

THE BULLFROG.

Nec sumit aut ponit securus,
Arbitrio popularis aura.

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THE NEW MOTIVE PRINCIPLE.

The cautious manner in which the people of this Province have received the splendid promises of the delegates and their supporters, recalls to our mind a conversation which takes place between HAWKSLEY and MILDMAY, in the most popular of TOM TAYLOR'S comedies. HAWKSLEY, is particularly anxious that MILDMAY should take shares in the "Inexplosible Galvanic Boat Company," but his arguments in favor of the project do not carry conviction to the heart of his dispassionate listener. With reference to shares, HAWKSLEY, who would have made a capital delegate, says:—"Another week, and you'd not have had a chance. Perhaps it would be as well, though, before you connect yourself with it, that I should give you, briefly, an idea of our scheme, our means of carrying it out, and its probable results." MILDMAY, thinks so too, and his companion continues, in truly delegatic style:—"Steam, it has been often remarked, is yet in its infancy—galvanism, if I may be allowed the comparison, is unborn. Our company proposes to play midwife to this mysterious power, which, like Hercules, is destined to strangle steam in the cradle. But, to do this effectually, is the work of no mere every-day speculator. We require a plan of operations calculated on a solid and comprehensive basis. You follow me." To this, MILDMAY, (an intelligent practical man, such as Mr. STAIRS, or Mr. JONES) replies:—"A solid and comprehensive basis? I suppose that means a good lot of money?"

HAWKSLEY. "Precisely. Money is the sinews of industry, as of war. Now, to anticipate events a little, (after the manner of Messrs. Wier, Lynch and J. Tobin), let us throw ourselves into the future, and imagine our Company at work. We have created between the Ports of the West of Ireland and the United States, Mexico, the West India Islands, and Brazil, a line of galvanic boats—rapid, economical, safe, and regular. For rapidity, we can give four knots an hour to the fastest steamer yet built. As for safety, our galvanic engines can't blow up." MILDMAY then puts the question:—"But suppose the Company should? Companies do blow up sometimes, don't they?" To which HAWKSLEY replies:—"Bubbles do, but not such Companies as this. But, to resume, (in the style of the Reporter, Express, &c., when telling us—to purge our minds of former prejudices, &c.): economy we ensure, by getting rid of coal altogether—using instead our new motive principle. That is our secret at present. But (this sentence reminds us of Mr. McCully's style) you will at once perceive, as an intelligent man of business, the incalculable consequences that must follow from the employment of a new motive principle—which combines the essential qualities of a motive principle—the maximum of speed and the minimum of cost. * * * However, to return to our plan of operations. At one blow, we destroy Liverpool—next, we destroy Bristol—that is, when I say destroy, we reduce her to a second-rate port. She will still have the coasting and fruit trade, and may do a little in turtle. We destroy Hull—"

"But stop—stop—stop," says MILDMAY, "I've property in Liverpool, and you're going to destroy everything. I was thinking—"

"Pray speak out. The suggestions of a new, fresh mind are invaluable," continues HAWKSLEY, after the manner of a delegate courting free discussion. "I was thinking," says MILDMAY, "that, as the general interest is made up of particular interests, if you destroy the particular interests, perhaps the general interest may not be so much benefited after all."—"Ah," replies HAWKSLEY—"there you get into an abstruse field of speculation."—"Do I?" says

MILDMAY. "It seems clear enough to me." To which the other replies:—"That's because you take a shallow view of the case."

Now, it seems to us that the delegates and their friends have all along been arguing in much the same strain as HAWKSLEY. They have been trying to destroy everything by means of a "new motive power" which was to electrify us all. That "motive power" has, however, never been satisfactorily explained to those quiet, sensible, work-a-day business men of which MILDMAY is a type. We have our MILDMAYS in Nova Scotia as in London, and they are men not to be put down by the assertion that—"they take a shallow view of the case." They may possibly take a shallow view of the Federation scheme, inasmuch as they can see to the bottom of it, despite the efforts of the delegates to direct their vision towards cloud land. That the delegates have really worked themselves up to a thorough and implicit belief in their magnificent prognostications, we do not for a moment doubt:—men, hardly, if at all their inferiors, as regards intellect and education, have e'er now shown faith in matters repugnant to the common sense of the world in general—Dr. JOHNSON believed in the Cock Lane ghost.—WHATELEY had a leaning towards table turning, and spirit rapping! But neither JOHNSON nor WHATELEY thought proper to quarrel with those whose faith in the marvellous fell short of theirs,—why, then, should the Unionist writers quarrel with those who cannot see in Federation a panacea for all the ills that thinly populated colonies are heirs to? That they do so, is manifest from such passages as the following—taken at random from columns of similar verbiage:—"It is clear that in the country the Anti-Union feeling now existing have manifested so formidable a front, were it not for a few ambitious but disappointed third rate politicians, with an old political hack or two thrown in, saw a prospect of overthrowing the Government, &c. &c." Now, supposing the Anti-Unionists to be all they are here represented to be, it is apparent they must have an uncommonly strong cause to plead so successfully against that vast array of talent to be met with in the ranks of the Unionists. But this reflection, has, doubtless, never occurred to those writers who, like HAWKSLEY, think to silence an opponent by saying—"You take a shallow view of the case." Yet, oddly enough, the brilliant, dashing, clever HAWKSLEY, was outwitted and confounded by the easy going, quiet, matter of fact MILDMAY, and the magnificent scheme of the "Inexplosible Galvanic Boat Company" fell to the ground, because people were slow to recognise the merits of HAWKSLEY'S "new motive principle."

Now, let us briefly consider the "new motive principle" of the delegates and their supporters, as also the means whereby we must fashion our minds to rightly comprehend the same. The delegatic scheme resembles that of the "Inexplosible Galvanic Boat Company" in at least one particular—"to carry it out effectually is the work of no mere every-day speculator." This is most true: the Federation question cannot (according to the local press) even be approached without adopting precautions similar to those observed by men about to enter upon a severe course of physic. We must, of course, beware of Quacks, who—"enter the arena of controversy, not for the purpose of guiding the public to a right conclusion, but throwing themselves into the argument from the mean and sordid motives of self aggrandizement and partisan triumph." (Reporter, 9th Feb.) Nor must we make the smallest allowance for any habits we may have hitherto contracted, inasmuch as habit, being only ten times nature, might possibly interfere with the working of the regimen, especially designed for our use—viz—"No narrow sectional views should be permitted to enter the discussion; no

... feelings should be suffered to bias the judgment, &c." Advice is undeniable, and it is of course imperative that we declare ourselves ready for the last grand dose, our system should be in a healthy state of "serenity and patriotism," in order that the medicine should effectually perform its work—As a matter of course, "all artifice and trickery should be avoided," for "to deceive our fellow citizens * * * is to commit an offence against the country which must "for ever stamp the deceivers with infamy and disgrace." Having thus far followed implicitly the regimen of our Federation adviser, it is the policy of the latter to work upon our nervous system until we are in a fit state to swallow the "new motive principle" which is to be to us an elixir of long life and unchequered prosperity. With this object in view, we are "called upon to mark well the events occurring "around us; to reflect on the consequences of a patched up "peace between the North and South; to remember the host "of idle and reckless men who will be cast adrift without "homes or occupations, &c. &c." At this period of mental despondency, we are compelled to go through a course of reading extracted from the columns of the *N. Y. Herald*, and then:—the "new motive principle" is triumphantly explained by two sentences—UNION IS DEFENCE! UNION IS MORAL STATUS! Now, we defy the delegates and the whole Federation party, to satisfactorily prove that a union with Canada would in any way whatever add to our powers of resistance. Our militia are already prepared to start for the Canadian frontier should Lord MONCK require their services. What more could we do were Federation accomplished? Nothing! If, as Mr. McCULLY wishes to impress upon our young men, our position is less defensible than that of Canada, what would Canadians do for us were we in danger? Are they prepared to come to our assistance as we are prepared to go to theirs? If they are, we are as strong without Federation as with it? If they are not, they are unworthy an alliance with us for any purpose whatever—political, social, or mercantile. Those who (like Mr. McCULLY) affirm that we cannot, without Federation, count upon Canadian support for defence against England's foes, are the bitterest enemies of Federation that have yet come before the public. But, says a Unionist,—"four millions of people united under one nationality and "guided by one chieftain, are better than four millions divided into six separate and distinct provinces, and led by "six different leaders." To this we reply, that in case of war, all B. N. America would be under one military leader, and the individuality of the several Provinces would be no more regarded than are the individuality of regiments serving under one General Officer, or of allies under the control of one Commander-in-Chief. During the Crimean war, the English, French, Turks, and Sardinians, could not have fought better had they all been "united under one nationality." While on the subject of defence, we may notice a theory of Mr. McCULLY's, which is quite refreshing from its novelty. That gentleman is of opinion that Nova Scotia's weakness lies in *her large extent of sea coast!* The idea is original, as coming from a citizen of the most powerful naval empire in the world.

We now come to the consideration of Union, with reference to an improved moral status. This question is one of extreme delicacy, inasmuch as it implies that at present we ought to be rather ashamed of our position than otherwise—a consideration to be put aside unless clearly proven. To our thinking, there are few things more to be dreaded than an abiding consciousness of a status which requires constant looking after, lest it should fail to impress those around us. The majority of mankind cannot spare time to ponder upon the dignity attaching to their moral status,—indeed, so long as men keep within the pale of the law, they seldom trouble themselves with speculations as to the moral greatness of the land of their birth. There are, beyond doubt, certain times when enthusiasm is allowable—may more, when it is pardonable in expression and healthy in its immediate results. When the QUEEN visits the Opera in State, and takes her seat while COSTA's band plays the National Anthem, even the most used up rotary of fashion acknowledges a certain amount of bona fide enthusiasm:—The stirring strains of "Rule Britannia," striking upon the ear as some enormous Iron-clad glides off the stocks amid deafening cheers, are also productive of a certain amount of healthy excitement:—an aspiring ensign is well nigh ready to burst with emotion, as, bearing aloft his Country's flag, he "marches past" to the

music of the "British Grenadiers." All this sort of thing is excellent in its way, but still, as a rule, communities are not led to appreciate political revolutions in the hope of obtaining an increased moral status in the eyes of the world in general. But, would we, after all, gain much individual self importance by an alliance with Canada? We fancy not. What extra weight would we gain by styling ourselves "British Americans" instead of "Nova Scotians?" Would the Hall Porters at the White House, or the Yeomen of the Guard at St. James's Palace, look longer at us by reason of the change? No—a mere change of name will not raise our status in the eyes of the world, however much it may eventually tend to lower us in our own eyes. We have hitherto progressed steadily, and none can accuse us of having been slow to appreciate the status we have laboriously attained. But let us not, all of a sudden, fancy that we ought to be ashamed of our progress, because our delegates hanker after the flesh pots of Ottawa. We have hitherto lived and prospered in ignorance of our moral and physical degradation; we have been content with our status, as British subjects, ready to do our utmost towards maintaining British supremacy in the West; we can still, under Providence, go on and prosper. But, according to the Federation party—"something must be done." So say we. Let the delegates forbear from telling us that we are a miserable, unprotected, misguided people, wanting in energy, in nationality, and in loyalty. No more of such appeals in favor of a "new motive principle" so eminently distasteful to us. We may be throwing away riches and losing golden opportunities,—but leave us to ourselves—

"He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen."

"Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all."

HOW WE APPROACH THE GREAT QUESTION.

It is somewhat lamentable, but nevertheless true, that all the cautions, exhortations, and threats, fired off at the Nova Scotian public, with a view of inducing it to consider a great question calmly, have—judging from results—hitherto widely missed their mark. For our own part we never expected that matters could have turned out otherwise. It were ridiculous to imagine a country precociously addicted to political squabbles, behaving with decency, or capable of showing any respectable reservation of opinion upon the greatest question ever set before it. Where every citizen is more or less of a politician, (i. e. imagines himself to be one), it is only natural that, as in the neighboring States, everybody derives pleasure from making his voice heard upon subjects, of the details of which he is totally ignorant. How delighted we have always been to observe in the neighboring republic the "scum coming to the surface," when grave matters were balancing in the political scales! How we plume ourselves upon the reflection, that we are not as other men are on this side of the Atlantic! We at all events have no scum coming to the surface, or if such an accident befalls us, the scum rises unbidden, and will most certainly disappear as rapidly as it appeared. Personalities—scurrilities—and all that seeks to attack the arguments of a public man by the exposure of his private life—receive no countenance from a Nova Scotian public. A man of the GORDON BENNETT stamp could not edit a journal in Halifax for three days with success! We hate American political warfare, and adhere to those traditions which will make (as the Federalists boast) a new Britain on the borders of the Canadian lakes. So we dream and so we preach; but the Yankee element has prevailed in Nova Scotia, to the great discomfiture of those who cry peace when there is no peace, and the Confederation question is now being fought out after the much approved methods of Yankee warfare. This is easily demonstrated by the tone taken by the press at this crisis of our national existence. Were we to believe the inflammatory scribbles on both sides, whose only apparent object is to turn ink into fire, their political opponents result after dessert in an apotheosis of their leaders. This being the actual state of the case, it is somewhat laughable to observe that the fire being well kindled and blazing brightly, some puny persons still attempt to put it out by a deluge of platitudes. Sounding sentences are poured forth upon the correct method of approaching grave questions—the very manner of march towards such things, with quaking knees and upturned eyes, are suggested for our consideration. Alas! we fear such homilies are somewhat late, and fall upon unheeding ears.

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THE BULLFROG.

If we look upon the manner in which this great question is actually approached, a kaleidoscopic jumble of fierce, ridiculous, and Lilliputian popular demonstrations first attracts our attention. The Anti-Federalists are as much to blame in this matter as their opponents. According to the former Mr. HENRY approached Confederation and a cruel death simultaneously at Antigonish—his eyes sparkling with baffled ecstacy—an open upper window before him, and a howling crowd at his back. Like the councillors of king Ferdinand, at Prague, Mr. HENRY was within an ace of being thrown out of the window, but it is highly questionable whether, like the Austrian gentlemen in question, a hospitable dunghoop had been prepared for his reception beneath. Even the Anti-Federalists must admit that but scanty chance was afforded the Attorney General to "approach the great question soberly" on this occasion.

Let us turn from this sad spectacle to one of shouts, cheers and feasting. In remote districts the Anti-Federalists are severe upon their enemies, the cordiality they afforded to their supporters is undeniable. Nay more; if their organs are to be believed, such cordiality is rendered politically valueless, since there is no opposition to be overcome. Mr. RAY, a gentleman new to politics, or rather new to provincial politics, his efforts having been hitherto confined to the canvass of one county, was deified in a country village, and half a column of the great leading journal is devoted to the record of his progress. His course was cheered "every mile or two by the addition of noble hearted true liberals of Wilmot." A handsome coach and four noble grays driven by Mr. ALFRED GATES, met him on his progress. The procession was about three quarters of a mile in length. It (?) dined at Mr. Gates's Hotel, now kept by Mr. CROMWELL DODGE. So say the Anti-Federalists, and a more cheering picture cannot be imagined.

For our own part the handsome coach suggests either, exaggeration on the part of the historian or an interruption of the mail traffic for the day in question. Whether the abduction of a carriage from the postal service could have led to the furnishing of a handsome coach for Mr. RAY, we must leave it for those of our readers who have travelled to decide. We may be in error, but hope, for the sake of the mails, that a simple double waggon was used on the occasion—and a better one than those commonly found in the Annapolis valley. Be this as it may, a procession three quarters of a mile in length in a Nova Scotian country village smacks somewhat of Baron Munchausen, however much the un-Cromwell-like dodge of tempting the voters by a dinner, may have assisted to swell its ranks. Mr. RAY in his coach and four, doubtless approached the Federation question with respect, calmness and sobriety. The historian of his progress, however, makes us fancy that the sum is coming to the surface in the form of gross exaggeration, and what is almost worse, unintelligible English. The latter is inexcusable. In a blazing description of Mr. RAY's entry into the handsome coach, this scribbler says—"Cheers rent the air as Mr. RAY took his seat, not only in this coach, but if possible, still more in the hearts of the noble, loyal, and true hearted yeomen of Wilmot." The question may fairly be asked, whether the operation of seating himself in the coach was simultaneous with the increased grant of affection to Mr. RAY, from the noble, loyal, and true hearted burghers of Wilmot? and if so, why? did they not love him before? Did the grace exhibited by his action in entering the coach add to the number of his friends? We cannot say. Mr. RAY sat down in the coach at one moment, and in the twinkling of the same eye reposed still more on the hearts of his loyal constituents. There is only one possible solution for so wonderful an enigma. The idea meant to be conveyed may be this: Mr. RAY's seat in the coach was somewhat insecure, owing to the construction of the vehicle. His friends admired his audacity in entering it at all, and a new burst of affection and enthusiasm was the result. That he was more firmly seated in their hearts than it was possible for any mortal to be in the coach, we can easily imagine, and in this manner Mr. RAY approached the great question. The smaller Anti-confederates are indeed a little choice in their selection of political weapons as their opponents. Even the *Chronicle* on one occasion put forth a hint, which, unless founded on strong presumptive evidence, had better have been left unwritten. We allude to the remarks of that journal on the non delivery of Anti-confederate newspapers in the country. Such hints as these are as open to moral actions for damages as the assertions of the Unionists about leagues, railroad touts and other absurdities of a simi-

lar nature.—We had intended to say something in this manner in which some Federalists approach the question. Mr. RAY however, has detained us too long, and we postpone our further remarks until next week.

RINKIANA

The Rink! The dear Rink!! The dear old Rink!!! Long may it wave! *Estote perpetua!* with a towel or two in the dressing-room, if its not asking to much, and the "refreshments" in a tent outside or t'resbouts. As we grow old we get careless of concealing our foibles, and it would give us no uneasiness if the wide world knew how, in the young days of the rink—"the infancy of the institution," to speak respectfully—we gazed by the hour at the marvellous construction, waiting most anxiously for the horses to come out, and wondering how the elephant ever got in; boring everybody we met with reckless enquiries as to the chances of its bursting, or when it was likely to be launched—And later, when we were wiser, and we came to know that it was *not* a menagerie, or a powder magazine or refuge for the poor commissioners when the rainbow came to grief, we joined the little band—few, few but undismayed—who set their faces against the whole affair: who stood afar off and were pointed at; and wondered whether, after all, Miller wasn't very near the mark; or whether they must come down again from their housetops, and wait patiently till some yet surer sign should be given them, that the world was being rapidly wound up, and creation was going hopelessly mad.

And afterwards when somebody gave us a ticket and our prejudices gave in; when at last we listened to reason and took the fatal step. Poor Muller! As we recall our first day's rinking, we almost fancy how he felt. Time and again in our walks round the Basin we have tried to confine our Elsonian companion to something like three miles an hour by speculating helplessly upon the probable impressions which the first sight of that thing—the railway engine—would awaken in the savage breast, and whether it was likely to act upon it like music. We are fond of the marvellous and often had we pictured to ourselves over our solitary pipe, odd, impossible things, as a pauper on a jury, or a policeman with a handkerchief, or a cabman with a conscience; till away they went, vast legions of anomalies rolling over each other in clouds of birds' eye, till our whole room seemed transformed into a presentation copy of the Inferno magnificently illustrated. We can scarcely be expected to admit it, but there's nothing like candour, and we may as well confess, that upon our first experience of a lady on skates, our feelings as wonder-makers are not only to be compared to Gibson's as a sculpsor at the sight of the glorious Bronze. We couldn't help feeling how little all the labor of our life had achieved.

It doesn't follow that we are old and infirm, because we remember so clearly the chorus of the "horror-stricken," "the virtuous indignation" (to the best of our recollection) the "Gracious Goodness" and the "Goodness Gracious" with which the first red petticoat was greeted upon the Dartmouth Lakes. But this is the rink and antiquarians are not admitted. There they go all of them, bless their little hearts! round and round and round. That? That Miss E——. Before the brick sidewalks, she went to Bermuda at the end of every February, and returned at the beginning of June—because in the then state of the streets at that season of the year, her skirts and her scruples were sure to come to blows and in those days, if you remember, "people stared so." "People" my dear Miss C——, are very much the same now—they have not grown particularly abstemious in their "staring" nor have we ever heard of your leaving your ankles in the dressing-room, whenever you put on your skates; but your stockings—don't be angry—are a prettier shade, so much more becoming than *blue*. And then the Chaperons, the dear old frozen souls. Sitting there by the hour, with the Mercury out of sight, wrapt in admiration of their respective "darlings," and consoling each other for having been born so soon.

So the world settles down to everything. Bull-fighting on the Common is only a question of time. We have seen a German Opera House all but deserted until the Ballet begins; when every seat is filled, and every glass is under way, and every voice is hushed, and to cough, is to die without mercy. And then, when the *premiere danseuse* gets herself *en pose*, perched upon tip-toe, like an open umbrella fixed in

and, then the pent up 'Bravas' of papas and mamas and women and brave men break loose and get away with a shower of bouquets, in a style that would have started a riot at Temperance Hall. We're no better than our neighbours, and we have gone with the current. We have bought ourselves skates, we have been knocked down abundantly and have entered, as far as possible, into the "spirit of the evening." But it won't do, it's always the same. We seem in the very centre of all the traffic of the world; we are never rid of the idea that we are surrounded on all sides by steam-engines without whistles, and that the "Express" may be down upon us at any moment.

But 'three times three' (all together gentlemen) for the heroes who are 'agreeable' in such a place—the "ladies' men" of the Rink. Sir Richard Macdonnell will have a place in history, and will be remembered as the "bravest man in England," until Hongomont has been forgotten. And have we no Walhalla for the brave men, the much deserving, who can be "so nice" under such arduous circumstances.

We declare, as an act of justice to ourselves, that, as in duty bound, the "irrepressible conflict for ascendancy between crinolines and magna charta rags incessantly within us—are we not Britains? But if the ladies are not so readily recognised hereafter as the weaker portion of creation," the blame must be borne by the rink. The example of the good samaritan, says a voice from the Treasury—Bench, must be sadly thrown away upon him who could look on at a distance upon a lady in distress without bringing his donkey to the fore. Samaritans didnt skate, my dear ladies, and then donkeys were not rough shod. And pray show some consideration for our unhappy friend's nerves; pity the sorrows of the poor young man—He is willing enough in Spirit, if the truth were known, though unfortunately innocent of the outside edge. But see, he has heard you, the poor fellow's off!

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

No. I.

SCENE.—A well furnished Dining Room.—Time, 7, P. M.—An Englishman and a Haligonian are talking together over their wine.

HAL.—You say that Halifax is a dull town: I am sorry that you find it so: I had hoped that you would have taken back to the old country, some pleasurable recollections of our city.

ENGL.—So I shall, many pleasurable recollections of a private, social nature,—but it is not every stranger that has had the good fortune to note, as I have done, the difference between the inner and the outer life of Haligonians. You must remember, that the majority of those who pass through your city, form their opinions of Nova Scotians somewhat hastily, and—

HAL.—Exactly: the vast majority of Englishmen, form their notions of a colony in twenty-four hours. If within that period, they see a good deal that reminds them of England, they are satisfied,—if within the same period, they see anything un-English, they condemn the colony, without troubling their heads whether a British colonist may not, without compromising his loyalty, suit himself to circumstances rather than follow a fashion which his fellow colonists cannot rightly appreciate.

ENGL.—There is a good deal of truth in what you say; but I had no intention of drawing you into a discussion upon English peculiarities. I admit, that Englishmen are as a rule, too fond of judging all mankind with reference only to an English standard, but I cannot see what such an admission has to do with the dullness of Halifax. I said, and I repeat it, Halifax is a dull town—a remarkably dull town, and, I ask you, as a Haligonian, why it is so.

HAL.—My good sir, you must recollect, that in a young country, such as ours, you cannot fairly expect all the enjoyments of London or Paris. Pray consider:

ENGL.—I have considered: I anticipate all you can say on the subject: I did not expect to find in Halifax, a London or a Paris, but I did expect that 30,000 people of Anglo-Saxon origin would support some public place of amusement. I was mistaken, you have no Theatre, no concert room, no music hall, in a word—you have nothing to interest a stranger visiting your city—is it not so?

HAL.—You are quite correct—our city offers few attrac-

tions to strangers. But, on the other hand, we are, beyond all doubt, a moral people.

ENGL.—Granted—but are your morals materially improved by the absence of all legitimate amusements? I see that a Foundling Hospital is needed in Halifax, and if I remember aright, some startling revelations were brought to light on cross-examining the witnesses in the trial of Mr. WOODILL for manslaughter.

HAL.—It is too true;—but, in all parts of the world young men are much alike.

ENGL.—Of course, I don't, for one moment, mean to imply that youthful Haligonians are a whit worse than other young men:—what I mean, is, this,—would we, as a people, be less wicked, if we contented some nocturnal amusement—say, a theatre, or a music hall?

HAL.—Well, you see,—we have a prejudice against such entertainments—I hardly know why. It is difficult to make Englishmen comprehend our social peculiarities in this respect.

ENGL.—Can you quote any one argument against theatricals, as subversive of social morality? Would you deem it wrong to see KEAN play Hamlet?

HAL.—Assuredly not. All who feel pride in claiming kindred with the land which gave Shakspeare birth, must rejoice to see Shakspeare's plays perpetuated on the British stage. The man who would turn his back on the legitimate drama, as immortalised by Shakspeare, would forfeit all claim to be regarded as an Englishman.

ENGL.—But, would KEAN draw a full house at the Spring Garden Theatre? Would TAMBERLIK & TIETJENS, playing together in DON GIOVANNI, insure a crowded audience? What say you,

HAL.—I don't think they would.

ENGL.—Have Haligonians, then, no taste, either for the drama, or for music?

HAL.—On the contrary, Sir,—they have a keen appreciation of dramatic excellence, and an undeniable ear for music.

ENGL.—How comes it then, that in the city of Halifax we have neither theatre or music hall?

HAL.—Sir, we are a trading community, and we have no time to spare upon frivolities.

ENGL.—But Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, &c., are also trading towns, and yet in these we recognise an inborn taste for theatricals, music, singing, &c., &c.

HAL.—Sir you are an Englishman, and I perceive in the whole tenor of your remarks, a disposition to sneer at Nova Scotia,—to disparage Nova Scotians,—and to exalt yourself.

ENGL.—Nay, believe me, I am a cosmopolite, I never sought to—

HAL.—Enough Sir,—you have thought proper to find fault with Halifax—and you must consequently be an upstart, mean, stupid, conceited, good for nothing, &c. &c.

ENGL.—Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud Without our special wonder.

Extrats.

THE POETRY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

The American struggle has of course generated, amongst other things, a plentiful crop of poetry. Equally of course, nine-tenths of the poetry is distinguishable from prose run mad only by the rhymes at the end of the lines and capital letters at the beginning. It seems indeed to be almost impossible even for a real poet to write a decently good poem about contemporary wars. The great social and intellectual movement which produced the wars of the French Revolution produced, in another direction, a great outburst of poetical genius in England. The poets would naturally, it might be thought, have derived their inspiration, or at least have taken their texts, from the history that was being acted round them. The fact was quite different. Two or three lyrics by Cambell are almost the only tolerably successful attempts to perform the poet's proverbial function of immortalizing heroes. The worst poem that either Sir Walter Scott or any one else ever wrote was the result of his rash attempt to describe the battle of Waterloo. If the Duke of Wellington's escape from oblivion had depended upon the poets instead of the daily press, his fame would have been by this time food for the rag collectors. The task which

seems most effectually that of sitting down and glorify such victories are peculiarly susceptible affects the official prod prize poems. Perhaps and the serious interest in the writer. The foetical prize appears to would natural y call fo ed that the competing and perfections of the exhausted," after whi cred themes were to l the titles of the latter sidered to have been' any permanent contri forth by the competi tion of making rhyth killing and being kil poverty of this clasi energy of authorship has become not a spi to order are very apt, with the sting taken

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THE BULLFROG.

seems most effectually to damp the brilliant imagination is that of sitting down and deliberately composing a poem to glorify such victories as the Nile or Waterloo. Such works are peculiarly susceptible to the never-failing blight which affects the official productions of all laureates and authors of prize poems. Perhaps the mere magnitude of the subject, and the serious interests involved, cause a fatal hesitation in the writer. The founder of a well-known University poetical prize appears to have thought that solemnity of subject would natural y call forth genius; and he accordingly directed that the competing exercises should treat of the "attributes and perfections of the Supreme Being until the subject was exhausted," after which, heaven, hell, death and other sacred themes were to be selected. Although it appears from the titles of the latter poems that all these subjects are considered to have been "exhausted," we are not aware that any permanent contributions to literature have been called forth by the competition. If the depression of spirit caused by the mere contrast between the apparently trivial occupation of making rhymes, and the apparently important one of killing and being killed, be not a sufficient explanation of poverty of this class of poetry, the want of spontaneous energy of authorship may account for it. The poet's mind has become not a springing well, but a pump; verses made to order are very apt, whatever their subjects, to be verses with the sting taken out.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if the American war has not yet given rise to any very startling display of poetical talent. The two or three poems which appear to have become popular must owe their celebrity to some quality utterly inappreciable by the European reader. To every quality that John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, although his soul is a-marching on. The statement has a strange half-humorous grimness which is not unimpressive, though no one would have guessed, from looking at it, that it formed a complete stanza in a poem. The verses which follow have an indefinite number of variations, and may probably be extemporized without much fear of offending the taste of an audience. The most popular ones consist of the assertions that "he's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord," that "John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back," that "his pet lambs will meet him on the way," and that "they (apparently the pet lambs) will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour-apple tree;" each verse being followed by the chorus about his (John Brown's) soul marching on. The whole production is sung to a Methodist hymn tune, and seems like a fragment of the o'd Puritan psalmody which has lost rhyme and reason from the un congenial company it is forced to keep. It is, notwithstanding, the nearest approach to a national air, expressing, as it does, the bitterest kind of fanaticism—that of the extreme Abolitionist party. The counter poem, which appears to have gained the greatest popularity in the South, is the well-known song beginning—

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

We must confess, however, that the Southern spirit appears, on the whole, to considerably better advantage in the field than on paper. It does not seem that a Korner has yet risen amongst them to combine the two, or perhaps his songs have not yet run the blockade. We cannot complain if the embryo poets of the South cannot spare time enough from more engrossing occupations. The two poems of which we have spoken, have given rise to innumerable adaptations and parodies. Indignant patriots suggest that if people must sing about John Brown, they might as well sing sense; and they proceed to supply this desirable quality—generally by the result of destroying the quaintness of the words as they have spontaneously grown up, and substituting the sort of stuff of which third-rate hymns are composed. They make it coherent, but also simply stupid. The song of "Maryland, my Maryland" seems to have specially irritated the Northern poets. Although we cannot honestly express a very high opinion of its literary merits, it is doubtless an irritating song to be hummed or sung to your face in Baltimore Accordingly, if not silenced by more direct means Northern papers try to turn its flank by supplying words of orthodox Unionist tendency. Thus we have the gentle remonstrance:

Soldiers called to Washington,
Through Maryland, my Maryland!
True ladies would not spit upon,
In Maryland, my Maryland!
Nor turn up nose, as they pass by,
Nor "Northern Sam" or "Mudsilis" ery,
Nor "Lincoln's tools" too mean to die,
In Maryland, my Maryland!

This line of argument is pursued through some ten stanzas. We presume that the poet's indignation is a measure rather of his disgust at the original of his parody than of suffering from insults of the nature so delicately described as actually perpetrated by the ladies of Baltimore. Some of the poetry intended to appeal directly to patriotic sentiment descends to a lower order, and partakes of the comic tone or the nigger melody. We find, for example, the elegant chorus, "Co ca che lunk che lala," &c. &c., appended to a verse about our patriot sires in glory and our sainted Washington; or the President of the Confederate States receives this touching expostulation to a somewhat convivial tune, which has a certain absurd resemblance to the metres of the *Ingoldsby Legends*:—

What shall be found upon history's page?
Jefferson D., Jefferson D.!

When the student explores the republican age?
Jefferson D.!

He will find, as is meet,
That at Julia's feet
You sit in your shame, with the impotent plea,
That you hated the land and the law of the free,
Jefferson D.!

To which the South replies with a little more poetical feeling:—

Oh, they have the finest of musical ears,
Chivalrous C.S.A.!

Yankee Doodle's too vulgar for them, it appears,
Bully for C.S.A.!

The North may sing it and whistle it still,
Miserable U.S.A.!

Three cheers for the South now, boys, with a will!
And groans for the U.S.A.!

To descend a little lower still, we have enthusiastic assertions about Dixie's Land in a variety of more or less nigger-like compositions, of which the most unintelligible perhaps represents most fairly the condition of hopeless muddle of the "contraband" mind. The following insensate outburst may present, to any one who has the skill to unravel its meaning, the impression made upon the nigger by the struggle raving above him. It is said to be the favourite air of the "contrabands" at Fort Monroe:—

Wake up snakes, pelicans, and Sesh-ners,
Don't yer hear 'um comin'—
Comin' on de run!

Wake up Ted yer! Git up, Jefferson?
Bobolishion's comin'—
Bob-o-lish-ion!

"Bobolishion" is to the negro a mysterious being, who is expected to wake up snakes, pelicans and "Seshers." What is to follow is not so clear.

More ambitious authors of loyal melody take a shorter cut to excellence. Some well-known air is appropriated, and altered with more or less success, to fit the circumstances. One gentleman publishes what he calls a version of the "Marseillaise," the choir of the church to which he was pastor having informed him that they meant to sing it. It seems they carried out their intention on the next "Sabbath" evening, the vast audience joining in the chorus with enthusiasm. We must add, that the worthy pastor gave it such a decidedly religious turn as to make it quite as like a Methodist hymn as it is to the "Marseillaise"—rather awkward subjects for a compromise. A more favourite device for appropriating the necessary frame-work ready made is found in such songs as "Scots, wha hae," or "March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale," both of which are easily "fixed" as our cousins would say, by substituting Jefferson and "Old Hickory" for Bruce and Wallace, the "palmetto state" for Ettrick, &c. Another poem which seems to be considered as specially appropriate is "excelsior." Thus a sympathetic Yankee describes how "the shades of night were falling fast," &c., when a youth-of course of Southern origin—passed through a village carrying "a banner with the strange device, Skedaddle!" and then, after recounting his tragical death apparently due to an overhasty flight from McClellan, the poet touchingly ad-
There in the twilight thick and grey,
Considerably played out he lay;
And through the vapor grey and thick
A voice fell like a rocket stick,
Skedaddle!

is painted in vivid colours. We see, however, that Mr. Sandford Fleming has surveyed two routes for the Canadian government. The one leads from Rivière du Loup to St. John. The other is the central route to which Nova Scotia could raise no reasonable objection. Union once effected, as we remarked before, it will be too late to oppose a road, which will give to St. John the main advantages of the line, and leave Nova Scotia, as far as the railway is concerned, just as much "in the cold" as though Union had never entered the heads of our politicians. Union effected, Canada will have the power of choice in this matter, and it seems to us imperative that the delegates should tell us before we go further in the matter, whether the greater portion of the railway bribe is to be devoted to this Province or to New Brunswick.

GEOGRAPHY.—We observe that the *Montreal Herald* describes Annapolis as, a county on the north shore of Nova Scotia, and mentions Pictou as its chief town. Some Nova Scotians may be fascinated by the thought that a county village of the province is mentioned at all in a Canadian paper, as the unionist was flattered at the honorable mention of Colonial statesmen, as represented in the person of Mr. Brown, in England. Sensible men however, will not be pleased when they reflect that so little do the Canadians know of us, or we of the Canadians, that the geographical position of our world renowned apple orchard, is unknown in the land of the beavers. When the Union between England and Ireland was effected, the position of Cork or Waterford we believe was not unknown in London. Let us by all means build our railway and know more of our Canadian friends before we join hands with them in matrimony, for good, and for evil, until death us do part.

LETTERS TO YOUNG NOVA SCOTIANS.—The Hon. Mr. McCully has been lecturing the young men of this Province in a series of letters, which, however flattering they may be to the rising genius of the Province are often direct insults to the common sense of the young generation. Some of the arguments used by the Honorable Gentlemen are so peculiar, that nothing but extreme haste and a great press of business; necessary, doubtless on account of the urgent immediate and universal call for Union can excuse their publication. Mr. McCully asserts gravely that of all the British North American colonies, Nova Scotia is the most open to attack. The sea girdle which surrounds her is her weak point. It is not very long since a Federo-maine attempted, totally without success, to prove in the Temperance Hall, that the St. Lawrence river was as good as a sea to Canada. The gentleman wasted much time and breath in proving the value of the doctrine (never to our knowledge previously doubted,) that a seaboard gave to a maritime power an easily defensible frontier. He wasted still more time, and still more breath to our thinking, by futile attempts to prove that the St. Lawrence river was as broad as the British Channel, as far as the safety of Canada was concerned. Mr. McCully reverses the decision of his colleague and finds a source of weakness in our extended line of coast. It is almost needless for us to point out that both gentlemen are in error—the one attempting to prove the St. Lawrence a sea—the other in imagining a long seaboard an inviting object of attack. So long as these Provinces remain under British rule, the British fleet will be at hand for their protection. So long as England remains the first maritime power of the world (and as all men, Mr. McCully included, should be aware, in her fleet lies her great strength,) this Province will be of all the colonies least exposed to attack. This advantage is derived solely from that long seaboard of which Mr. McCully would make a bug-bear for the coercion of his disciples. England's strength has long rested in her insular position and—to descend very suddenly from large things to small things—the Hon. Mr. McCully either writes sometimes in a hurry, or has a poor opinion of these young men whom he kindly designs to instruct.

STREET PLEASANTRIES.—The side-walks of most of our streets running east and west are just now eminently calculated to bring money into the pockets of our leading Surrogates, owing to the playfulness of those who make sliding a daily pastime. As a rule, the side-walks in question are at present unfit for aught save sliding, a pursuit, the contemplation of which seems to afford our City Police much gratifi-

cation. In cities less advanced, the Police are not so much inclined enough to interfere with such juvenile recreations, and are more conducive towards injury to those of mature age. But the conduct of our admirable Police in this matter "reflects credit upon our enterprising citizens."

BY THE NIGHT TRAIN.

(Continued)

"Your luggage is labelled, Mr. Edgar, and ready to be put into the van," said old Jones, my father's confidential servant, touching his hat respectfully. "I have put the rugs and sticks, and fishing-rods into an empty first-class carriage, third from the book-stall to the left."

"Very well, Jones. Just see the luggage put in. I must get my ticket," answered I, and hurried to the ticket office, where several impatient passengers were jostling and elbowing one another, while a stout lady, one of those voluble but unprotected female travellers who are the scourges and torments of all officials, was blocking up the window, and holding a long and discursive argument with the booking clerk, on the subject of her fare, her change, her preference of slow trains and cheapness to express trains and high charges, and the best way in which she could reach some cross country line eighty miles off. At last, however, even this lady voyager's demands, or the clerk's patience, being exhausted, I managed to crush my way to the window, and to take my ticket for C—.

"First-class to C—, monsieur!" said a peculiarly harsh and strident voice at my elbow, with a slight but perceptible foreign accent in its tones, and I glanced around at the man, who was thrusting a half-washed muscular hand decorated by a heavy gold signet-ring, past me to lay his money on the counter.

With some surprise I recognised the Russian whom I had seen twice on that very afternoon in front of the jeweller's shop. The recognition did not appear mutual. He never looked at me, but re-demanded his ticket in a quick angry manner, and, having got it, fell back and mingled with the crowd.

By the time I had reached the carriage, third from the book-stall, I saw Jones approach along with the guard, who unlocked the carriage, held open the door for my entry, and, having received the usual silver compliment that has now become a vested interest on railways, closed and re-locked it, saying that I should "have the compartment to myself, if I wished to smoke." Then Jones, after asking if he could take any message to "master," touched his hat and vanished. I remained alone, lazily gazing out of the window at the lively scene which the well lighted platform presented. The usual bustle which precedes the departure of a train was going on. Porters were wheeling heavy barrow-loads of luggage rapidly past me, all the quicker in their movements because the warning bell had begun clanging for the first time; mail-guards were dragging along the huge sacks of letters that were impatiently awaited by the sorters in the post-office carriage; newspaper boys were thrusting evening journals into the faces of nervous passengers, wistfully leaning out to see after the safety of those trunks that the porter had glibly assured them would "be all right;" and Paterfamilias was gathering his strayed family around him, or wrangling over a charge for overweight.

"Open this door, you guard! Hal'oa, guard! Open the door of this carriage, will you?"

It was thus that my reverie was broken in upon. A strange traveller, with a railway rug over his arm, was roughly shaking the door of the compartment where I sat alone. The guard came up rather reluctantly. Railway guards are discriminating persons as to social condition, and the newcomer's coarse manners and husky voice were not calculated to inspire respect.

"First-class, sir?" asked the guard, and when the man, with a curse, produced his ticket, the guard was still too loyal to my tacit compact with him to permit the invasion of my privacy without an effort to preserve it.

"First to C—, sir? This way, please. Plenty of room here." And he tried to draw the intruder towards a distant carriage that was half full. But this manoeuvre failed.

"There is plenty of room in this carriage. Look sharp and let me in," said the obstinate traveller; and the guard, being an English and not a French official, succumbed, and unlocked the door.

THE BULLFROG.

logised to me in a gruff whisper, "Couldn't help it, sir."

"Never mind," said I, smiling, and applied myself to obtaining the new-comer, who sat down, not opposite to me, but in the middle partition, full in the glare of the lamp. In a very short time I had, as I thought, taken the measure of this not very delightful fellow voyager. He was a young man, perhaps a year my senior, strongly built, and with rather a handsome face, sadly marred by very evident traces of dissipation. He wore a coat of sporting cut; a blue "birds-eye" scarf, with a horseshoe pin in it, and a great deal of dubious jewellery in the shape of rings, watch-chain, and dangling trinkets. The railway rag, that lay across the knees of his tight-fitting drab trousers, was of a gaudy, pattern, yellow and red. His eyes were bloodshot, his voice thick, and he smelt very strongly of bad tobacco and bad brandy. To all appearance he was a betting man, or sporting "gent" of the lower substratum of that uninviting class.

The bell rang for the last time. There was the customary final rush and scurry of belated passengers and porters, and the voices of the newspaper boys grew shriller and more excited. Then the guards sprang to the steps of their vans, and the station-master looked warily up and down the line, prepared to signal the engine driver. At that moment a man came darting across the platform, tore open the door, jumped in, and sat down opposite to me. A policeman ran up, and shut the door.

"All right, Saunderson!"

The train began to move. I looked at my opposite neighbour, and could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise and vexation. The Russian! Yes, there was no mistaking the man. I knew that red-brown beard, that flat tigerish face, those long crafty eyes, black and narrow as an American Indian's, perfectly well.

I had seen the man at the ticket-window, certainly, but that was more than ten minutes ago, and I had been confident that he had long since taken his seat in some other compartment of the train. Such, however, was not the case. I was fated, it seemed, always to be in contact with this person, for whom I had conceived an antipathy that was perhaps unjust, but was not the less decided. There was a look of stealthy fierceness and greasy, self-sufficiency about the man that would have been distasteful to most people. His was one of those faces that conveyed to those who looked upon it at once a threat and a warning. And, after all, was it a coincidence that had brought me so often face to face with this grim foreigner? Certainly it might have been pure accident which caused him to witness both my entry into and my exit from the jeweller's shop. It might have been mere hazard which made him my fellow traveller by the same train and carriage. And yet I could not help somehow connecting the four-wheeled cab that had been stationed near the club door, that had appeared in the street stoppage, with the sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus of the railway. Had he dogged me all that evening, tracking me with a blood-hound's pertinacity from the jeweller's door to the railway carriage? It was possible, though not likely. But in vain I tried to dismiss the idea as silly and romantic. It recurred again and again. And yet why should he or any one dog my steps?

The answer to this self-question soon came. The jewels! the costly set of pearl and ruby ornaments I carried about me, and of which this man had probably overheard the garrulous old jeweller make mention! And yet the Russian had hardly the air of a pickpocket. There was something defiant and arrogant in his look, and an undefinable air of education clung to him in spite of his shabby exterior. And as for violence, I had a young man's confidence in my own power to cope with any single antagonist, and, besides, I was not alone with him. So far my thoughts had gone, while I gazed abstractedly from the window, as if marking the last light of the London suburbs as the dark hedges and dim meadows succeeded to houses and factories, but then I cast a glance around and saw a sight which caused me an involuntary thrill of alarm. The two passengers in the carriage were talking rapidly and secretly by means of signs!

There could be no doubt upon the point. The two men who were my sole companions in that rapid and lonely journey, ill-looking desperadoes, each in his separate style, were accomplices. Up to that moment I had not for an instant suspected any collusion between the two. They came at

different times, one was English, the other a foreigner, and between the shabby lecturer and the betting man, sodden with drink and attired in flashy finery, any previous acquaintance seemed improbable. Yet they were, rapidly communicating with one another by means of some thieves' alphabet of finger telegraphy, unaware as yet that I had observed them. So far as I could make out, the foreigner was urging the other to some course which the latter was reluctant to pursue.

I am not, I believe, one whit more disposed to timidity than most of my fellow countrymen, and yet I must confess that my blood ran cold and my heart almost ceased beating as the truth dawned upon me. I was the victim evidently of an artful and treacherous scheme. That cab—that sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus—that persistency of his English confederate to occupy a seat in the carriage where I sat alone! All was clear to me now. Robbery, no doubt, was the object of the two villains in whose company I was shut up, and probably they would hesitate at no crime to obtain possession of the valuable jewels I so incautiously carried about my person. Both were strong men, probably armed too; and though I braced my nerves and set my teeth for a struggle, I had little hope of a successful resistance, none of rescue. The train was racing fast through the black stillness of a moonless night. There was to be no stoppage short of C—, and hours must elapse before that station was reached.

At the moment when my thoughts had travelled thus far, I made some slight movement; the Russian looked up, and our eyes met, and the villain saw that his bye-play had been observed, and instantly threw off the mask. Grinding out an oath between his set teeth, he rose from his seat. I rose, too; and as the Russian noticed the action he sprang like a tiger at my throat, grappling with me so closely that the blow I dealt him took but partial effect. Linked together, we wrestled furiously for a few seconds, rising and falling; but I was the younger and more agile of the two, and had nearly overpowered my enemy, when his confederate came to his aid, and dealt me a succession of crushing blows upon the head with some heavy weapon, beneath which I fell, stunned and helpless, with my face covered with blood, and my strength and senses left me. When I came to myself again, the ruffians were rifling my pockets as I lay on the floor of the carriage. The Russian had opened one of the morocco cases that held the ornaments, and he was examining the gems by the light of the lamp overhead. The other villain was searching for fresh plunder. He was livid with agitation, I noticed, and his face was blotched with crimson, and damp with heat-drops, while his hands trembled very much. He it was who first spoke, in a husky whisper.

"What shall we do with him?"

"*La belle affaire!* Toss him out! The fall won't hurt him!" sneered the Russian.

It was plain that they believed me to be dead. I lay still, resolved that no cry, no twitching of an eyelid, should betray that life was still not extinct. Too well I knew that mercy was hopeless, and that my chance would be far better if flung out, at the risk of being mangled and crushed beneath the whirling iron wheels, than if I remained in that luxurious first-class carriage, with those two wild beasts in human guise, ready to finish their work as the first sign that I yet lived. The Russian leaned out of the window, and cautiously opened the door. I felt the chill of the fresh night wind upon my cheek as I lay. Then I had to summon all my resolution to my help, to repress a shudder as the murderers stooped and lifted me up, one taking me by the head, and the other by the feet, as butchers carry a slaughtered calf. The Englishman breathed hard, and trembled perceptibly as he dragged me towards the gaping doorway.

"I don't half like the job," he growled out.

The Russian gave a scornful laugh.

"Pitch the carrion out, *Bianco*! that you are! One, two, three, and over with him."

THE "BULLFROG,"

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