

was dealing, yet the dreadful trial of the moment overpowered his better resolutions.

The military commission were in some confusion. No provision having been thought of against so strange an accident, there was no second die at hand. They were just on the point of despatching a messenger to fetch one, when the pedlar presented himself with the offer of supplying the loss. The new die is examined by the auditor, and delivered to the unfortunate Rudolph.

He throws; the die is lying on the drum, and again it is a six! The amazement is universal; nothing is decided; the throws must be repeated. They are; and Weber, the husband of the sick wife, the father of the two half-naked children, flings the lowest throw.

Immediately the officer's voice was heard wheeling his men into their position. On the part of Weber there was as little delay. The overwhelming injury to his wife and children, inflicted by his own act was too mighty to contemplate. He shook hands rapidly with his two comrades; stepped nimbly into his place; kneeled down. The word of command was heard, "Lower your muskets;" instantly he dropped the fatal handkerchief with the gesture of one who prays for some incalculable blessing and, in the twinkling of an eye, sixteen bullets had lightened the heart of the poor mutineer from its whole immeasurable freight of anguish.

All the congratulations with which they were welcomed on their return into the city; fell powerless on Rudolph's ear.

Scarcely could even Charlotte's caresses affect with any pleasure, the man who believed himself to have sacrificed his comrade through collusion with a fiend.

The importunities of Charlotte prevailed over all objections which the pride of her aged father suggested against a son-in-law who had been capitally convicted. The marriage was solemnized; but at the wedding-festival, amidst the uproar of merriment, the parties chiefly concerned were not happy or tranquil. In no long time the father-in-law died, and by his death placed the young couple in a state of complete independence; but Charlotte's fortune, and the remainder of what Rudolph had inherited from his father, were speedily swallowed up by an idle and luxurious mode of living. Rudolph now began to ill-use his wife. To escape from his own conscience, he plunged into all sorts of dissolute courses; and very remarkable it was, that, from manifesting the most violent abhorrence for everything which could lead his thoughts to his own fortunate cast of the die, he gradually came to entertain so uncontrollable a passion for playing at dice, that he spent all his time in the company of those with whom he could turn his passion to account. His house had long since passed out of his own hands; not a soul could be found anywhere to lend him a shilling. The sickly widow of Weber, and her two children, whom he had hitherto supported, lost their home and means of livelihood, and in no long space of time the same fate fell upon himself, his wife, and his child.

Too little used to labour to have any hope of improving his condition in that way, one day he bethought himself that the Medical Institute was in the habit of purchasing from poor people, during their lifetime, the reversion of their bodies. To this establishment he addressed himself; and the ravages in his personal appearance and health, caused by his dissolute life, induced them the more readily to lend an ear to his proposal.

But the money thus obtained, which had been designed for the support of his wife and half-famished children, was squandered at the gaming-table. As the last dollar vanished, Schroll bit one of his dice furiously between his teeth. Just then he heard these words whispered at his ear,—“Gently, brother gently; all dice do not split in two like that on the sand-hill.”

He looked round in agitation, but saw no trace of any one who could have uttered the words. With dreadful imprecations on himself and those with whom he had played, he flung out of the gaming-house homewards on his road to the wretched garret, where his wife and children were awaiting his return and his saviour; but here the poor creatures, tormented by hunger and cold, pressed upon him so importunately, that he had no way to deliver himself from misery but by flying from the spectacle. But whither could he go thus late at night, when his utter poverty was known in every alley! Roaming he knew not whither, he found himself at length in the churchyard. The moon was shining solemnly upon the quiet gravestones, though obscured at intervals by puffs of stormy clouds. Rudolph shuddered at nothing but at miles of stormy clouds. Rudolph shuddered at nothing but at miles of stormy clouds. Rudolph shuddered at nothing but at miles of stormy clouds. He strode with bursts of laughter over the dwellings of the departed, and entered a vault which gave him shelter from the icy blasts of wind which now began to bluster more loudly than before. The moon threw her rays into the vault full upon the golden legend inscribed in the wall,—*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!* Schroll took up a spade that was sticking in the ground, and struck with it furiously against the gilt letters on the wall, but they seemed indestructible; and he was going to assault them with a mattock, when suddenly a hand touched him on the shoulder, and said to him, “Gently, comrade; thy pains are all thrown away.” Schroll uttered a loud exclamation of terror, for in these words he heard the voice of Weber, and, on turning round, recognized his whole person.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Princes in the Colonies or the Bluenose King is unsuited to our columns.

MATRIMONIAL COUNSELS.

(By OWEN MEREDITH.)

You are going to marry my pretty relation,
My dove-like young cousin, so soft in the eyes,
You are entering on life's settled dissimulation,
And, if you'd be happy, in season be wise.

Take my counsel. The more that, in church, you are tempted,
To yawn at the sermon, the more you'll attend.
The more you'd from milliner's bills be exempted,
The more on your wife's little wishes you'll spend.

You'll be sure, every Christmas, to send to the rector,
A dozen of wine, and a hamper or two.
The more your wife plagues you, the more you'll respect her,
She'll be pleasing your friend, if she's not plaguing you.

For women, of course, like ourselves, need emotion;
And happy the husband, whose failings afford
To the wife of his heart, such good cause for commotion,
That she seeks no excitement, save plaguing her lord.

Above all, you'll be careful that nothing offends, too,
Your wife's lady's maid, tho' she give herself airs,
With the friend of a friend it is well to be friends too,
And especially so, when that friend lives up stairs.

Under no provocation you'll ever avow yourself,
A little put out when you're kept at the door,
And you never, I scarcely need say, will allow yourself
To call your wife's mother, a vulgar old bore.

However she dresses, you'll never suggest to her,
That her taste, as to colors, could scarcely be worse,
Of the rooms in your house, you will give up the best to her,
And you never will ask for the carriage, of course.

If, at times with a doubt on the soul, and her future,
Revelation, and reason, existence should trouble you,
You'll be always on guard to keep carefully mute your
Ideas on the subject, and read Dr. W.

Bring a shawl with you home, when you come from the Club, sir,
Or a ring, lest your wife, when you meet her, should put;
And don't fly in a rage and behave like a cub, sir,
If you find that the fire, like yourself, has gone out.

In eleven good instances out of a dozen,
'Tis the husband's a cur, when the wife is a cat,
She is meekness itself, my soft-eyed little cousin,
But a wife has her rights, and I'd have you know that,

Keep my counsel. Life's struggles are brief to be borne, friend,
In Heaven there's no marriage nor giving in marriage,
When Death comes, think how truly your widow will mourn,
friend,
And your worth not the best of your friends will disparage!

NOTICE.

The BULLFROG can be obtained at Hall's Army and Navy Bookstore, Hollis Street, Messrs McKinlay's and R. P. Muir's, Granville Street, every Saturday Afternoon at Three o'clock.

TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC.

Prospective Obituary Notice.

It is a self-evident fact that a paper published at Two Cents per copy cannot live long without advertisements. Without wishing to make more of the *Bullfrog* than it is absolutely worth, we consider that advertisements in our columns would not be utterly thrown away. The circulation of our second issue doubled that of our first, and we have no reason to doubt that in course of time our city circulation will equal that of our contemporaries. The *Bullfrog* has rightly been designated the "Nightingale of Nova Scotia," and the extinction of an animal peculiar to our shores would reflect everlasting discredit upon the Haligonian public.

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