

they finally emerged shorn of their outward plumage, dragged, weary, and depressed. While the jam was tightest, and the struggle fiercest, our eye lighted upon two fair sisters whose demeanor was calm, despite some traces of physical exhaustion. Their interesting half-mourning garb riveted our attention, as admirably suited to their pensive style of loveliness, and we sighed to think of the devastation to which such toilettes seemed about to be consigned. A moment more, and our fair enslavers were in the thick of the crowd, battling for prominence. Freeing ourselves by a tremendous effort, we gained their side, fought a passage through the heaving mass, and breathless and exhausted conducted the ladies to an unoccupied bench. "Permit me," we exclaimed, "to offer that homage to your beauty, which—"

"Enough Sir," said the taller of the two, "we thank you for your escort, but what think you of our dress?" We had expected a question less practical, but gallantry compelled us to answer that so directly vouchsafed to us, and we turned our admiring gaze from the ladies themselves to their outward habiliments. We were literally thunderstruck! Not a crease, not a wrinkle, bore witness of the recent struggle—the ladies looked as though but that instant released from the hands of their tiring women. The question involuntarily came to our lips. "What marvellous *artiste* can have—"

The lady addressed, raised her daintily gloved hand to enforce silence, smiled sweetly, inclined her head towards us, and with a blush of girlish pride mantling her fair cheek, whispered in our expectant ear, "DUFFES and Co." We need say no more.

WHO IS THE GREATEST OF MORTALS ANCIENT OR MODERN?

This is a much vexed question. We with many others have, until lately, held that the greatest of the CESARS, JULIUS the conqueror of the Gauls, the hero of Pharsalia, Munda and Thapsus, the philosopher, author, statesman, warrior, all in one, stood unrivalled in the historic page. But even CESAR yielded to an insidious foe. The Hero veiled with victorious bays his hairless brows. Greater than CESAR must she be before whose baldness has fled this earth never more to return. Let us, joining the train of worshippers, raise to heaven our glad voices and cry unceasingly, Hail to thee Queen of Queens, Victor of Victors, MRS. S. A. ALLEN. Hail to thy World Wide Hair Restorer. Hail to thee INVENTRIX ZYLOBALSAMUM.

GREAT INTERCOLONIAL EXHIBITION OF 1865.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

There is only one thing at present talked of in the Provinces. There is so far as we can see only one thing worthy of talk in the Provinces. And the talk is that the exhibitors from our country are sure at least to carry off one prize, should the great Industrial Exhibition become an accomplished fact. The gratifying manner in which our productions were the year before last extolled by admiring millions, the noble show made at Paris, and at London's great fair of 1851 would more than justify the conclusion that in certain branches of manufacture our citizens are second to none. There is one line however in which we especially excel, and there is one spirited manufacturer amongst us who in that line has far outdistanced all his competitors. Need we say that we allude to Mr. WOODILL, whose patent medicine, unrivalled in its efficacy for removing the diseases of the young, has long formed a fertile theme for congratulatory comment alike in the shanty of the backwoodsman and around the gilded *Berconnettes* of our youthful aristocracy.

SOLD IN BOXES.

And to be had direct from the Manufactory of Messrs. WOODILL and Sox, City Drug Store.

PITY FOR THE MISERABLE.

From the high top of Ida, rich in groves,
The Thunderer gazing on the world below,
Saw the vast misery spreading o'er the earth,
And pitying heard the voice of human woe.

"SON ESCULAPIUS," the Great God cried,—
"Descend on earth and health and joy restore,
Cause a new age to dawn upon the world,
And pain and sickness to be known no more."

In human form, 'midst the abodes of men
The God of Health his heavenly mission speeds,
Not blest by all, for fools will ever sneer,
And learn repentance only in their need.

Men know not RADWAY when they hear of thee
That a great God is hidden by thy name,
That thy Resolvents Renovating Balm,
Is heaven's gift—not a thing of human fame.

THE BULLFROG.

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not to dwell on things, not to look forward, not to devise terrors; they cannot help themselves. We perceive, therefore, that the cheerful man must be a busy one—not a drudge, but always with something in hand to engage and arrest the attention, and impart interest to the present. We do not much believe in that form of it which is fed by illusions. Charles Lamb describes a man who keeps himself and his household in supreme spirits by calling everything by wrong names—asking, for example, for the silver sugar-tongs, when the thing indicated, and under the very nose of both host and guest, "was but a spoon, and that plated." Real, lasting cheerfulness throws its own hue upon things, but it sees them in exact shape and proportion. It also is one of its secrets to esteem everything the more for the fact of possession. All the cheerful people we know think the better of a thing for being their own; disparagement is altogether alien to this temper, unless of things obviously beyond reach. Cheerful people, again, have few secrets, and no willing ones; they do not hug mysteries, and, in fact, have a way of scattering them—perhaps for the reason that in its nature cheerfulness is akin to daylight, and while other humours shut up men "each in the cave of his own complexion," this brings him into the sunshine. We can see all around him and into him as well, and he is not only illuminated, but in his turn an illumination; so that it is wonderful what a change in morbid states of feeling and general misunderstandings the sudden presence of a cheerful spirit will bring about.—*Saturday Review*.

THE PRINCE OF WALES A FREEMASON.

The Prince of Wales has made the formal application which is preliminary to any person becoming a member of the Masonic body. I am not among the initiated, and cannot pretend to describe the process of initiation; but, whatever it be, his Royal Highness, of his own free will and consent, had undertaken to satisfy the Grand Lodge that there is not in his character or position anything that would disqualify him from being a member of the body. The usual inquiries will be made, and if satisfactory the Prince of Wales becomes a Mason. It is said that in the annals of the craft it is recorded that the late Prince of Wales was anxious to become a Mason, and that he was not accepted. If this be so, the present Prince will probably be the first apparent heir to the Crown who has entered that body. We know that the Royal blood of England has ere now been brought in contact with the rites, and that the Duke of Sussex was a Grand Master, but that the Prince of Wales should join the craft, is a subject of welcome to the brethren. The date of his formal admission is not yet fixed. I understand that his Royal Highness became infected with the desire of being a Mason, during the pleasant days he spent at Cambridge University, and that a lodge there, which embraced his most intimate friends, drew its beguiling influence over him. The Marquis of Hastings, imitating his chief, the Earl of De Grey and Ripon, has become a Mason, and will to-night present himself for the honour of being made a Grand Mason.—*Tablet*.

INCREASED GROWTH OF COTTON IN TURKEY.

From the "Djeride Havada's" Record of News, Constantinople native paper.

Ninety thousand *Oka* of Cotton seed from America and Egypt being sent to all the "well guarded possessions" of his Majesty the Sultan, from the most high Chamber of Commerce, 5,000 *Oka* of Egyptian, and 7,000 *Oka* of American cotton seed have been sent to Smyrna; and in consequence of this, and the effort of the local authorities to promote the art of agriculture in the year 1860 (according to the Christian mode of reckoning) from the port of Smyrna, 12,000 bales of Cotton were sold and exported, in payment whereof, 30,000 English pounds were received. And fresh efforts being made to promote this industry, which bore great fruit, in the past year, 1863, 60,000 bales of cotton were exported and sold from the said port, the price whereof amounted to 1,700,000 English pounds. And this year, 1864, 180,000 bales will probably be produced. And there is every reason to hope trade and commerce, all kind of productions will be greatly increased in all parts of Anatolia, if it so please Allah.—*Public Opinion*.

Advertisements.

THE MONSTER CONCERT.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

The large muster of our citizens at the Horticultural Gardens on Monday last, was fraught with some trifling annoyance to the fair sex. The injury to wearing apparel was considerable especially in the immediate vicinity of the entrance gates. Shawls, face mantles, victorias, &c., were in many instances literally torn to shreds, nor could the almost superhuman efforts of the City police do much in mitigation of an evil which increased with each successive batch of arrivals. It was indeed pitiable to note the havoc among ladies outer garments caused by the relentless pressure of the great unwashed. Hemmed in, as we were, within a yard of the western entrance we were compelled to remain silent spectators of an almost wholesale destruction of feminine finery, nor could our most heartrending appeals restrain spruce-dressed damsels from rushing headlong into that densely packed throng, from which