

And the frosts and frowns of early spring. So we leave our little bantling with you, hoping it will find a host of kind fathers and mothers; that it will be called all sorts of pretty names, be fed upon the milk of human kindness, and— But to leave the metaphor. We hope to make our little paper a receptacle of short, readable and racy articles; to make its pages sparkle with gems of thought and humorous anecdotes, so that it will both amuse and instruct, and thus prove an agreeable companion for a leisure half hour.

PROFESSOR FOWLER.

We understand that Prof. Fowler, of New York, is to lecture in this city upon the subject of Phrenology. It is always a pleasing privilege to speak a good word in favor of a worthy man. We have for a long time been acquainted with the excellence of Professor Fowler's lectures, and it is with pleasure that we recommend him to the citizens of Halifax as a man full of practical wisdom—able to teach the great truths of that sublime science of which he professes to be master. All we can now say is, go to his lectures, and there you will learn more about human nature than you ever dreamed you could learn.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Although we are not dependent upon advertising patronage to carry out our design, we shall be happy to insert a few advertisements, which we will do at a low figure. It will be an excellent chance for those who are looking for a good advertising medium, as our paper will be circulated through various parts of the Province; also in the cars, steamboats, hotels, &c. We believe in advertising, and if there are any who desire to share our privileges, let them step up to the dough dish.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J. (BRIDGETOWN).—It would require more room than we can spare to give you an explanation. We can purchase and forward the books for you, if you will send the money.
 Mrs. R F.—A set of teeth such as you describe will cost you £25. Let him extract the remaining roots. It will save you the trouble of coming to town, at present.
 M.—It shall appear some time. Much obliged to you.
 W. W.—No!

HEALTH IS NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.
 Some one,—Romeo, we think,—remembered an apothecary, and there are many who know the care and medical skill of Henry A. Taylor, and remember that he keeps a nice little store on the corner of Hollis and Sackville streets, where all the usual articles of an Apothecary and Druggist's store are sold at fair prices. Prescriptions carefully prepared at this place by scientific hands.

OUR PARLORS need one thing to make them pleasant, and that is a good piano. Messrs. Fraser & Son have a good assortment of instruments, and we advise all who contemplate getting a piano to call and examine their stock. They have recommendations from many distinguished professors of music, whose names may be found in the advertisement of the above-named firm in another column.

DRS. MACALLASTER & PAYNE still continue to insert those Artificial Teeth of incomparable beauty, at No. 49 Granville street.

"DO LEAVE YOUR PICTURE!"—If you want to give your picture to a friend before you leave town, or if you wish one to take into the country with you, go to Mr. Oxley's rooms in Bell's Lane, opposite H. M. Ordnance, and he will give you both a good picture and a good likeness. We see by Mr. Oxley's advertisement in another column that he takes first-rate Ambrotypes for three shillings and nine pence. Surely every one can afford to have a picture at that price.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—If you would delight the little ones and make home the abode of peace and joy, go to Charles J. Cooke's, and from his splendid assortment of Toys and Fancy Goods select some present, and even in the hardness of the times it will give you joy to make another happy.

It will also be well if country dealers will give Mr. Cooke a call, as he imports his goods direct from England, France and Germany, and will wholesale them cheaper than any other house. See his card in another column.

TEETH EXTRACTED with or without pain (Paine), at Drs. Macallaster & Paine's, 49 Granville street.

THE WAY TO GET MONEY, in these times, is to patronize those who either have the best goods or sell the cheapest,—and those who advertise are the very men. Messrs. George Smithers & Son, whose card appears in another column, have on hand the largest and best assortment of Room Papers to be found in this city. If you want a costly or cheap paper for a room, you can find something that will suit you at 101 Granville street.

CUSTOM MADE GARMENTS.—Gentlemen who have a fancy for garments possessing that not altogether common virtue of a good fit, should call upon Farquharson & Carter, corner of Cheapside and Hollis street. The garments made at this establishment are noticeable for grace, finish, thoroughness, and durability; and therefore are better looking and more economical than the general run. Those who prefer will find garments ready made, and of styles and fabrics not surpassed at any other establishment, together with furnishing goods in the mode. The prices at Farquharson & Carter's have always been very reasonable.

SHOW OUR LITTLE PAPER to your friends.

A PORTRAIT OF THACKERY.

Mr. W. M. Thackery and Mr. Edmund Yates are or were both members of the Carrick Club in London. Mr. Yates, having thus learned to know Mr. Thackery, wrote in *The Town Talk*, a weekly paper of London, an article on that gentleman, which contained the following description of him;

"Mr. Thackery is 46 years old, though from the silver whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small grey whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognize in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation is either openly cynical, or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit is biting, his pride easily touched—but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion."

Mr. Thackery, learning who was the author of this piece of portraiture, wrote Mr. Yates a sharp letter, demanding an apology. Mr. Yates said he was sorry, but couldn't apologise under such a letter. Mr. Thackery appealed to the governing committee of the club, among whom Mr. Dickens condemned the course of Mr. Thackery; finally, however, after an animated discussion, the committee voted to request Mr. Yates to resign. Whether he has done this is not reported.

VARIETIES.

The subjoined beautiful thoughts are from Sir Humphrey Davy's "*Salmonia*."

"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe what would be most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all other hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of ill-fortune, and shames the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amarantils, the Gardens of the Blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

DRESS.—Beware of a woman who worships dress. In nine cases out of ten, such a woman is without a redeeming qualification. Dressy people are generally those who lack brains and education, and cheat themselves into the belief that the world, in admiring their gewgaws, forgets that their hearts are untenanted by a single womanly emotion. A man who is attracted by mere dress is undeserving of the name, and is a dear bargain, even to the fool who entraps him.

The following is a verbatim copy of a southwestern sign over the door of a miscellaneous store:—"No credit for shaving here By industry we live and by shaven we thrive Cakes spruce bier mince pyes for sale here N B No Credit also James Kink barber and hare dresser to his honour the mare N B No Credit."