

THE BULLFROG.

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MURDER.

What a ghastly but attractive title! Yes, attractive because it is ghastly. Of all the words in the English language there is none so speaking as this. It tells of hatred, of coarse ungovernable rage, of deadly, if stealthy, wicked purpose. Raise the cry of Murder in the streets and every one is roused. No other cry will so excite. Shout "stop thief" and raise a pursuit, and doubtless plenty will join in. Stealing is a great vice and must be put a stop to—so all will be glad to have the thief caught. The plundered man will head the pursuit if he can, and some respectable men will help him if they can, and the rabble will rush along just as they would after a mad dog or a Lord Mayor's show. But the crowd as they career along will chaff and make merry. But cry out "Murder" and then mark the effect on men's minds. If the murderer is flying, watch the faces of the pursuers. There is no nonsense among those set features. The eyes are gleaming and the lips are hard. The swiftest and the strongest will spring upon the villain. Nobody knows yet who is dead, but the cry went forth that a murderer was in the street and the swift and the strong put forth their speed and strength to hand over the ruffian to vengeance. Blood for blood!

Death has its terrors for all, but to be murdered is not simply to die. The father hears that his well beloved son has fallen in battle and he mourns and is sad. The widow hears that her only child has left her to her loneliness, the victim of pestilence, or flood, or fire. She draws down her dark veil still closer, and hopes that she too may soon depart in peace. At every tick of the clock a soul leaves this world for the next. In every house at some time or the other the unsparing foe sits triumphant. A father or a mother, husband or wife, brother or sister or lover—each and all go in turn. And tears are shed and hearts are wounded. But the tears will dry up and the broken heart may be healed. But if the dead have been murdered, there is no forgetfulness in the household. A memory will cling round the name speaking of sin and brutality and degradation. There is no honor in the grave here. The chances seem to be lessened (if we may use such an expression without irreverence) of salvation hereafter.

How the crowd flocks to see the body of a murdered man! All horrors are attractive, by some law of our formation for which we cannot account. Let an accident occur in the street, attended with injury to limb or organ, and every one "wants to see." Hundreds of thousands of people from London flocked to see the devastation occasioned by the explosion of the Dartford Powder Mills. The more shattered the victim is reported to be, the more eager is the anxiety to see him. But if in addition to the fact of injury there be whispered round a suspicion of murder, the excitement is doubled. People wish, so

the body of a man who has had some extraordinary call to meet his maker face to face. But if that call has been carried out by an impious fellow-man, if the knife or the bludgeon or the bowl have been playing their wicked part, another motive seems to be added. In the first case there is pity for the dead. In the second there is a cry against somebody living. In the first case we can but say the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. In the second we say the Lord gave life and man hath taken it. Put the murderer from among us and purify our atmosphere. Blood for Blood!

Such we should say are the feelings which prevail in most, we need hardly say civilized countries, for among the most savage of savages the instincts of humanity we fancy would prompt to the destruction of a murderer. It has remained for Halifax, the rising city of the west, the metropolis that is to be of British power and grandeur, the nucleus of a hundred railways that are to tap,—that's the expression,—to tap all the rivers and markets round about, so soon as our delegates have had a few more summer trips with their families at our expense—it has remained for this rising city to show a contempt for such little matters as murder. We must all die, musn't we, and what's the use of making a fuss? Half a dozen young men get into a brawl one evening in one of our public streets. Two of them have an especial grapple. During the grapple a third comes near them. In a few moments one of the combatants rises, staggers across the street and falls with the blood spouting from a wound through the neck. In a short time he is dead. The man with whom he was grappling is seized by some policeman,—the others are left to concoct any story that they please. Next morning a Coroner's inquest is held. The dead body is scientifically carved and cut up by some surgeons, who pronounce under oath that they have examined the body from head to foot, sliced up his heart, smelt his liver, and peered into the rest of his anatomy and that they have no doubt that the deceased came to his death in consequence of having had his throat cut. Nobody else doubts it either. What next? Witnesses are examined, these same witnesses being the fellow brawlers of the night before—But we will not go into detail because it is unnecessary for our present purpose. The jury find the accused person not guilty, and it is there that we wish to begin our charge against our officials. Nobody believes that the accused person committed the crime. We do not believe it. But just in proportion as that opinion influenced the jury and the public, just so much the more imperative become the call to find out who did commit it. Mark it well. If WOODILL did not stab the deceased, and if the deceased did not stab himself, somebody else stabbed him. Somebody must have bent over the disputing youths and driven a cowardly and deadly weapon right through the throat of one of them. That somebody is one of the gang. He is among us. The common opinion is that he went up to the combatants intending to stab WOODILL but by mistake killed his unhappy fellow-blackguard. But be that as it may, never was there a clearer case upon which the authorities would be justified in acting. Six men get into a brawl

of them have a personal scuffle, but others are mixed up in the wrangle. One is stabbed and dies. But the person first charged "did not do it," and therefore there's an end of it! We really feel inclined to suggest to our murderers a certain way of committing their peculiar offence with perfect certainty of impunity. We wish to murder a man. Well, we make a bargain with a friend that he is to get into conversation with this man and while so in conversation we will come up and stab him. Down he drops, our friend bends over him—the police come up and take him. An inquest is held. Our friend is of course acquitted and there is an end of it. Nobody dreams of following the matter up. Don't let our readers say that we are chaffing. We are speaking plain sober truth. We say that a foul and miserable murder has been committed and the authorities have taken no more interest in it than if it had been a dog-fight. Our eyes are gratified every morning by the perusal of the important matters transacted in our City Criminal Court. Bridget Maloney has been found drunk, and sentenced to a fine of five shillings or twenty days at Rock Head. Bedad though—was she? Mary Maloney, for coming to the station drunk, admonished and dismissed, somebody else for disorderly conduct and rapping at somebody's door at twelve o'clock—fine of two dollars or ten days. So look out Bridget, don't get dhrunk again or the authorities will light upon you and blight your young prospects. Mr. Mc Carthy don't go rapping at John Abbott's door at twelve o'clock—mind now, we warn you. The law and vengeance sit enthroned every morning at eleven o'clock and you can't escape. But if you want to commit offences against the law and not be punished, go in for the higher kind of thing. What is the use of kicking a man's door and having to pay two dollars besides hurting your boots or knuckles, when you can cut a man's throat for nothing!

We hope that the gentry we are addressing will not see the *Bullfrog* and take us at our word, for if they do we shall be in a bad way. Already since that inquest has the knife been more busy among us than it used to be. Among our city population may be noticed now many strangers, valuable to us as customers or future friends. But among these strangers flocking to us from the adjoining shores, must naturally be found many of vicious and depraved minds, and we must take heed lest what we gain in gold and merchandise, we lose in security and peacefulness. The free and easy skeddaddler or other reprobate should find that upon landing here he must lay aside for awhile his revolver and his knife. He should not be encouraged in his iniquitous propensities by seeing that the indulgence in them is likely to be safe. When he walks through Water Street he should not be told that he is tramping in the blood of a murdered man, but that he needn't care, for the police don't mind it. NO. In the name of common justice, in the name of common self-respect, in the name of common decency we call upon our rulers to hunt out the MURDERER.

Since writing the above, we are pleased to find that the Chief Justice in his charge to the Grand Jury, has called attention to the subject. Our article was just about being set up by the printer, while the Judge was addressing the Grand Jury. We are sincerely glad that our remarks did not appear in the issue of the preceding Saturday, for two reasons. First, in that case we might have been vain enough to imagine that it was in consequence of them that his Lordship had called the attention of the Jury to the matter—and secondly, because we are not writing for self-glorification, but in order to try to do some good—and we are only too pleased to find that the apathy which we have charged upon our

among our higher officials. What the Chief Justice has now done, should have been done by somebody else long since. Who can tell now where the murderer is? He may or may not be here. But so soon as WOODHILL was acquitted, the whole bundle of rowdies should have been tied together—or, not to speak metaphorically, tied apart, and examined separately. The truth must have come out.

THE POOR'S ASYLUM.

It has been well remarked, that a thistle in front of a donkey's nose, seems larger than a Cathedral spire, situated a little further off. The saying applies to two classes of mankind. Some, are of a comprehension so asinine, that no distant prospect, however fair, can raise their thoughts from the trifling common-places of every-day life—others, are so absorbed in dreams of futurity, that they ignore with more than asinine obtuseness, the most obvious duties of their situation for the time being. Into one or other of these extremes we Nova Scotians seem unusually prone to fall. We are always either star-gazing, or quarrelling about the veriest trifles. When not lost in contemplation of our possible future, we are wrangling, and calling each other hard names. Hard names, it is true, break no bones, but neither do they advance our interests. Dreams of future greatness, likewise, however innocent of indulgence, are productive of no present advantage to the community. When we consider the vast quantity of paper and printer's ink yearly expended either for the purpose of vilification, or for the purpose of glorification,—we are inclined to pause and ask—to what purpose is this waste? Are all our existing institutions so perfect as to need no looking after by those whom we have elected to control our affairs? If such be the case,—if there be really no room for improvement in any one of our Provincial institutions, if all that we have attempted has been carried out as well as circumstances will allow,—then we may possibly be excused, if not justified, in attacking one another in order to call attention to our existence, or in lauding one another for our common satisfaction.

But,—are we altogether perfect? Have we advanced in civilization in a manner proportionate with the means at our disposal? We naturally wish to impress strangers with this belief; but,—do we ourselves,—who are, so to speak, behind the scenes, really acknowledge such to be the case? We fear not. We, in common with all other cities, have skeletons hidden away in cupboards seldom thrown open to the gaze of the outer world. In the very midst of this growing city, exist public institutions which we dare not, for our reputation's sake, invite the outer world to inspect. It is not long since we undertook the pleasing duty of "chaperoning" strangers about Halifax. We showed them all that was good in our midst. We called attention to our harbour, to our Province building, to our club-house, to our lately erected store-houses, to our mineral wealth,—but we did not call attention to our Poor's Asylum. Why was this? Not because the treatment of paupers is a small and unimportant question, but because we knew in our heart of hearts, that the management of our Poor's Asylum was, and is, a disgrace to Nova Scotians,—a foul blot upon the fair fame of our metropolis. This is strong language, which cannot be justified save by actual facts, the publication of which, however galling to individuals, may not prove uninteresting to the general public.

One of the most painful facts connected with the Asylum, is the absence of a pauper hospital. We do not mean to imply that an hospital should be established for the admission of paupers only,—but we put it to the common sense of our readers, whether a pauper, because he is a pauper should not, when sick, be temporarily removed to an institution especially devoted to the care of sick persons. When a man, other than a pauper, meets with a serious accident, he is removed either to his own house, or to the nearest hospital, and should his case necessitate the use of the surgeon's knife, he is operated upon with some trifling regard to the feelings of his every-day associates. The torture which such an one must needs undergo is for obvious reasons kept as much as possible out of sight. But how is it with our paupers? Imagine a number of sick persons—

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for incurables), huddled together in an apartment shamefully crowded and ill-ventilated. Such as can leave their beds, are discussing the last remnants of a breakfast miserably inadequate to their wants. Others are bed-ridden. Others are vainly trying to snatch an hour's slumber after a feverish, sleepless night. Others, strong, and able-bodied, are bandying ribald jests, and hideous obscenities, by the bedside of one upon whose forehead the destroying angel has already laid his clammy hand. Such an one may, or may not, be afforded the religious consolation, eagerly sought for by most men at the hour of death;—but this depends upon circumstances. Some one is heard speaking without,—the oaths suddenly cease, and the ward is hushed and still, for—the doctor is expected. An operation is deemed necessary, and the breakfast table forthwith becomes an operating board. Yes—within sight of the bed-ridden and the dying—in the middle of the ward, wherein all classes are indiscriminately mixed up,—the surgeon bares his blade and makes ready for his ghastly work. We will not distress our readers by contemplating the effect which all this is likely to have upon the sick and the dying. If the sight of human blood blanches the cheek of many a strong man in robust health, what effect must the sight of blood and torture, produce upon the minds of those enfeebled by disease, or it may be, in the last struggle with death? But, no matter—they are paupers.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that the poor-house is likewise a Lunatic Asylum. Such however is the case. Within its walls, at the present moment, are some twenty or thirty lunatics, kept in good behaviour by threats of a black hole. The Asylum can, with moderate comfort, accommodate about 250 people. The number of its present inmates is 330; in winter it receives something over 500,—the able-bodied, and the bed-ridden, the healthy and the dying, being huddled together indiscriminately. There is no proper library for the paupers, nor is the cleanliness of the pauper children in any way looked after. Those who are sick nearly unto death (*i.e.* the "incurables") fare very little better than those in the enjoyment of sound health; indeed, the dietary in general is miserably poor and scanty. For the female occupants, no suitable employment is provided, and that portion of the establishment, known, in bitter irony, as "the virgins' hall," is a disgrace to civilized humanity. As an instance of the utter rottenness which pervades everything connected with the management of the poor-house, we may mention that the paupers are constantly employed as menials, without receiving any compensation whatever; this vicious system being not only winked at, but encouraged by the Commissioners, one of whom (if we are informed aright) had his shoes blacked—his washing done—and his garden looked after—all for nothing! But we have said enough—at least for the present. If our readers are satisfied that matters should continue as at present—well and good. If not, we shall return to the subject again, and again until the present abominations are overthrown. We have boasted about our city pretty often of late—let us make our vaunting true.

A VOICE FROM THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS.

A Nova Scotian lately writing from the United States advises his countrymen to blow and brag as the best way of increasing our Provincial importance and prosperity. This patriotic writer has probably been long an exile. He is either ignorant of our achievements in the boasting line during recent years, or he is traitorously coaxing us to emulate the frog in the fable and blow till we burst.

Every boy knows how a Batrachian band stop their music on the approach of danger. One chorister after another dives out of sight and closes his pipes with *honk**. The press of Nova Scotia has been as assiduous as her frogs in singing her praises, and the end of the music has in like manner been *honk*. We have laboured to make our Province great among Nations—great in men, productions, and resources. If a Nova Scotian is known to have taken part in a fight by sea or land in defence of his country, and to have exhibited himself from a Briton actuated even by a sense of duty, he is at

Honk is the last note in frog music and in Batrachian language is *Syn-*

once loudly claimed as a Native and made illustrious. Prosentations are awarded—monuments erected, and his name emblazoned on our rolls of historic fame. Thus, we have to our satisfaction settled the fact that little Nova Scotia has already contributed more than her proportion of warriors to the British Empire. Every true born Blue Nose has a secret but firm conviction that were Westminster Abbey in Halifax, we could have deposited more celebrities in its vaults in 25 years than our slowgoing forefathers have done in three centuries.

Many second and third rate towns in Britain are each of more intrinsic value and natural importance than Nova Scotia and her contents; yet the newspapers of Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow, are not incessantly boasting of being the birth-place of every Officer who happens to die a Vice-Admiral or a Major-General. Many well informed gentlemen might be puzzled to name the native town of WELLINGTON or CLYDE; but if it would add to Provincial fame our press could soon furnish the birth-place and pedigree of every rabbit in Nova Scotia. It is very much to our taste to magnify the Province in every possible way; and just as conveniently can we at times make her small in order that some of our men, pigs, squashes, or other productions, may be thought very big for such a little Country.

The "Nova Scotian abroad" is a favourite heading in the columns of our press. Any vagrant coming under this description receives honorable notice—from the *Witness* down to the *Casket*. No where else are reflex honors from fellow-countrymen more jealously treasured up, unless in an adjoining Island, whose inhabitants still mourn the loss of HICKEY.

And these honors are well guarded. The Supervision is more than Provincial. It extends to every section, so that when Antigonish assumed the chaplet awarded to a gaunt Highlander for race-running, the *Eastern Chronicle* promptly exposed the fraud on the ground that though the barn of this Gaelic PHIDIPPEDES might be in Antigonish, yet his house is on the Pictou side of the County line.

As we have generally enough of this kind of business to settle among ourselves, it is fortunate that as a Province we have no disputes with other Countries about the honors or ownership of our natives. Foreign powers have kindly allowed us to take all the credit to ourselves.

As a Province, we have also aspired to literary distinction. But it has been up-hill work, chiefly for want of encouragement. Several productions have appeared as first volumes, and one edition has supplied the demand. It is unusual yet in this Province to issue a second edition of any work which was completed in the first volume. But we reserve the right as respects our Colonial literature of falling back on our resources in this manner.

Another department to which the press gives great space and attention consists of Agricultural and Horticultural productions. The Metropolitan papers prefer the latter. If Mr. Sty has an enormous hog, or Mr. Fodder an overgrown ox, the event is of course chronicled. But the full flood of enthusiasm is reserved for Flowers, Fruits, and Tropical ducks. To displays of this sort, freed from the hodge like vulgarity connected with wheat, oats, and roots, all the wealth, beauty, and fashion repair. The presence of strangers is specially agreeable, as they see our land in its most attractive form. Grapes, figs, peaches, and pumpkins, are ostentatiously paraded as proofs of a fine climate and fertility of soil. The discerning stranger, though civil and flattering, is not deceived. In his eye, ten acres of superior wheat would outweigh all such displays, but he is forced to conclude that such a field is not to be found. He sees it stated in reference to the Bridgetown Exhibition, in celebrated Annapolis, that "cereals were far from superior;" and that "the exhibition of roots was meagre." Besides, he is plainly told that we never think of raising much wheat, but depend upon Canada and the States for that article. If the production of forced exotics were evidence of climate, Labrador, and even Iceland, might acquire a reputation. When, however, the stranger within a few weeks after the Bridgetown Exhibition, sees, whilst travelling Eastward, some poor moorland Celt on the top of Ephraim or Mount Tom, pulling up his green oats through a foot of snow, his ideas of our agricultural capabilities become rather confused. A few gentlemen may amuse themselves by forcing fruits indigenous to sunnier climes, but we all know

that Nova Scotia cannot be turned into Italy or Spain, and that a cart-load of genuine fruit can be imported for what it costs to raise a few bushels of wild grapes and half a dozen leathery figs.

The agricultural reputation of the Province will be slender indeed if it rests on apples, squashes, and Indian Corn. We want a production something like the Staff of Life, and Nova Scotia can, and will yet afford it. The apple, squash, and floral system is an agreeable delusion. And it is a dangerous one, for it may be held to imply a lurking admission that our brief, hot summer, is only fit for the rapid production of soft pig's meat. The truth is, that some Nova Scotian Associations are unpropitious. The name, Scotia, is after all not suggestive of the most genial country. We cannot well change our latitude and position, which notoriously favor strong ice and severe winters. The name Blue Nose still adheres to us, on the supposition that the nearer any nose approaches to the Arctic circle the bluer it becomes. We have adopted a national emblem not very suggestive of power or comfort—the puny Mayflower—a nurse-ling of the snow.

In the face of all our disadvantages should we not seize upon the strong points of our resources? Provincial capital could have accomplished all that has been yet done for our mines and minerals, and yet there is danger that foreigners will reap the profits, leaving us only the honour of belonging to a rich country. Gold mines and Coal mines seem to be following in the track taken by our Telegraph System.

WANTED—A NAME.

Among the various considerations involved by the project for connecting these British American Provinces into a Confederacy under a single name, is that of furnishing the name itself, and the endeavour to find one that, while it pleases the ear of the people, will at the same time be historically appropriate, convenient and comprehensive. Some ingenious suggestions have already been made in the way of smoothing the difficulty that most obviously presents itself. Of course each of the Provinces would naturally be ambitious of perpetuating its appellation by transferring its present name to the aggregated territory which is to form a new nation, and the name Canada is proposed uniting as it does the maritime provinces on the one side and British Columbia (with the intervening territory) on the other.

While reading an article in a late number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled the "Alphabeticals," it occurred to us that a simple and satisfactory solution of the question may be arrived at by the Delegates, or whatever other authority the task may finally devolve upon selecting for the whole people the name of their future country, by means of the Alphabetical arrangement. Take for example half a dozen names such as the following—Acadia, Bretonia, Cabota, Deal-land, Erie-land, and Franco-America, and let them be alphabetically considered by the functionaries to whom the choice may be entrusted. In the development of the plan the decision of a two third majority would naturally be conclusive. It is true that objections to one and all of these names will probably arise and perhaps lead to protracted discussions. Thus to the first it may be objected that the name has been formerly identified with one of the smaller Provinces of the new Confederation and jealousy on the part of the larger or even of the still smaller ones may interfere with its adoption. An answer to these objectors may be found in the fact that modern Nova Scotians are believed to have no prejudices on the subject but would consider their Provincial distinction as much merged in this title as in any of the others while to the Lower Canadians the historical associations would at least make it acceptable. The objection to Bretonia, the second name proposed, might arise from its obvious derivation from that section of Nova Scotia known as Cape Breton, but its euphony with the greater name of Britain or Briton should give it weight with all save the Lower Canadians. Take the third name and the objectors should be but few, yet as many of our public functionaries are indifferent to the claims of the past and prefer to make a history for themselves, it is uncertain whether or not the perpetuation of Cabots name would find many advocates. The fourth name on our list it may be objected conveys the idea that all concerned in the Confederate scheme deal chiefly in lumber and this circumstance may excite ad-

verse feelings on the part of the agricultural and fishing interests. In such case little could be said and Deal land would probably go by the board.

Erie-land would doubtless find favour with those of the Lake districts, from its association with Niagara and the St. Lawrence but whether the flow of sympathy would reach the Atlantic or suit the Pacific region the result of a division alone can determine. The last of the first half dozen names alphabetically suggested would of course commend itself to the Lower Canadians but might be overruled by the arguments of the Anglo Canadians. No decision would in the first instance be arrived at but the alphabetical arrangement would at once remove this embarrassment.

The whole alphabet being amplified into a new nomenclature with the aid of the native or aboriginal appellatives from Ottawa to Kouchibouguac would be certain at last to supply a euphonic title to our future united country. The process it is true may be tedious and expensive but judging from the alacrity and perseverance with which the delegates have appointed themselves to represent these Provinces and have followed up the self imposed duty of discussing the terms of union, the tedium may soon be converted into an agreeable diversion and the cost to the united provinces could not be well more than the eight dollars a day enjoyed by each of our representatives on the present excursion to the Canadas. A sum like this would scarcely diminish to an appreciable extent the funds of our overflowing treasury. It would be hard indeed, while our public men are assiduously engaged in obtaining for themselves a name if they should not at the same time be able to find one for our common country.

MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Monday, October, 24th.—Tom has now left Windsor College, and is thrown on my hands. I have arranged to give him a desk in my office which may keep him steady, but his extraordinary indisposition to associate with any of the ladies of our acquaintance, makes Mrs. Perkington very doubtful about his future welfare. In vain I tell her that it is the fashion here. That at evening parties very few of our young men are present, and why should Tom care more for such things than his fellows. It never answers to force a boy into society, and so long as he attends to his business in the day-time, let him spend the evenings as he pleases. Eudocia and Anastasia quite agree with me, and pronounce Tom in society a "gawk." Mrs. Perkington here answers that Tom should not be a "gawk" and implores me to use my influence with the lad, and make him escort his sisters to evening parties. She may be right, but I think in this case, is actuated by selfish motives and a desire to escape from one of the proper duties of a mother.

Tuesday, October, 25th.—Still confined to the house by sickness. Methinks I should like to be a "delegate." Nine dollars a day, dinners, balls, luncheons, and the freedom of the Grand Trunk Railway at one's disposal, would make a month or two pass pleasantly enough. As our Province is only represented by a Doctor and a Lawyer (clever men though they be.) I think a merchant should be added to the list—money being really at the bottom of the Union question. For the post of delegate I have always felt peculiarly fitted, though I have never had a chance of offering my services to the public. Doxy has caught cold from stepping into a large puddle on the pavement of Barrington street.

Wednesday, October, 26th.—Still far from well, and fancy that my constitution is "breaking up." Talked to wife seriously of ending my days in Italy, but she showed me a paragraph in the *Journal* which said that "Europe seriously contemplates going to war next spring." Resolved to wait and see who Europe was going to war with, before making any arrangements for visiting that continent. Disgusted to observe that Grant is laying waste the Shenandoah Valley, and that the *Richmond Whig*, calmly advocates the burning of Boston and other cities by paid incendiaries. This is a way of making war, worthy of Louvois, ATTILA, or General HAYNAU.

Thursday, October, 27th.—Am much annoyed that I did not lay in my stock of coal earlier in the Season, for its price is at present very high and will probably soon be higher still. My

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coal merchant tells me that much dissatisfaction is felt by masters of colliers, trading to Sydney Mines, at the preference shown to the vessels owned by shareholders in those mines. This dissatisfaction seems to me perfectly groundless, and I hear that the late strike amongst the miners is the real cause of the scarcity.

Friday, October, 28th.—Tom returned this evening from shooting in the neighbourhood, with 4 couple of cock, and 3 snipe. As he is generally far less successful, I asked him how he accounted for such good sport on this occasion. He said that he had been out with M—, who has four well trained Spaniels—and without dogs, sport, in such thick coverts as ours are, is not to be obtained. "It is all very well," he continued "crying down the shooting in the neighbourhood, but with dogs, and a knowledge of the country, a very fair bag can be made. I wish somebody would import a few really good Spaniels."

Extracts.

THE MILITARY WEAKNESS OF ENGLAND.

England, as the London Times speaks for her, is disposed to warn Canada of the possibilities, and dangers of a future war with the United States. Her argument is that if the United States shall be irritated by English insolence and injury past all endurance she may, by and by, when the present war is done with, strike out in a new one and strike at that province; and the province is accordingly told on all occasions that in such a case it must manage its own defence. Canada must fight her way through the trouble that England may bring upon her, and England can give her no assistance. Alas! for the good old days when Louis Quinze said that England "paid for all and fought for all." Those days are gone by, and that England is dead and buried under the taxes. England no longer fights for all, and acknowledges that she cannot even fight for her own dependencies. Canada is referred to the Crimean campaign as the measure of England's resources—a campaign in which England's weakness was disgracefully proven—and the Times rounds the whole story by the declaration that England cannot supply men for the wear and tear of a single great battle conducted on General Grant's principles.

England has given even later evidence of her impotence as a military power than the campaign in the Crimea. She has shown us how absurdly little would be her power for war on this side of the Atlantic. Her game was all bluster when trouble was threatened over the affair of the Trent, and then, by way of a reasonable show of what might come if negotiations would not do, England reinforced her troops in Canada. At great expense, and by great effort, she managed to send out a force of ten thousand men. She sent ten thousand men to hold her frontier against a power that loses twice that many men in a single battle, and hardly feels it. But England was also to be defended by volunteers. Great efforts were made to excite the English on this subject—to get those cold John Bulls enthusiastic, and to have the whole mass of the male population fall into line as the Royal Rifles. But it wouldn't do. England couldn't be brought out to any such tune, and the whole enrolment amounted only to one hundred and forty thousand men. England only had that many men willing to say that they would fight, and whether even that number would come to the scratch for actual service is a very doubtful matter.

Let England and Canada compare the force thus shown with the force that we now have in actual service, or with the force that it is now proven that these States possess. Fancy England's little pipe-clayed bagatelle of ten thousand men face to face with the army under Grant, fought "on Grant's principles;" or with the army under Sherman, fought on Grant's principles, or Sherman's either. Remember, also, that these armies would be reinforced by a column from the Shenandoah valley—by the force that besieges Charleston and the force that besieges Mobile—by the garrison at Hilton Head—by the force that holds New Orleans—by the troops in Missouri, and the numberless small forces scattered up and down the Mississippi river—and that the power thus arrayed would be a power composed of seasoned veteran troops. As for England's one hundred and forty thousand volunteers, and Canada's entire fighting population, they would perhaps be a good efficient force after half of them had died in camp or been killed in battle; but let them be counted at their full number—what does that amount to? New York State alone has actually sent into the field three hundred thousand men, and Pennsylvania nearly as many. We need go no further to show how utterly contemptible is the military power of England and her province as compared with ours; and as England continually points this lesson for Canada, we may suggest the propriety of her taking it more directly to herself. We may extend the advantages of our institutions to Canada some day. (!!!)—New York Weekly Herald.

"THE TIMES" AND THE ADMIRAL.

The Times, pursuing its accustomed policy as to the B. N. American colonies, has in its issue of the 15th Oct., the following remarks upon the speech delivered by Sir J. HOPK, at the dinner given in this city to the Colonial delegates:—

"The Admiral—by what authority we know not—certainly held out to Canada, hopes which it is very unlikely he will ever see accomplished. He assured the meeting—that of which we think, with much respect to him, he was scarcely able to judge, that in case of an attack on Canada, England would be animated by the same feelings which made the nobility of Hungary exclaim that they would die for their King, MARIA THERESA. He was severe on those who entertain the opinions which have constantly found utterance in The Times, that the colonies and the mother country will cease to be united when the common interest ceases. The Admiral does not believe a word of this; but we cannot find that his audience echoed his incredulity. We venture to think that the American Colonies will find a truer exposition of the sentiments, not of Messrs. COBDEN and BRIGHT merely, but of the thinking people of this country, in the columns of The Times than in the eloquence of Admiral HOPK, and we do not doubt that they will regulate their course accordingly."

TOWN TALK.

The hero of the present hour is Franz Muller, the young German accused of murdering Mr. Briggs in a railway-carriage about three months ago. The chase after him to New York has so far proved successful that he is brought back with much of the property of the deceased in his possession. His examinations at Bow-street have attracted large crowds, and on the first day Prince Humbert—the future King of Italy and the Marquis D'Azeglio, were on the bench. Many conflicting descriptions of the prisoner have been given in the hurry of the first impression, some of them favouring the supposition that he had not muscular power to overcome a hearty man like the late Mr. Briggs. This is a mistake. The prisoner is short, but firmly knit, and with a very determined lower jaw. Like most Germans he is fair—rather weak-looking or washed-out in complexion—but this effect is counteracted by his solid head. His expression is not pleasing; his light, bluish-grey eyes are set back far in his head and he has a downcast look, but his forehead is high, his head is well-balanced, and his mouth is not coarse. His hands are large and muscular, he is in tolerably good condition, and in certain lights of the court, has a pugilistic appearance. He understood English very well, and listened to the evidence with stolid composure, making no remarks to his solicitor. No murder which has occurred for many years has excited so much general interest—the age and respectability of the murdered man, and the scene of the outrage, a railway-carriage on a crowded London line, having much to do with this feeling. The prisoner is committed for trial.

OUR CAPTIVE SOLDIERS.

A UNION SOLDIER TO SECRETARY STANTON.

Twenty-five acres of homestead,
Meadow, orchard, and spring,
And amid the laden fruit trees
The voices of song-birds ring.
Where the rippling stream glides lightly
By the fields of rustling corn,
And the winter hearth shines ruddy
When the summer days are gone.

I left that dear old homestead
In the North, to join the fight,
To brighten our country's honour,
Or die to set her right.
To fight 'mid the smoke and rattle
Where the deadly bullets hiss,
To find a death in battle,
But not such a death as this.

Twenty-five acres of mire,
Cut by a filthy trench,
Stumps, and swamp, and briar,
Vermin, offal, and stench,
Through that black ditch is crawling
The drainings of a sink
Rippled with living corruption,
And this we have to drink.

Thirty thousand wretches
People this region infernal;
Fathers, brothers, husbands,
In misery seeming eternal!
Twenty-five acres of white men—
(Oh, happier those who fell!)
Whenever new-comers enter,
They whisper, "Is this hell?"

Naked, with nothing to shelter
Against the hot sun's ray;
Hungering, wasting, starving,
Dying a hundred a day.
Horrors no tongue can utter,
Horrors of which could boast
No Black Hole of Calcutta,
No pen on the African coast.

Oh! you who have brought us to it,
And left us in our despair,
(No hope of exchange or succour.)
As you sit in your cushioned chair,
Think what will be your portion
In the future—not one of bliss!
To-morrow I'll cross the "dead line"
And make an end to this.

(The Stockade Prison, Andersonville, Georgia.)

VISIT TO THE ASYLUM FOR AGED AND DECAYED PUNSTERS.

Having just returned from a visit to this admirable Institution in company with a friend who is one of the Directors, we propose giving a short account of what we saw and heard. The great success of the Asylum for Idiots and Feeble-minded Youth, several of the scholars from which have reached considerable distinction, one of them being connected with a leading Daily Paper in this city, and others having served in the States and National Legislatures, was the motive which led to the foundation of this excellent Charity. Our late distinguished townsman, Noah Dow, Esquire, as is well known, bequeathed a large portion of his fortune to this establishment,—“being thereto moved,” as his will expressed it, “by the desire of N. Dowling some publick Institution for the benefit of Mankind.” Being consulted as to the Rules of the Institution and the selection of a Superintendent, he replied, that all Boards must construe their own Platform of operation. Let them select *anyhow* and he should be pleased. *N. E. Howe, Esq., was chosen in compliance with this delicate suggestion.

The Charter provided for the support of “One hundred aged and decayed Gentlemen-Punsters.” On inquiry if there was no provision for *females*, my friend called my attention to this remarkable psychological fact, namely THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FEMALE PUNSTER.

This remark struck me forcibly, and on reflection I found that I never knew nor heard of one, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a *st glotched pun*, as I have known a hen to crow.

On arriving at the south gate of the Asylum grounds, I was about to ring, but my friend held my arm and begged me to rap with my stick, which I did. An old man with a very comical face presently opened the gate and put out his head.

“So you prefer *Come to A Doll*, do you?” he said,—and began chuckling and coughing at a great rate.

My friend winking at me,
“You’re here still, Old Joe, I see,” he said to the old man.
“Yes, yes,—and it’s very odd, considering how often I’ve hotted, nights.”

He then threw open the double gates for us to ride through.
“Now,” said the old man, as he pulled the gates after us, “you’ve had a long journey.”

“Why how is that, Old Joe?” said my friend.
“Don’t you see?” he answered; “there’s the *East hinges* on one side of the gate, and there’s the *West hinges* on t’other side,—haw! haw! haw!”

We had no sooner got into the yard than a feeble little gentleman, with a remarkably bright eye, came up to us, looking very seriously, as if something had happened.

“The town has entered a complaint against the Asylum as a gambling establishment,” he said to my friend, the Director.

“What do you mean?” said my friend.
“Why, they complain that there’s a *lot ’o eye* on the premises,” he answered, pointing to a field of that grain,—and hobbled away, his shoulders shaking with laughter, as he went.

On entering the main building, we saw the Rules and regulations of the Asylum conspicuously posted up. I made a few extracts which may be interesting.

SECT. I. OF VERBIE EXERCISES.

5. Each Inmate shall be permitted to make Puns freely from eight in the morning until ten at night, except during Service in the Chapel and Grace before Meals.

6. At ten o’clock the gas will be turned off, and no further Puns, Conundrums, or other play on words, will be allowed to be uttered, or uttered aloud.

9. Inmates who have lost their faculties and cannot any longer make Puns shall be permitted to repeat such as may be selected for them by the Chaplain out of the work of Mr. Joseph Miller.

10. Violent and unmanageable Punsters, who interrupt others when engaged in conversation, with Puns or attempts at the same, shall be deprived of their Joseph Millers, and, if necessary, placed in solitary confinement.

SECT. III. OF DEPARTMENT AT MEALS.

4. No Inmate shall make any Pun, or attempt at the same, until the Blessing has been asked and the company are decently seated.

7. Certain Puns having been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Institution, no Inmate shall be allowed to utter them, on pain of being deprived the perusal of *Punch* and *Vanity Fair*, and, if repeated, deprived of his Joseph Miller.

Among these are the following:—
Allusions to *Atie salt*, when asked to pass the salt-cellar.
Remarks on the Inmates being *mustered*, etc., etc.
Personal allusions in connection with *carrots* and *turnips*.
Attempts upon the word *tomato*, etc., etc.

The following are also prohibited, excepting to such Inmates as may have lost their faculties, and cannot any longer make Puns of their own:—

“—your own *hair* or a wig”; “it will be *long enough*,” etc., etc.; “little of its age,” etc., etc.;—also, playing upon the following words:

hospital; mayor; pun; pitied; bread; sauce; sole, etc., etc., etc. See *INDEX EXPURGATORIS*, printed for use of Inmates.

The Superintendent, who went round with us, had been a noted punster in his time, and well-known in the business-world, but lost his customers by making too free with their names,—as in the famous story he set afloat in ‘29 of *foegories* attaching to the names of a noted Judge, an eminent Lawyer, the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and the well-known Landlord at Springfield. One of the *four Jerris*, he added, was of gigantic magnitude.

The Superintendent showed some of his old tendencies as he went round with us.

“Do you know?”—he broke out all at once—“why they don’t take steps in Tartary for establishing Insane Hospitals!”

“We both confessed ignorance.
“Because there are no mad people to be found there,” he said, with a dignified smile.

He proceeded to introduce us to different Inmates. The first was a middle-aged, scholarly man, who was seated at a table with a Webster’s Dictionary and a sheet of paper before him.

“Well, what luck to-day, Mr. Mowzer!” said the Superintendent.

He turned to his notes and read:—

“Don’t you see Webster *erz* in the words center and theater?”

“If he spells *lether*, and a feather *father*, is n’t there danger that he’ll give us a *lead spell of weather*?”

“Besides, Webster is a resurrectionist; he does not allow u to rest quietly in the mould.”

“And again, because Mr. Worcester inserts an illustration in his text, is that any reason why Mr. Webster’s publishers should hitch one on in their ‘Don’t you see Webster *erz* in the words center and theater?”

“Why is his way of spelling like the floor of an oven? Because it is under bread.”

“Mowzer!” said the Superintendent,—“that word is on the Index!”

“I forgot,” said Mr. Mowzer:—“please don’t deprive me of *Vanity Fair*, this one time, Sir.”

“These are all, this morning. Good day, Gentlemen. Then to the Superintendent,—Adieu, Sir!”

At this time a plausible-looking, bald-headed man joined us, evidently waiting to take a part in the conversation.

“Good morning, Mr. Riggles,” said the Superintendent. “Anything fresh this morning? Any Conundrum?”

“Nothing of any account,” he answered. “We had hasty-pudding yesterday.”

“What has that got to do with conundrums?” asked the Superintendent.

“I asked the Inmates why it was like the Prince.”

“O! because it comes attended by its *sweet*,” said the Superintendent.

“No,” said Mr. Riggles, “it is because the *lasses* runs after it.”

“Riggles is failing,” said the Superintendent, as we moved on.

The next Inmate looked as if he might have been a sailor formerly.

“Ask him what his calling was,” said the Superintendent.

“I don’t know the sea,” he replied at the question put by one of us.

“Why did you give it up?”

“Because I didn’t like working for *two-masters*,” he replied.

Presently we came upon a group of elderly persons, gathered about a venerable gentleman with flowing locks, who was propounding questions to a row of Inmates.

“Can any Inmate give me a motto for M. Berger” (the great billiard player) he said.

Nobody responded for two or three minutes. At last one old man, whom I at once recognized as a Graduate of our University, (Anno 1800,) held up his hand.

“Recn a *one tetig* it.”

“Go to the head of the Class, Josselyn,” said the venerable Patriarch.

The successful Inmate did as he was told, but in a very rough way, pushing against two or three of the Class.

“How is this?” said the Patriarch.

“You told me to go up *jostlia*,” he replied.

The old gentleman who had been shoved about enjoyed the Pun too much to be angry.

Presently the Patriarch asked again,—

“Why was M. Berger authorized to go to the dances given to the Prince?”

The Class had to give up this, and he answered it himself.—

“Because every one of his carions was a *tick-it to the bell*.”

“Who collects the money to defray the expenses of the last campaign in Italy?” asked the Patriarch.

Here again the Class failed.

“The war-cloud’s rolling *Dun*,” he answered.

“And what is mullered wine made with?”

Three or four voices exclaimed at once,—

“*Sizzig* Madeira!”

Here a servant entered, and said “Luncheon-time.” The old gentlemen, who have excellent appetites, dispersed at once, one of them politely asking us if we would not stop and have a bit of bread and a little mite of cheese.

“There is one thing I have forgotten to show you,” said the Superintendent,—“the cell for the confinement of violent and unmanageable Punsters.”

We were very curious to see it, particularly with reference to the alleged absence of every object upon which a play of words could possibly be made.

The Superintendent led us up some dark stairs to a corridor, then along a narrow passage, then down a broad flight of steps into another passage-way, and opened a large door which looked out on the main entrance.

“We have not seen the cell for the confinement of violent and unmanageable Punsters,” we both exclaimed.

“This is the *cell*!” he exclaimed, pointing to the outside prospect.

My friend, the Director, looked me in the face so good-naturedly that I had to laugh.

“We like to humor the Inmates,” he said. “It has a bad effect, we find, on their health and spirits to disappoint them of their little pleasantries. Some of the jests to which we have listened are not

new to me.
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new to me, though I dare say you may not have heard them often before. The same thing happens in general society, with this additional disadvantage, that there is no punishment provided for "violent and unmanageable" Puntsters, as in our Institutions."

"We made our bow to the Superintendent and walked to the place where our carriage was waiting for us. On our way, an exceedingly decrepit old man moved slowly towards us, with a perfectly blank look on his face, but still appearing as if he wished to speak.

"Look," said the Director,—"that is our Centenarian."

"The ancient man crawled towards us, cocked one eye, with which he seemed to see a little, up at us, and said,—
"Sarvant, young Gentlemen. Why is a—a—a-like a—a—a—? Give it up? Because it's a—a—a—a—."

"He smiled a pleasant smile, as if he were all plain enough. "He is a hundred and seven last Christmas," said the Director. "He lost his answers about the age of ninety-eight. Of late years he puts his whole Comendums in blank,—but they please him just as well."

"We took our departure, much gratified and instructed by our visit, hoping to have some future opportunity of inspecting the Records of this excellent Charity, and making extracts for the benefit of our Readers.

Advertisements.

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Need never fear the "Dropping in Tea" of unexpected visitors. With this powder you can in the short space of twenty minutes convert Flour into the lightest and most wholesome

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Puddings, Pies, and Pastry of every description can be made by it in a like short space of time.

That every body should have an opportunity of testing its merits, we offer a sample package GRATIS to any who may favor us with a call.

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BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, COATINGS, Gentlemen's Underclothing, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Gloves, India Rubber Clothing, Naval and Military Uniforms, made to order at short notice.

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SHIPPING, COMMISSION, & GENERAL AGENTS.
MANUFACTURERS PRIZE MEDAL MAYFLOWER TOBACCO. **JEWSALEM WAREHOUSE, HALIFAX.**

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100 Bundles of London Oakum.

4 Casks Roman Vitriol, or Blue Stone.

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ALBRO, SON, & CO., Birmingham House.

PIPES, PIPES,

Meerschmum, Briar and Clay PIPES, in great variety, just received. **JOHN H. SYMONS, Graniteville Street.**

NOVA SCOTIA RAILWAY.

EXTENSION FROM TRURO TO PICTOU.

TENDERS will be received at the Railway Engineer's Office, Truro, till FRIDAY, the 25th day of October, instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, for

THE GRADING, BRIDGING, AND OTHER WORKS ON THE SEVERAL SECTIONS OF THIS LINE, FROM THE TERMINATION OF SECTION No. 1 TO THE WATERS OF PICTOU HARBOUR.

The Work, as before intimated, will be divided into Sections of about five miles each, and Tenders will be received for each Section, separately, or for the whole Work in one contract; the Department reserving the right to accept Tenders for each Section, or one Tender for the whole work.

Specifications, form of Tender, or any other information required by intending contractors may be had on application at the Engineer's Office in Halifax, Truro and New Glasgow, on and after the 17th day of October, inst.

The work to be finished on or before the 1st day of July, A. D. 1864. The names of two sufficient sureties, ready to become bound for the fulfillment of the Contract, must be stated in the Tender, otherwise it will not be considered. **JAMES McDONALD, Commissioner.**

Railway Office, Halifax, 1st October, 1864.

NOTICE.

The period for the reception of Tenders for the construction of the **PICTOU RAILWAY EXTENSION,**

is **EXTENDED** until FRIDAY, the 4th of November next, at 12 o'clock noon, when they will be received at Truro, as before advertised.

JAMES McDONALD, Commissioner.

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Books, Stationery, Music, Photograph, and Postage Stamp Albums, Engraving, Copy Books, Bibles, Church Services, &c. &c. Agency for all British and American Magazines. Illustrated and other Newspapers—books imported or sent at Publisher's prices.

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

M. J. KATZMANN.

ATTENTION!

JAMES SCOTT

Has just received from England and France:—
150 doz. superior Champagne; 1000z. Moselle, &c. Super & Chandon's, Clicquot's, Mumm's, and Prince of Wales Champagne. Most sparkling Hook, Moselle, and Burgundy—pinks and quarts.

200 doz. very superior pale and brown SHERRIES—Vino do Pasto, Amontillado, Bell, Remise, &c. &c. Lindsays, Hornblower & Co's. Woodhouse and Jugham's dry MARSALA. Fine old MADEIRA.

1000z. V.O. Brandy (Dutch and French) Creme Do Cacao, Cherry Brandy, Maraschino, Noyau, Absinthe, Fine old Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Hennessy's, Moonie's and Robin's fine old pale and dark Brandy, from 6 to 22 years old. Old Tom. Holland Gin. Fine old Jamaica and Demerara Rum. Bass's, Allsopp's and Younger's Ale. London and Dublin Brown Stout—pinks and quarts.

All articles warranted of superior quality and sent to all parts of the City free by express.

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R. T. MUIR,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER, And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

BRITISH AND FOREIGN WRITING PAPERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Keeps constantly on hand, and offers for sale on the most favourable terms:—

NOTE AND LETTER PAPERS, all sizes and qualities. Post, Foolscap, Demy, Drawing, Melan, Royal, Super Royal. **NEWSPAPER PRINTING PAPERS.** The stock of Mowbray, Wedding, and Counting House Stationery will be found one of the largest and most complete in the city. **BLANK BOOKS** made from one and superior English Book Paper, ruled and bound on the premises, will be found superior to and less in price than imported books—Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, Bill Books, Memo and Price Books.

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Pen and Pencil Knives, combs, Violin Strings, Jewellery, and a large variety of other small brass sundries for Jobbers, Pedlars, and others. The stock of

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PAPER BAGS of all kinds made to order at the shortest notice, and printed to order.

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Specimen bags of every description with prices marked, can be seen at the Depository, 131, Barrington street, where orders are received.

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Running on all parts of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and New Brunswick, connecting at St. John, N. B. with the Eastern Express Company for all the Eastern States, at Portland with the British and American Express for all parts of the Canada, and at Boston with Adams's, Cheney, Fisk & Co., and other Expresses for all parts of the United States—Also at Liverpool, G. B., with the American European Express.

FOR ALL PARTS OF EUROPE AND THE EAST.

This Express forwards all kinds of Parcels and General Freight, Species, &c. to all the above places. Also collects notes, &c.

Special Messengers accompany all Goods.

Grants in small sums to be sold on London, Liverpool and Paris.

Expresses made up at this office twice a day for Windsor and Truro; daily to all parts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, United States, Canada, (overland) and twice a week via Windsor and St. John, fortnightly for Newfoundland and Europe; and monthly for Bermuda and West Indies.

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Newfoundland—W. D. Morrison.

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Chief Office, 240 & 250, Ball's Street. **FREDERICK W. FISHWICK, Proprietor.**

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The Subscribers beg to call the attention of their friends and the public generally to their stock of FURNITURE. Having made some alterations in their business, they are now prepared to offer their stock for general inspection. Among their latest importations are

SUPERIOR SINGLE AND DOUBLE IRON BEDSTEADS AND

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Children's Crisls, Oil Cloth Carpetings, Felt Druggets, Hearth Rugs, Cocoa

Mating, &c. &c. of the best quality and widths. Also from Boston—Twenty new

Bedroom Sets, some very handsome, containing 11 pieces Bedroom Furniture;

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Buckles, Brooms and Clothes Pins, Travelling Trunks and Valies; Brass-mounted

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HALL than elsewhere. All Goods purchased at this place are sent home free

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HALIFAX, N. S., October 22nd, 1864.

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OF

SCHOOL BOOKS STATIONERY, & C.,

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per steamers *Sidon* and *Jeda*, ships *Roseworth*, *Spirit of the Ocean*, and other vessels, a large part of their Fall Stock of School Books, Stationery, &c., which they offer wholesale and Retail, on their usual low terms, for cash or approved credit.

On hand—A large stock of the **IRISH NATIONAL SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.**

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING SHOP

AND

UNITED SERVICE DEPOT.

GEORGE STREET,

OPPOSITE THE NORTH END OF THE PROVINCE BUILDING.

Where the largest and best assorted Stock of Furnishing Goods in the Town is always to be found. Our goods are so well known, from the reputation already made by this Shop, that the subscriber considers it unnecessary to enlarge or dwell longer upon the excellence and variety of his Stock. Suffice it to say that his importation this fall exceeds any before offered to his friends or the Public, and gentlemen who are desirous of being well served will meet with the attention that they have always been accustomed to at this shop.

Halifax, Oct. 1864. F. C. ELLIOT
To our Navy friends who were absent when we removed from Granville Street we would say, that this Shop has no connection with any other warehouse

HALIFAX INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

PRINTING OFFICE.

BILL HEADS, CARDS, NOTICES, POSTERS.**Job Printing of every description executed****WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.**

The above Printing Establishment is one of the branches of industry of the I. L. S. instituted for the employment of friendless boys, teaching them trades, and affording them the means of gaining for themselves an honest living, the Managing Committee solicit the custom of the gentlemen and merchants of Halifax.

CHARLES KAIZER,FORMERLY FURRIER TO THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF
PRUSSIA AND HOLLAND.

Announces to the public of Halifax that his establishment comprises the most

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.

Corner of Duke and Granville Streets, and

* * * Every Species of FURS AND SKINS bought from Dealers at the establishment.

W. M. HARRINGTON & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, ALE,**PORTER, FRUIT, OILS, SPICES, CHEESE,****PICKLES, SAUCES,****HAVANNA CIGARS, ETC., ETC.,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,

Nos. 253, HOLLIS AND 50, WATER STREETS

HALIFAX, N. S.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE,**BELL & ANDERSON,**

Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

DEALERS IN BRITISH & FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
A LARGE STOCK of the above, in every variety, will always be open for inspection. Exclusive attention given to the WHOLESALE TRADE.

FIRE INSURANCE.**The Liverpool and London of Liverpool and****Globe of London.**

The interests in the above Insurance Companies having lately been united, the business hereafter will be done under the title of the

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE.**Capital Three Millions Sterling.**

The Subscriber begs to notify that he is now prepared to accept risks for

Insurance against Fire to an increased amount on all Buildings and Merchandise of every description, Household Furniture, Ships on the Stocks, &c., throughout the Province and at the VERY LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted and paid without discount or reference to the Home Office.

Office—Head of Central Wharf, Halifax, 18th October, 1864

J. A. BELL & Co.,

HAVE RECEIVED BY LATE ARRIVALS THEIR

FALL STOCK

OF

BRITISH AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, WHITE AND GREY**COTTONS, TWEEDS, COATINGS, HOSIERY, &c.**

A Choice assortment of American Woolen Hoods and Scarfs.

94, & 96, UPPER WATER STREET,**CHARLES ROBSON & CO.,****11, Granville Street,**

Have by the arrival of the Steamers *Hela* and *Thames*, ship *Roseworth*, and R. M. Steamers, received 116 packages of

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS.

Comprising a large Stock of COTTONS, LINENS, WOOLLENS, SILK GOODS, Paisley Filled and Wool Long SHAWLS, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Millinery, Cloaks and Mantles, &c.

A LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF DRESS GOODS,

In Poplinette, Plain and Fancy TWEEDS, Aberdeen WINCEYS, French MERINOS, COBURGS, LUSTRES, &c.

COTTON WARP AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.

The above goods having been carefully selected in the best markets, the attention of Wholesale and Retail buyers is respectfully solicited.

1864.

J. B. ELLIOT & Co.,

Have much pleasure in announcing that their FALL IMPORTATION is now COMPLETE, comprising a large and beautiful variety of

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,

which, having been selected by one of the Firms in the best markets in Great Britain, can be relied on as embracing all the leading styles and novelties for Autumn and Winter wear.

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS.—

Camlets, Wineys, Knickerbockers, Plaids, French Merinos, Checked Lustres, Colours, CLOAKINGS—Melton, Waterproof, Sealskin, Velvet Felt, Witney Patent Brevettes, SHIRTINGS—All styles and qualities, SHAWLS—Paisley, Adelaide, Tasmanian, Dagmar, Shepherd's Rob Roy, Cashmere, MANTLES—Black, with Velvet Felt, Waterproof Colours.

WHITE AND GREY COTTONS,**PRINTS, REGATTA, AND FANCY SHIRTINGS,****WHITE AND GREY SHEETING,****HUCKABUCK, DIAPER, BATHING, TURKISH AND DARLINGTON****TOWELS.****135, Granville Street, Halifax.**

Notice to Wholesale & Retail Buyers of Rubbers.
THREE HUNDRED CASES of Men's, Women's, and Children's RUBBERS just received.

The particular attention of wholesale buyers is called to this Stock. Remember that the articles on sale are as good as any in the market. This is on call warrant; and, further, I know I can sell them cheaper than any other house in the City. Call and judge for yourselves.

Geo. S. YATES, 56, GEORGE STREET,

OPPOSITE THE NORTH END OF THE PROVINCE BUILDING.

ACADIA DRUG STORE,

151, HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Genuine English Medicines, Pure Chemicals, Choice Perfumery, and the best description of Brushes, Toilet articles, &c., will be found at the above establishment.

The strictest attention will be paid to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Leeches always on hand. Open on Sundays, between 2 and 3 o'clock for dispensing medicine only.

M. F. EAGER, Chemist, &c.

GROCERY AND CIGAR DEPOT.**JAMES REEVES,**

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, SPICES, FLOUR, MEAL,**PICKLES, SAUCES,****CHOICE HAVANNA CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &c.,****WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,****43, BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.****163, HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.**

LOWER SIDE PROVINCE BUILDING,

COGSWELL & FORSYTH,

SUCCESSORS TO MORTON & COGSWELL,

DRUGGISTS, & GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS,

L. J. COGSWELL.

A. FORSYTH.

COGSWELL and FORSYTH, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c. Agents for Rimmel & Saundor's Perfumery and Toilet Requisites. Also Agents for Illustrated London News, Punch, News of the World, Wilmer & Smith's, and all other English Papers and Periodicals, which are mailed regularly, immediately on the arrival of the mail from England. We have no business connection with any other House.

Cockle's Pills, At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.**Dixon's do.,** At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.**Leeching's Essence for****Lameness in Horses,** At 148, HOLLIS STREET.**Gibson's Horse Powders,** JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.**Choice Perfumery,** At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.**Hair Brushes,** At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.**Pomades,** At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.**NOTICE TO MARINERS.**

OFFICE OF BOARD OF WORKS,

Halifax, September 2, 1864.

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.

THE BULLFROG.

Published Weekly, Price Two Cents per copy. Communications,

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111, Barrington St.

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