

THE BULLFROG.

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

No. 31.

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AMERICA AND B. N. AMERICA.

"The surrender of LEE creates a profound sensation of thankfulness and joy all over the country. Salutes and public rejoicings are the order of the day." Such was the concluding portion of a telegram which—received in this city on Monday last, created, as may be imagined, no small stir among the people. The news of LEE's surrender has an interest, not for us only, but for the whole civilized world. All must rejoice at the prospect of a cessation of hostilities between men for the most part alike in origin, in language, and in creed. In Europe, the news will create an interest most profound. Men of all parties in England and in France will rejoice to learn that after four years of devastation, and bloodshed unparalleled in the annals of civil war, peace is about to be restored. But with the rejoicing will mingle feelings of deep anxiety, and the wisest heads of Europe will ponder the significant question:—What policy will America now adopt? This question has at the present moment a very grave significance. The position in which America now stands with relation to the great European powers is very different from that wherein she stood four years back. At the commencement of hostilities America had no claims to be regarded as a power possessed of military strength. However rich the neighbouring States may have been in the various essentials necessary for carrying on a protracted war, the resources at their command could at best be regarded only as so much raw material. They were rich in men and in money, and descendants of a race not used to turn their backs upon a foe,—but beyond this they were far from formidable. Their first armies were badly handled and almost totally undisciplined, and had the Trent affair resulted in hostilities with England, we should have had but little reason to despair of success. But how different is the case now! Four years campaigning has fashioned the raw material into an army, not, it is true, so highly disciplined as the armies of Europe, but yet fit for immediate duty, and well inured to the rough vicissitudes of active service. Of GRANT's soldiers it may indeed be said—the tyrant custom hath made the flinty and steel couch of war their three-driven bed of down. And the several campaigns have not only fashioned soldiers, but have likewise produced men capable of handling them to advantage. Should Americans still be eager for war, they can command the services of strategists competent to plan and direct a campaign, and of tacticians able to take advantage of a position wherein strategy has placed them. And let us for one moment consider the temper of the people having this powerful force at their command—for in the neighbouring States every thing, or nearly every thing, hinges upon the temper of the masses for the time being. The temper of a portion, (and we fear a large portion) of the American press is undisguisedly hostile towards England, and a portion of the English press has thought proper to accept this hostile tone as the reflection of American feeling. The voice of Mr. SEWARD is, it is true, for peace, but the public men of America cannot stand any very powerful pressure from without, and it is with the masses, for whose edification the *N. York Herald* is edited, rests the real question of quiet or turmoil. That America will in future keep up a large standing army is highly improbable; indeed, the presence of a large army in times of peace

would tend to weaken the distinctive nationality of those who acknowledge no rulers other than the people themselves. A standing army in the States would soon come to be regarded as a standing menace. The question then arises—what will become of GRANT's army, made up, as it is for the most part, of hirelings from foreign shores? There are, to our thinking, two ways of answering this question. GRANT's soldiers may be induced to settle down quietly upon American soil, in which case they will (thanks to the resilient properties of everything American) doubtless prosper; or else the American people—conscious of their present military strength—may resolve to use that strength for the purpose of acquiring new territory. Should any such resolve be acted upon—should the Americans, while yet flushed with success, act upon the principle "nothing venture nothing have"—what will be the position of B. N. America? We do not say that there is any direct prospect of immediate danger, but this we do say—that under existing circumstances it were nothing short of madness to sit down with folded arms speculating upon what England will do, or what England will not do for us. It is no use dreaming of what we might do supposing all the Provinces united by Confederation; the question now to be considered is—are we doing all we can to provide against a contingency which may arise, we know not how soon. We cannot in the event of a war fairly reckon upon being reinforced by English troops, although we should of course be aided by a powerful naval force. Pending the release of Messrs. SIDDELL and MASON, the Home Government lost no time in sending across the Atlantic a body of soldiers, among whom were a portion of the Brigade of Guards—the flower of the British Army. But would the Home Government act in the same manner now? We fancy not. A British force which, four years back, might have routed a horde of men, undisciplined, undrilled, and for all practical purposes, unofficered—could now, at best, but perish gallantly, outnumbered ten fold. What could 10,000, or 15,000 British troops do against a force such as could now be brought against them? Colonel JERVOISE's report furnishes the best answer to this question; they could do comparatively nothing. Much has lately been written about the moral force of Union, but, to our thinking, our safety must mainly depend upon the number of men, well drilled, well armed, and well officered, which the several Provinces are known to contain. The moral influence of 400,000 able bodied men, expert in the use of their rifles, tolerably well equipped, and able to manœuvre with steadiness and precision, must always be considerable,—far greater in reality than any influence based upon the romantic idea of consolidated British Empire on this side of the Atlantic. Are the several Provinces at the present moment doing all in their power to perfect their militia and volunteers,—are we in Nova Scotia doing all we can in this respect? That our militia organization is yet far from being perfect, there can be no doubt whatever. Open at random the Adjutant General's Report and note the opinions of the Inspecting Field Officers. The words which commonly meet the eye are—"additional training much required both for officers and non-commissioned officers". "Lieut.-Col. P. did not handle his Regiment, nor were the officers very competent, having received no regular instruction."—"The

Major, Adjutant, and some officers, shewed efficiency, but more training is required,—“much steady drill yet wanted.” &c., &c. Now, if we really mean to do all we can in our own defence, no expense should be spared to afford our militia every possible facility for becoming as efficient as possible. “More training required,” is the burden of the Field Officers’ Reports;—are we sure that at the present moment we are doing all in our power to give that extra training to our militia—not only in Halifax, but throughout the entire Province? If we are not, it is mere folly to assert loyal anxiety about defence against possible aggression. Public opinion in this Province regarding America is, we presume, just now oscillating between those extreme views advocated by the parties for and against an Union with Canada. For our part, we think that British America is on the eve of a very important crisis. America may or may not covet British and French possessions in the west, but be that as it may, the question of defending these Provinces rests with the colonists themselves rather than with the Imperial Government. Whether British connexion be worth what it may possibly cost, is a matter to be determined upon this side of the Atlantic. The people of the several Provinces will, to our thinking, soon be called upon to decide one way or the other, and England is far less interested in our decision than we are ourselves. Already has a morning paper (perhaps the most widely circulated journal published in this Province) implied that we might, perchance, be richer and more prosperous under an American than under a British form of Government. Already has New Brunswick implied that, having little or no trade with Canada, a connexion with that country would be an unmitigated evil. Prince Edward Island, though hardly ripe to take its place among the nations of the world, yet declares itself averse to change and ready to stand or fall upon its own special merits. And Canada—her ablest statesmen are even now on their way to try and patch up the rents of their constitution by the help of British capital. Truly, the present position of B. N. America is not calculated to inspire confidence in the ultimate consolidation of British Empire in the West. Meanwhile, our leading men are wrangling about opinions formerly entertained instead of trying to set their house in order. Again we put the question:—are we as secure against aggression as we might be—setting Imperial aid aside. It would appear so, for party wrangles seem to be the order of the day. Well, let us see how it will all end. England is merely a looker on; our destinies are in our own hands. If we are not on the verge of a somewhat important crisis, why—we are mistaken.

THE SURRENDER.

It has fallen at last, the fatal, the long-avered blow! The shouts of the conquerors are ringing in our ears. Up from unnumbered bar-rooms rises the wild cheer of a people’s joy, resounding and re-echoing through the length and breadth of the land. It is heard at every hearth-stone, it is roared from every house top, it is welcomed where there is sorrow and death and destitution, it is louder than the harmless broadsides which shake the land from brave old Sumner on the anniversary of its terrible defiance. “The people all over the Northern States are wild with joy over the capture of LEE and his army.” Yes ‘wild with joy’ are the valiant people for this, that, at the end of a struggle which has astonished the world, four millions of people have surrendered to twenty *Vae Victis!* Exult! shout on! brave, seatless New York. The world has forgotten how, barely nine months ago, when the armies of the enemy had invaded the North and were threatening the destruction of the Capital of the Country, the frequent proclamations hurled at you from Albany, each more urgent than the last, entreating, conjuring, commanding you to arm, were openly and

publicly derided. The world is made of men, and in great rejoicings men’s memories sleep; so all the sins of young New York are washed away in the abundant deluge of the nation’s joy. And if indeed, as old men tell us *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, surely more credit is due to the heroic men who have lived so devotedly in its honor. If death for their country were sweetness to some, a “liquor” to their memories is sweeter to others. Some there may be amongst the “wild rejoicers” whose chargers never neighed uproariously “to join the dreadful revelry” which is over now; who, unmoved by proclamation and untempted by bounties, have never swerved an instant from the easy paths of peace. But this is no day of recrimination. It becomes us at least to be silent, and look on in reverence and respect at the glorious litanion which the “people all over the Northern States” are pouring forth so copiously to the honor of the victors, and to the memory of the victims, gathered from all nations, and swept from Castle Garden to feed the mighty Hydra of war, and keep the all-devouring monster from their gates. Be patient and forbearing; for, though they seemed but yesterday, these much-consuming heroes, to appraise their heads too highly, to-day—in the abundance of their patriotism, in the “wildness of their joy,” they are content at all events that they should *ache* illimitably for their country’s glory. If the consequence of the sacrifice be not a “settler” for their enemies, it will at least be a “seltzer” for themselves. Rejoice then ‘wildly’ ye people of the North—“liquor” and be glad!

So then it is over. After four years of fratricide, through all the changing fortunes of war, the end has come at last. The end—for we take no note of the minor struggles, the slow crushing out, the man-stalking, the guerrilla-hunting which yet remains and which sinks into sad insignificance after the wondrous spectacle we have witnessed. The tragedy is over—we care not for what follows. The hard fact is on record that the grand army, in which the faith and hopes and aspirations of a young country concentrated with all the constancy and confidence of youth, has lowered its laurelled standards on a quiet Sunday morning and has wasted away like a shadow. Yes, already has the fatal message gone forth to the world. Whither will it not reach, and whom will it not in some measure affect?

There will be those, of course, loudest among the commentators, who “told us so all along,” who never wavered in their faith that numbers and resources must make themselves felt and that might would come right in the end; who, though often reminded that the battle was not always for the strong, adhered to their own conviction that it was seldom, in the long run, for the weak. These men are comforted, they have the joy with which some men hail, at whatever cost, the realization of their own opinions. Then there are those, (God strengthen them—they are not men) who sit afar off, clothed in mourning nursing great sorrows within their souls, weeping for their strength that has departed, for their pride that is buried, for the ‘jewels’ of which war has deprived them. These are they that mourn, and shall not they be comforted? There are those again—their steps are feeble and their head bowed—men of the strong heart and the iron hope—HAMILCARS, who have consecrated their HAMBALS to the cause of their country, whose faith has followed from the first the glorious legions of ‘STONEWALL’ and LEE, whose hopes were pinned in good report and evil report to the gay little ‘bonny blue flag.’ It will be sad news to them, poor fellows, to carry down with them to the grave. But even for these there will be some consolation; for such as they are find it in the contemplation of valor that has availed not, of courage that has been overcome, of patriotism long-parrying prostrate at last. But alas! what cold, what ghastly consolation! All this youth, all this bravery, all this love, all these quick-sent

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judgments of God, all this week of homes, and hopes, and happiness; all these exiles, these widows, these orphans, these sonless mothers and brotherless sisters, these battered hopes, and mangled limbs, and shattered intellects and broken hearts! Merciful Heaven! was there ever such a Holocaust?

Yes, at the close of four such years as have never before darkened the history of a nation, we have reached the awful end. But long after the youngest of the 'Grand Army' shall have tired of the telling of his awful story, men will wander through the wilderness by which war has reached peace and will look back, let us hope, (in the new order of things in which the progress of civilization shall have placed them) in pity and amazement at the barbarity which could prescribe for nations the awful and uncertain arbitrament of the sword. And for us, in whose days and near whose homes all these horrors have come to pass, to whom this message has been sent at a time when Christian people are commemorating a Sacrifice offered alike for all, it is reasonable to remember all the misery we have escaped as we are reminded of the misfortunes which have afflicted our neighbours; to ask for the aversion of such evils from our shores, and to beg that there may be vouchsafed to the world an interval of the sunshine which follows the storm, long enough and bright enough for all nations and peoples to learn and cultivate that "good will amongst men" which has the eternal promise of "PEACE UPON EARTH."

THE WHARF!

Dr. JOHNSON used to twit his Scotch friend Bozzy with the remark that the pleasantest view for a Scotchman was the road to England. Mr. McCULLY gravely assures his fellow countrymen that no one having once been to Canada would think of returning to Nova Scotia. As the Italians say of Naples *ceder Napoli ed morir*, so with us, see Canada and die there. This is all very well for Mr. McCULLY (who hie the hie has contradicted his own assertion by tearing himself away for a short space from the land of promise), but it is, nevertheless, just possible that a few Halifaxians and Englishmen sojourning in Halifax, may wish to go Eastward, sometimes to the old land of bondage, Europe, and forego for a season the milk and honey of Quebec, Ottawa, and Montreal. The execution of such a pilgrimage should be easy enough. Some of the finest steamers in the world call at the wharf of B. N. America once a fortnight. You have only to get your passage ticket (paid for of course) and go on board the vessel, ship, packet, steamer, or whatever you like to call it. This conveyance is to arrive on a Thursday night—good—what time? uncertain at present, but to be known on Thursday evening—good—very good. Alas! O enterprising reader—between you and that packet (unless your fortune is not that of mortals) lies a great gulf—a gulf represented distinctly by the three words "AN AWFUL SIGHT." On inquiry at the office you are informed that your steamer will reach Halifax between 12 and 4 A.M. It is manifestly useless to think of going to bed. So the best thing to be done is to sit up. Until 12 o'clock the time passes swiftly and pleasantly. Last words with friends—some of whom have promised to accompany you to the wharf, should the packet arrive at any convenient hour in the morning—the finishing touch of preparation, and pleasant thoughts of absent friends, occupy you fully until the hour of midnight. Then the conversation flags. You go out to see what sort of a night it is.—Very cold with a gale to the north-west.—That latter is rather a bore since you will never hear the penny pop-gun on board the steamer when she arrives. Well, never mind, the night is clear, and she cannot fail to be signalled at the citadel. One o'clock—Friends drowsy and talk of going to bed. Half-past one—Friends retire. One more cigar and then you will try a nap in the arm-chair. Two o'clock.—

You lie down on your bed, giving final injunctions to servant to call you when the steamer is signalled. Four o'clock—Bang—there goes the gun. You jump up, ring the bell, and grumble at your servant for his neglect. He says meekly "no gun, Sir. Ship not signalled." Only the wind perhaps. Well, she is very late at all events, and you try another snooze. Quarter past four. Vessel signalled—cab at the door—no more sleep—down to wharf—very cold—packet will be in in less than an hour. An hour more! the agony is not yet over. You inquire for a waiting room. There is none. Masses of half frozen humanity sit about on the wharf in the wind, or huddle into a shed if they can find its doorway. It is not a pleasant hour to look forward to, but you make the best of it and retreat into your cab as into a shell. Suddenly you are made aware of something happening—the ship is at the wharf though no discharge of cannon has even there been heard. Your troubles are now ended and you not unnaturally reflect upon the various methods by which they might have been avoided. Of course you could not have acted otherwise throughout the night. But it strikes you in the first place, that if more dependance could be placed upon hearing the gun, the earlier hours of your watch would have been easier, and in the second, that if some kind of a waiting room were provided at the wharf, you would have gone on board the vessel a warmer and less dissatisfied man. We do not wish to make a grievance of this matter. We hate those who forever discover little imaginary deficiencies and faults for the sake of appearing critical to others, and of indulging for their own gratification a temper naturally splenetic and morose. The service of the Cunard Company is so efficiently performed that it were unfair to strain at a gnat-like abuse in its details, whilst we daily swallow uncomplainingly camel-sized grievances in other departments of the public service. No. We only ask Messrs. Cunard to perform two works of supererogation—two works which will move gratitude in the bosoms of many a homeward bound voyager. Please good, kind, liberal, thoughtful, charitable, prosperous, high minded, Messrs. Cunard, increase the calibre of your guns (old smoothbores are going very cheap,) and above all fit up some kind of waiting room with nice sofas, or at all events chairs, and a stove, that those weary with watching may rest, and that last moments in Nova Scotia may form a pleasanter retrospective picture than is possible under existing circumstances.

EDUCATIONAL PHRASEOLOGY.

The Indian hunters of this Province, when rewarded with more than ordinary munificence by a sportsman, invariably allude to the latter as a "fine man." Their praise rarely goes further: in their opinion the expression "a fine man" implies notions of liberality, generosity, sympathy, and trust. And their notions upon this point are, in the main, correct. The word "man," when used by itself, is commonly applied to one deemed worthy of high honor. When Horatio alludes to Hamlet's father as "a goodly king," Hamlet, jealous of his father's honor, replies:—"He was a man, take him for all in all," &c. Such at least seems to us Shakspeare's meaning in these well known lines, and our idea is strengthened by Hamlet's subsequent panegyric upon his father:—"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties!" &c., &c.—Again, in Antony's brief epitome of the character of Brutus, he says, that nature might stand up—"And say to all the world, *This was a man!*" And at the present time, likewise, it is common to speak of men as *men*, and of women as *women*. We allude to a celebrated scholar as a "double first man;" we talk of "rising men"—of "men of means"—"men of letters"—"men of honor"—"men of mark"—"men of education,"—"fast men," &c., &c. And, speaking of the gentler

sex, we say—a "clever woman,"—a "charming woman," &c. The word "female" is rarely used in a flattering sense, though sometimes employed to denote that which men hold in abhorrence, as in the case of a "strong minded female"—a "coarse female," &c. But the word "male" is rarely or ever employed save with reference to the lower order of animals, or to timber. We talk of a male elephant, or of a male salmon, or of male or female fir, as the case may be—but we are not in the habit of classifying our friends as males and females. We are, therefore at a loss to know why Mr. T. H. RAND, Superintendent of Education, should allude to some fifty intelligent Nova Scotians who have obtained "awards" at the hands of the "Examiners of the Provincial Normal School"—as males and females of the first and second class. What constitutes a "male—second class?" We have seen many decidedly second class men, both as regards education and morals, but some of them have been, physically speaking, splendid specimens of the human race; indeed, viewed merely as males, they were fit to enter the gladiatorial arena against all comers. HEENAN and TOM SAYERS, when they met at Farnham in fighting condition, were beyond all doubt "males—first class," but neither of these worthies were what is commonly termed men of the first class. The phraseology of Mr. RAND is, to say the least, open to misconception, the more especially as we find the number of "second class" females double that of the males, whereas the "females—first class," are to the "males—first class," as twelve to eleven. It is, we think, hardly fair to dub any man of moderate intelligence a "male—second class;" and to write down any respectably educated woman as a "second class—female," seems to us ungallant in the extreme. It is rarely indeed that we come across any individual having that entire control over his tongue which is characteristic of a "perfect man," but on the other hand, we not unfrequently meet very sinful mortals who, if classified in accordance with the views of the Superintendent of Education, would assuredly be entitled to masculine honors of the first class. We are fully alive to the arduous nature of the duties required of Mr. RAND, but we should be sorry to imagine that gentlemen fretted and worried into that peculiar stage of melancholy which led Hamlet to exclaim—"Man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling, you seem to say so."

Local and other Items.

TO VULGUS—A WRITER FOR THE "REPORTER."

DEAR VULGUS,—We have attentively perused your somewhat peculiar writings, or at least such portions of them as are levelled against ourselves. We thank you for the honor you have conferred upon us, but we fancy we can detect in your articles some faults which you will pardon us for pointing out. In the first place, while indignant at our "arrogance," "impudence," &c., in having ventured to call attention to some of your social weaknesses no less than to some of your political vices, you illustrate in your own writings one of those vices to which we have called especial attention: viz.—the personality of the city Press. You commence your first article by asserting your power to "put the foot" upon the *Bullfrog*, and you then attempt to carry out your resolve, not by disputing anything ever published in the *Bullfrog*, not by any show of argument, not even by denial,—but by allusions to a "burley (sic) Captain," to "Her Majesty's livery," to "scarlet and blue and gold," &c. &c.—none of which allusions are at all to the point. We fear, Mr. VULGUS, that you have somewhat over estimated your own powers. Could you not endeavour to reason by illustration, instead of discussing the peculiarities of those of whom you probably know next to nothing? You tell us that we are "surrounded by men who, intellectually, can toss us to and fro at their pleasure." We do not question the fact, but we feel tolerably certain that such men would not write as you have done. You assert that to "the higher essentials that elevate mankind," we can lay no claim

whatever—a somewhat unchristian remark as applied to men of whose characters you are in ignorance. We do not attempt to set ourselves "above our fellows," but we can at least keep our temper, and avoid personalities, and in these important particulars we are fully competent to set you a good example. You talk about "despising our arrogance," and the words "pretentious," "audacity," "assurance," "presumption," "impudence," &c., all nice long words—seem to constitute your literary stock in trade. Why, Mr. VULGUS, any one could write in this style. Why not prove us to be all you assert—or at least attempt to do so? Your accusations are not a whit less incoherent than that preferred by Brabantio against Othello (you quoted Othello, you know), which drew forth the Duke's gentle remonstrance—"To vouch this, is no proof." But, suppose, Mr. VULGUS, that some of those articles, the perusal of which has so ruffled your sensitive organization, were not written by Englishmen, but by Nova Scotians—possibly your own dear friends—what would you say? What, in such a case, would become of some of your choicest paragraphs? Would they not lose any little point they might otherwise seem to possess? And yet, dear VULGUS, it is true, most true, that some of those articles which have borne hardest upon "our institutions, our modes of thought and action, our public bodies and individual members," have been penned by bona fide Nova Scotians! But VULGUS, we are anxious to make every allowance for you. You doubtless, feel somewhat vexed that Englishmen (as you suppose) should estimate your Provincial celebrities at a standard not much higher than they estimate themselves. Try, for one moment, to imagine yourself an Englishman, accustomed to revere public men for their honesty, integrity, and lofty mindedness, and then imagine yourself transplanted to a country where (under a constitution similar to that of Great Britain) public men are in the habit of calling one another "liars," "swindlers," &c. ! Would you not be somewhat disgusted? We feel sure you would; we feel sure that you would exclaim—what a hideous mockery of that form of Government we have been educated to revere! Then, again, suppose it had been your good fortune to daily consult the columns of a press wherein dispassionate argument, cool criticism, and moderate reasoning shone conspicuous—what would be your feelings when brought face to face with a press which designated the premier a snob, and the opposition leader a Munchausen? What say you Mr. VULGUS?—you bow your head—the blush of conscious shame crimson your cheek—you have nothing to urge in your defence—so you fall back on personality. Oh, shame!—you know that the *Bullfrog* speaks the words of truth and soberness, but you are vexed that a stranger should note those vices which are carrying you, day by day, further and further from that country you profess to love, and nearer and nearer to that republic you affect to dislike. You are already thoroughly Yankee in one respect,—you cannot bear to have your shortcomings noticed by a stranger. Your remarks about the *Bullfrog* are made in precisely the same spirit as that which breathes in the columns of the Yankee papers. Read the following extract from one of the most charming of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," and remember that our city press brags even more about Nova Scotia and her sons, than does the Yankee press about America and her sons. But read:—"As we are talking of bragging, and I am on my travels, can I forget one mighty republic—one—two mighty republics, where people are notoriously fond of passing off their claret for port? I am very glad, for the sake of a kind friend, that there is a great and influential party in the United, and I trust, in the Confederate States, who believe that Catawba wine is better than the best champagne. (We make no wine in Nova Scotia, but all our geese are swans.) Opposite that famous old White House at Washington, whereof I shall ever have a grateful memory, they have set up an equestrian statue of General Jackson, by a self-taught American artist of no inconsiderable genius and skill. At an evening party a member of Congress seized me in a corner of the room, and asked me if I did not think this was the finest equestrian statue in the world? How was I to deal with this plain question, put to me in a corner? I was bound to reply, and accordingly said that I did not think it was the finest statue in the world. "Well, sir," says the member of Congress, "but you must remember that Mr. M. had never seen a statue, when he made this!" I suggested that to see other statues might do Mr. M. no harm. * * * But, oh! (mind this Mr. VULGUS) what a

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"charming article there was in a Washington paper next day about impertinence of criticism and offensive tone of arrogance which Englishmen adopted towards men and works of genius in America! "Who was this man, who, &c. &c." The Washington writer was angry because I would not accept this American claret as the finest port wine in the world." Now, Mr. VULGUS, you will perceive a striking likeness between your expressions and those of the Washington paper. Your city press is always trying to pass off Nova Scotian geese as the finest swans in the world—witness those charming paragraphs concerning "Nova Scotians abroad," "successful Pictonians," "enterprising Dartmouthians," &c. &c. This sort of thing, like the statue of General Jackson, is all very well in its way, but your city press, your public institutions, and your public men, might, like the American sculptor, be somewhat benefited by occasionally reading the opinions of outsiders. You, Mr. VULGUS, in particular, would do well to extend your knowledge of such manners and customs as find favor without the confines of your loved Acadia. When you affirm that the tone of your first article will give us an "inking" of Nova Scotians, you do your countrymen much injustice. The great majority of Halifaxians are, so far as we can judge, good tempered, sensible, and fond of a joke, whereas you, Mr. VULGUS are, if we may judge by your writings, of a temperament the very reverse. We cannot afford space to notice your second article. Viewed merely as a literary curiosity it is highly interesting, inasmuch as it contains no fewer than twenty one errors, chiefly errors in spelling. VULGUS, you are just the man to "put a foot" upon the *Bullfrog*. Don't you think so yourself? With best wishes

We remain, dear VULGUS, yours, &c. &c.,

BULLFROG.

The *Express* has industriously ferreted out three paragraphs from well known, though not very weighty works, in support of its views concerning Telemachus. We might possibly quote passages just as weighty favoring our side of the argument, but we prefer giving our own ideas upon the subject. As regards poetry, our views have been moulded in a certain traditional groove, and we have held our poetic faith too long to let it be shaken by a work such as that of Mr. Spalding. There must be some fixed limit beyond which poetry cannot pass without ceasing to be poetry, though prose may pass ordinary limits without becoming poetry. The question arises—what fixes this limit—what constitutes the actual boundary between poetry and prose? It is upon this question that we differ with the *Express* writer, as also with those whose opinions he has quoted. What is *poese*? Dictionaries define the term as the "ordinary style of writing or speaking."—how then can Telemachus be "an ERIC POEM in prose? Telemachus is certainly not written in an "ordinary style," but does it therefore follow that an extraordinary style of writing is legitimate poetry merely because it is not ordinary prose? But, quotes the *Express*: "The primary character of a literary work depends upon the purpose for which it is designed, the kind of mental state which it is intended to excite in the hearer or hearers. Consequently a work which, having a distinctively poetical purpose, is justly described as a poem, would not cease to deserve the name though it were to be couched in prose." Now, if this view of poetry be correct, we must ascribe to "Paul and Virginia" a high place among poems. If a "distinctively poetical purpose" mean a purpose based on a truly poetic idea, we think the author of the work in question fairly entitled to poetic fame. There is about the mutual lovers and their untimely end something touching in the extreme, and the pathos of the story goes straight to the heart. Was this the "kind of mental state" which the author "intended to excite in the hearer or hearers?" Most assuredly it was, for the author tells us that when he read his story (we quote from memory, not having seen the work for many years.) he was rewarded not by the applause, but by the tears of his audience. But let us argue from a directly opposite stand point—Are poetic ideas Burns when put forward in plain prose? Take, for example, one of Burns' best known compositions—"John Anderson my Jo." There can be no doubt that there is much true poetry in the idea of a loving couple who "have clamb the hill together," going contentedly down the stream of life hand in hand. But would there be anything very poetical in even an extraordinary prose narration of two elderly and otherwise

uninteresting personages, living happily together in the decline of life? Or, suppose that, by the transposition of a few words here and there, we were to put "Enoch Arden" into the dreariest imaginable prose,—would we be justified in calling it an ERIC POEM? We fancy not. But we are told, that a work "having a distinctly poetical purpose," and calculated to excite a peculiar "mental state" must needs be dubbed a poem. There can be no doubt that those "Revival" preachers, whose appalling imagery concerning matters beyond man's understanding, qualified many volatile Irishmen for admission to the Ulster Lunatic Asylums, were among the most successful poets the world has ever produced. Dr. Cumming is also a poet of the first class. We shall, setting *claff* aside, be glad to break a lance with our *Express* critic upon this subject. It is quite a relief to argue with an educated gentleman, after combating the *Reporter's* critics.

The *P. E. Island Protestant*, one of the best filled sheets published in the Lower Provinces, has had a mighty "set-to" with a correspondent—to wit—Mr. G. Sutherland. The *Protestant* says of its correspondent—"This week we very reluctantly afford the 'Rev. George Sutherland another opportunity of proclaiming his 'vanity and folly to the world.' Without pausing to consider whether an orthodox *Protestant* is altogether justified in proclaiming the 'vanity and folly' of a fellow Christian to the world in general, we hasten to give vent to Mr. Sutherland's sentiments as applied to the paper in question:—'SIR,—To reflect upon the 'christian and irreputable conduct and language of an elder is, 'in your estimation, to 'whine' or to 'bellow.' You know where 'you have learned this choice language. Your progress in the 'school of scurrility is justly remarkable. * * * * Come, 'out with it, Sir. I defy you to point out one stain in my whole public career.'" To which the *Protestant* witheringly replies:—"We are prepared to admit that if his influence were equal to his conceit, the whole of our ecclesiastical and political system would be made to revolve around him as a grand centre, and that each 'erratic planet which acknowledged not his attractive force would be swept by his repulsive power—certainly the greater—away 'into the depths of illimitable space."

We would remind our readers that the concert advertised for Tuesday next is given in aid of the "Citizens' Free Library."—The advantages of a free library in a city such as Halifax can hardly be over-estimated. Some of England's most eminent engineers, chemists, and geologists, owe their present position to the facilities afforded them for study in libraries, which the Halifax Free Library may rival at no very distant date. Mr. Holt's Concerts are deservedly popular, and we trust that on Tuesday next the Temperance Hall may accommodate a "bumper house."

Such Halifax journals as think proper to fill up their columns with a list of so called "unclaimed letters," would do well to exercise moderation. A subscriber informs us that certain Halifax papers still advertise a letter which was read and answered more than two months back. Our subscriber adds—"the anxiety and vexation consequent upon this hap-hazard style of advertising can hardly be over-rated."

BATHS.—We have been requested to state that there is no drain in absolute proximity with the baths near the Grand Battery.—The proprietor of the baths in question is of opinion that there ought to be a drain there. This settles the question, and we hope the city fathers will at once drain the locality under consideration.

The following funeral advertisement appears in the *P. E. Island Protestant*, of the 8th instant:—

MARRIED.—"At Morell Manse, on the 15th of March, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Mr. William T. Coffin, son of Benjamin B. Coffin, to Miss Sarah Coffin, daughter of the late James Coffin, all of Savage Harbour.

Extracts.

HISTORIC DOUBTS.

An interesting article in a late number of *Fraser's Magazine* contained a short criticism of Whately's well known *Historic Doubts*. In exposing the vagaries of the Spiritualists, an argument was naturally led to attack what may be described as an argument in favour of "universal belief." "You have the audacity," says Whately in effect, "to doubt the truth of certain miraculous stories. I will prove that, to be consistent, you must equally doubt the existence of Napoleon; or, if you once admit internal improbability to be a legitimate ground of scepticism, your belief in everything that you do not see with your own eyes and feel with your own hands shall be exhibited as demonstrably absurd." The discomfited sceptic should naturally prefer to swallow any amount of wonders rather than disbelieve in all contemporary history. Nothing can come amiss, rapping tables, the apparition of spirits in crystals, the feats of reading through stone walls and seeing races not yet run, may be taken for gospel on evidence homogeneous with that on which we believe in the existence of Louis Napoleon and Abraham Lincoln. The extreme convenience of this logic to the disciples of the Davenport Brothers is obvious. But the answer made to the writer in *Fraser* is, perhaps, equally obvious. It takes, as he really shows, more evidence to prove that Mr. Home can float about in the air, like a fish in the water, than to prove that Napoleon III. is Emperor of the French. The paradox, indeed, stated broadly, knocks itself on the head. A *reductio ad absurdum* is often a dangerous figure of rhetoric; in trying to make your opponent look silly, you leave out the pith and marrow of his assertions, and you are yours, if landed in the awkward conclusion that a very common-sense argument leads to a manifest absurdity. The process by which Archbishop Whately arrived at his startling conclusions led him by way of certain fallacies of a more delicate nature; his paradoxical assertions shaded gradually into each other so as to conceal the degree of his divergence from an accurate statement of his opponent's creed. In arguing by illustration, we are always liable to drift into topics where the illustration suits our purposes whilst ceasing to correspond to the case put by our adversary.

It need not be said that we all believe in the existence of Napoleon. We could not cut away that part of our creed without reducing the rest of our historical faith to an incoherent jumble. We even believe, with nearly equal confidence, things hanging by a much slighter thread of evidence. We were told one morning that Louis Philippe had been turned out of Paris, and was coming to England under the name of Smith. The story was, in one sense, improbable in the extreme. No one would have guessed, on a particular day in February, 1848, that the King of the French would on that day fortnight be landing at Folkestone, and calling himself Smith. If such a possibility had, by some strange accident, been suggested, the odds against the event would have been incapable of expression in figures. The evidence that it had taken place, was, to most people, slight in the extreme. Some person or persons unknown had told this marvellous story in the papers. Its truth, therefore, rested merely upon the well-known argument that it was in print. We had read it in the papers, and therefore it must be true. It was, however, a mere anonymous assertion of one of the strangest facts that imagination could picture. And yet it never entered into any one's head to doubt its substantial truth; and, if any one had seriously doubted it, his incredulity would have gone far to prove him out of his mind. If we can rest such a stupendous superstructure upon such a feeble groundwork of evidence, why should not a stronger link of evidence enable us to believe a stranger story still? Suppose, for example, that a number of known characters—including Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury—had been upon the pier, and stated on their oaths that His Majesty had crossed the Channel on his cloak, carrying his head under his arm. No one accustomed to reason would have believed their words for a moment. We should have assumed that they were under some strange delusion; that they had just been dining together; that they were indulging in a practical joke. No weight of evidence would induce a belief in a gratuitous miracle, not even alleged (as we, of course, assume) to have any religious signification. If the reasonableness of our disbelief is sufficiently obvious, on what grounds do we justify our ready assent to the truth even of the first story? It looks as if the specific effect of downright assertion in inducing belief were unduly great. We daily believe extraordinary events merely because they are asserted to have happened. America is the native land of playful exaggeration. Many Englishmen say, if they are explicitly asked, that American papers are even fuller of lies than an English county journal in the dead season; yet they never think of doubting that a battle has taken place when Reuter's speaks of the faith of an obscure paper in the Far West. Perhaps they divide the numbers by two; they possibly substitute "defeat" for "strategic movement," or "running away" for "drawing the enemy further from his base;" still they do not doubt that the assertion is substantially true, or that, at any rate, it bears some relation to the truth, involving neither direct contradiction nor pure imagination.

That we are fully justified in granting belief upon these easy

terms follows from the simple fact that further inquiry confirms the first report in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. Every now and then, indeed, we suffer from a deliberate hoax. In 1848 there came a rumour that a revolution was taking place in Ireland—that railroads were being torn up, barricades erected, and a provisional government proclaimed. As a rule, however, even the most lying of mankind tell more truths than lies. The common mathematical fiction of one A. B. who speaks the truth once in three times shows more talent for imagination than is generally placed to the credit of mathematicians. Such a monster could hardly continue to exist. The supply of truth, like that of cotton, is stimulated by the demand for it. In a rude state of society the virtue of hospitality is universal, because people could not get on without it; but as society takes a more complex form, hospitality requires in favour of inn-keeping. On the other hand, the habit of telling news with some approach to accuracy becomes common, because our relations to distant countries make it important. "Travellers' tales" is beginning to be a merely traditional expression of distrust. We therefore find it convenient, as a matter of practice, to believe most of what we hear. Perhaps we carry the habit too far. We are seldom, however, taken in by a good specimen of the genuine downright fiction. The best example that we can recollect of late years is that of the railroad tragedy related in the *Times* to have occurred in Georgia. A professed eye-witness recounted, in apparent good faith, a series of deliberate murders which had been perpetrated with the utmost coolness in his presence. The culminating point was the throwing a small boy out of the car, because he complained of his father's murder. There was a boldness of touch about this fiction that almost imposed upon readers. The witness was said to be thoroughly trustworthy. He had no apparent motive for lying. According to Whately's argument we were bound to believe him, unless we would give up belief in general. The evidence was far better than that on which we believe nine stories out of ten. It was not so good as that on which we believe that Muller was hanged, but, until contradicted, it was perhaps better than that on which, before his confession, we believed him to be guilty. Putting aside the presumption raised from its extreme intrinsic improbability, we were as much bound to believe it as we are to believe that Sherman has taken Savannah. As people had not imbibed the logic of *Historic Doubts*, men of sense thought that it was as unfounded as it is in fact turned out to be; but the mere habit of believing all that is said induced many persons to give it a hesitating assent.

We are quite right, then, in admitting most stories of the strangest events to be true, although we should be very foolish to refuse to take into account their *a priori* probability or improbability. Our experience of results is a sufficient justification of our habit of assent. But how is this to be reconciled with the logical conditions of the problem? By what process of reasoning does it appear that such improbable events are to be credited on such slight evidence? The answer to this clears up the ingenious fallacy so dexterously insinuated in the *Historic Doubts*. In one sense, the improbability of Napoleon's conquest of Russia is enormously great. According to the common illustration, it is improbable that John Smith should meet Thomas Brown at precisely half-past ten o'clock to-morrow exactly at Temple Bar. But the slightest posterior evidence will induce us to believe that this remarkable coincidence has taken place. The fact is, all that we mean by "improbable" in this case is that we may imagine innumerable other combinations in which Smith and Brown would not meet at all, or not meet at that particular time and place. The "improbability" merely means that, if we were in total ignorance of Smith's and Brown's motions, we should never guess beforehand the exact time and place of their meeting. Thus, if a man were to have calculated beforehand all possible configurations of European affairs, he would never have hit upon the special arrangement of a French Emperor at Moscow. But neither would he have hit off, at any other time, the precise scene in course of enactment on the changing theatre of the world. Every succeeding phase of history has this peculiarity, that it is more or less unlike every phase that has preceded it. Every true narrative is therefore an account of something very improbable, in the sense of being incapable of anticipation. History in Europe at least, is a collection of strange stories—meaning, by strange, something without any exact parallel. It is no argument, then, against the truth of a story, to say that it is in this sense strange; the argument becomes valid only when we can say that the divergence from all previous experience is more than the average divergence. This is obviously the case when the story contains a contradiction to some well established theory—such as the commonly received opinions that two and two make four, or that mahogany tables are of strictly limited conversational powers. Downright lies are, so we have remarked, on the whole, in a minority, but that minority certainly includes the larger part of stories marked by indifference to such accepted principles. When, for example, a gentleman relates the celebrated anecdote of his crossing the Atlantic in a washing-tub, the general presumption in favour of the veracity of mankind ceases to operate. His story is one of a large family which are habitually found to involve errors or fact. When a man tells us that a French Emperor has broken loose and conquered half Europe, his assertion belongs to a class seldom met with, but not a class of utter improbability. When he says that a table has walked up stairs by itself, carrying a moderate lamp with great care, we recognise in the story a certain likeness to many legends long since dead and buried. It is very hard to be told that we are inconsistent in believing one narrative whilst we refuse to accept the other.

The method by which Whately endeavours to bring out this inconsistency consists, in the path of his argument. He would have declined, for his own part, to believe a story involving a gratuitous breach of the ordinary laws of nature. But, in arguing *ad hominem*, he insists upon the fact that his opponents refuse to believe anything that happens very rare.

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ly. The only distinction which they can draw, consistently with their own principles, between a miraculous and a common event, is that one comes to pass constantly and the other very seldom. They refuse to believe that a dead man has come to life, not because they assert it to be impossible, but because it is so rare as not to have come under their own observation. But the success of Louis Napoleon, or, indeed, any event in history, is so rare as to be unique. Why not refuse equally to believe in it? This is illustrated by an assertion quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*, that if any one should say that he had seen a hundred dice, thrown at random, all fall upon one face, he ought not to be believed. Putting aside, for a moment, the question as to the fairness of such a feat would it be a principle of natural philosophy with which we are acquainted, but the anecdote of this nature commonly told are much often false than true. It is less likely that the dice should all have fallen on one face, or the storks' legs been all cut off by one bullet, than that our informant should be venturing upon a pardonable exaggeration. It is not the mere rarity of the event which makes us doubt, but the internal evidence afforded by the texture of the anecdote to its having been mentioned by subjective rather than objective witnesses. Returning, however, to the more general argument, it is manifestly unfair. It is little better than a play upon words to say that the coming to life of a dead man is a rare occurrence, and that the conquest of Russia by a French Emperor is also rare. To give to the argument any pertinence, it should be shown that Napoleon's feats imply powers as exceptional as powers to overcome the ordinary laws of nature. We need not say that this would be asserted by no one. Philosophers may assert that we believe two and two to make four merely because experience teaches us that they always have made four when we have tried the experiment; but no such philosopher would deny that experience may establish truths of entirely different orders of certainty and universality. On whatever ground we rest, our disbelief in the capacity of chairs and tables for talking differs essentially from our disbelief in the existence of a man of lightning unequalled powers. It matters not if our scepticism in both cases arises from the rareness of the phenomenon. But to discuss this at length would lead us too far into metaphysical questions.

The great objection to the *Historic Doubts* is the objection to all weak arguments for a good cause. The apparent design is to endeavour to induce a belief in certain events, by arguing that we ought to be credulous. The result, of course, is to make persons who are imposed upon fancy that credulity is necessary to such belief. What object is carried out this principle by giving some credit to the stories of spirit-rapping impostures. If his arguments were to be logically carried out, they would certainly tend to place all such fictions upon a respectable footing; and this, in our opinion, would be in itself a sufficient proof of their weakness.—*London Sat. Review*.

RETARDED EBULLITION—BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

In former experiments Prof. Dufour showed that globules of water heated beyond 100° C. when surrounded by other fluids of the same density, boiled furiously if touched with pieces of wood, paper, cotton, &c., and he now finds that, like platinum, these various substances lose their power by frequent or continuous use. Partial renewals of the water occasioned diminution in the retardation of ebullition. Professor Dufour remarks that, according to experiments hitherto made on the retardation of the boiling point of water, it has been supposed that this effect is only witnessed in vessels of glass or porcelain. He adds in a note that M. Magnus records an instance of retardation in a vessel of platinum, and goes on to say that when ebullition is excited by diminishing pressure, water in contact with divers metals retards its boiling, and thus the mere contact of a metallic surface is not sufficient to counteract its tendency to maintain the liquid state. "When water is in a state of retarded ebullition it presents, in appearance at least, no special activity, although a very abundant and exceptional surface evaporation is really going on. It looks motionless and calm, no bubbles of gas or vapour disengage themselves from the mass or from the walls of the vessel. This liquid condition is analogous to an instable equilibrium, and ebullition may supervene all at once. The sudden transformation of a portion of the liquid into vapour sometimes occurs without any appreciable external cause; but we are nearly sure of provoking it, by giving a shock to the vessel, and sometimes we can do so by admitting a small quantity of air. It is not rare to see ebullitions follow a tolerable loud noise, such as a blow struck in an adjacent room, or the shaking occasioned by walking over the floor." Professor Dufour compares this action to the effect of agitation in exciting crystallization in super-saturated solutions of sulphate of soda. After reference to experiments of M. Marcet and others, the Professor observes that if the presence of a layer of gaseous matter on the surface of a liquid excites its ebullition, it must be interesting to know what effect would follow from keeping a gaseous layer constantly renewed on the surface of a body plunged into water. To ascertain this he immersed two platinum wires in water, and rendered them inactive by repeatedly boiling the liquid. It was then possible to obtain retardation of the boiling point to the extent of 10° or 15° C. A galvanic current was then transmitted through the wires, and gases were continually evolved from their surfaces, and it became

impossible to obtain the least retardation of the boiling point.—The currents of oxygen and hydrogen starting from the two electrodes, acted as provocatives to ebullition, the moment the change of pressure rendered that phenomenon possible. When ebullition had been retarded to the extent of 15° or 20°, and was suddenly excited by the electric production of these gaseous currents, an instantaneous commotion occurred as if gunpowder had been ignited.—*Intellectual Observer*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

(*Spectator*.)

The Emperor assumes that Napoleon was as necessary to Europe—as true an expression of its latent wants—as Cæsar was of those of the ancient world. He endorses the vain speech of Napoleon at St. Helena. "What struggles, what bloodshed, what years will be required that the good I wished to do mankind may be realized?" Never was there a greater blunder. That Cæsar was wanted, that the world, civilized but in danger of anarchy, really thirsted for an absolute law under which mankind could sit secure, and that, the Church not having arisen to give the mighty idea of representative government to the world, this want could be obtained only through a personal rule, may be admitted. It is proved by the long peace which the world enjoyed under his successor, by the fact that for five hundred years no powerful nation or group of men, with one exception, endeavoured to establish any other principle of government. But Napoleon did not succeed. On the contrary, the work it took him fifteen years to accomplish was undone in a day, amid the rejoicings of liberated mankind. The nephew says the ostracism of the uncle did not prevent the resuscitation of the empire, any more than the murder of Julius prevented the reign of Augustus. We say it did. An empire has revived in France, and its chief is a Bonaparte; but it is not Napoleon's empire—not that terrible sway in which kingdoms were reduced to counties and nations to provincials, in which kings were lieutenants of the Cæsar and civilized Europe obeyed a conscription for the benefit of one man. Napoleon is great in the world because he has not restored the empire which his uncle failed to found—because England feels her individuality unmenaced, and Germany can advance on her freely-chosen path—because the national life of Italy has been set free, and unshackled—because all over the world the nations are helped to acquire the individual life which Napoleon would have extinguished under the gorgeously sculptured tomb. It was not the French, but the European empire, which Europe ostracized; it is the French, and not the European empire, which has been revived.

TWO LIVES IN ONE.

I am old now. My life has been as placid and uneventful as I could have wished; but there is one memory I possess, known to but few, which my family wish me to put before the world. In my old age I learn to submit to younger judgments, even as in my youth I submitted to my elders. In some cases extreme, I meet. I ask attention to my story only because it is true. Whether it is strange or not, I hardly know; it is strange enough to me.

More than fifty years ago my brother Stephen and I lived together in a village about ten miles south of London, where he was in practice as a surgeon. Stephen was thirty-two, I eighteen. We had no relations, but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and well married in London. Stephen was a solitary and studious man, living somewhat apart from his neighbours, and standing almost in a fatherly position towards me. Through the years we had lived together no one had thought of his marrying. Thus it was when the events I have to tell began. The house next to ours was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble-looking man, rather past middle age, with one daughter, Marion, by name. How shall I describe her, the most beautiful creature I ever saw? She was perhaps twenty years old; I never knew precisely. A tall, slight form, fair complexion, dark chestnut eyes and hair, and an expression more like that of an angel than a human being. Though I was much struck with her appearance, Stephen did not seem to notice it; and we might have remained unacquainted with them for ever, but that he was required to help Mr. Cameron over an awkward stile opposite our house. Acquaintance once made, they soon grew familiar; for they had two feelings in common, a love of tobacco and Swedenborgianism. Many a summer evening did they pass, smoking the one and talking the other, Marion sometimes joining in, for she generally walked with them, while my chest, which was weak at that time, kept me at home. One day they quitted Stephen at the gate, and as he entered the door I said to him:

"How lovely Marion is! I am never tired of looking at her."

"Look at her while you may," said he; "she has not three years to live."

It was only too true. She had some dreadful complaint—aneurism, I think it was—which must carry her off in the flower of her days.—Stephen told me this, and had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope; and the emotion, rare enough in him, that he displayed, told me he loved Marion. I said no word to him about it, I knew better; but I saw with what dreadful doubts he was perplexed.—Excitement might shorten Marion's life—such an excitement as a declaration of love from him might be of material injury; and even if it did not prove so, how could he condemn himself to the prolonged torture of seeing the life of a beloved wife ebb away day by day? Besides, he did not think she cared for him. I, who had watched her tirelessly, knew that she loved him with her whole heart. He struggled with himself fiercely; but he won the fight. He left home for some weeks and returned, looking older and paler; but he had learned to mention her name without his voice quivering, and to touch her hand without holding his breath hard. She was pining away under the influence of his changed manner, and I dared not help my two drillings

to be happy. An unexpected aid soon came. Mr. Cameron, who was in bad health when we first saw him, died suddenly. Poor Marion's grief was terrible to see. Her father was dead, Stephen, as she thought, estranged; and there was no one else in the world who cared whether she lived or died, except myself. I brought her home with me, and was with her hourly till Mr. Cameron's funeral. How we got through that time I hardly know. Then came the necessary inquiry into his affairs. He had died, not altogether poor, but in reduced circumstances, leaving Marion an annuity that would scarcely give her the luxuries her state of health required. And where was she to live, and what to do? Stephen was the sole executor, the one adviser to whom she could look. He took two days and nights to consider, and then offered her his hand and home. At first she could not believe that his offer arose from anything but pity and compassion; but when he had told her the story of the last few months, and called me to bear witness to it, a great light seemed to come into her eyes, and a wonderful glow of love, such as I had never seen, over her face. I left them to themselves that evening, till Stephen tapped at the door of my room and told me all—nothing, in fact, but what I knew long before. In their case there was little cause for delay. Trousers were not the important matters in my day that they are in my grandchildren's; and Marion was married to Stephen, in her black gown, within a month of her father's funeral.

The next few months were a happy time for all of us. Marion's health improved greatly. The worried, frightened look she used to wear left her face as she recovered from the depression caused by her constant anxiety about her father, and the loss of rest she suffered in attending upon him at night. It seemed as if she was entirely recovering; and Stephen, if he did not lose his fears, at least was not constantly occupied with them. How happily we used to look forward to the future, for Stephen was beginning to save money; and how many were our day-dreams about professional eminence for him, and fashionable life in London, partly for Marion, but mostly for me. I have tried fashionable life in London since, but I never found it so happy as our days in that dear old Surrey village.

Well, our happy time did not last long. Marion caught a cough and cold as the winter came on, and was soon so ill as to be taken to London for advice. Stephen came back alone, with a weary, deathly-looking face. Marion had broken a small blood-vessel on the journey—not anything serious in itself, but ominous enough. They were to go at once to a warmer climate—not at all, we felt. Fortunately I packed up the necessary things, and went with Stephen to London the next day to say good-by to Marion, who had been forbidden to go home. The same afternoon they were on board a trading vessel bound to Leghorn. Luckily, Marion was a good sailor and well used to ships, for she had made more than one voyage to Madeira with her father. Much as I wished to go with them, and much as they wished it too, it was out of the question. Stephen had saved but little money, and could hardly see how he and Marion were to live, unless he could make himself a practice somewhere among the English abroad, and his taking me also was not to be thought of. I was to live for the present with my married sister. It was very sore to part with Stephen, with whom I had lived all my life; it was almost sorer still to part with Marion, who had been more than a sister to me ever since I saw her. Stephen and I were nearly overcome with emotion; but she was calm and silent, with an intense, wistful look about her lovely face that has haunted me all my life since. I can see it now when I shut my eyes, though it is fifty years ago. Need I say that I never saw her again?

I went to my sister's house, and began the fashionable life I used to wish for. It was not all that I pictured it, though it was pleasant enough to occupy me in the daytime; but at night I longed sadly for my darlings.

Stephen wrote letters full of hope, and talked of returning after spending two years in Italy. Marion, too, wrote favourably of herself, and my anxiety began to lessen. There was another reason for this at the same time—my late husband, the friend and partner of my sister's husband, was at that time beginning to pay his addresses to me; and the tender troubles of my own case made me careless of others. Summer came round again; and one day as I was half wishing for my country home again, a letter arrived from Stephen. Marion's complaint was at a crisis, and a great change would take place, one way or the other, in a few days. I was to go home, put the place in order, and be ready to receive them. I did not know till afterwards that Marion had begged to be allowed to die at home, if the change were for the worse; if it had been for the better, there would have been no reason for her staying abroad.

Well, I went home, arranged everything, and waited for them. Three weeks passed (the usual interval) and no letter; a month, and I supposed they were travelling slowly to avoid fatigue. On the day five weeks after I had received the last letter I was sitting alone, rather late in the evening, when a quick step sounded in the road outside, and Stephen came to the gate, opened it, entered the house, and sat down in silence. He was dressed as usual, and looked tired and travel-stained; but there was no sorrow in his face, and I felt sure that Marion must be safe. I asked him where she was. He said she was not with him.

"Have you left her in Italy?" I asked, heaving myself up to my feet.

"She is dead," he answered, without a shadow of emotion.

"How! Where?" I was beginning to question him, but he stopped me.

"Give me something to eat and drink," he said. "I have walked from London, and I want to sleep."

I brought him what he wanted. He bade me good night; and as I saw he wished it, I left him and went to bed, full of grief, but even more of wonder that he, who truly loved his wife, if ever man did, could speak of her not a month after her death without his voice faltering or his face changing in the least. "To-morrow will solve the question," I said to myself as, weary with crying, I felt sleep coming over me. But to-morrow did not solve the question. He told me as before, without emotion, what he wished me to know, and from that moment we spoke no more on the subject. In every respect but this he was my own Stephen of old,—as kind and thoughtful as ever, only altered by a rather absent and abstracted manner. I thought at first that he was stung by his loss, and would realise it most painfully afterwards; but months passed on without a change. He used Marion's chair, or things

of her work, or sat opposite to her drawings without seeming to notice them; indeed, it was as if she had dropped out of his life entirely, and left him as he was before he knew her. The only difference was, that he, naturally a man of sedentary habits, took a great deal of exercise, and I knew that he kept laudanum in his bedroom.

At this time my lover was pressing me to marry him, and with much difficulty I consented to tell Stephen about it, though I had no intention of leaving him. To my surprise he seemed pleased. I told him that I would never leave him alone, not for all the husbands in the world; but he would not hear me.

"I think it is your duty to marry him, Margaret," he said. "You love him, and have taught him to love you, and you have no right to sacrifice him to me."

"My first duty is to you, Stephen. I will not leave you alone."

"I see that I must explain to you," he said, after a pause. "When you leave me I shall not be alone."

"Who will be with you?" I asked, wondering.

"Marion."

I started as if I had been shot, for I thought he must surely be mad; but he continued, quite calmly and as usual, without emotion,—

"She died at mid-day. Till night I do not know what I did. I felt stunned and broken and dying myself; but at last, worn out with watching and sitting up, I fell asleep; and by God's mercy she came to me in my dreams, and told me to be comforted. The next night she came again, and from that time to this has never failed me. Then I felt that it was my duty to live; that if my life was valueless to myself, it was not so to you, so I came home. I daresay it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produce an illusion, yea, an effort of my will; but however that is, it has saved me from going mad or killing myself. How does she come? Always as she was in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress, talking as she used to talk,—not an angel, but herself. Sometimes we go through a whole day of pleasure, sometimes she only comes and goes; but no night has ever yet been without her; and indeed I think that her visits are longer and dearer as I draw nearer to her side again. I sometimes ask myself which of my two lives is the real one. I ask myself now, and cannot answer. I should think that the other was, if it were not that while I am in this I recollect the other, and while I am in the other I know nothing beyond. And this is why my sorrow is not like that of others in my position. I know that no night will pass without my seeing her; for my health is good enough, and I never fail to sleep. Sleeplessness is the only earthly evil I dread, now you are provided for. Do not think me hard to you in not having told you of this before. It is too sacred a thing to be spoken of without necessity. Now write to your husband that that is to be, and tell him to come here."

I did so, and the preparations for my marriage began. Stephen was very kind; but his thoughts wandered further and farther day by day. I spoke to a doctor, a friend of his, about him, but it seemed that nothing really ailed him. I longed, almost to pain, to ask him more about Marion; but he never gave me an opportunity. If I approached the subject he turned the talk in another direction, and my old habits of submission to him prevented me from going on. Then came my wedding day. Stephen gave me away, and sat by my side at the breakfast. He seemed to hang over me more tenderly than ever, as he put me into the carriage and took leave of me.

The last thing I did as I leaned out of the carriage window was to tell him to be sure to be my first visitor in my own home.

"No, Margaret," he said, with a sad smile. "Say good-bye to me now; my work is done."

Scarcely understanding what he said, I bade him good-bye; and it was not till my husband asked me what he meant that I remembered his strange look and accent. I then felt half frightened about him; but the novelty of my first visit abroad made me forget my fears.

The rest is soon told. The first letter I received from England said that on the very morning after my marriage he had been found dead and cold in his bed. He had died without pain, the doctor said, with his right hand clasping his left arm above the wrist, and holding firmly, even in death, a circlet of Marion's hair.—*Once a Week.*

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