

# THE BULLFROG.

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## LILLIPUTIAN POLITICS.

The English form of Government, as carried out in Nova Scotia, has been facetiously termed—a farce in three acts—and a popular English writer has likened the yearly opening of our Legislative Session, to the opening of the British Parliament, as seen through the wrong end of a telescope. The latter remark is true only when applied to an annual pageant, whereas the former seems to describe faithfully, the tone of our political life. Were our political transactions at all in keeping with the dignified observances attendant upon the opening of our Parliamentary Session, we should jog along very creditably in a small way, and reflect honor upon the form of Government which we have thought proper to adopt. All things considered, nothing could be better, than the style in which we yearly open our political ball. We have a Guard of Honor without the Province Building—a band playing “God Save the Queen”—Volunteers lining the stairs,—a throne for Royalty’s Representative,—a standing body of Peers temporal—a faithful Commons huddled together without a bar—a speech from the throne, and a peal of ordinance from the saluting battery. All this is, in its way, first rate, and eminently calculated to impress lookers-on with a profound sense of admiration for everything connected with our political life. But this dignified pageant is unfortunately a prelude to transactions, the reverse of dignified. No sooner has Royalty’s Representative quitted the throne, than we relapse into a tone somewhat democratic;—no sooner has the Guard of Honor been dismissed, than we evince a partiality for principles, eminently republican. This is, to say the least, inconsistent, and our inconsistency leads to results somewhat humiliating. It is hardly fair to treat us to Imperial Tokay at the commencement of our political banquet, and tell us to rest content with very small beer throughout the remaining courses. Small beer and Tokay seldom mix kindly, and those upon whom such a mixture is forced, must sooner or later feel grievously disquieted. Our politicians are naturally averse to an open declaration regarding the mildness of that political tippie from whence they imbibe a momentary strength,—indeed, as a rule, they would have us believe that Imperial Tokay is their ordinary beverage. Our speeches are of Tokay, but our actions are of the small beer order,—in the House of Assembly, we talk about the “British Constitution,” and “the rights of the people,” but in our public offices, we discuss the political leanings of ladies, entrusted with the sale of postage stamps in remote country villages. The importance with which we invest Postmistresses, clearly proves that our ladies, can, at times, be as strong minded, as the most ultra blue stockings of the neighbouring States, and leads us to believe that in this enlightened Province, the fair sex, must eventually be accorded the right of voting at elections. How can it be otherwise, when the *Royal Gazette* publishes such paragraphs as the following?—“To be Postmistress at River Philip—Mrs. J. C. Phillips, vice Miss Hewson, by whom she was superseded in 1861.” This appointment shews consummate wisdom, on the part of our rulers; indeed there can be little doubt, that

had Miss Hewson been allowed to continue issuing postage stamps for any lengthened period, there would have been a serious outbreak at River Philip, and the great Conservative party would probably have been annihilated. Such precautionary measures on the part of a government reflect infinite credit upon the Province. Not only are the chances of rebellion averted, but the people are educated in a proper respect for Provincial politics. Viewed in a pecuniary light such appointments as that vacated by Miss Hewson are of but trifling importance, but viewed in accordance with the wishes of our paternal government, such appointments become bona fide political offices. For the time being, Mrs Phillips is a person of as much importance in River Philip as is the Provincial Secretary in Halifax. She, no less than him, has accepted political employment and must stand or fall with that great party for whose humiliation she was superseded in 1861. But the contemplation of River Philip and its rival postmistresses brings us to the question of Tenure of Office, about which we have recently heard so much. Upon this question, as upon many others, we have a Parliamentary blue book, of strictly orthodox appearance. In size, in color, and in formality, it is in fair keeping with the grand yearly pageant before mentioned, but its contents when examined, are sadly disappointing. Anticipating Tokeay, we find ourselves discussing beer of exceeding smallness. One would imagine the minute of the Executive to be the production of a set of peevish school boys rather than of men selected to take part in playing the little game of Cabinet Ministers. The squabble commences by the Executive blaming LORD NORMANBY for placing on its minutes some remarks which had not previously been submitted to its enlightened consideration. This seems unwise, inasmuch as it calls attention to the implied fact that the late Lieutenant Governor, when “on the eve of leaving the Colony,” was far from anxious, to see more of his Responsible Advisers, than could be avoided. Next comes denial and recrimination having, it would seem, no object in view save that of shewing the evils of Responsible Government. One PETER HAMILTON, comes in for a fair share of attention, albeit the conduct of that gentleman, in appealing direct to the Colonial Secretary clearly shews that he had no faith whatever in his Provincial rulers. Then, we are treated to the most dire revelations concerning a local government that—“*pared neither age, sex, nor condition; whenever and wherever an office was wanted to reward a violent partisan, it was wrested from its occupants without an hour’s notice, or the slightest explanation.*” (Bravo Responsible Government!) This state of things seems about as bad as bad could be, but nevertheless we find the Government absolutely jumping at it triumphantly in order to establish a precedent. Let the Executive speak for itself “The principle of removing prominent departmental officers upon a change of Government was thus established by the clearest precedent.” Now it is commonly supposed in Europe, that while a good precedent cannot be quoted in justification of a bad measure, a bad precedent is something worse than valueless. Yet Nova Scotian politicians clutch at a bad

precedent in order to excuse a bad measure! As regards the expression—"prominent departmental officers"—we have already shown that postmistresses come within this category; consequently the expression has, we presume, on this side of the Atlantic, no significance whatever. But perhaps the most instructive portion of the blue book under consideration, is that wherein the Executive calls attention to its own magnanimity, in not having evicted from office, certain Sizing Officers, and Post Masters—not to mention "the Warehouse keeper and the Prothonotary" of Pictou County, all which persons are described as "active and determined partizans." What a set of Politicians we must be in America, when every man with a coat on his back is magnified into a violent partizan of one party or the other! Under such circumstances it is hardly strange that our politics should be somewhat Lilliputian—that our political Tokay should have degenerated into beer of infinitesimal smallness.

### OUR FARM.

III.

Joe, and one or two other head bailiffs, managed the BLUE-NOSE estate for some years; but, instead of describing driving matches and such like things, I will mention a few of the abuses which, some how or other, gradually crept into the farm, the bad effects of which are now fully felt. The construction of roads from one place to another on the estate, had long been one of the chief duties of the bailiff. In other farms such roads were usually planned and executed by individuals for their own profit, but here, where the estate was so poor, no one could be found to undertake such a venture. The few that travelled would barely pay for the support of the turn-pike keepers, and no possible balance could be expected for the repair of the high-ways. BLUE-NOSE understood this, and said wisely, "I will make the roads at my own expense, and in time they will doubtless pay their own way." Now to the west of BLUE-NOSE, lived two rich farmers, Messrs. BEAVER and ST. JOHN. These gentlemen long complained, that if a man from the eastward wanted to pay them a visit, he had to go right round to the south, through STARR'S farm, before he could accomplish his object. BLUE-NOSE also saw that if all these travellers could be induced to pass through his ground, no small profit could be sucked from them on the passage. So BLUE-NOSE, BEAVER and ST. JOHN, met together and agreed to make a great high-road through the three estates, and BULL, of whom both BEAVER and ST. JOHN rented their land, agreed to assist, if not in defraying the expenses, at least in enabling them to borrow money in his name, at a low rate of interest.

The whole BLUE-NOSE family jumped at the idea, and Joe stuck to it through thick and thin, but unfortunately, some foolish people got it into their heads, that Beaver and St. John were trying to trick them about the road, and that when their part was made, the St. JOHN and BEAVER people would not complete their share.

About the same time, it also entered into some other crafty heads on the farm, that, though doubtless, the great route would be of use when completed, there was one thing of far more importance to them, than any high-way that had been proposed. What were great roads to them, if little ones could be made, through which cattle could be hurried at a driving match! No more crooked ways, if only a good straight passage to the farmyard could be opened. No more cattle sticking in hedges, only to be released perhaps by the opposite drivers. All would be well if BLUE-NOSE would be content to spend his money as these bailiffs in prospect desired. These views became unfortunately pretty general on the estate, though never of course openly expressed by any one. The fact was, that BLUE-NOSE was not quite awake to the situation. He had been so accustomed to the correcting voice of BULL'S agent, that he forgot the evils which might accrue, if everything were left to take its chance, or fall out as the head bailiff alone might desire. These worthy way-planners, as I have said, never openly stated their opinions. With their mouths they urged Joe to make the big road, whilst they wrote up all over the farm palings, that Joe was fool

enough to be swindled by any and every BEAVER farm lout. The great bailiff had at last the satisfaction of seeing a small bit of the big road finished. After this, whenever a man aspired to the head bailiffship, it became him to consider amongst other things, which roads were at his disposal for the driving of cattle. It was not necessary that the roads should be actually made a clearing was sufficient in many instances. Thus, says Charley, or any other leading operative on the estate, proposes now a days to try his chance at a drive—or having won one, to try for another. he goes to BLUE-NOSE and asks him to clear the land for a road, to such and such a place, (where of course there are many cattle stowed away.) A little persuasion overcomes the easy man, and the clearing is made. The day of the drive comes on, and not only has Charley the advantage of the clear passage for his cattle, but all the lumberers occupied in the clearing, prick up every beast as it passes, thus hastening its progress to the farmyard. BLUE-NOSE hears of all this, but what does he care? "Taste this Madeira my boy, I gave 17 shillings a bottle for it, and I don't owe a penny to anyone—except—well never mind, I'm getting on very well, and don't care to croak about these stupid clearings, let Charlie look after all that."

### THE DARTMOUTH FERRY.

There are several specimens of peculiar combinations of wood and iron, plying daily across the harbour, termed by courtesy the Dartmouth Steamers. They are worth a visit, as shewing at once the very high degree of imperfection to which such structures may be brought, and the admirable long-suffering of the dwellers in Halifax and Dartmouth. The leading idea of the designer of these anomalies seems to have been, that the inhabitants of the surrounding country would select them as permanent abodes in preference to their own homes, and to discourage the fulfilment of this probable migration, he set himself to work to obtain the largest amount of discomfort, that the space at his command allowed. The passage from Halifax to Dartmouth or vice versa, on board one of these steamers, on a fine calm day, occupying as it does about fifteen minutes, enables one to realize to a painful degree the satisfactory results attained. Sitting down on about six inches of unusually hard and rarely clean board, is a species of torture but few dare undergo; while a promenade, from the fact that the steamers are generally pretty full of wagons, carts, trucks, &c., is about as enticing, and not quite so free from danger as a stroll down the middle of Water Street on a muddy day. One's only resource is to choose a spot, as far removed as may be from the heels or mouth of a vicious horse, or the horns of some desperate ox, and there endure one's misery, keeping a bright look-out on wheels and truck tails. Rain, wind, fog, or snow of course materially improve the situation. For the protection and comfort of passengers, certain shelter has been provided in the shape of a cross between rooms, out-houses, and dilapidated kennels. This shelter however is only resorted to under the pressure of a downpour of rain or a gale of wind, and then only by those who are inured to very unsavoury odours; hence the large majority of passengers prefer remaining outside. The cause of this is self-evident: the cabins (?) are placed close to the engine room, in order that the wayfarer may not suffer from cold, and as with warmth in comes the nice oily smell peculiar to steamboat machinery, and as no means of letting it out have been provided, the wisdom of the arrangement is at once apparent. Much more might be said about these pestiferous cabins, but writing on the subject is, from the number of forcible adjectives one is obliged to employ, as unpleasant as suffering the reality; we think however we are within the mark in saying that they probably provide work for one doctor in Halifax or Dartmouth, or very likely for one in each. "Slow and sure" is a very beautiful motto, but "slow

and not sure" does. We should'n't so much or a bumboat, if we this is a gratification to afford. We do or not. If it is, we harbour, and we see comfortable line of contiguous wharf, basin, to avoid infr mouth in about the than one of the pre Halifax should end we can understand unrivalled harbour such is their wish, ferry so pre-eminer other place in the k to find a flock of pe dollar, as we appear using the word "flo of Arcadian simple thinking of shepher and a decently man of being looked up become common, an amount per cent. th proportionately inc stating a self-eviden so to speak, bringin adding so much to t said of our "thrivi terprising citizens" people are more apt fication. One of t prophetic state of r West Arm dotted w daily to take our me School of Design, a better line of steam ones, this vision is p some stranger steps and reap his rewar suppose must steam c in her only rest fee would be instantly s

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\* Enoch Arden and of Poet Laureate. London

and not sure" does not commend itself to our understanding. We should not so much mind moving at the rate of a tortoise, or a bumboat, if we only knew when we were to move, but this is a gratification the Dartmouth Ferry does not condescend to afford. We don't know whether the ferry is a monopoly or not. If it is, we presume, it cannot monopolize the whole harbour, and we see no reason why a moderately fast and comfortable line of steamers should not be started from a contiguous wharf, and after performing the circuit of the basin, to avoid infringing any vested rights, arrive at Dartmouth in about the same time, and with much less danger than one of the present incongruities. Why the citizens of Halifax should endure such a state of things is more than we can understand, unless they think that to cross their unrivalled harbour they should have unrivalled boats: if such is their wish, they have cause to be thankful, for a ferry so pre-eminently bad would not be tolerated in any other place in the known world. It is strange now-a-days to find a flock of people so deaf to the voice of the almighty dollar, as we appear to be in this instance. We cannot help using the word "flock," as the whole business argues a state of Arcadian simplicity so unlooked for that we can't avoid thinking of shepherds and shepherdesses. With good boats and a decently managed ferry, living in Dartmouth, instead of being looked upon as a species of banishment would become common, and house property there would go up any amount per cent. this of course would react upon the ferry, proportionately increasing its receipts. This is merely stating a self-evident fact, but as long as this opportunity of, so to speak, bringing Dartmouth into Halifax, of virtually adding so much to the rise of the city is neglected, the less said of our "thriving, prosperous, citizens" and our "enterprising citizens" the better, as to verify such phrases, people are more apt to look to facts, than to our self-glorification. One of the daily papers the other day got into a prophetic state of mind, and in its trance saw the North West Arm dotted with villas, and a steamboat coming round daily to take our merchants into town. Unless the Halifax School of Design, aided by the Halifax purse can start a better line of steamers for this purpose, than the Dartmouth ones, this vision is particularly unlikely to come true. Until some stranger steps in to buy up the ferry, reorganize it, and reap his reward in heaps of our dollars, Halifax we suppose must rest content to endure the stigma of possessing in her only steam ferry a set of boats that anywhere else would be instantly sold for firewood.

#### ENOCH ARDEN. \*

The Poet Laureate has at length favored the world with another volume. The time that has elapsed since Mr. Tennyson last came before the public in a book form, seems to justify the conclusion that he has for the present given up writing as a profession. That he no longer writes "to sell" is evident from some of the "experiments" which conclude the volume before us—experiments indeed which will afford the poet's hostile critics ample subject for mirth. Whether this mirth will be justified by public opinion and the judgment of posterity or not we will not now discuss but pass at once to a general consideration of the cluster of poems which have been vouchsafed us by, as we still think, the greatest poet of the age.

Of these the first, best, and longest, is Enoch Arden written in blank verse and comparable in all but the subject to the "Idylls of the King." The story is an old one, merely this—A woman having married a husband is separated from him by the sea for many years; despairing of his return she marries another who before her first wedding had aspired unsuccessfully to her heart. The first husband Enoch was of course alive and living a sad sad life on a desert island. He is picked up

\* Enoch Arden and other poems, by ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. London MOXON & Co.; Boston, TICKNOR & FIELDS.

at last by a ship and carried home. Arrived there he hears all sees his wife happy in her new home with a new baby, and resolves that by him her happiness shall never be interrupted. Then he dies. This is the whole story and the wonder is, that out of such common-place facts Mr. Tennyson has raised so beautiful a poem.

Describing Enoch's farewell to Annie on the eve of his departure to distant lands the following beautiful simile is introduced—but the whole passage is so fine that we will not mutilate it.

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
The current of his talk to graver things  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On Providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke: 'O Enoch, you are wise;  
And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.  
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here,  
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,  
Says out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,  
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
And fear no more for me; or if you fear  
Cast all your care on God; that anchor holds.  
I'll be not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning; if I see to those  
Can I go from him? and the sea is His,  
The sea is his: He made it.'

Those who complain of excessive involution and obscurity in Mr. Tennyson's writings can surely not urge their case upon the passage we have quoted. Nothing can be simpler, the least educated can understand it and its only fault if there is one is an excess of homeliness intermingled with high thought. Those who can proclaim that humble life is incompatible with anything good or great can alone throw a sneer at such a passage as this.

The following description of what Enoch Arden saw, and what he did not see in his desert home on that tropical island whereon a hard fate had cast him, is full of beauty—and for word painting is unsurpassed by any of the poets previous composition.—

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lavans  
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran  
Up to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor even hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunshine broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
The hollow-hollow ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

The second poem Aylmers Field, has we confess disappointed us much, and taken as a whole, we think it the weakest long piece ever penned by the Laureate. The involution of words here extends to sentences, and many passages convey to the reader, the impression that what is really simple, has been tortured to appear difficult of comprehension. Take the following sentence as an example of what we mean—

And the Baronet yet had laid  
No bar between them: dull and self-involved,  
Tall and erect, but bending from his height  
With half allowing smiles for all the world,

And mighty courtesies in the main—his pride  
Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring—  
He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,  
Would care to move for Leslin's walking with her  
Than for his old Newfoundland's, when they ran  
To loose him at the stables, for he reed  
Two footed at the limit of his chain,  
Roaring to make a third.

Now it is difficult to see why this dog was introduced at all into a sentence already sufficiently involved, unless indeed the former part of the sentence was introduced to bring in the fact that Sir Aylmer possessed a fine Newfoundland. It rarely answers to bring in two distinct and unconnected statements in the same sentence, and we wonder that Mr. Tennyson should so often have fallen into this error, as he has done in Aylmer's Field.

The remaining poems which make up the volume, we have at present little space left to discuss—"Sea Dreams on Idyll" contains some fine sneering passages, written in the spirit of the first part of Maud." "The Grandmother's Apology" published like "Sea Dreams" several years ago, in McMillan's Magazine, will remind its readers of the "May Queen" to which it may not unfavorably be compared. "Tithonus" is on a classical subject, a weary cry, reminding one of "Enone" which in choice of words and language, it much resembles; nothing further need be said in its praise. Of the minor poems which follow, we prefer "The Flower" in which the poet (perhaps rather egotistically) describes the fate of his own style of poetry.

Once in a golden hour  
I cast to earth a seed,  
Up there came a flower,  
The people said a weed.

The flower, however, grew very beautiful, and "wore a crown of light." Then people stole the seed from the flower and sowed it far and wide, and all the people cried "Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:  
He that runs may read,  
Most can raise the flower now  
For all have got the seed.

And many are pretty enough  
And some are poor indeed;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed.

#### Mr. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Monday, Sept. 12th.—Received a letter from a Mr. Arrandale, of New York. Wife and daughter had urged me to send him a dollar for his "Great gift distribution," advertised in the Albion and other New York papers. This purported to be a great lottery sale of jewelry, and other articles of value. I had sent him a gold dollar, and a brass one was now returned me, with the following remarks—"you, no doubt, thought this was gold, but see it is nothing but brass." Brass enough indeed, is this Yankee swindler, and feeling vexed, I threw the letter to my wife. "Poor fellow" said she, "it must have been changed in the Post Office, it were not worth his while to cheat you, with so much beautiful jewelry in his possession." How very silly some women are. I met to-day, some of the Intercolonial delegates, (fore-runners I hope of an Intercolonial railway,) these gentlemen are something like what delegates should be. Not a rowdy lot like the last, though in these last there were many noble exceptions. To a meeting of the Halifax Yacht Club, of which I am an old member. The meeting was advertised for 8 o'clock, but waited until half-past eight, and could see nothing but the Secretary. At half-past 8, B. and I proceeded to pass resolutions, amongst others, we resolved that at meetings duly advertised, attendance of at least, a few of the officers of the Club, would be in good taste. 2ndly that the start should not be effected in future, by anybody on board any yacht sailing in the race, and 3dly, that members should be allowed, if the Club could not afford them moorings, to lay down their own in appointed places the day before. Having passed these and other angry resolutions, B. and I, after pledging the meeting all round in two glasses, to our respective houses.

Tuesday, Sept. 13th.—"Were you struck by the lightning last night dear Papa," asked Doxy (my daughter Eudocia) this morning. "Yes indeed my dear I was" answered I readily, "and so also must have been the old but inhabitant, it was very wild, and

I never remember its like." This jest and counterjest set us all in good humour, which was disturbed by Tom's entry. He had just returned from shooting, empty bagged and hungry. Ponto's death being recorded to him, did not improve his temper. Tom had been up to the Half-way house, on the Windsor road, to shoot Woodcocks. He asked there for water, and was referred to the lake hard by. This must be the work of the Railway, for I have had many a good breakfast at that, now, inhospitable dwelling. Rained all day.

Wednesday, Sept. 14th.—Bad news from Bermuda, though am glad to see that Dr. Lloyd reported dead some time since, has not even been struck by the fever. Sauntered moodily about the wharves, and was struck by the quantity of steamers, &c., in the harbor just now. Could not see any cause for pride on the subject, as not one would be there, were it not for the fearful epidemic at Bermuda. Wife had a fit in the evening, but as she is subject to such things, I was not much alarmed, and a few globules set her all right again.

Thursday, Sept. 15th.—Am glad to see that the want of a good hotel is at last attracting attention. Determined to take shares in any Company started for a joint stock hotel, but fear it will all end in talk. Chimney on fire this evening, and half Long-lake thrown into the house by the fire Companies. How well those fine firemen do work! Wife very much vexed at the wetting, and said a jug of water would have been enough. It may be so. Took wife and daughters to Miss Lovetts until the house dries up.

Friday, Sept. 16th. Thought over the last three weeks, and how many little annoyances I had met with. Perhaps don't give enough in charity. Have balanced my household accounts and find myself 300 dollars better off than I expected. Sent a shilling to the Industrial Brigade, and seven-pence half-penny to each of the Charitable Institutions. Shall expect a quieter time next week.

#### NEWS FROM THE STATES.

The Military situation in the States, remains unaltered.

From Southern sources, we learn that the capture of Atlanta was preceded by no such great battle, as was described in the Northern journals. There is nothing new from Mobile, but in Virginia a great battle for the possession of the Weldon Railway, is expected to take place daily. The Southern successes in Tennessee assume the more importance from tending as they do to endanger General Sherman's lines of communication. General Washburne, if we are to believe all that we hear, a perfect Yankee Baron Trenck has been at length captured with the City of Memphis. The capture of this City is a sufficient proof that the Mississippi is no longer that safe highway, for their vessels, which the Northern Press would have us believe. Political news is unimportant, but it appears the government are determined at all hazards to persist in carrying on the draft.

#### HOME AND FOREIGN.

The Prince and Princess of Hesse, left London for the Continent on Saturday. They embarked at Gravesend. The Queen accompanied by the younger members of her family, and by the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, left Windsor for Scotland. Her Majesty arrived safely at Balmoral. The honor of Knighthood was conferred on Provost Ross, of Perth, by Her Majesty.

On the anniversary of the birth-day of the Prince Consort, in accordance with the suggestions of Her Majesty, the Horticultural Gardens were thrown open to the public, free of charge.

It is now ascertained that 150 persons were more or less injured, in the course of the Belfast riots. Nine deaths have already taken place, of which five were Protestants, four Roman Catholics. It argues strongly for the still heated state of popular feeling, when we find that in every case the Coroner's juries return open verdicts.

The Straits Times reports the seizure of an English vessel, by Chinese pirates, the murder of her officers, and her being set on fire. Some of the crew were picked up by another vessel. It is added that many vessels which are never heard of, and are supposed to have foundered at sea, may have perished in this more horrible manner.

A rumor is current engaged in making Government, with the distracted Ame

The Conference which was to have reason of this delay negotiators are Berlin newspapers tentation of withdraw before the conclus

A report from M has been surrounde unfavorable to the

The Saturday R this subject. The author is not far fro

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pectable principles the principle of whi The next stage of fectly furious, and himself and uphold; and fancies and hat have not got to this Christians are gentl es of outrageous bl had anything going civil war has stirre unrestrained War-C

A rumor is current in Paris, that the Emperor of the French is engaged in making friendly representations to the Washington Government, with the praiseworthy object of restoring peace to the distracted Americans.

The Conference on the settlement of the Danish question, which was to have met in Vienna, has been adjourned. The reason of this delay is believed to be, because the Danish plenipotentiaries are still awaiting some important instructions. Berlin newspapers of some authority, deny that there is any intention of withdrawing the Prussian troops even from Jutland, before the conclusion of definitive arrangements for peace.

A report from Mexico via San Francisco, states that Acapulco has been surrounded by the Mexicans. Other items of news unfavorable to the French are also given.

#### WAR CHRISTIANS.

The *Saturday Review* publishes the following remarks upon this subject. The style is harricourous in the extreme, and the author is not far from the truth.

In his primary aspect, a War-Christian is a person who prizes war as an opportunity for the religious edification of individuals, at the expense of a vast amount of additional misery and degradation among the mass of mankind. But it is natural for a person who has got thus far to go a little further, and to speak of all warlike operations and all warlike events in religious language. Everything ought to be done in a religious spirit, and everything can be described in religious language; and so a War-Christian finds no difficulty in regarding the cause for which he fights as the cause of God, and every act he performs as a kind of sacrifice. Theoretically, it ought to make no difference what is the subject of a war, for a soldier has put himself under the orders of the authorities, and it is his duty equally to do what he is told, whether he likes it or not. Perhaps the spiritual edification might even be greater when the soldier had a sincere reluctance to engage in the quarrel which he was commanded to prosecute, and he might set himself to profit by the unpleasantness of the task. War-Christians, if they were quite consistent, would tell such a regiment as the 43rd, that theirs was a glorious and blessed opportunity, such as few regiments enjoyed, and that to be cheerful under the mortification of being sent by a couple of attorneys into an unsuitable position, and of shooting down savages for having the insolence to defend their native soil, was the most improving discipline that Christian soldiers could desire. But War-Christians are not so consistent as all this. They admire war on religious principles, but it is not all war they admire. They want a good popular cause of war before they can be sure that Christianity is promoted by the bloodshed. They like something that catches strongly hold of the sentiments which they feel do them credit, and then they are not concerned to inquire further. If the war can be connected with any principle that is dear to them, then it is eminently Christian. The Federal cause in America offers exactly what they desire. The war is supposed to be waged by the North for the extinction of slavery. This is a great and a good principle, and so the war has satisfied every requirement, and is unquestionably Christian. And just as a War-Christian, when pursuing, as he very reasonably may, his own edification, does not trouble himself much about violated homes, and drunken, brutal, storming-parties, and shoddy contractors, and store swindlers, and others of the minor evils of war, so, if there is any one good feature in the war, he is captivated with it, and his enthusiasm has the vent it desires, although there may be very much to be said against the war, and many other highly respectable principles are trodden under foot by it in order to exalt the principle of which he approves.

The next stage of the War-Christian is when he becomes perfectly furious, and when he passes from thoughts of edifying himself and upholding a good principle to putting all his dreams and fancies and hates and wishes into Christian language. We have not got to this stage in England, first, because our War-Christians are gentlemanly people, and are scared at the excesses of outrageous bluster; and secondly, because we have never had anything going on here to stir us as deeply as their unhappy civil war has stirred the Americans. The full-grown and wholly unrestrained War-Christian can, therefore, only be looked for

among the Yankees. With them he abounds, and he does his best to show what he can do if he tries. "See," he seems to say, like Addison on his death bed, "how a War-Christian can cuss." Parson Brownlow, we believe, is allowed by all competent judges to be a finished War-Christian, and he certainly puts things in a plain and forcible way. "If I had the power, Sir," he recently remarked, "I would arm and uniform in the Federal habiliments every wolf and panther and catamount and tiger and bear on the mountains of America, every crocodile in the swamps of Florida and South Carolina, every negro in the Southern Confederacy, and every devil in Hell and Pandemonium."

#### AFTER DINNER.

Let none affirm that Haligonians are an undemonstrative race of men. Hear how we conducted ourselves at the dinner, given to the Delegates, on Monday last. The usual loyal toasts were drunk, says the *Chronicle* "in the most earnest and patriotic manner." The contemplation of a number of men drinking in an "earnest" manner, must be appalling to the Sons of Temperance, although for our own part, we like men to exhibit earnestness in all they attempt. As the night wore on, however, our earnestness gave way to rapture, and (according to the *Chronicle*) we conducted ourselves in a manner, most extraordinary.

Vice Admiral Hope, was received with "demonstrations of delight," and the toast of the Canadian Delegates "with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of pleasure." Considering the various ways men evince pleasure, we can conceive nothing more incongruous, than a general demonstration of enthusiastic pleasure by a number of men varying in constitution, in manner, and in mode of life. Some men evince pleasure by tears, others by shouting, others by *blantly smiling upon all around them*. What a scene then must have been witnessed on Monday evening, when some five score of individuals simultaneously applied themselves to illustrate their individual notions of pleasure with enthusiasm.

#### Extracts.

##### THE CAPTURE OF THE GEORGIA.

The Federal Government has played Mr. Edward Bates, a very unworthy trick. The *Georgia* was openly advertised for sale in the Liverpool news papers. She was bought by Mr. Bates, after communication with her Majesty's Government, and a British register was given to the ship. She was openly dismantled and reappeared as a passenger ship, and let out to hire to the Portuguese Government. These facts were known to the American Consul, and to the Commander of the *Niagara*. No intimation was given to Mr. Bates of the concealment of intention of the Federal Government to seize the *Georgia*; but the *Niagara* lay in wait for her, off Lisbon, captured her, culled twenty of her men, and then sent her on to Boston as a prize. The meanness of these proceedings, whether legal or not, lies on the surface. The deeper intention is, no doubt, to try and draw this country into a quarrel, or still further, to humiliate us in the present dollar loving condition of the public mind.

By presenting garbled extracts from one of Lord Stowell's decisions, some of our contemporaries are trying to induce the belief that this seizure is a legal act; but it is evident that such is not the opinion of the law advisers of the Crown, or they would never have granted Mr. Bates a British register. There is good reason for believing that such a case has never yet been presented to a court of law for adjudication in any country! but the Americans will probably make a precedent for themselves, by condemning the ship.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

##### TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.

The following will interest housekeepers.—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term of which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe" or "Poco" means "white hair" the down of tender leaves. "Powchong" "folded plant," "Souchong," "small plant." "Twanky" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congoo" from a term signifying "labour" from the care required in its preparation.—*Missouri Democrat*.

## A NEW AUSTRALIAN BISHOPRIC.

Arrangements have been made by the Colonial Office, on the one hand, and the Lord Bishop of Newcastle, on the other, for the creation of a new diocese, out of that set, to be called the diocese of Grafton and Armidale. A wealthy colonist has offered £2,000 towards the endowment, and the remainder will be provided out of the Colonial Bishopric's Fund, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. The nomination of the first Bishop will be made in a few days, and the Bishop will probably be consecrated in the Autumn, with the new Bishop of Rupert's Land.

## PREMATURE SMOKING.

Like many other profound thinkers, *Mr. Pouch* is fond of smoking, and he naturally entertains a sympathy for smokers. To have his sympathy, however, smokers must smoke sensibly, and not commit excesses. *Mr. Pouch* likes moderate drinking, but he hates to see men drunk; and he regards immoderate smokers as only a shade less to be despised by him than drunkards.

Smoking prematurely is, to *Mr. Pouch's* thinking, the worst form of excess, and the one which moves in him most hatred and disgust. Smoking prematurely is a selfish snobbish practice, and it is matter for regret that there are not more means to stop it. Clearly it is nonsense to pretend that boys can really have a need for tobacco, or be a whit the better or the happier for using it. Boys who prematurely smoke do so not because they like it, but because they think it manly to be seen able to smoke. Such smokers are, in fact, mean silly little snobs, and all right-minded people justly hold them in contempt. Nature does her best to act as their tobacco-stopper; but by practice they acquire the power to smoke without being made sick by it, and, this done, they delude themselves by fancying that tobacco has become a real need to them, and when they smoke they try to think they really relish it. This however is sheer nonsense, for the true taste for tobacco comes alone with age, like the appetite for turtle, and is not to be acquired by those who prematurely seek it.

Moreover boys who take to smoking have not the sense to put due bounds on their indulgence, and they are apt to smoke at times when it does them the most injury, and is to others, the worst nuisance. Unable to control themselves, they smoke in business hours and in going to their business; and when going out to dinner they take a furtive pipe, and even come into a drawing-room with coats that stink of stale tobacco.

Now, tobacco is a good thing, and good things ought not to be wasted. Smoking prematurely is worse than waste, for it annoys people about him and only harms the smoker. One cannot will doubt this, if one but sees the pimply cheeks and tallowy complexions of the young short-pipe-smoking fools who meet us everywhere. Every whiff they take but helps to blow their brains out, and puts out of tune their organs of digestion.

Few men can smoke early in the day without its hurting them, and any boy who does so must assuredly be weakened both in body and in mind by it. A boy (which word applies to all youths under twenty) who goes to business daily with a pipe between his teeth has put an enemy into his mouth that will steal away his brains, and it is well that his employer should be warned against his robbery. Smoking prematurely is a habit as injurious as taking early morning drinks, or drinking port wine before dinner; and as the evil has increased to really serious dimensions, *Mr. Pouch* may be excused for making serious remarks, and not making a joke of it.—*Pouch*.

## GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

"Girls are naturally weak, and therefore do not require strengthening." Absurd as this may sound—monstrous as this may sound—it is repeated to me many times in the year by people of almost every rank of life and every degree of education. "Girls are naturally weak, and a feeble organization is natural to women." There is a class of errors not inapplicable called vulgar errors, though not quite in the sense of the strictly literal interpretation of the word; but this is a vulgar error in its most vulgar sense, for it seeks to screen wrong, and ignorance, and pretension, and to perpetuate the evils springing from these, under the stolen mantle of knowledge.

During the period of nursery life are not our girls as healthy and as hardy as our boys? Are they not as active and as strong? Have they not limbs as firm and frames as lithe, cheeks as ruddy and spirits as high? And why? Because, the laws of their growth being the same, and the manner of their life being the same, the same also is their mental and bodily advancement—identical their progress. But from the day that brother and sister part company at the nursery door the manner of their lives is changed; and, while that of the boy is usually a healthy, hopeful, happy march on to maturity, that of the girl is a dull and languishing advance—uncertain, contradictory, monotonous, artificial. The laws of their growth remain identical, the agents that promote it the same; but the whole manner of the administration of these agents is changed, and, in the case of girls, the natural action of these laws is perverted.

When a lady opens a school she usually does so in an ordinary dwelling house. The bedrooms—large or small, detached or collected, as the case may be—are allotted to the pupils; and the drawing-room or library is appropriated as the school-room. But few drawing-rooms or libraries, except in houses which we rarely see devoted to this purpose, possess space enough, or admit air or light enough, for a school-room; and for the simple reason that they were never intended for the purpose. It was never anticipated when they were built that they would be required to hold air for so many pairs of lungs, and during so many consecutive hours of habitation.

I have already, when recommending a judicious use of the bath in the nursery and in boys' schools, endeavoured to show that the cleansing of skin by ablation is but one of its many advantages; for in many es-

ential points bathing is virtually exercise, and in a modified form possesses some of its most valuable attributes. If for these reasons the bath was important to nursery children and to school-boys, how much more urgently is it required by girls, who, as we shall presently see, have absolutely no exercise at all deserving of the name? And yet how seldom do we hear of a school for girls that has made provision for the proper ablutions of its young and delicate occupants. Do we not rather know that the custom is to permit them daily to put on, and nightly to remove, their manifold and bulky and close-fitting garments from a skin that water or brush or towel never touches from Midsummer to Christmas and back to Christmas?

After the routine duties of dressing and prayers, it is customary for school-girls to go straight to the breakfast-table. Their lungs have not been inflated, nor the chest uplifted, by a single breath of the external air; the pulse has not been quickened and the nerves have not been braced by the refreshing tonic of the bath; so the morning meal needs to be both stimulating and substantial, at once to arouse the appetite and to satisfy it. For the activity and energy of both mind and body will be greatly dependent upon it; and they are just beginning the day. And what an exhilarating stimulating meal is set before our delicately-nurtured girls, and how nourishing and sustaining for their fast growing frames at this age, when the drain upon its resources is at its greatest! Bread and butter, with milk and water, or weak tea, daily, without change or addition throughout the half year. We have just discovered that we have been killing our soldiers by thousands by our persistent neglect of a few sanitary laws, the principal of which are these two—a proper supply of fresh air, and a reasonable variety of diet. Now these were all men of mature frame and approved health and strength, with whom variety was not so important; and the early lives of the men who fill the ranks of our army have, we may suppose, been very pampered; yet the impure air of barrack life, and the unvaried dinner of boiled beef sapped the physical energies of these hardy and hard-faring men, and consumption, more potent than an enemy's sword, slew them by thousands.

From the breakfast-table it is not unusual to go straight to the school-room, there to be occupied for three or four consecutive hours at mental task-work. Not yet have they breathed the external air, nor stretched their young limbs but in passing from one room to another. But after the school hours come the relief and the change, the amusement and the relaxation, the recreation and the exercise—all at once, and all in one—a veritable *bonne bouche* of physical enjoyment. Having attired themselves in bonnet and mantle, linked together arm-in-arm, two and two, they go forth—for a walk! As they did yesterday, as they will do to-morrow, and the next day, and the next; at the same hour, in the same order, along the same road, the same distance—wheeling round at the same spot, and back again at the same pace. And no one must laugh or speak except to her companion, and then only in an under tone, because loud talking is unladylike; and no one must quit the path, or run or jump, because all romping is unladylike. This is when the weather is fine. When it is not fine they must stay within doors, the younger ones playing in the school-room, if they can contrive to do so without disarranging the books or tables or making a noise, and the older ones sauntering about the room, writing letters, reading, or listlessly turning over the sheets of music or drawing in their port-folios. A welcome sound is the dinner bell; not that they are hungry—that would be unladylike—but many are faint and all weary.

If consumption thinned the ranks of our grenadiers, how comes it to spare this most melancholy procession of a girls' school? Does it spare it? We know sadly to the contrary, and that a feeble organization is natural to women.

If the whole establishment cannot be built expressly for this all-important purpose, as recommended for boys' schools' the first act of occupation should be to erect a school room on the most approved plans for ensuring perfect lighting and ventilation or if this cannot be done, so to alter the special room so to produce a full admission and uniform distribution of light, and a free opportunity for the change and interchange of the air with the least exposure to the inmates. It is wonderful how much may be done in this respect in promoting their health and comfort—almost as wonderful as the little that is done.

## THE DICE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued.)

As the fatal day drew near, a tempest of passionate grief assailed the three prisoners. One of them was agitated by the tears of his father; the second, by the sad situation of a sickly wife and two children. The third, Rudolph, in case the lot fell upon him, would be summoned to part not only with his life, but also with a young and blooming bride, that lay nearer to his heart than any thing else in the world. "Ah! said he on the evening before the day of final decision, "Ah! if but this once I could secure a lucky throw of the dice!" And scarce was the wish uttered, when his comrade Werl, whom he had seen fall by his

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side in the field of battle, stepped into his cell.

"So, brother Schroll, I suppose you didn't much expect to see me?"

"No, indeed, did I not," exclaimed Rudolph in consternation; for, in fact, on the next day after the battle he had seen with his own eyes this very Werl committed to the grave.

"Ay, ay, it's strange enough, I allow; but there are not many such surgeons as he is that belongs to our regiment; he had me dug up, and brought me round again, I'll assure you. One would think the man was a conjurer. Indeed there are many things he can do which I defy any man to explain; and to say the truth, I'm convinced he can execute impossibilities."

"Well, so let him, for aught that I care; all his art will scarcely do me any good."

"Who knows, brother! who knows! The man is in this town at this very time; and for old friendship's sake, I've just spoken to him about you; and he has promised me a lucky throw of the dice, that shall deliver you from all danger."

"Ah!" said the dejected Rudolph, "but even this would be of little service to me."

"Why, how so?" asked the other.

"How so! Why, because—even if there were such dice (a matter I very much dispute)—yet I could never allow myself to turn aside, by black arts, any bad luck designed for myself upon the heads of either of my comrades."

"Now this, I suppose, is what you call being noble! But excuse me, if I think that in such cases one's first duty is one's self."

"Ah, but just consider; one of my comrades has an old father to maintain, the other a sick wife and two children."

"Schroll, Schroll, if your young bride were to hear you, I fancy she wouldn't think herself much flattered. Does poor Charlotte deserve that you should not bestow a thought on her and her fate. A dear young creature, that places her whole happiness in you, has nearer claims (I think) upon your consideration than an old dotard with one foot in the grave, or a wife and two children that are nothing at all to you. Ah! what a deal of good might you do in the course of a long life with your Charlotte! So then you really are determined to reject the course which I point out to you! Take care, Schroll! If you disdain my offer and the lot should chance to fall upon you,—take care lest the thought of a young bride whom you have betrayed, take care I say, lest this thought should add to the bitterness of death when you come to kneel down on the sand-hill. However, I've given you advice sufficient, and have discharged my conscience. Look to it yourself; and farewell!"

"Stay, brother, a word or two," said Rudolph, who was powerfully impressed by the last speech, and the picture of domestic happiness held up before him, which he had often dallied with in thought both when alone and in company with Charlotte. "Stay a moment. Undoubtedly, I do not deny that I wish for life, if I could receive it a gift from Heaven; and that is not impossible. Only I would not willingly have the guilt upon my conscience of being the cause of misery to another. However, if the man you speak of can tell, I should be glad that you would ask him upon which of us three the lot of death will fall.

"Or—stay; don't ask him," said Rudolph sighing deeply. "I have already asked him; that was the answer."

"Ah! have you so? And it is after his reply that you come to me with this counsel?"

The foretaste of death overspread the blooming face of Rudolph with a livid paleness; thick drops of sweat gathered upon his forehead; and the other exclaimed with a sneer: "I'm going; you take too much time for consideration: May be you will see and recognize me at the place of execution; and, if so, I shall have the dice with me; and it will not be too late even then to give me a sign; but, take notice, I can't promise to attend."

Rudolph raised his forehead from the palm of his hand, in which he had buried it during the last moments of his perturbation, and would have spoken something in reply; but his counsellor was already gone. He felt glad, and at the same time sorry. The more he considered the man and his appearance, so much the less seemed his resemblance to his friend whom he had left buried on the field of battle. This friend had been the very soul of affectionate cordiality,—a temper that was altogether wanting to his present counsellor. No! the scornful and insulting tone with which he treated the unhappy prisoners, and the unkind manner with which he had left him, convinced Schroll that he and Werl must be two different persons. Just at this moment a thought struck him, like a blast of lightning of the black book which had perished in the fire and its ominous contents. A lucky cast of the dice! Ay; that then was the shape in which the tempter had presented himself; and heartily glad he felt that he had not availed himself of his suggestions.

But this temper of mind was speedily changed by his young bride, who hurried in soon after, sobbing, and flung her arms about his neck. He told her of the proposal which had been made to him; and she was shocked that he had not immediately accepted it.

With a bleeding heart, Rudolph objected that so charming and lovely a creature could not miss of a happy fate even if he should be forced to quit her. But she protested vehemently that he or nobody should enjoy her love. The clergyman who visited the prisoner immediately after her departure, restored

some composure to his mind, which had been altogether banished by the presence of his bride. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord!" said the gray-haired divine; and with so much earnestness and devotion, that this single speech had the happiest effect upon the prisoner's mind.

On the morning after this night of agitation, the morning of the fatal day, the three criminals saw each other for the first time since their arrest. Community of fate, and long separation from each other, contributed to draw still closer the bond of friendship that had been first knit on the field of battle.

Each of the three testified a lively abhorrence for the wretched necessity of throwing death to some one of his comrades, by any cast of the dice which should bring life to himself. Dear as their several friends were to all, yet at this moment the brotherly league, which had been tried and proved in the furnace of battle, was triumphant over all opposing considerations. Each would have preferred death himself, rather than escape it at the expense of his comrade.

The worthy clergyman, who possessed their entire confidence, found them loudly giving utterance to this heroic determination. Shaking his head, he pointed their attention to those who had claims upon them whilst living, and for whom it was their duty to wish to live as long as possible. "Place your trust in God!" said he; "resign yourselves to him! He it is that will bring about the decision through your hands; and think not of ascribing that power to yourselves, or to his lifeless instruments—the dice. He, without whose permission no sparrow falls to the ground, and who has numbered every hair on your head—He it is that knows best what is good for you; and He only."

The prisoners assented by squeezing his hand, embraced each other, and received the sacrament in the best disposition of mind. After this ceremony they breakfasted together, in as resigned, nay, almost in as joyous a mood as if the gloomy and bloody morning which lay before them were ushering in some glad some festival.

When, however, the procession was marshalled from the outer gate, and their beloved friends were admitted to utter their last farewells, then again the sternness of their courage sank beneath the burden of their melancholy fate. "Rudolph!" whispered amongst the rest his despairing bride; "Rudolph! why did you reject the help that was offered to you?" He adjusted her not to add to the bitterness of parting; and she in turn adjusted him a little before the word of command was given to march,—which robbed her of all consciousness,—to make a sign to the stranger who had volunteered his offer of deliverance, provided he should anywhere observe him in the crowd. The streets and the wind-draws were lined with spectators. Vainly did each of the criminals seek, by accompanying the clergyman in his prayers, to shelter himself from the thought, that all return, perhaps, was cut off from him. The large house of his bride's father reminded Schroll of a happiness that was now lost to him forever, if any faith were to be put in the words of his yesterday's monitor; and a very remarkable faintness came over him. The clergyman who was acquainted with the circumstances of his case, and therefore guessed the occasion of his sudden agitation, laid hold of his arm, and said with a powerful voice that he who trusted in God would assuredly see all his righteous hopes accomplished—in this world if it were God's pleasure; but, if not in a better.

These were words of comfort; but their effect lasted only for a few moments. Outside the city gate his eyes were met by the sand-hill already thrown up; a spectacle which renewed his earth-hills and fears. He threw a hurried glance about him; but nowhere could he see his last night's visitor.

Every moment the decision came nearer and nearer. It has begun. One of the three has already shaken the box; the die is cast; he has thrown a six. This throw was now registered amidst the solemn silence of the crowd. The bystanders regarded him with solemn congratulation in their eyes; for this man and Rudolph were the two special objects of the general compassion this man, as the husband and father; Rudolph, as the youngest and handsomest, and because some report had gone abroad of his superior education and attainments.

Rudolph was youngest in a double sense; youngest in years, and youngest in the service; for both reasons he was to throw last. It may be supposed, therefore how much all present trembled for the poor delinquent, when the second of his comrades likewise flung a six.

Prostrated in spirit Rudolph stared at the unpropitious die. Then a second time he threw a hurried glance around him, and that so full of despair, that from horrid sympathy a violent shuddering ran through the by-standers. "Here is no deliverer," thought Rudolph; "none to see me or to hear me! And if there were, it is now too late; for no change of the die is any longer possible." So saying, he seized the fatal die, convulsively his hand clutches it, and before the throw is made he feels that the die is broken in two.

During the universal thrill of astonishment which succeeded to this strange accident, he looked round again. A sudden shock and a sudden joy fled through his countenance. Not far from him, in the dress of a pedlar, stands Theiler without a wound the comrade whose head had been carried off on the field of battle by a cannon-ball. Rudolph made an under-sign to him with his eye; for clear as it now was to his mind with whom

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 alleyhouse! 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 plugging 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 plugging 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 McKimley'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.

#### THE BULLFROG.

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