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POLITICS A-LA-MODE.

When Gulliver visited the Mathematical School of Lagado, he found the master teaching his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to Europeans. "The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it." But the success of this method of teaching had not, up to the time of Gulliver's visit, been very great, inasmuch as the nauseousness of the bolus caused the scholars to reject it, "neither had they yet been persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription required." It would seem that the political teachers of this Province have been endeavouring to instil the theories of the English form of Government into the minds of the people, by a somewhat similar process, having a precisely similar success. It is just probable that were we to shut out from our mind during a period of—say twenty years—all political nourishment save that prescribed by our local teachers, we should eventually comprehend the political theories of our rulers. But we fear we should be tempted to imitate the perverseness of the Lagado youths and rebel against so prolonged and unnatural an abstinence. To do full justice to prescriptions so unique, would be virtually impossible, inasmuch as we should have not merely to put out our eyes, and destroy our sense of hearing, but also to unseat memory from our brain,—a proceeding difficult of accomplishment save by suicide. So long as memory held a seat in our brain, we should be recalling the political histories of Great Britain, the Federal States, and other countries, and such recollections would tend to upset the theories forced upon us by new-fangled practitioners. We have been subjected to a good deal of curious treatment for some time back, and are already beginning to doubt the practical wisdom of our political teachers. Men are slow to believe that the dismissal from public employ of a man who had faithfully served his country for a quarter of a century, is a transaction calculated to set forth the beauties of Responsible Government, or to reflect honor upon a constitution modelled upon that of the land we love. We are yet young in our political youth, but our politics are far more Lilliputian than they need be, and the political youth does not necessarily go far to illustrate our political little. The Lieutenant Governor at Pictou, in his address upon the broad principles in the Queen's Representative advisers, whereas an alleged want of a Light-House keeper, was seized upon as a scrupulous party warfare. One

of our leading political journals makes use of a Light-House keeper in the most ingenious manner:—"We say it is pitiful to see any man exhibiting himself in such a position, but"—now we have it,—"what shall we say of a once great party when we see them reduced to the contemptible alternative of denouncing their own declared principles, contemning their own practice, and degrading themselves in a vain attempt to overthrow the first principles of Responsible Government, to relieve the Cabinet from all accountability to the country, and to drag the Crown into a baleful collision with the people." This paragraph, although disfigured by fewer grammatical errors than the minute upon "Tenure of Office," is in fair keeping with the contents of that ever memorable blue book, to which we called attention in a former issue. The wisdom which connects the political career of a Light-House keeper with a baleful collision between the Crown and the people, is exactly on a par with the wisdom which elevates every man wearing a decent coat to the position of a dangerous political partizan. But such wisdom is too profound to be altogether convincing, and we are sanguine enough to hope that no immediate danger to the Crown is to be feared on account of one man's determined liberalism. The Light-House service, although of great importance, is but a small item in our yearly expenditure (something over £1000 sterling,) and the number of hands therein employed are insufficient to organize any very disastrous revolution. But the denouncement of formerly declared principles by a "once great party" marks an epoch in our history worthy of consideration, and it behoves us to examine attentively the soundness, or unsoundness of principles thus hastily discarded. The journal from which we quote sums up such principles in the following words:—"After the general election in 1855, several members of the late government boldly avowed on the floor of Parliament the doctrine that 'to the victors belonged the spoils,' and advocated the propriety of displacing all office holders who were not the partizans of the Government from office." As the tendencies of such advocacy seem to us rather pernicious than otherwise, we are inclined to regard the recantation of the doctrine in a light the reverse of gloomy, nor can we find it in our hearts to accept such recantation as a fair ground for censure. The existing Administration, being Conservative, must be averse to endorsing a theory so novel and republican: consequently, it seems the more strange that the reputed Government organ should taunt the opposition for discarding Anti-Conservative doctrines. Such conduct on the part of the leading Conservative journal would appear inconsistent, were it not that, in the case under consideration, the journal in question attempts to justify on behalf of the Conservatives, a system which it condemns on behalf of the Liberals. The Liberals advocated an unwise doctrine in 1855, which the Conservatives "strongly controverted" as "republican." But, in 1864, the Conservatives, it would seem, not only carry out the obnoxious "republican" doctrine, but taunt the Liberals for having renounced it! We cannot at present understand all this, nor are we, in order to do so, disposed to enter upon

that course of mental abstinence pictured forth in the earlier portion of this article as indispensable for a just appreciation of Nova Scotian politics. We cannot however conclude our remarks, without noticing a paragraph, the concluding portion of which we italicise, on account of its significance: "This republican doctrine" (*to the victors, &c., &c.,*) "was strongly controverted by the Conservative party, then in opposition, and the same principles they advocated when in opposition, were carried out when they obtained power." This fact entitles the Conservative party to all the praise which a grateful people can bestow upon it. We question however whether such marvellous condensation will be rightly understood by those who have noted the conduct of the Conservatives in 1864. And were the Liberal party in power, we doubt whether the people would have cause to be a whit more grateful for "favours received." The question arises,—how long shall we continue to indulge in party strife upon such little matters? We have in our political world some men of sound capacity for business, and of intellect sufficiently comprehensive to grapple questions of vital importance to the Province. If such men would only agree to leave small matters to small minds, we should the more readily progress in matters really affecting our present and future well being as a loyal and prosperous colony.

MURMURS FROM THE SWAMPS.

The *Bull Frog* happened to remark, in one of our lazy, agreeable chats on things in general, upon the absurdity of people preferring as a rule a walk through the streets to a stroll through his favourite swamps, on the manifestly untenable plea of its being safer and more comfortable. We observed that, in a civilized community, care was taken that the citizens might pass along the streets with as little danger and as little discomfort as possible, and for this purpose many and stringent were the regulations enforced, whilst legislation for this laudable end had not as yet reached the swamps. Upon this our cynical friend said that, judged by this standard, he much feared that Halifax had but slight claims to be termed "civilized." After a good deal of cogitation we were forced to confess that we cordially agreed with him, and going a step further added that if the reverse proved the reverse, (a slightly elliptical way of expressing ourselves, but which every one can, or ought to understand), Halifax was undoubtedly very much the other thing. The *Bull Frog* here sounded a note expressive of triumph, and a good deal more, and departed in a state of contemptuous pity for bipeds, leaving us to explain to the public, what he was too lazy to express at length.

As we have stated above, the general endeavour in a town or other large community is to minimize the danger and discomfort always, to a greater or less degree, to be met with in the streets. Our efforts in this direction have been singularly unfortunate, or, with a perversity, not confined to this matter only, we have for the sake of variety or love of excitement, endeavoured to crowd as much peril, difficulty and annoyance into our streets as we possibly can. On this latter hypothesis we have reason to be proud of our success. But leaving speculations as to motives out of the question,—whether it arises from a stolid obtuseness as to what constitutes danger and discomfort, or from a silly and culpable negligence, that our side walks are in an intolerably bad condition is very evident to those who use their eyes and reasoning faculties. It is one of the maxims of a free country that every one may do as he pleases with his own, so long as, by so doing, he does not endanger or inconvenience the other members of the community. Judging from appearances, those who have the care of the streets of Halifax—whoever they may be—have modified this maxim into the form, that every one may do as he likes, so long as they, the guardians of the way, do not—tumble into cellars and break their legs—fall over gutters, and knock their teeth out—get run over, on the side walks, by cabs and trucks, just where cabs and trucks ought to be of course—suffer grievously from contact with the boxes, bales, fire-wood, coal, timber, dung-heaps, &c., &c., &c., for the

storing of which the streets seem to be thought eligible warehouses—or fall into any of the other man-traps too numerous to mention here, but which do such credit to the keen appreciation of our citizens for the various forms of mutilation and sudden death. As unfortunately none of these convincing accidents have as yet happened, we must be for the present content to live under this atrocious system of ethics, which being interpreted means, in a state of semi-barbarism. But this is no reason why we should accept the doctrine; go headlong into an open cellar, and, if not too much mangled to move, get up crying, Kismet—it is fate, and go on our way rejoicing. Quite the contrary, Kismet is about the last expression we are likely to use on such an occasion. A gutter running across the side walk and raised some three or four inches above it, is no doubt a charming device to carry off the rain, but it is also eminently calculated to trip one up, an occurrence the more probable from the small modicum of light vouchsafed to us at night. It is very convenient too to have trap-doors and coal-shoots anywhere about the pavement, and flush with it, or several inches above or below it according to taste, and it would give a good deal of trouble to see that they were always properly covered. It is a good deal easier to cut firewood in the streets, and shy it anyhow across the pavement, than to take care that it does not annihilate a passer-by. Nothing can be more convenient for shopkeepers than to use the street as an unpacking room for unwieldy boxes and bales, and it would be obviously out of place for the rest of us to complain, that horses shy at them, that dresses are torn by the nails and fastenings, that it is disagreeable to find oneself performing an involuntary kotou over them, when walking in the fond belief that sidewalks are sidewalks and not warehouses, and that it is almost equally annoying to be sometimes obliged to take a cruise through the middle of a muddy street, to get past at all. It saves a great deal of trouble to use drains as sewers, and streets as dust-bins, but it would be just as logical to select your neighbour's house as a receptacle for your broken crockery. All these little facilities are very pleasant, and easy, and convenient for the one, but ought the one to be allowed thus to endanger and inconvenience the rest of the community. It would be idle to answer that what one may do all may do, and therefore every one gets an equal share of advantage, or may do so if he chooses. Anyone with an ounce of brains and a little imagination, can easily conceive that, upon such a theory, our sidewalks might soon present the appearance of chess-boards one square possibly—*not certainly*—secure, and the other a yawning abyss, while "spring or fall goods" might cause an utter and hopeless block. This theory of the mutual right of obstruction, (mind we do not say that it is professed in so many words, we have deduced it from the facts, as the only one which can be reasonably upheld by the Street authorities;) this theory we say is a curious instance of the lengths to which aberration of intellect may go in the case of apparently sober-minded citizens, and authorises a species of tyranny, the more disagreeable from being so very silly. Our theorists, or rather, we will hope, those nice old gentlemen, who never had a theory in their lives, and will be much surprised to hear that one can be saddled upon them from their actions, will of course when it is put in plain words, scold the idea of being advocates for mutual attacks upon life and limb, by means of perils not much, if at all inferior to spring-guns and steel traps. The best thing then that they can do will be so to alter the state of the streets, that they may be justified in professing less sanguinary intentions. Practical experience is however more convincing to these philosophical-by-accident gentlemen, than any quantity of argument: one tumble into a cellar, one good cropper over a gutter, would go far to prove the error of their ways, than JOHN S. MILL and BUCKLE combined. We don't wish to see them come to grief, I should like to see them convinced. From various causes—open trap-door occurrence, and yet perfectly complete precaution for public weal. The most stringent regulations to life and limb. That however can put forward, the pressure of significant to afford the slightest perils, daily and hourly encour

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of our quiet husbandry life, we really had hurry and bustle, it is awful to contemplate the chaos that would ensue. Broken legs, battered faces, fractured ribs would be the rule not the exception. We should soon look like a hospital city, presenting great attractions to Surgeons, Dentists, and Undertakers. A cursory consideration of the slovenly, dirty, and generally disgraceful condition of our streets, will convince any one that, cleaning out the Augean stables was trifling child's play, compared to the task that Reforming Street Commissioners—when they come—have before them. We willingly give everybody that has ever had, or now has, anything to do with the management of the streets, full credit for good intentions, but would remind them of a certain place said to be paved with such intentions, whilst we prefer more solid material. The profession of good intentions is however no excuse for doing nothing, and that nothing badly. It is in meeting the affairs of every day life, that a certain absolute lack of common sense, or of decent regard for duties patent to a school-boy crops out amongst us, which appears to us to be neither dignified, nor indicative of a very high moral tone. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Won't some distinguished citizen devote himself to death, to call attention to these little oversights. The utterer of the choice morsels of local conversation presented to us in "The things talked of" would be just the man. We won't be exigent as to the manner of his death, the only demand we make is, let it come quickly.

OUR LITTLE AMERICANISMS.

Living, as we do, in close proximity with the States, and numbering among our citizens many families of American descent, it is but natural that we should exhibit some unmistakable traits of Yankeeedom in our every day life. Our railroads, our hotels, and our press are conducted almost entirely upon American principles, and our ideas regarding recreation are more in accordance with American than English tastes. It is just now the fashion to abuse everything American and to forget all that Americans have done towards the advancement of civilization; a fashion to our thinking more honoured in the breach than in the observance. To condemn Americanism because it is American, is about as silly as to applaud Americanism because it is anti-English. The Americans are essentially a practical people and their practice has opened our eyes to the fact that in certain small matters they have ere now gone ahead of the Britishers. An American picked Mr. Chubb's lock; the "America," outsailed all the English yachts of her time; and in peeling apples and sweeping floors Yankee inventors stand unrivalled. In certain matters of graver import—such as political economy, personal justice, and commercial morality, Americans have, it is true, gone so far ahead of the rest of the world that they are beginning to feel the inconvenience of isolation, and are ready to admit that they might possibly have done better had they studied less contemptuously the maxims of the old world. We cannot reasonably expect that English maxims can ever exert much influence upon American politics, inasmuch as the relative positions of the ruled and the rulers are based in either country upon essentially different grounds. In America, society was originally founded upon a system of equality, whereas in England, even at the present time, the whole science of Government is leavened with a spirit of feudalism. The election of the members of the Legislature is the main-spring of the English Constitution—the prototype of English habits—the foundation of all legal authority. An English peasant that cannot write his own name is (although in most cases denied a vote,) a person of more real political consequence than the free born and educated Yankee who approaches a ballot box halting between the opinions of two rival stump orators. In England, the right of vote is esteemed a privilege—in America, many men abstain from voting, deeming themselves mere capital in the hands

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who espouse politics as a trade. Every has been trained to shout at successive or for yellow, and it is ten chances to one they can, in their own rough way, give operations concerning the broad bearings of Whig upon their own individual interests. Every fish estate knows that his interests are to a

great extent identical with those of his landlord, and that no consideration would compensate a landlord for the existence of ill-feeling between himself and his dependents. In this sentiment—in this reciprocity of feeling between the richer and poorer classes—in this relic of feudalism lies the true secret of England's prosperity as a nation. In this Province, on the contrary, the people, taken en masse, are somewhat shy of politicians, and accepting no traditional policy, vote with reference to measures rather than principles. In this respect we resemble Americans rather than Britons. But, setting politics aside, let us turn to a department placed side by side with politics in most well regulated libraries—the department of "Art, science, and language." In scientific matters Americans compare favourably with Europeans, whereas their progress in the fine arts has been but small. Nor is this strange, for while scientific culture is indispensable in an age of manufacture and machinery, the fine arts are not absolutely necessary to get a man on in the business world. Since Mr. Power's statue of the "Greek Slave" took the world by storm in 1851, we have heard little or nothing of American art, nor has America ever produced a painter of extraordinary excellence; albeit Benjamin West's productions charmed a king who knew nothing of painting. In this Province we have, all things considered, done as well in the arts as can reasonably be expected. Setting genius aside, such only as have visited the European capitals can be justly supposed to have a sound appreciation of art; but this reflects on us no discredit, inasmuch as the veriest dunce will, if accustomed to see works of standard excellence, probably be a better art critic than a genius from whom such opportunities have been withheld. But it is not only in the fine arts that some fixed standard of acknowledged excellence is necessary to guide our tastes aright. In language a standard of purity is equally desirable, although such standard cannot be fixed by aught save usage. Regarding such usage, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* justly remarks:—"But although we admit the force of usage, which is continually legalizing expressions before unknown, or proscribing expressions once familiar to our forefathers, we are entitled to claim that these innovations should be governed by the usage of the educated classes and not of the illiterate and the vulgar. A conflict is always going on between the written and the spoken language of a country—because it is written by the more cultivated few, it is spoken by the less cultivated many. Those who write, labour on the whole to preserve the traditions and fences of the language; those who speak to break them down. Hence in colonies or dependencies, where classical standards are unknown, and literature itself is degraded to the lowest forms of the newspaper, the corruption of the language is far more rapid than with us; but these slang and cant phrases of Americans and Australians tend to find their way back to England, and more than one of the most questionable innovations of the day might be traced to base usages of this nature."

The "slang and cant phrases of Americans" are in very general use throughout this Province, and it may not prove uninteresting to note a few instances familiar to us all. An Englishman visits a Halifax eating house and calls for "Oysters"; should he wish them dressed after any particular fashion he will probably say so. But the term "Oysters" is not enough for the intensely practical waiter, and the Englishman is asked whether he'll have them "on the half shell." Now this minute interrogation naturally leads one to suppose that Nova Scotians are in the habit of having raw oysters served up without shells, on a dish or plate, which, as we all know, is not the case. There is in reality nothing gained by such distressingly minute explanations, on the contrary, the Englishman expresses his wants in fewer words than the Anglo-American; the one says—"Oysters, vinegar, pepper,"—the other says—"Oysters on the half shell with fixings." Take another Americanism in common use—the term "on the street." This is clearly incorrect, inasmuch as the term "street" means a way, or avenue between houses, and what pair of lovers—however youthful, ever ventured to hint that a third party was "on the way"? In the country we must perforce walk on roads because we have no streets to walk in, but in town we walk in the streets albeit we walk on the pavements. No Englishman would allow that he was constantly meeting his female relatives "on the street," nor would an American officer exhort his men to keep silent on the

ranks. But houses are built in ranks, the space between which is termed a street; therefore, to say that Mr. So-and-so is building a fine house on Hollis street is incorrect. It is not likely however, that expressions so manifestly false as this, will ever find their way to England; but there are other Americanisms which are, we regret to say, gradually, but surely undermining the purity of the English language. The term—"ungentlemanly" is now commonly used by many English writers, although none have as yet ventured to characterise a woman's conduct as "unladyly." The needless introduction of the word "quite" so common in this Province—has also become common in the English newspapers, although, so far as we can learn, it has not yet been legitimized in any modern work of standard excellence. How often do we see in our city papers paragraphs commencing thus:—"Quite a number of persons were present at the opening, &c." The word "quite" has here no obvious meaning, although from its false usage, we know the sense in which it is used. There is another vile phrase—whether American or Nova Scotian we are unable to say—which is extensively used by the lower classes, and tolerated by many higher in the social scale. We allude to the expression, "right away," which has by common consent been invested with the meaning of "immediately," or "at once." This is not a whit less slangy than the expression "in a jiffy"; but the latter is in England acknowledged as slang, whereas the former is virtually becoming bona fide Haligonese, and may in course of time cross the Atlantic as a fresh innovation. As regards the "guessing" and "calculating" peculiar to the new world, we presume such terms are indulged in perfect honesty, and that Americans are, while conversing, really calculating upon the probable results of their present converse and so to speak—"taking stock" of their companions. The term "loafer," if it mean one lounging at corners and bar-rooms in search of sustenance, mental or physical—is, we think, expressive and worthy of adoption. In the slang of the turf again we are minutely and needlessly practical. Why do we term a trial of speed at the fastest race possible for horses, a "gallop under saddle"? We might understand the wisdom of the expression were we in the habit of galloping our horses in harness more cumbersome than the term "saddle" implies. This however is merely the slang of the racing world, a thing of very small importance indeed. But we consider the gradual deterioration of a language so rich as ours, to be no light thing, and we protest against the Americanisms in common use as having a directly baleful tendency. In many respects we speak more correctly than the middle class English. We have never heard a Nova Scotian leave out an *h*, nor are we tainted with any special provincialisms—but the language which we pronounce so correctly is not, in some cases, English at all, nor does it bear the test of being printed as such.

DOWNEY IN A FIX.

We present our readers with an exact copy of a letter addressed to an officer high in command from one who had formerly served in the British Army. The moral conveyed by this curious specimen of orthography is sad, albeit the letter is ludicrous. Poor Downey has, it would seem, made a mistake in enlisting under the Stars and Stripes, and, if he be still in the land of the living, doubtless regrets his choice of a livelihood. The poor fellow's implicit belief in the influence of an officer under whom he had formerly served, shows that Downey is one of a class of men upon whom discipline has not been thrown away. He is naturally indignant at having been robbed by one in a position which he had in happier times been taught to regard as sacred, his indignation looks for sympathy at the hands of those whom he had served long and faithfully. But Downey forgets that he is no longer a British subject, and his too confident appeals to "the Duke of Cambridge," and General "Dakers" (Dacres) must end in nothing. We are sorry for Downey, but we see no direct means of helping him. He is one out of many who have foolishly enlisted in the Federal service, rather than re-enlist in a service whose Captains are not given to robbing their soldiers under false pretences. Downey, having served his time in the British Army, may possibly have been seduced by brilliant promises to try his hand at soldiering, under what perhaps seemed

to him more advantageous circumstances. But the result has been sadly disappointing. Downey, in his hour of need, appeals to those who are now powerless to save him. He forgets everything save that nationality which he has so unwisely forfeited, and in the bitterness of his heart looks for protection to those who can no longer serve him. The seemingly hopeless termination of Downey's career should be a caution to every soldier serving in British North America. Desertions from this Station are happily of rare occurrence, but desertion has in New Brunswick been attempted far too often. The following letter gives us an insight into the peculiarities of the Federal service, as exemplified in the case of an old soldier who had fought at Alma, Sebastopol, and Lucknow. Poor Downey—having enlisted with a clear conscience—has been shamefully treated, and those who desert our service to serve under Yankee banners are not only treated in a similar manner, but are also insulted and reviled as renegades unworthy of tolerance. Downey's effusion must now be considered. Here it is:—

"Dear Sir,—Guner Daniel Downey has enlisted to serve the 21 New York Cavalry for the term of one year reported at Almira I was sent to Fort Fedril Hill under a Captain and guard while on the way the Capt. asked me if I had any fire arms which I told him I had and he told me to give them to him which I did with the promise of having them when I got to this place and I hope dear sir that you will intercede with the duke of Cambridge Commander and Chief of the British forces to show how I was robbed by this Captain of a revolver valued at forty dollars and ten dollars in money—so no more at present but remains your obedient servant

DANIEL DOWNEY.

which fought the battle of Alma in Comand Belleclaver Sebastapol or so Luceno and the relief of Luceno I hope that you will copy this letter to my major general Dakers Willich Kent England if no answer I will write privately another weak Direct to Daniel Downey through Lord lions District of Columbia."

SEVEN-PENCE-HALFPENNY.

A philosopher, in the old and true acceptation of the term, i.e., one superior to pecuniary considerations can no longer exist, unless he is content to shut up himself and his philosophy in one spot for the term of his natural life. No wandering over the face of the earth could be managed without many and abstruse calculations as to the practical value of various coins, a proceeding we conceive, peculiarly obnoxious to the philosophic mind. The genus throve as long as they could vagabondize about without money, but the present age is increasing, and railway companies do not transport penniless philosophers free of charge, and indeed if they did, the said travellers would be but little better off, as they would certainly be locked up as vagrant. Money then being necessary for travelling, and more-over entailing abstruse calculations, it is obvious that the philosopher, the real Simon Pure, must wait for better days. Possibly when an universal decimal coinage is introduced, he may again appear upon the scene. As at present the only approach to universality on the part of coinage is, that it is universally diverse, we fear he is sentenced to a long absence.

Nearly every country, be it large or small, has a different coinage. As if that was't enough for a unhappy wight, a stranger in the land, to be painfully conscious of the precarious state of his finances, he is obliged to go through most heart-breaking sums, in order to form a remote guess at his liabilities and assets. This is a process the more pleasing, as, so complicated are their conversions, no one under a senior wrangler ever brings them out right at the first shot, or the same twice running. The result, to the less gifted traveller, is spendthrift recklessness or lunacy,—two very good reasons for a general decimal coinage. Everyone knows the story of the man of an enquiring mind who set out to travel in Germany. In the first state he reached he changed an English sovereign, into a handful of the coin of the country, supposed to represent that sum; in the next state he changed this handful for its equivalent there, and so on. On returning to his starting point he found that what ought to have been a *se* shillings and nine-pence, thus painful"ness of riches. Whether he cov' a tour through the Provinces countries there is a valid re coinage, in the fact that circulation, and the inco calling them in, and re-

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perfectly gratuitous system of mystification, commend us to the currency of Nova Scotia. Who invented it! What is the use of it! In dealing with it, "things are not what they seem." Everything is what it isn't, and isn't what it is. You look at a sixpence, a coin you know to be equivalent to six pennies, and you are told that it is seven pence half-penny. Rather surprised, but not unwilling to turn an honest penny and a half, you attempt to change it for these seven pennies and a half: but what do you hear? Why that they are all a myth, exist only in name, and that you can only get six for it after all. And those bank notes, that horrible imposition a 20s. note, no more worth twenty shillings than it is worth fifty pounds. Why should Nova Scotia indulge in ideal shillings and pennies! Isn't it though highly romantic, that the pound, the shilling, even the penny, that we worship, is not a reality, but a mystical abstraction! This is defying filthy lucre with a vengeance. It has however its objections. Paying or receiving money in Nova Scotian notes is a serious matter, and not to be entered upon lightly; there are those deceptive 20s. notes, and those five dollar ones, to which the former ought to be, but are not equal in value; and a similar haze of doubt surrounds the five pound and twenty dollar notes. The difficulty is slightly augmented by the decayed state of the majority of the notes, rendering it a matter of time to make out their nominal value, or indeed at the first glance to tell with certainty, whether we have one note, two, or half a one, in our hand. Is it not possible to keep the market supplied with new notes! It would be a loss to the banks certainly, as every note that resolves itself into impalpable powder in our pockets, is so much clear gain to them. But they don't want these chance gains, and it is very aggravating to the public to see its money crumbling to dust before its eyes. We got a note, greatly to our disgust, the other day, that looked more like an autumn leaf in bad circumstances, than anything else, and a close inspection and measurement elicited the curious fact, that of the original note exactly 1.59 square inches remained, a sufficient bulk for commercial purposes being obtained, by pasting it on to odd pieces of black, white, and brown paper. While in our possession, we need hardly remark, this note dissipated itself into ethereal essence.

While the great majority of mankind find it impossible to keep two ideas in their heads at once, it seems a refinement of cruelty to insist upon having any number of names for the same thing. But what have we! Take for instance, the sum of twelve-pence English, we call it a quarter, a shilling, or fifteen-pence indifferently. Half a crown answers to the detestable name of *three shillings and a penny halfpenny*. Sixpence is either seven-pence halfpenny or a York shilling. Isn't this enough to bewilder any one! Phantasmagoria of quarters and fifteen-pences, York shillings and red shillings, five dollar pieces, sovereigns and the ghosts of 20s notes, dance in endless variety through our brain. We light upon an odd piece of arithmetic in the fact that two cents are equal to one penny, while it takes twelve and a half to make sixpence. It is of course the bounden duty of shop-keepers to assist the public by placing simple and easy prices, nice round sums in fact, upon their articles. Thus if anything costs them seven-pence, they are perfectly right in charging a shilling. The diminished wear and tear upon our calculating faculties amply compensates for the increased cost. But what is gained in point of simplicity, or in point of anything else, except a large profit to the vendor, when things are priced at seven-pence halfpenny, or, confusion worse confounded, at three shillings and a penny halfpenny! On hearing such sums, we are at once weighed down by a vague sense of impending misfortune, some monstrous aerobatic feat of arithmetic has to be accomplished, and we feel anything but equal to the occasion. The only conspicuous advantage of this system, and if it foster extravagance it would be a great one, consists in its feeling experienced in paying a bill. We then find the figures placed at the bottom of a possibly long column, which generally represent the amount to be paid, don't mean anything of the kind, but a certain stage in a calculating out which we obtain a diminished sum, and the real pull on our purses; we don't see the principle in the plan, but the enjoyment is there, as by-the-by, various ways of it, nearly every one has his own, and their

peculiar charm is that they but seldom come out alike. The best plan to our mind is to reduce the figures at the star to dollars, and after having converted these first into francs and then into kreutzers, multiply by 40, or 400 if you prefer it, and divide by 50 or 500 as the case may be; find out how much it is in Napoleons, and then bring it into pounds, shillings, and pence, English sterling; you will now have something like the real sum required, provided you have made no bad mistakes in arithmetic. Many prefer to verify their calculation by going through it in some other way, but this is productive of dissatisfaction and confusion, as the chances are fifty to one, that they come out totally different.

Extracts.

LADIES' LETTERS.

Sympathy is unquestionably a feminine attribute. It is singular, and to be pitied, who cannot answer for this from his personal experience, and it had need be an especial requisite in the matter of letter-writing, because women's letters are necessarily longer than men's. Where they amuse or delight us, it is by their closer insight—by the life they order, the meaning they see in little things—by narrative which exacts minute detail. All this demands time and space. Every woman who writes well writes at length; not always, indeed, for she adopts her style to her subject, but she is never studiously terse. She allows pen to flow; she says what she has to say in her own way. Now, it requires a fine perception to know to whom you can be long and even diffuse without being tedious, and this perception sympathy alone can give. Women think it worth while to tell smaller things than men; and it is worth while, because they see further into them, and discover character and intention in actions which to men are purely accidental. There are women of such finely microscopic minds that the narrowest sphere and the most seemingly uneventful life furnish to them a field for interest and observation by which we are large gainers at second-hand. Most letters are certainly the better for something positive in the way of events or subject, nor is it wise to exercise too continuously the power of making much out of what to others is nothing, or it results actually in much ado about nothing; but certainly some of the best ladies' letters we have known have been written under circumstances where others would have found nothing whatever to say.

We see, then, that in one point women have a natural advantage in the art of letter-writing; they may write of things, and often the most obvious things, that men may not. Their natural subjects are of a more domestic character than men's can be, and even social or public matters are all treated from a private and personal point of view. We like this, though we could not, and indeed ought not to, imitate it. A man ought never so far to forget his citizenship as to fall habitually into the exclusively domestic vein. He ought to convey a consciousness of something beyond home life, or he will strike us as either selfish or trivial; and this necessarily checks a good deal of detail which would be very pleasant from some pens, but not from his. Glancing over the letters which have won for women their high acknowledged reputation in the department of manuscript literature, they owe so much of their attractiveness to gossip, to their warm interest in the smaller commerce of life to felicitous trifling, that what we began by calling one point we might end by calling the main point of their superiority where they are superior. Nor is this at all detracting from the merit of this accomplishment. A good piece of gossip told with playful malice, or with warm effusive trusting sentiment, is quite one of the pleasantest gifts the poet can bring. Our spirits are the better for it; it is society at second-hand without the trouble; it is the study of human nature made easy. Another advantage possessed by women is that they can flatter with a good conscience. The same review of great authorities shows this. All thoroughly satisfactory letters from the feminine pen have a touch of flattery in them, or what would be flattery but that partial knowledge, blind feeling, and affection make it genuine. Madame de Sevigne is always flattering her daughter. The ladies of the last century—the Mrs. Carters and Miss Tallots—extol one another in nearly turned sentences. Miss Burney lays herself at the feet of her correspondents.

We look for the most dalest, gracious criticism from our clever and more gifted female friends. They have the art of seeing the best, and can praise with a large, ungrudging expansiveness. We do not expect this from our masculine critics, from whom we should hardly know how to take it; but it is pleasant nevertheless, and constitutes another feature of sympathy which we have recognised in ladies of graceful thought. The great test of excellence in this art is, of course, how a letter is received—what effect it produces before the seal is broken. We cannot guess what it may be about; the writer may live in scenes remote from our knowledge and personal interests; but we know, on sight of her handwriting, that she will either find some means of bringing us into close connexion with her concerns, or that she will throw herself with warmth and intelligence into ours.

The age of letter-writing begins earlier and lasts longer with women than with men. It is amazing what good letters girls sometimes write. They have a style peculiar to themselves, in which everything is a sort of quaint sham and pretence—the experience, the wisdom, the sentiment, the humour. All is an imitation of something else—a tone that is caught from somewhere an echo of society, but put together with a sweet audacity, an innocent swagger of the knowledge of the world and of the heart, and an unctuous precocity, that are often perfectly engaging. We know nothing more cheerful than one of these effusions inspired by hope and bright prospects, redolent of spring, and insouled with the spirit of youth and virgin liberty. Our ideas of life gain a temporary glow under the influence. We would particularly entreat young ladies possessing this delightful gift to keep it for their friends, and not to

wretched history and situation. He told his wife that some private affairs required his attendance for a few days at the town of——.

But, say what he would, he could not prevail on her to desist from accompanying him.

On the journey his chief anxiety was lest the clergyman, who was already advanced in years at the memorable scene of the sand-hill, might now be dead. But at the very entrance of the town he saw him walking in the street, and immediately felt himself more composed in mind than he had done for years. The venerable appearance of the old man confirmed him still more in his resolution of making a full disclosure to him of his whole life: one repentance, that would not all those views of religious consolation which his philanthropic character and his long experience suggested to him as likely to be effectual. Eight days' conversation with the clergyman restored Schroll to the hopes of a less miserable future. But the good man admonished him at parting to put away from himself whatsoever could in any way tend to support his unhallowed connection.

For a long time the pious clergyman refused all belief to Schroll's narrative; but being at length convinced that he had a wounded spirit to deal with, and not disordered intellect, he exerted himself to present all those views of religious consolation which his philanthropic character and his long experience suggested to him as likely to be effectual. Eight days' conversation with the clergyman restored Schroll to the hopes of a less miserable future. But the good man admonished him at parting to put away from himself whatsoever could in any way tend to support his unhallowed connection.

In this direction Schroll was aware that the dice were included; and he resolved firmly that his first measure on returning home should be to bury in an inaccessible place those accursed implements, that could not but bring mischief to every possessor. On entering the inn, he was met by his wife, who was in the highest spirits, and laughing profusely. He inquired the cause. "No," said she: "you refused to communicate your motive for coming hither, and the nature of your business for the last week: I, too, shall have my mysteries. As to your leaving me in solitude at an inn, that is a sort of courtesy which marriage naturally brings with it; but that you should have travelled hither for no other purpose than that of trifling away your time in the company of an old teshous parson, that (you will allow me to say) is a caprice which seems scarcely worth the money it will cost."

"Who then, has told you that I have passed my time with an old parson?" said the astonished Schroll.

"Who told me? Why, just let me know what your business was with that parson, and I'll have you know in return what was that business. So much I will assure you, however, now,—that the cavalier, who was my informant, is a thousand times handsomer, and a more interesting companion, than an old dotard who is standing at the edge of the grave."

All the efforts of Madam von Schrollhausen to irritate the curiosity of her husband proved ineffectual to draw from him his secret. The next day she returned home, and, more severe trial to his firmness was prepared for him in the heavy bill which his wife presented to him on his reaching home. Her expenses in clothes and in jewels had been so profuse, that no expedient remained to Schroll but that of selling without delay the landed estate he had so lately purchased. A declaration to this effect was very ill received by his wife. "Sell the estate!" said she: "what, sell the whole resource I shall have to rely on when you are dead? And for what reason, I should be glad to know; when a very little of the customary luck of your dice will enable you to pay off these trifles?"

And whether the bills be paid to-day or to-morrow cannot be of any very great importance." Upon this Schroll declared with firmness that he never meant to play again. "Not play again?" exclaimed his wife. "pooh! pooh! you make me blush for you! So, then, I suppose it's all over, and that the scraps of conscience drove you to the old parson; and that he enjoined as a penance that you should abstain from gaming? I was told as much; but I refused to believe; for in your circumstances the thing seemed too senseless and irrational."

"My dear girl," said Schroll, "consider—"

"Consider! what's the use of considering? what is there to consider about," interrupted Madam von Schrollhausen; and, recollecting the gay cavalier whom she had met in the inn, she now told her husband of a separation herself. "Very well," said her husband, "I am content." "So am I," said his father-in-law, who joined them that moment. "But take notice that first of all I must have paid over to me an adequate sum of money for the creditable support of my daughter: else—"

Here he took Schroll aside and the old threat of revealing the murder so utterly disheartened him, that at length in despair he consented to his terms.

Once more, therefore, the dice were to be tried; but only for the purpose of accomplishing the separation: that over, Schroll resolved to seek livelihood in any other way, even if it were as a day-labourer. The stipulated sum was at length all collected within a few hundred dollars; and Schroll was already looking out for some old dissolved well into which he might throw the dice and, then have it filled up; for even a rummy game in a hiding-place not sufficiently secure for such instruments of misery.

Remarkable it was on the very night when the last arrears were to be obtained of his father-in-law's demand—a night which Schroll had anticipated with so much bitter anxiety—that he became unusually gloomy and dejected. He was particularly disturbed by the countenance of a stranger, who for several days running had lost considerable sums. The man called himself Stutz; but he had a most striking resemblance to his old comrade Weber, who had been shot at the sand-hill; and differed indeed in nothing but in the advantage of blooming youth.

Scarcely had he leisure to recover from the shock which this spectacle occasioned, when a second occurred. About midnight another man, whom nobody knew, came up to the gaming-table, and interrupted the play by recounting an event which he represented as having just happened to a certain man, he said, had made a covenant with some person or other that they call the Evil One,—or what is it you call him?—and by means of this covenant he had obtained a steady run of good luck at play. "Well, sir," he went on, "and would you believe it the other day he began to repent of this covenant; my gentleman wanted to rat, he wanted to rat, sir. Only, first of all, he resolved privately to make up a certain sum of money. Ah the poor idiot the little knave whom he had to deal with: the Evil One, as they choose to call him, was not a

man to let himself be swindled in that manner. No, no, my good friend.

I saw—I mean, the Evil One saw—what was going on betimes; and he secured the swindler just as he fancied himself on the point of pocketing the last arrears of the sum wanted."

The company began to laugh so loudly at this pleasant fiction, as they conceived it, that Madam von Schrollhausen was attracted from the adjoining room. The story was related to her; and she was the more delighted with it, because in the re-teller she recognized the gay cavalier whom she had met at the inn. Everybody laughed again, except two persons—Stutz and Schroll. The first had again lost all the money in his purse; and the second was so confounded by the story, that he could not forbear staring with fixed eyes on the stranger, who stood over against him. His consternation increased when he perceived that the stranger's countenance seemed to alter at every moment; and that nothing remained unchanged in it, except the cold expression of inhuman scorn with which he perseveringly regarded himself.

At length he could endure this no longer; and he remarked, therefore, upon Stutz again being a bet, that it was no late; that Mr. Stutz was too much in a run of bad luck; and that on these accounts he would defer the further pursuit of their play until another day. And thereupon he put the dice into his pocket.

"Stop!" said the strange cavalier; and the voice froze Schroll with horror; for he knew too well to whom that dreadful tone and those hoarse eyes belonged.

"Stop!" he said again; "produce your dice!" And tremblingly Schroll threw them upon the table.

"Ah! I thought as much," said the stranger; "they are loaded dice!"

So saying he called for a hammer, and struck one of them in two.

"See!" said he to Stutz, holding out to him the broken dice, which in fact seemed loaded with lead. "Stop! vile impostor!" exclaimed the young man, as Schroll was preparing to quit the room in the greatest confusion; and he threw the dice at him, one of which lodged in his right eye. The tumult increased the police came in; and Stutz was apprehended, as Schroll's wound assumed a very dangerous appearance.

Next day Schroll was in a violent fever. He asked repeatedly for Stutz. But Stutz had been committed to close confinement; it having been found that he had travelled with false passes. He now confessed that he was one of the sons of the murderer Weber; that his sickly mother had died soon after his father's execution; and that himself and his brother, left without the control of guardians, and without support, had taken to bad courses.

On hearing this report, Schroll grew rapidly worse; and he unfolded to a young clergyman his whole unfortunate history. About midnight, he sent again in great haste for the clergyman. He came. But at sight of him, Schroll stretched out his hands in extremity of horror, and waved him away from his presence; but before his signals were complied with, the wretched man expired in convulsions.

From his horror at the sight of the young clergyman, and from the astonishment of the clergyman himself, on arriving and hearing that he had already been seen in the sick-room, it was inferred that his figure had been assumed for fiendish purposes. The dice and the strange cavalier disappeared at the same time with their wretched victim, and were seen no more.

MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Our friend Mr. Perkington, doubtless humiliated at the issue of his designs upon E——, has joined Mrs. P. at Margaret's Bay, and refuses to let his diary be published until next week.

TWILIGHT IN THE NORTH.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."

O the long northern twilight between the day and the night,
When the heat and the weariness of the world are ended quite;
When the hills grow dim as dreams, and the crystal river seems
Like that river of Life from out the Throne where the blessed
walk in white.

O the weird northern twilight, which is neither night nor day,
When the amber wake of the long-set sun still marks his
western way;
And but one great golden star in the deep blue east afar
Warns of sleep, and dark, and midnight—of oblivion and decay.

O the calm northern twilight, when labour is all done,
And the birds in drowsy twitter have dropped silent one by one;
And nothing stirs or sighs in mountains, waters, skies,—
Earth sleeps—but her heart waketh, till the rising of the sun.

O the sweet, sweet twilight, just before the time of rest,
When the black clouds are driven away, and the stormy winds
suppressed;

And the dead day smiles so bright, filling earth and heaven
with light,—

You would think 'twas dawn come back again—but the light is
in the west.

The BULLFROG can be obtained every Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, at the following Bookstores.—Hall, Army and Navy Bookstore, Hollis Street, Messrs. Muir, Mackinlay, and Kutzmann, Granville Street.

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Packages received by every R. M. Steamer from England, and weekly from Boston and New York.

N. J. KATZMANN.

Advertisements.

GOVERNMENT IMMIGRATION OFFICE.

A WRITTEN LIST will be kept on the walls of this Office of all Farms for sale or to be leased, with the distance from Halifax, the Parish and County in which situated, the quantity of land, and portions cleared, or in wood, with buildings on the same, and price. Proprietors wishing to take advantage of this arrangement, free of charge, can send the requisite information relating to their lands to the Immigration Agent.

A list of such of these properties for which the proprietors are willing to pay the small incidental expense will be published once every three months in two of the principle Halifax newspapers, copies of which will be forwarded to H. M. Emigration Agents and Emigration Societies in Great Britain.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF WORKS.

THE LIGHT HOUSE at FLINT ISLAND having been destroyed by fire on the 1st instant, notice is hereby given that no light will appear on that Island until the public are officially notified.

F. BROWN, Chairman.

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Formerly Furrier to the Royal Families of
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VARIED AND VALUABLE STOCK OF FURS,
ever seen in this country. Having acquired, in a large European experience, the fullest knowledge of his business, he can dress, finish, and sell Furs far superior to any offered in the market. Ladies desirous of

GOOD NEW FURS,
that can be confidently recommended, will be satisfactorily suited by calling at

KAIZER'S FUR DEPOT,

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LADIES', GENTLEMENS', AND CHILDRENS'
LEFT-OFF CLOTHING,

Anyone disposed to sell the same will be waited upon at their own residences and the highest prices given by addressing

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NOVA SCOTIA RAILWAY.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, 3rd October, 1864, Trains will run as follows:—

BETWEEN HALIFAX AND TRURO.

	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
Halifax depart,	7.15	2.45.	Truro arrive,	10.30	7.00
Truro depart,	6.30	3.15.	Halifax arrive,	10.45	6.30

BETWEEN HALIFAX AND WINDSOR.

	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
Halifax depart,	8.00	3.50.	Windsor arrive,	10.45	7.00
Windsor depart,	8.10	4.15.	Halifax arrive,	11.15	7.00

JAMES McDONALD.

Railway Office, Halifax,
26th Sept. 1864.

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Liqueurs—Curaço, Cremede, Cacao, Cherry Brandy, Absinthe, Noyau, Maraschino, &c.

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