

at them. Enough for me that under any circumstances I am satisfied you have so much natural piety, that you would reject all worldly good fortune that could meet you upon unhallowed paths."

Here Elias would have broken off, but Rudolph said, "One thing more I wish to know; what is to be the nature of the good fortune offered to me? and did the book say whether I should accept it or not?"

"Upon the nature of the good fortune the writer has not explained himself; all that he says is, that by a discreet use of it, it is in your power to become a very great man. Whether you will accept it—but God preserve thee, my child, from any thought so criminal—upon this question there is a profound silence. Nay, it seems even as if this trader in black arts had at that very point been overtaken by death, for he had broken off in the very middle of the word. The Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Little as Rudolph's faith was in the possibility of such a proposal, yet he was uneasy at his father's communication and visibly disturbed; so that the latter said to him, "Had it not been better, Rudolph, that you had left the mystery to be buried with me in the grave?"

Rudolph said, "No;" but his restless eye and his agitated air too evidently approved the accuracy of his father's solicitude.

The deep impression upon Rudolph's mind from this conversation—the last he was ever to hold with his father—was rendered still deeper by the solemn event which followed. About the middle of that same night he was awakened suddenly by a summons to his father's bedside; his father was dying, and earnestly asking for him.

"My son!" he exclaimed with an expression of the bitterest anguish; stretched out both his arms in supplication towards him; and in the anguish of the effort he expired.

The levity of youthful spirits soon dispersed the gloom which at first hung over Rudolph's mind. Surrounded by jovial companions at the university which he now visited, he found no room left in his bosom for sorrow or care; and his heaviest affliction was the refusal of his guardian at times to comply with his too frequent importunities for money.

After a residence of one year at the university, some youthful irregularities in which Rudolph was concerned subjected him, jointly with three others, to expulsion. Just at that time the Seven Years' War happened to break out; two of the party, named Theiler and Werl, entered the military service together with Rudolph; the last very much against the will of a young woman to whom he was engaged. Charlotte herself, however, became reconciled to this arrangement, when she saw that her objections availed nothing against Rudolph's resolution, and heard her lover describe in the most flattering colors his own return to her arms in the uniform of an officer; for that his distinguished courage must carry him in the very first campaign to the rank of lieutenant, was as evident to his own mind as that he could not possibly fall on the field of battle.

The three friends were fortunate enough to be placed in the same company. But, in the first battle, Werl and Theiler were stretched lifeless by Rudolph's side; Werl by a musket-ball through his heart, and Theiler by a cannon-shot which took off his head.

Soon after this event, Rudolph himself returned home; but how! Not, as he had fondly anticipated, in the brilliant decorations of a distinguished officer, but as a prisoner in close custody: in a transport of youthful anger he had been guilty, in company with two others, of insubordination and mutiny.

The court-martial sentenced them to death. The judges, however, were so favorably impressed by their good conduct while under confinement, that they would certainly have recommended them unconditionally to the royal mercy, if it had not been deemed necessary to make an example. However, the sentence was so far mitigated, that only one of the three was to be shot. And which was he? That point was reserved in suspense until the day of execution, when it was to be decided by the cast of the dice.

## Advertisements.

### THE FLAG SHIP.

Graceful dancing is an art which commands itself to all, and one which, in the absence of more solid acquirements, is no bad passport to society. Few sights are more enlightening than that of a youthful couple floating through a heaving sea of muslin in the graceful gyrations of a waltz. Those who have had the good fortune to be present at those delightful summer gatherings on board the *Duncan*, have had rare opportunities of noting first class dancing, and the frequent recurrence of such charming *reunions* has done much to enhance the merits of those whose graceful movements are the admiration of all. While languidly gazing upon a blithesome crowd, whose silvery laughter pealed joyously through the shrouds of the Flag Ship, our eye insensibly followed one couple, whose movements seemed to realize the poetry of motion. It were difficult to award the palm of grace to either; indeed they moved as though actuated by a single motive power. The dance, concluded, and the parties separated, the lady seemed to move awkwardly, whereas the gentleman carried with him that indescribable poetry of motion which had first attracted our attention. We watched him through many dances,

in each of which he was the observed of all observers. No matter what the capabilities of his partner—whether tall or short, graceful or ungainly—whoever he danced with, seemed for the time being invested with an almost ethereal lightness. Yet he was not, to outward seeming, much indebted to nature, being short and of bulky aspect. What was the secret of his airy carriage—whence the springy lightness of his tread? An irresistible desire to learn more of this mysterious individual, led me to follow him through the streets until he finally entered a house near St. Paul's Church, where flinging himself into the embrace of a spare, middle aged man, he exclaimed, "Your marvellous French imported boots have, as I verily believe, made my fortune in Halifax,—thanks Mr. DUNBAR—a thousand thanks."

### LOST AND SAVED.

Wife come nearer to my pillow,  
Hither bring our children dead,  
I am growing faint and weary,  
And the end is very near.

My poor weak and wasted body,  
Soon will lie in the cold grave,  
Medicines have not availed me,  
Doctors had no power to save.

Homeopathy my darling,  
For the nonce has been in vogue,  
As for all opiate treatment,  
That I leave to the insane.

By the love that I have borne thee,  
By those vows I breathed to thee,  
When thou avowest as we wandered  
Lovers o'er the grassy lea.

Rear our darling babes on globules  
E'en of tinctures sparing be,  
I, the sufferer, sank exhausted,  
And his breath came fitfully.

On the bed the last edition,  
Of the morning paper lies,  
And his wife in bitter anguish,  
Casts on it by chance her eyes.

Softly rising, to the city,  
Speeds she crossing vale and hill,  
And returning to the sufferer,  
Places in his mouth a pill.

Now he swallows it and slowly,  
Slumber glides o'er him by stealth,  
Ha, his breath comes quick and freely,  
Thrills his pulse the beat of health.

Cries he, waking from his slumber,  
This a miracle must be,  
For I feel as well as ever,  
Wife what's that you gave to me.

Says the poor delighted woman,  
(Sceptic hear and give belief),  
Dear I only went to Radway's,  
Bought his Readiest Relief.

### THE FAR, FAR WEST.

Extract from Private Journal.

I took the boat to the falls of St. Anthony—travelled 400 miles through the prairie and came upon an extremely wild waste of land. "Who," I cried, "could live in so desolate a region," when hark! a platoon of musketry. "The Indians are upon us," I cried "sauve qui peut," a general skedaddle ensued, but we had hardly proceeded 300 yards through the long grass, when another platoon in an opposite direction to the first, met our bewildered ears. "All is lost," cried my companion, "it only remains for us to die like brave men." Being destitute of arms it appeared at first slight difficult to make any successful effort towards such an appearance, when my friend produced a Bologna Sausage from his pocket (bought at Mr. Harrington's store last year). "This," he cried "shall be my life preserver, does it not indeed resemble one?" "Truly," I cried "I applied internally, for they are very nourishing, and of most savory flavour. Refreshed we awaited the result. Shots were heard on all sides, and our last moment was evidently at hand. "Now for it," I said, as a loud rustling of the grass fixed our eyes upon a certain spot. As the noise approached within a few yards of us, we saw indeed a rare sight. A thousand timid Musquash, an equal number of Mink, Foxes, and Wolves, all their savage nature spent by fear, were collected around us. The gunshots sounded nearer, voices were heard, and after one discharge the cry of "another for Kaiser" reached our ears, I saw it all at a glance, and right joyfully from the ground cried, "stop for heavens sake!" We have done so," answered a friendly voice, "our bag is now full—50,000 Fox skins, 10,000 Wolf skins, 10,000 Bear skins, and 100,000 Muskwash. These are new in our camp. These fur skins are now on hand at MR. KAIZER'S FUR STOREHOUSE, GRANVILLE ST.

### THE BULLFROG.

Published Weekly, Price Four Cents per copy. Terms of Advertising.—Five cents per line. Communications, Advertisements, &c., to be addressed to X. Y. Z., Bullfrog Office, 111, Barrington St.

The Bullfrog is Printed at the Halifax Industrial School Printing Office, 711, Barrington-street. Mr. W. Theakston, Manager.