

THE BULLFROG.

perly, and could destroy any vessel in the French or British navy, lay their towns under contribution, and return again, provided she could pick up coal without fear of being followed. She could certainly clear any harbor on our coast of blockaders, in case we were at war with foreign powers. As strong and thick as the sides of this vessel are, one heavy shot from Fort Fisher indented the iron on her side armor, without however doing any material damage.

The iron-clads laid five days under fire from Fort Fisher, anchored less than 800 yards off, and though fired at a great deal, they received no injury except to their boats and the light matter about the decks, which were pretty well cut to pieces.

The Canadian Parliament met yesterday at Quebec. The Governor General in his speech congratulates the Legislature upon the general prosperity and contentment of the people of Canada, and urges upon them the necessity and importance of protecting British soil from being used by political refugees to commit outrages on a friendly State, and commends the proposition for a Confederation of the British Provinces.

Richmond papers of the 17th state that the Confederate Congress, in secret session, has appointed a Committee to consider peace conditions.

The capture of Fort Fisher has released a large number of war steamers hitherto engaged on the blockade squadron. Gold opened at 206.

Local and other Items.

We received EAGLE EYE's Communication, (third page was missing.) If he will kindly forward this to us we will insert his letter next week.

The Amateur Sacred Concert in the Roman Catholic Cathedral last night was, we are told, eminently successful.

“A correspondent of the *Express* calls our attention (in language common to the Colonial press of the period) to an error put forth in our last issue, relative to the Roman Catholic population in the proposed Federation. We remarked that—“Should Canada and the Maritime Provinces unite, the R. Catholic population would outnumber the Protestant population by one third.” We regret our mistake (*Nemo mortalium, &c., &c.*) inasmuch as we not only led the *Express* correspondent to use language which was hardly gentlemanlike, but likewise failed to do justice to the statistics of a gentleman celebrated for the general accuracy of his figures. We should have penned the following sentence:—“Should Canada and the Maritime Provinces unite, the R. Catholic population of B. N. America would be as three to one to any other religious denomination.” As regards the “defunct Protestant Alliance,”—we never heard of it. We are opposed to all sectarian “alliances,” as much as we are opposed to a political alliance with Canada, on the terms of the Federation Scheme.

THE UNIONIST.—It is somewhat painful to observe that a Journal which describes itself as the “ablest and best conducted” paper in Nova Scotia descends in its second issue to the use of language which would disgrace a radical journal in Honolulu. The sixth paragraph of its leading article on the “contemporary press” on this occasion, is so coarse that we cannot soil our columns by repeating it. The main efforts of this great Unionist paper seem to be made against Mr. Annand. It does not argue so much on Union as it does against the private character of an individual. The course adopted by the *Unionist* may be remunerative, but any sensible man must see that it tends to lower the standard of the Provincial Press. After four articles tending to prove that Mr. Annand is nobody—a nuns-kull—a traitor—a turncoat—and a scoundrel, the certain promise of future punishment is given to that gentleman thus:—“From the pen of a Voltaire or a Hobbs, or some other infidel, one might expect some such fling. * * * We notice that a recent *Chronicle* attempts some kind of a slur, or sneer, or caricature of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Annand is not likely to take much by that motion, either in a Province where the Baptist population is one sixth of the whole. * * * The time for infidel sneers at religion, Mr. Annand and his new found friends and admirers will find, or we greatly mistake, has passed away in Nova Scotia.” If a gentleman's opinion on Federation is worthless, and he himself an infidel, because he sneers at Mr. Spurgeon, the rest—*va sans dire*—and success to the *Unionist*! We repeat, it is a painful spectacle—to see the “best conducted paper” in this Province, making feeble attempts to vilify individual characters and foster sectional disorders upon a political question with which sections and sectarians have no concern.

The *Unionist* late Journal makes the following startling statement:—“We are endeavouring by one bold and vigorous effort to build up an Empire around us, and to make of ourselves a nation, which, at the very outset will rank with the first class powers of the earth.” Now, British North America “at the outset” has a population of something less than 4,000,000, being

nearly equivalent to that of Bavaria. The latter is not generally considered a first rate power.

The Angean Stable of the *Reporter* is not easily cleansed. Our efforts to purge that Journal of “Things talked of” has failed most signally. For a time indeed, a manifest improvement was visible, but even now when Halifax is to be emporium of manufactures from the East, from the West, from the North, and from the South, the same low conversational taste of its inhabitants is weekly recorded in the *Reporter*. The remarks, which we have at sundry times and seasons, been called by public duty to make upon “Things talked of” were never intended to refer to the columns of the *Reporter, en masse*. That Journal is on the whole most ably conducted, and we know that the respectable portion of its staff have long and loudly protested against the blot which disfigures its last column on Saturday's. That these gentlemen may bring their influence to bear upon their colleagues with success, is our earnest hope. The press of this Province is lowered sufficiently already by the scurrilities of Politicians as expressed in the Journals they control. The *Reporter* is not strongly political, and should eschew such writing as must eventually lower the newspapers of this Province to the level of those of the United States or the *Danger* sheet of Quebec.

DAKEMOUTH FERRY.—We have had the pleasure of inspecting the new Steam Ship in course of construction for the Dartmouth Ferry Company. Like her sister vessels, she will be a noble specimen of naval architecture. There can be no doubt that should the enemy invade our shores, these fine vessels mounted with three-pounder guns, and assisted by the iron-clads *Daring* and *Neptune*, would prove an auxiliary force to the British fleet, worthy of our great Western Empire—One ninth of the world.

Shipping Intelligence.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

Saturday Jan. 14.
Schr. Lone Star, Keans, Margaree Bay—to M. Dorcy.
Monday, Jan. 16.
Schr. Susanna, Clark, Boston—to Master; Packet *barque* Halifax, O'Brien, Boston, 38 hours, gen. cargo,—to Lawson, Harrington & Co.
Tuesday, Jan. 17.
Schr. Eagle, Romkey, Mahone Bay, fish, etc.—to E. & C. Stayner.
Wednesday Jan. 18.
Schr. Mary and Charles, Arichat—to Master; Matilda, Shaw, St. Peter's—to Black, Bros. & Co; Topaz, Sydney—to E. Albro & Co.
Thursday, Jan. 19.
No arrivals from sea to-day.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

CLEARED

Saturday, Jan. 14.
Brig. Chanticleer, Matson, Jamaica; Brig. Watchman, Reddy, Nassau; Schr. Traveller, Thomas, B. W. Indies; Vernon, Stanwood, St. John, N. B.; Hope, Carroll, New York; Friend, Campbell, Nassau.
Monday, Jan. 16.
Steamer *Frankonia*, Nickerson, Boston—by J. F. Thelan; Schr. Mary Jane, Hopkins, Jamaica—by T. C. Kinnear & Co.
Tuesday, Jan. 17.
Ship Hampden, (Am.) Pendleton, Bristol, timber—by W. Chisholm; Brig. Latina, McDonald, Fgn West Indies, fish, etc.—by W. P. West & Co; Schr. Masena, Nugent, Boston, fish etc.—by D. A. Pitts.
Wednesday Jan. 18.
Brigs. Albion, Hack, Bermuda—by J. N. Harvey; Isabella Thompson, Suva, B. W. I.—by R. J. & W. Hart; Schr. Anna Wall, St. Domingo—by B. Wier & Co; Rival, Dunlop, Liverpool, N. S.—by Master.
Thursday, Jan. 19.
Schooner Kate, White, Margaree, C. B.—by S. F. Barss.

THE DOUBLE HOUSE.

(Continued).

My husband and I by his express desire spent almost every evening at the Double House. Very painful and dreary evenings they were. Convalescence seemed to the poor patient no happiness—only a terror, misery, and pain.

One night, just as we were leaving, making an attempt at cheerfulness—for it was the first time he had performed the feat of walking, and his wife had helped him across the room with triumphant joy—he said, breaking from a long reverie, “Stay—a few minutes more; Rivers—Mrs. Rivers—I want to speak with you both.”

We sat down. He fell back in his chair, and covered his eyes. At length Mrs. Merchiston gently took the hands away.

“Evan, you don't feel so strong as usual to-night?”

“I do; alas, alas, I do,” he muttered.—“Would I were weak, and lay on that bed again, as powerless as a child. No, Barbara; look, I am strong—well.” He stood up, stretching his gaunt right arm, and clenching the hand; then let it drop, affrighted. “My little Barbara, I must send thee away.”

“Send me away?”

“Send her away!”

“Peggy,” cried my husband, in stern reproach, “be silent!”

The poor wife broke out into bitter sobs. “Oh, Evan, what have I