read the preamble of the Act of Parliament for the suppression of monasteries, and the assembly gloated over the recurring phrases descriptive of "vicious, carnal, and abominable living. It can only be hoped that most of the audience were in blissful unconsciousness of what the terms were exactly meant to describe. But it would be very chimerical to suppose that any of the persons present knew anything whatever about monasticism. The chairman, who probably gets his ecclesiastical history from the *Times*, evidently supposed that the first monk was St. BERNARD. Mr. COLTHOUN, in fact, was only surprised by Mr. SEYMOUR in zeal and energy. He considered that as we had put down Thuggee, and infanticide, and the sacrifices to JEGGERNAUT in India, although they were religious practices, so we should show no mercy to convents. "He grieved to say, there were many ladies who had gone into those places from pious motives, and who were leading holy and upright lives." One is a little puzzled at first to understand how the fact of leading a holy and upright life, or of being actuated by pious motives, can be a matter for grief. But no doubt the chairman means that, just as the Madeira nuns would have been better off in officiating, "on any condition and in any capacity whatsoever," to Mr. SEYMOUR than in leading the conventional life, so these ladies ought to be compelled by law, or a scourge of scorpions, to give up their holiness and uprightness, and to come to St. James's Hall to see what real enlightenment and purity and Christian charity could effect. Perhaps, as, according to the chairman's own admission, many of them do lead holy lives, they would have been rather astonished at Mr. SEYMOUR's account of the cry of insulted innocence and the shriek of outraged virtue, and of the choice between round and square confessors.

Of course, a meeting of this sort could not separate without calling itself a friend of civil and religious liberty. Having bellowed, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, in applause of a desire to extirpate the Roman Catholic Church because it holds a certain view about celibacy, these people naturally congratulated themselves on the keen appreciation of the inestimable worth of a religious liberty tempered by scourges of scorpions. They see nothing inconsistent with civil and religious liberty in the formation of a great political confederacy for the purpose of rejecting every candidate at the approaching elections who will not bind himself to vote for a measure interfering with the domestic regulations of religious communities. "If a candidate hesitated on this point let us reject him." "Let every man be in earnest in this matter who respected his mother's memory." If the desired object were ever so expedient, what reasonable man could support it in the hands of such advocates—people who talk about that portion of the "press of England which is not yet crushed by 'Kewish tyranny, nor deluged by Lomish arts'?" The whole proceedings are well worth a careful notice. They show with peculiar force the shameless folly and wickedness which religious fanaticism can develop in people who, in other matters, are probably not wanting either in common sense or virtue.—*London Saturday Review*.

A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

I don't think a jollier party can ever have assembled itself together than the one that was staying at the Firs last Christmas. The cause of this extraordinary joy and good feeling were to be found, perhaps, in none of us being of kin. There was not so much as a brace of cousins among the guests to mar the harmony, either by their love or hate. Added to this, our hostess had no sons to protect against insidious advances, and no daughters to get off. She could venture to be open-hearted and nobly reliant on the friends she had gathered together without doing violence to the maternal instinct.

The party included every element of success. We had handsome men and intellectual men, men of money and men of mark; and we had fits, fascinating women, and one heiress. The Apollo of the party was Lionel Poole, a treasury clerk. His good looks were a perpetual source of discomfort to somebody or other, for they were rather of the plaintive order. His eyes had a habit of saying more than they meant—unconsciously, let us hope, for the sake of his soul, for more than half of his young lady acquaintances had been bitten alive by him at night in a manner that left no doubt whatever on their minds that they were to be the recipients of an offer from him in the morning.

He was so pre-eminently handsome a man that I fear in describing him I may rather slur the indisputable claims he had to be considered something else. Lionel Poole was a clever man also, with a utility talent that turned everything to his own advantage.

To tell the truth, I was more than slightly astonished when I came down into the drawing room the day of my arrival to find him installed in the Firs.

He was palpably a pampered guest, too, for he had the key of Mrs. Fitzgerald's private photograph album in his hand; and after that lady (our hostess) made her appearance, he went and sat by her side, and made comments that were inaudible to the rest of us, but that, to judge from the expression of his face, were not flattering to the portrayed ones.

Now Mrs. Fitzgerald had, the previous season, come out of the retire-

ment of her widowed young cousin A steps of London so short time since—the Continent, in the attack Mr. Fitzgerald had not been so long as I was sorry to see a few minutes, in fact, when he returned Mrs. Fitzgerald of her blonde and a cousin to do eyes when his per-

She was the mistress of ours, was winning alike again—she had but certain; but report jealous, had been unpleasant memory. Only one of the Captain Villars officers of that gall such a handsome subtly pleasing a rely instinctively, less, honest eyes of that he was the other ladies courtesy of a curt them here, I will r hieers.

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We had a variety of things upon something else to frothy, there were t out at all, there w always had charac In all of these a marvelous powe—and he we all th the Mary, Christa Leicester—to her things well.

She is insatiable when we were of playing at being I could not resi to believe him, a greyish-blue eyes d'ing lia'm mit mine undling!

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"Well, I got t Villars," I answ tinned," and ask Riley."

"I didn't know "Did Mr. Poc though my heart from a man who

"No, he did n guess, and decee "I'm glad to she flung her av "Dearest Eva

She knows t fact of its being "How well v armoured to m the brilliant ve another."

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It was to ple wear the sprig

ment of her widowhood for the first time, for the purpose of chaperoning her young cousin Alice Riley and myself through the shoals and quicksands of London society, and at the end of the season—only such a short time since—poor Alice went into a low state of mind, and on to the Continent, in consequence, it was whispered, of the sudden cessation of the attack Mr. Lionel Poole had made upon a heart that the world had not hardened yet.

I was sorry to see him at the Firs, therefore—sorry, that is, just for a few minutes, in fact, until he left Mrs. Fitzgerald's side and came to mine, where he remained. All married people had said that the beautiful Mrs. Fitzgerald had not resented his sudden desertion from the side of her blonde charge, as it would have been becoming for a chaperone and a cousin to do. And they added that the light which came into her eyes when his perfidy was discussed was not kindled by wrath.

She was the most beautiful brunette I ever saw, this young widowed hostess of ours. A graceful, charming woman, too, with a way that was winning alike to women and men. Why she had never married again—she had been five years a widow—we none of us knew for certain; but report had told me that her last husband, in a rabid fit of jealousy, had bound her by a solemn oath to be faithful for ever to his unpleasant memory.

Only one of the other men have I time or space to describe. He was a Captain Villars, R.A., and neither mad, Methodist, or married, as officers of that gallant corps are popularly supposed to be. He was not such a handsome man as Lionel Poole, nor could he converse in so smoothly pleasing a way, but he was a man on whom a woman would rely instinctively, for one glance at his broad open brow, and frank, fearless, honest eyes showed clearly, even to the worst read in such matters, that he was the soul of honour.

The other ladies, too, are deserving of something better than the scant courtesy of a curt mention; so, as a curt mention is all I could make of them here, I will refrain from one at all, and simply say that I was the hieer.

During the earlier part of my sojourn at the Firs I did not observe Captain Villars or anybody else, but Lionel Poole and Mrs. Fitzgerald very much. I had known the soldier in London before, and then (it was before I had been left the fortune which altered my point of view of life entirely) he had seemed to like me well. But now he stood gravely aloof from me, and I sorely noticed the fact, for I was absorbed in the contemplation of Lionel Poole.

We had a variety of ways of passing the time. No one thing at the Firs called upon us by reason of our doing it often through lack of something else to do. When it was fine, and the ground not slippery, there were riding horses and carriages; when it was bitter and brightly frosty, there was the artificial lake to skate on; and when we couldn't go out at all, there was the billiard and music room; and in the evening we always had charades and *tableaux*.

In all of these Lionel Poole and Mrs. Fitzgerald excelled. She had a marvellous power of depicting intense passion—love, or hate, or scorn—and he we all declared to be a consummate actor. He was *Rizzio* to her Mary, *Crichton* to her Margaret of Navarre, *Fansh* to her Cretchley, *Leicester* to her Elizabeth (and my Amy Robsart), and he was all things well.

'She is insatiable about private theatricals,' he said to me one morning when we were knocking the billiard balls about together. 'I'm sick of playing at being Mrs. Fitzgerald's lover.'

I could not resist giving him a hasty glance as he spoke, for I wished to believe him, and wanted to read the truth in his face. His tender greyish-blue eyes (how tender they had been last night, when as the dying *Da'vin* minstrel he had fixed them on his royal mistress!) met mine unflinchingly, and I blushed.

'You must be aware Miss Travers,' he went on in a low voice, 'that it was not to act the part of Mrs. Fitzgerald's lover that I came down to the Firs.'

I had already weakly begun to hope that it was not, but I could only say now, 'You act the part remarkably well.'

'She forces it upon me,' he said; and as he spoke Captain Villars came into the room, and the two men stiffened themselves at each other in that indescribable way men have of showing their mutual annoyance when a woman is the cause of it.

I soon left them together for their ill-concealed dissatisfaction was depressing, and betook myself to Mrs. Fitzgerald's dressing-room, to which, in the earlier days of our intercourse, I had always been allowed free access. It was locked against me now, but she presently opened the door and admitted me with an air of the old welcome.

'Do I disturb you?' I asked.

'Oh no,' she answered, 'but I thought you were in the billiard-room with Lion—with Mr. Poole.'

'Well, I got tired of billiards, so I have left him to play with Captain Villars,' I answered carelessly; 'I thought I'd come to you,' I continued, 'and ask if you would tell me the rights of the story about Alice Riley.'

'I didn't think that there was any story about her.'

'Did Mr. Poole behave badly to her?' I interrogated, eagerly; for though my heart was nearly gone, I thought that I could withdraw it from a man who had been cruel to gentle Alice Riley.

'No, he did not,' she replied almost sharply. 'Alice Riley was a little goose, and deceived herself.'

'I'm glad to hear it was only that,' I answered, absently, and then she flung her arms around my neck and kissed me and said—

'Dearest Eva, believe me that it was so. Don't distrust me.'

'She says that he loves me, then,' I thought, for I was blind to the fact of its being herself that Blanche Fitzgerald was thinking about.

'How well a sprig of holly would look in your fair hair,' Lionel Poole murmured to me a little later in the day; 'the vivid green leaves, and the brilliant veins, and the bright golden locks would intensify one another.'

I resolved immediately upon wearing one that night; but I would not tell him so. He should have the benefit of the full force of the flattery by seeing it in my hair.

It was to please and honour Lionel Poole that I at first decided to wear the sprig of holly.

I hardly know how it came about, but it did come about in a few minutes after this, that Lionel Poole made me believe that I had been the object that attracted him to Mrs. Fitzgerald's party so constantly during the past season, and that Mrs. Fitzgerald knew that it was so.

I suppose I believed it all truly, for when our interview was over, he had proposed and I had accepted him, and to spare my blushes, he had suggested, with a vast show of magnanimity, to keep it quiet until after my departure.

'May I not—had I not better tell Blanche?' I asked; and he said—

'Well, I think not, Eva dear. She'll be so delighted at her expectations being realized that she'll air the fact, and then you will have no peace.'

About an hour after this I put on my balmorals, did my dress up in the most symmetrical vandykes, put on a sea-king's palette, and a cavalier hat and scarlet feather, and sallied forth into the snow-covered park in search of a sprig of holly befitting the occasion. I did not claim Mr. Lionel's escort, for I wanted to be alone to realize my new prospects.

At a short distance from the house I met Captain Villars. 'Are you going to join the others, Miss Travers?' he asked. And I told him 'No; what others? and don't stop me, please; I'm to get something and go in and dress for dinner.'

'Don't be in such haste to quit me,' he said, rather mournfully. 'I'm going away to-morrow.'

'Going away?'

'Yes,' he said, stoutly. 'It's no use a man making an offer when he knows he'll be refused. But I can't stop any longer and witness your indifference.' And then seeing that I looked sorry, I suppose, he went on, 'And it makes my blood boil to see a woman I respect as I do Mrs. Fitzgerald, tolerate and encourage a heartless scoundrel.'

I did not condescend to reply to this attack on Lionel, but I drew myself up indignantly, and pruned off on my high heels like a badger. I tried to think that it was of no consequence, and that I had just as soon it was so. But all the time I felt sore and annoyed that Captain Villars should despise and condemn, however unjustly, the man I was going to marry.

'In spite of him having loved me in vain himself,' I said to myself, romantically, as I walked in the direction of a thick holly hedge, 'I hope that in time, when I'm married, Captain Villars will do justice to Lionel's noble qualities, and that we shall all be friends.' I attributed noble qualities to Lionel on the strength of his eye, ring large and plaintive, and his nose delicately chiselled; and I thought his judgment sound, naturally enough, because he had chosen me!

The holly hedge ran along straight for a considerable distance, and then curled itself round in a small circle, in the centre of which stood an arbutus. On no portion of the straight part could I find a sprig that fulfilled all my requirements. I wanted plenty of berries, not in heavy masses, but judiciously sprinkled amongst the leaves. I could have pleased myself in Michel's or Eagle's ever so much sooner, I was fain to confess, as I grew bluer momentually in the search. At last I came to the circle, the entrance to which was nearly blocked up by the branches of the arbutus, and there, full in view, but at an elevation which I could not attain from the sunken path on which I stood, was a magnificent spray of holly.

Its leaves were vivid, glossy, gem-like, and its berries were so fairly placed between and about them, that I counted what I had given utterance to respecting Michel's and Eagle's. The ground inside was considerably higher, it was thickly turfled, and in addition to this, the snow lay in frozen masses, for the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate the recesses of that gloomy little nook.

'I must have it,' I said, and stepped into the magic circle which was to be the means of disclosing to me many things; and scarcely had I entered it when I heard voices coming up the path behind.

I did not recognize the voices till they approached my nook, where I had no fancy for being discovered getting the holly that Lionel admired. But when they came close I found that the disturbers of my solitude were Mrs. Fitzgerald and the man to whom I had betrothed myself.

Her tones were passionate and warm; his low, distinct, and calm; they both fell clearly upon my ears; and from the moment I heard her first words, for Blanche's sake, as well as my own, I could not betray myself.

'I have told you the truth,' she said; 'what is your answer to it, Lionel?'

'That I cannot ask you to sacrifice so much to my selfish, love, dearest,' he answered tenderly. 'No, Blanche, I am not so careless of you, as you, even though loving me, had supposed. I cannot ask you to be my wife, dear, since it would cost you so much.'

I covered down trembling with rage in my secluded nook as the pair paused at the entrance.

'If you would not count the cost, she murmured fondly, 'I could bear poverty, even penury with you, Lionel, rather than be the mistress of the Firs with an empty, blighted heart.'

There was such simple womanly eloquence in her soul-fraught tones! My sympathies were all with her—with this woman who loved with a self-sacrificing love the man who asked me to marry him that morning.

What a double game he had been playing to bring such a climax about!

'Do not tempt me,' he said; 'for your own sake do not tempt me to make you violate the condition of that cruel will. I should be a coward to win you from such a place and position to share such a fate as mine.'

'Then why have you won my heart?' she cried with a great sob. And then I heard her light footsteps flying away, and I was left alone with only a hedge intervening between myself and this perjured man, who had won my promise to be his wife, though he affected love for another woman at the time, and only abstained from wedding her because I was the richer prize.

I read our mutual self-deceptions aright at that moment. I knew that poor Blanche had unconsciously deceived me, and that I had unconsciously deceived her, and that Lionel had wittingly deceived us both. But I did not see my way clearly out of this mass of deception yet; for I was engaged to this man; and I could not shame my friend by letting her know that I had heard that which would honourably relieve me from Mr. Poole.

I saw it all as I covered under the holly hedge and he stood chewing the end of meditation outside. I saw how he had fooled us both to the top of our bent till he had learnt which of the two was the richer woman. He had finally decided in my favour, though why he had done so before Mrs. Fitzgerald had told him (as I gathered from her broken words that she had done) that she would lose her possessions by a second marriage, I was at a loss to imagine.

I shrank from the idea of going out and disclosing myself, and yet he made no move, and it was getting near the drossing hour and I was very cold! I could not feel sentimental, do all I would. This man seemed to me too thoroughly base and mean, with his rickrack and calculations, for me to waste a thought about again. But I had liked him very much before I knew him to be the mere mercenary man he was; while, in fact, he was still an Apollo to me, and I did not desire to put him to the open confusion of coming out and detecting him. So I covered behind my hedge and gazed at my holly spray fondly: I resolved to wear it still on its own merits entirely, and not for the sake of my recreant lover, Lionel Poole.

He had stood perfectly quiescent for some minutes, apparently quite staggered by the sudden flight of Mrs. Fitzgerald, but he came back to animation with a laugh presently, and exclaimed—

‘By Jove! that pomost spray would be the very thing for little Eva—killed two birds with one stone by coming here—I gained a true statement of the widow’s finances, and I mean to gain a head-dress that will completely subjugate her vain little heart for Miss Travers.’

I had resolved upon wearing that holly spray, but I felt that I could not take it from his hands! So now I rose from my crouching posture with an immense effort—drew myself up to my full height, which isn’t colossal, and jumped at the coveted prize. He heard my efforts to gain it, and he saw a gauntlet glove gather the little spray, but he did not see me, nor did he suspect it was me, for he walked away with a muttered impression for having been overheard by any one.

I tore back to the house and arrayed myself in a rush for dinner. I gathered all my golden curls in a mass behind, and fastened them with a jet comb, from which descended the precious sprig of holly in the search for which I had found the blessed truth that saved me from being that miserable thing, a wife married for her money. Then I went down to dinner, and had the satisfaction of seeing that Mr. Lionel Poole was considerably agitated by the sign thereof.

‘Don’t go away to-morrow,’ I whispered to Captain Villars when the gentlemen joined us after dinner. And he said, ‘No, he wouldn’t, if I really meant it.’ Lionel Poole was rather *distrait* for a time, but he recovered himself as the evening went, and came up to me as I sat on the sofa by Mrs. Fitzgerald, for we had not got up a charade that night.

‘I want you to play me something,’ he said; and when I rose and walked to the piano, he whispered—

‘On the whole, Eva, dearest, I think you had better tell your friend of our engagement at once—that is, to-night. I shall leave the Firs early in the morning, and I could wish you to curtail your visit in order that we may meet in London again soon. I shall see your father to-morrow.’

‘There will be no occasion for your doing so, Mr. Poole,’ I answered, ‘and though I think it will be a becoming thing on your part to leave the Firs as soon as possible, still I must beg that you will not consider me in the matter at all.’

‘Why, Eva!’ he said, ‘I don’t like transformations usually, but this less than any I have ever seen.’

He tried to take my hand, and I could not avoid recoiling, for I felt how base he must have been to have won such a passionate protest from Blanche Fitzgerald.

‘Hodges have ears,’ Mr. Poole, I replied, ‘and the next time you propose making two offers in one day with reservations, don’t let it be behind a thick holly fence.’

I pointed as I spoke to my vivid brilliant ornament, and he glanced at it and accepted his defeat.

‘Then you were there?’ he said presently.

‘I was there,’ I replied, ‘and though I have nothing to tell Mrs. Fitzgerald, I shall say good-bye to you when I leave the room to-night. She shall not hear anything from me, therefore she will think you one degree better than you are—which will still leave you not too bright an object of contemplation.’

‘I will show you that I am not so wholly bad,’ he said. And I did not believe him then. But this year I am compelled to admit there was a strong alloy of goodness in this man to whom I was engaged for two hours before I married Captain Villars. For I have just had a note from Blanche (Fitzgerald no longer) asking us to spend Christmas with them in the new handsome Kensington mansion Lionel Poole worked so hard to gain when he found that the woman who loved him would lose ‘The Firs’ for his sake.

And this result would never have been obtained had I not gone in search of a sprig of holly. A. H. T.
—London Society.

THE SELF-ACCUSING NATURE OF CRIME.

We are so constituted that although external circumstances may conspire to conceal our crime, yet retribution commences immediately after its commission. No sooner has the murderer accomplished his full purpose, than the agonies of an aroused accusing conscience begin to torment him. Sleep forsakes his eyelids, the darkness of the night is peopled with horrible phantoms. They crowd around his pillow, and shriek the name of the dark crime into his ear. Daylight brings no relief, for though he go forth into the busy world, and mingle with the bustling crowds of his fellow-men, though he tries to lose himself in the distraction of guilt; yet in all its scenes the phantom is at his elbow, gazing at him with its hollow eyes, appalling him with its speechless accusations, and high above the noise of many voices, the strains of music, the roar of cannon, or the peal of thunder, the death shriek of his victim rings through his soul, for the powers of nature as well as the hand of man are alike directed against him as against one common

enemy. What a fallacy is crime, seeing that it makes a brave man fear life more than death. And not only is this self-inflicting retribution attendant upon murder, the highest of all crimes, but in a proportionate degree it accompanies every infringement of the moral law. We may commit crime without detection, but we can no more commit crime without punishment than we can infuse poison into the blood without injury. It is one of the most subtle workings of our internal constitution, and is in strict keeping with the analogies of nature. We expose our physical constitutions to the action of forces inimical to it, whether of damp, cold, or heat, and we suffer accordingly; and if we expose our moral constitution to the action of crime, we must entail upon ourselves, as an inevitable consequence, the punishment of an avenging conscience—a moral palsy, a wounded self-respect, a loss of that conscious rectitude which can alone make a man decisive in action, bold in danger, and generous and good in all things. Take a case in point. There is a man who has broken the laws of his country, has stolen, perjured, or forged; the vengeance of social justice overtakes him, he is deprived of the rights of citizenship, and confined in prison, whence, after an assigned period, he comes out, and we say his punishment is over—it is not so, his punishment is going on within, and will probably go on as long as he lives. He has lost caste, has stilled his self-respect; henceforth he will never feel the same proud integrity amongst his fellow-men; there is a foul brand on his forehead, a felon-feeling in his heart, which will make his lips falter when he pronounces the words of probity and honour, for they will fall from him like lies. Society may welcome him back, may honour him with her most distinguished gifts; but in vain; he will drag the fetid corpse of his moral life through all the world’s fairest scenes, and though men may bow before him, yet the applause of honesty will be his most bitter reproach, for to himself he will always be a lost ruined man. Such is the terrible price of the departure from rectitude. Human law may assign punishment, but it cannot atone for the loss of that feeling of spotless honour, that consciousness of innocence which once gone can never be regained, and that whispering of the accusing self which will blight the fairest life and blast the happiest hour.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE REIGN OF LAW.

The power of forward motion is given to birds, first by the direction in which the whole wing feathers are set, and next by the structure given to each feather in itself. The wing feathers are all set backwards, that is, in the direction opposite to that in which the bird moves, whilst each feather is at the same time so constructed as to be strong and rigid towards its base, and extremely flexible and elastic towards its end. On the other hand the front of the wing, along the greater part of its length, is a stiff hard edge, wholly unelastic and unyielding to the air. The anterior and posterior webs of each feather are adjusted on the same principle. The consequence of this disposition of the parts as a whole, and of this construction of each of the parts, is, that the air which is struck and compressed in the hollow of the wing, being unable to escape through the wing, owing to the closing upwards of the feathers against each other, and being also unable to escape forwards owing to the rigidity of the bones and of the quills in that direction, finds its easiest escape backwards. In passing backwards it lifts by its force the elastic ends of the feathers, and thus whilst effecting this escape, in obedience to the law of action and reaction, it communicates, in its passage along the whole line of both wings, a corresponding push forwards to the body of the bird. By this elaborate mechanical contrivance the same volume of air is made to perform the double duty of yielding pressure enough to sustain the bird’s weight against the force of gravity, and also of communicating to it a forward impulse. The bird, therefore, has nothing to do but to repeat with the requisite velocity and strength its perpendicular blows upon the air, and by virtue of the structure of its wings the same blow both sustains and propels it.—*Good Words.*



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