

THE BULLFROG.

No. 4.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

The BULLFROG can be obtained at Hall's Army and Navy Bookstore, Hollis Street, Messrs McKinlay's and R. T. Muirs, Granville Street, every Saturday Afternoon at Three o'clock.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Talpa's contribution, though clever, is unsuited to our columns.

TENURE OF OFFICE.

Setting aside the unpleasant revelations contained in the blue book published upon "Tenure of Office," it seems that there is now a fair chance of this much vexed question being finally settled. We have had sufficient training in the politics of self government to shew us the evils which necessarily accrue from government is anti-English and republican in the extreme. It is a system which must be heartily condemned by all sensible men, not because it is anti-English, but because it is fraught with much evil to the public service. We have never heard an argument in its favor, whereas the arguments against it are clear to all. The speech of the Lieutenant Governor at Picton was, it is true, commented upon by a portion of the Press with some shew of displeasure, but displeasure is not argument, and the sentiments of his Excellency are, we feel assured, approved by right thinking men of all parties. It may not be out of place to notice what has been said in favor of the dismissal system, or rather what has been said against the tone which his Excellency thought proper to adopt. The displeasure evinced by a small portion of the community was based upon the two-fold consideration of custom and retaliation. On behalf of custom, it was argued that the people of this Province had, since the introduction of Responsible Government, "been educated in the advocacy of the Responsible system, as applicable to all subordinate offices in the gift of the Provincial Government, equally with the Heads of Departments, for more than thirty years." Now, if this be true, we can only say that the people have been educated in direct opposition to the spirit of the constitution under which we live, and the sooner the pernicious effects of such an education be eradicated, the better for us all. But we are inclined to think that the dismissal system has not formed part of our political education, but has rather been hastily forced upon us within the last few years by men more anxious to strengthen party ties than to place the Civil Service of the Province upon a healthy footing. Such men were the foes rather than the friends of good order in the state, and we would fain believe that those who inaugurated the dismissal policy did so in the heat of party triumph, without pausing to consider the inevitable results of such short-sighted wisdom. Our business is not, however, to mourn the past, but rather to make the most of our present opportunities in order to rectify abuses. Our political system has been subjected to a rude shock, and our repentance must be bitter ere we can hope to regain our moral vigour. If our political education

has been faulty, we must leave no stone unturned to lay a new foundation—and this too without

reference to any considerations on the score of false precedent or wounded pride. As regards the system of retaliation, it is utterly beneath the consideration of men entrusted with party leadership, and entirely opposed to the interests of the public service. There can be no just measure of retaliation beyond that which a change of Government of necessity involves. The limit of retaliation is fixed by certain well understood laws, to go beyond which is virtually unconstitutional. The guiding principles which determine the actions of either party—whether Liberal or Conservative—must not be clogged by such party considerations as the vote of a Light House keeper, or the political tenets of a man nearly allied to a Postmistress. The political bickerings which serve to enliven the back alleys of a country village, must not be deemed vitally important by a ministry entrusted with the revision of legal statutes, and the control of the public revenues. It is absurd to invest the puerile squabbles of country villagers with an importance worthy to be considered in the ominous light of "pressure from without." A ministry that cannot withstand such a pressure is unworthy of confidence, inasmuch as the first duty of a ministry is that of protecting the people from themselves. When our rulers consent to be led by the dictates of a few of their supporters, they forfeit all claim to be regarded as rulers, and become the flatterers rather than the guides of the people. We are well aware that sentiments of this nature savour more of the old world than of the new; but so long as we affect the British form of government we must hold its principles intact. Such principles may at times require modification to meet changes in external circumstances, but principles themselves cannot be modified, for truths are perfect in themselves, illimitable and immutable. If they are right, they must be kept—if wrong, abolished—whole and entire. Perpetual change is not necessary even to common life, nor common life necessary to human happiness and goodness. Men cannot steer at sea without some fixed point, nor act in their daily dealings without some undisputed law, nor even move their limbs without an unshaken ground to rest on; and in politics, as in morals, and education, and religion, the same provision is required; and something which sounds like bigotry, something strange to ears that are full of novelties, must be somewhere preserved in a nation, or the nation will perish. It was, doubtless, considerations such as these, that led our Lieutenant Governor to allude to the dismissal policy as a "social canker," and we fully agree with his Excellency in characterizing the system as "suicidal." The evil effects of continual change in the public service cannot be set forth better than in his Excellency's speech. "If no man can, by any length of service, or by any amount of devotion to the public, feel assured that he will be left unmolested in the discharge of his duty, how many competent servants do you suppose the trivial pay which is here given will secure? Believe me, that ere long those who may remain in your service, if competent, will probably be corrupt." This argument is undeniable, and it is our bounden duty to act upon it. The dismissal policy was thrust upon us, and it is our duty to ignore it as a mere temporary blot upon our political constitution.

Let us hope that political retaliation is a thing of the past, only to be remembered as childish and undignified. It is true that a portion of the Press still advocates retaliation, but we trust such advocacy may in nowise influence sober minded men. It may be galling to the Liberals to see a large number of Conservatives in government employ, but any attempt at retaliation on the part of the former (should they come into power) must necessarily involve us in fresh perplexities. It is time that we should use our political power as men rather than as school-boys. We have had enough of political bickering—let us in future look to self-government as a means of improving our position in the eyes of ourselves and of the world. It is mere folly to convene meetings for the discussion of great topics while we waste our strength in disputing the claims of Postmistresses: it is idle to talk of Colonial Federation so long as we are at issue concerning the vote of a Light House keeper. Let those now in minor public employ, hold their appointments during their life time, and let death vacancies be filled up in accordance with the wishes of those in authority when such vacancies occur. But in the name of common sense let us hear of no more dismissals for aught save inefficiency, or clearly proved misconduct.

OUR FARM.

IV.

I told you last week how Mr. BLUENOSE by a laziness which in most people would be condemned as culpable, but which in his case was put down to a good nature averse to all interference in the affairs of his tenantry, smiled and winked at the road-making going on within his domains. BLUENOSE is an easy going man and allows many bad things under his very nose. BLUENOSE is constantly gazing at STARRS, and although his wisest farmers and tenants condemn that gentleman's system of farming, BLUENOSE in his heart of hearts clings to the belief that though as yet undeveloped, STARR'S system is the best.

In nothing does STARR'S system of farm management agree better with BLUENOSE'S ideas, than that part of it which accords to idle scribblers upon walls, a seat at the masters board. At BULL'S place, and indeed upon most of the fruit county estates, certain labourers have for many years been in the habit of writing on well known sign-posts and palings, the current price of wheat, accounts of the lawsuits in which BULL or any other large proprietors were engaged, and denouncing the at tempts of known and convicted poachers. If any of these statements were false, the next day a retutation appeared written underneath the falsehood, and even though the original statement were true certain cavilling labourers would oftentimes dispute their veracity by sophistical reasonings. This did no harm, for the latter were always, refuted in their turn by writing underneath. Farmer Giles having sold a peck of malt at so much, said so, and it was made public on the paling. Farmer Scroggins perhaps had sold a peck of malt somewhat cheaper, that fact also was placed underneath the statement of Mr. Giles. Scroggins though jealous perhaps of Giles did not use hard words against him, and the other farmers struck a whole-some balance between the two prices of malt.

BLUENOSE however allowed the STARR system of post writing to come into play on his farm. It was simply this. Farmer Murphy has a fine drove of pigs for sale and sells them at a fair price for himself. Mr. Tatoes also has some swine on hand of which he is desirous to dispose. Running to the nearest sign post, way post, or conspicuous paling on the farm he writes up in chalk—"I know that Farmer Murphy's pigs will never make good pork." Murphy full of honesty but being unfortunately human, writes underneath this porcine denunciation, "The writer of the above though doubtless meaning well to his fellow labourers has in my opinion fallen into an error. My pigs will probably be productive of excellent pork." Tatoes furious at the calmness of the answer, but seeing in the word *my* that Murphy penned the answer writes at once, "Murphy is

a liar." The latter retaining his temper underlines in chalk the word *liar* and suggests, that since people of *that* class [are destined for future punishment, the probability is that he who wrote so offensive a word will not be forgotten in the lists made up for the hot place. But Murphy's high tone of feeling is altogether thrown away, as he will doubtless feel to his cost, when the next day Tatoes breaks his head within fifty yards of BLUENOSE'S house. Such however, (though I have perhaps given an exaggerated case) is the present scribbling custom on our farm. Often and often does it occur that words such as these are found even on the pilasters of the Master's house, "B is a fool," and underneath "Mr. B has been called a fool, and perhaps justly. I can only say that he scorns the use of epithets, such as have disgraced the cheap chalk writing of the penniless skunk whose stench stile offends those who approach the house. I say he is a skunk and I am not a fool."

Thus it falls out that those labourers and farmers who are anxious for information on any subject, find on reference to the writings on the posts, nothing but low personalities totally without interest to all but the private friends of the squabblers. BLUENOSE however seems rather to relish such paltry disputes and often rewards, by a good place in his house, the scribblers of the smartest abuse. There are at this moment two countrymen on the farm who, having taken different views about a lawsuit pending between STARRS and one of his tenants called STRIPES, have long since ceased even to give reliable information about the disputes in question. Three or four times a week a prominent post is defaced with their stupid scurrilous. B., one day a short time ago wrote under something that A had written "A is a conceited donkey." Mr. B had not contradicted a word of A's original statement, but merely chaffed the writer. A unfortunately did not see it in this light but fancied his veracity impugned. "Hating," wrote he, "all that belongs to STARRS, I also abjure the low scribbling system in vogue on his estate and on this. I abhor personality, and wonder that B. should have descended so low as to call me a story-teller. I go on the BULL principle of post writing, scorning abuse, as equally lowering to the abuser and the abused. I can only conclude by saying that B, by calling me a donkey, has merited the contempt of every reasoning individual on the farm. Such a blackguard is not worthy of the notice of decent people and should be ducked in a horsepond. He should be treated as a toad or other noisome beast."—and then having no spleen left for more A concludes, "As I have said before I hate vulgar abuse and hope never to indulge in so vile a luxury."

Besides the waste of valuable space on the sign posts this kind of scribbling produced the worst possible effect upon those passers by, who took the trouble to examine the writings obtruded for their inspection. This they did more in the hope of finding smart retorts, than for information on any subject which could bear upon their own interests. This low standard of chalk marking soon acted upon all the lower class of farm-labourers and on every horse, stable, and cow-shed personal remarks were forced upon travellers in large letters. The very horses sometimes shied at the enormous chalk letters on their stable doors—and kine returning shedwards from the woods, failed to recognize their home, owing to the quantity of chalk expended in its decoration. BLUENOSE and his family approved of all this badinage, the girls loved it. Nothing pleased the latter more than to see their best friends name on every gate they passed in their daily walks. If he was abused, they bridled up and said "None so fit to refute a calmy as John! How he will come out!" If praised they said "How truly it is here said, that George is the best driver on the estate!" So all were well pleased and are well pleased, and personalities on posts rule the day.

SEWARD THE CHIVALROUS.

It is just now highly important that public attention should be directed to the official acts of those high in authority in the neighbouring States. We have lived to see America illustrating by her own disastrous failures, the truth of maxims which she long thought proper to have seen that man raised to power

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have proved themselves utterly unable to control the helm of the State in stormy weather;—we have seen a so-called model republic turn out to be at best but a fair weather institution. While heartily deploring the continuance of civil war, we are yet not without hopes that the heavy taxation consequent thereon may eventually prove a blessing to America, as tending to raise the tone of its public men. Up to the present time, the American people have not troubled themselves much, concerning the qualifications of those brought forward for offices of trust. Nor is this at all strange, for the multitude care nothing for theories regarding government, and so long as a man does not interfere with the rights of his neighbour, or oppose those passions which the multitude hold in common with himself, he can do as nearly as possible what he pleases. When taxation is merely nominal, rough practical justice is all a man wants at the hands of his rulers; but when a man's necessities, or luxuries, are roundly taxed, he will ponder well the position no less than the capabilities of those anxious to be invested with the power of controlling taxation. We question whether the Americans of twenty years hence, will be content to see men such as Mr. SEWARD, filling high offices of trust.

The following extracts from a letter addressed to us, too late for publication last week, will give our readers some curious information, regarding an American Statesman of the present time.

"I am an Englishman, and many years ago my sister married a gentleman of South Carolina, who had been my fellow school-boy at Harrow. At the commencement of the war, he was one of the many who gave up all (in his case, a large fortune and a happy home,) for the cause which he thought to be true patriotism. Meanwhile, death was busy in our English home, and two years ago a widowed brother-in-law,—a clergyman—set out to see my sister in South Carolina, with whom intercourse had been cut off,—and to bear to her the sad intelligence that she was never again to see a beloved mother and sister (taken away within a few weeks of each other). This gentleman obtained a pass from the U. S. Government, and was put on shore at Charleston, by an English man-of-war, under a flag of truce. On his return to England, he wrote a very innocent little book, advocating peace between the warring Americans, and giving expression to very grateful remembrances of kindnesses he had received at the hands of friends in the South. The book, he called—"An errand to the South."

After two years campaigning, my sister's husband returned home, prostrated by ill health, and, after a lingering illness, died in January last. My sister, broken down by sorrow and bereavement, wrote to me, earnestly requesting me to come and fetch her back to the old home, where an aged father still looked to have his eyes gladdened by her presence. I went forth, furnished with recommendations from EARL RUSSEL to LORD LYONS,—— from MR. ADAMS to MR. SEWARD,—doubting not a moment that the cause which brought me across the Atlantic was one of a character so entirely domestic, and of so purely a matter of love, that any request for a pass through the lines of the armies would (unless military necessity intervened) meet with a ready assent. Before leaving London, however, a well known Southern gentleman, warned me in these words:—"You do not know these Northern men in power, Sir, nor the temper in which they carry on this war:—the very circumstance you have mentioned,—the widow's prayer to her family,—the old father's yearning to again see his daughter,—the brother's mission of love,—are just the circumstances which will gratify their malevolence,—you are sure to have your pass refused." How far he malign'd the Northern rulers,—how far he had insight into their real character,—may be shown by the result of my journey.

I arrived at Washington, saw LORD LYONS, and received from him just so much assistance as may be given by a kind letter of introduction to the Secretary of State,—sufficient, at all events, to show that I was "a free man, and no spy." On the 12th of July, at 9.30 A. M.,—I called at the State Department, beneath the portico of which I found MR. SEWARD,—smoking a cigar. I took off my hat, announced my name, and presented the letter with which I had been furnished by LORD LYONS. MR. SEWARD read it slowly, without in any way returning my salutation, and then, with an offensive air, said—"Sir,—two years ago, I gave a pass to a Clergyman, a member of this family, to visit this WOMAN." (I understand the word because, by the tone of his voice, his emphasis, and his expression, he evidently wished me to mark that he ignored the term "lady.") "He went to the South and was so far seduced by Southern hospitality, that he went home and wrote a book!"

I here interrupted him, by saying—"Sir,—will you allow me?"

but, with an air as insulting as he could assume, he continued—"Hear me speak,—will you sir?—he wrote a book, I say, in which he desired to advance arguments to the English people for the destruction of this country,—You cannot go Sir."

I said,—Will you allow me to speak a few words Sir?, to which MR. SEWARD replied,—Not one word, Sir,—you have your answer: You had better go home and take care of the interests of your own country,—I will take care of the interests of mine!

With this, he at once went down the steps, jumped into a hack, and drove off, doubtless proud that, if through the insane management of affairs by himself and his brothers in office, an insignificant body of Confederates were at that moment scaring Washington, he had, at all events, single-handed, gained a decisive victory over a sorrowing widow, an aged father, and an anxious brother—whose hands and tongue were tied, lest the one object of his journey,—his sister's safety,—should be imperilled.

I pray you, Sir, mark his reasoning! "A relative has written a book, which this lady can never have seen, or had control over,—I will then make her suffer, as I cannot reach the writer,—a relative has written a book—therefore, I will insult a brother seeking a widowed sister!" Is it possible to imagine a more petty-minded piece of insolent tyranny—a more egregious instance of a low bully in power? Is it thus that the American people speak to foreigners in distress,—is this the way that they desire to establish their character for nobility of mind, and delicate chivalry toward the weaker sex? If so, they have indeed set on high a good exponent of their principles! But I know it is altogether the contrary—I know that it is not only the foreigner who will execrate the man who would use such language as I have mentioned—language, not less marked by egregious folly than by sottish insolence. How contemptible the proud irony to a man of my simple position. "I will take care of the interests of my country";—how ridiculous his dogmatic decision—"You cannot go Sir"? Yet, big man as he wished to make himself, his impotence was, in this particular case, on a par with his insolence. I had merely asked for a pass for my sister's sake,—I knew that I could reach my destination without consulting Mr. SEWARD's desires, or asking his leave. Within a few days of this interview, I was at my sister's house in Carolina, and we are now together on our way to Europe, without having been delayed one day by this great man in power. * * *

You may imagine I have spoken of this to many—their universal question being—"was he drunk?" I fear that the hour, 9.30 A. M., is against this charitable suggestion; I leave this, however, to be solved by those who may know more surely than by common rumour, the domestic habits of this high-bred gentleman."

OUR UPPER STREETS.

When men have amassed through industry a comfortable provision for themselves and their families, they commonly evince a disposition to settle down apart from the scene of their labors, and enjoy their leisure without the world of business. As fortunes accumulate, suburban dwellings increase, and widely extended suburbs usually tell of commercial prosperity. In this city, as elsewhere, such as are comfortably off, live at some little distance from their offices or stores, in localities deemed more or less fashionable, according to the caprice of the age. Just now, the South end would seem to be most in favor, but people living comfortably in the northern or western suburbs are not, on this account, likely to migrate. Making due allowance for the relative numbers of well-to-do people living at either end of Halifax, it would seem that in point of wealth and social position, north, south, and west are about on a par, the dwellers in each locality coming together in society on equal terms, and in the best possible humour with themselves and the world in general. But although north and south are, socially speaking, one and the same community, there is practically a great gulf between them. The ladies of Brunswick or Lockman streets, dare not visit their friends of Queen or Morris streets, without making a circuitous route, eastward or westward. Assuming the intersection of Morris and Queen streets to be the centre of fashionable life in our southern and western suburbs, and the middle or Brunswick or Lockman streets to be the centre of northern fashion, it is somewhat annoying that direct communication between the two is, for ladies, impracticable. A lady resident in Queen street, cannot take a direct line to Brunswick street, nor can a lady resident in Brunswick street take a direct line to Queen street. And the reason for this is, that the more direct routes to and from these localities are hourly disgraced by scenes which it is highly undesirable a lady should witness.

We are not sanguine enough to suppose that vice and profligacy can ever be successfully combated by any human agency.

tution, nor can we venture to hope that in a city, such as Halifax, profligacy can be kept entirely out of sight; but we have a right to expect that our most convenient thoroughfares should not be tacitly dedicated to vice in its most odious and repulsive forms. It is not our intention to argue this question upon moral grounds,—we leave that task to others—but we wish to call attention to the fact, that in certain portions of this city, vice takes the form of a public nuisance. Certain portions of Barrack and Albemarle streets, present a spectacle such as would not be tolerated in the most remote quarter of any European capital. Let any one doubting this assertion satisfy himself by actual observation. To begin with,—in Barrack street, between Prince and Duke streets—a space of about one hundred and twenty yards—we have no fewer than nine houses vending spirituous liquors. In Albemarle street, between Duke and Sackville streets,—some two hundred yards—there are no less than thirty-six dram shops, and opposite the South Barracks we have, on a frontage of about one hundred feet, eight or nine liquor stores. The intermediate streets of this locality present a similar spectacle; consequently, in a parallelogram covering, perhaps, two acres of ground, Halifax boasts some sixty licensed grog shops! But in this favored locality, alcohol does not reign supreme. From morning until night, may be seen seated upon door steps, or loling from open windows, groups of females, of whose occupation there cannot be the smallest doubt whatever. The toilettes of these nymphs are throughout the earlier portion of the day scanty in the extreme, but as darkness approaches, rags give way to faded finery, and preparation for a night long revel are entered upon with hearty good will. From seven o'clock until near midnight, drunkenness, profligacy, and loud tongued obscenity, are the ruling characteristics of this hideous pandemonium. We have said enough to shew that some of our most convenient thoroughfares, are during the day time virtually impassable to ladies, and are to be avoided at night by all, save those long inured to the contemplation of vice in its most revolting aspect. We now put the plain question—is it to our credit that such should be the case?

If our citizens are content with such a state of things we have no more to say; if not—the time has arrived to combat the nuisance, and to do so, requires nothing beyond a moderate amount of firmness on the part of those entrusted with our city interests. The character of certain houses in the locality to which we have alluded, is, or ought to be, well known to our police officers, and such officers should be minutely examined ere the license of such houses be renewed. If a magistrate grant a license to a house notoriously disorderly, he is guilty of a grave crime against the interests of society; if an alderman advise the renewal of a license under such circumstances, he is utterly unworthy of a seat at the Council board. The time has arrived when such paltry considerations as a few hostile votes must not be allowed for one instant to weigh against the general well being of the community at large. The citizens know this perfectly well—let them act upon it at the approaching city election, and return such men only as are fearless enough to do their duty to Halifax, independent of any consideration other than the public weal.

OUR CITY PRESS.

We cannot help smiling, although in truth it is a serious matter, at the style of our City press. It is serious, because whether considered in the light of cause or of effect it is stamping upon us a character by no means honorable. If it be that the result of the present tone of the press will be, to lower the thoughts of our people to the standard of its newspaper writers then well may we mourn over our future moral standing. If on the other hand our newspapers are simply the exponents of our present tastes, if their style is simply the effect of a demand for such matter to the market, we may as well put on our mourning garb at once and indulge in a shower of tears for our present degradation. Of late years newspaper editing has become the rage. One, two, three—we can't count how many new papers have been started within the last few years. Morning papers, evening papers, daily papers, tri-weekly papers, on all sides of politics, or no side of politics, meet you at every turn. When we say "on no side of politics," we must explain

however that this principle never lasts long beyond the prospectus. A paper starts in a mild and dignified form. It has the interests of the Province at heart. It has no taste for personal controversy. It intends to discuss matters in a large and liberal spirit. Accordingly it leads off with a general article upon matters and things, a little about free trade, a little about mines and minerals, a little about other matters which if developed would make this a magnificent country and which therefore it seriously hopes our capitalists will at once enter into with zeal,—and then it tells us that Stewart has just received some very fine oysters and recommends us to go and try them,—and so on with a lot of paragraphs, of the information contained in which it would not be fair to say that they are not worth two pence, inasmuch as you are not charged two pence, but only one penny for the use. This goes on for one or two issues when something takes place—some remark is made in a brother or sister journal—which ruffles the feathers of the new editor and in about a week or so he is deep in the engagement. It is a free fight. Everybody and everything belonging in any way to the political party to which he is now opposed, is necessarily bad, and his pen is dipped in gall and vinegar,—not merely literally, which is the case with all who use ink, but metaphorically—for the purpose of scarifying his opponent. So, to go back to where we were at the time of this little digression, we say that newspaper editing has become the fashion among a certain class, and we do not know when the supply intends to stop.

Well, let it be so. We cannot dictate to people what profession they are to adopt nor can we expect that everybody is to conduct himself in his profession exactly as we ourselves wish. At any rate, just now, we do not see our way clear to a purification of the city press. So long as the public will purchase newspapers of any style or type, so long will such newspapers be published. A New York gentleman will be hurt if you tell him that the *New York Herald* is his paper. He will deny it and regret that such a foul production is allowed to disgrace the fairest city of the new world by appearing as its mouthpiece and god-child. But ask him if he takes it himself and he will tell you that it is absolutely necessary for his business. It does not seem necessary for London, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, and the great cities of the Eastern continent that their chief mercantile papers should be models of ungentlemanly writing—and one would think that if the people declined purchasing such unwholesome food, the *New York Herald* would from even the meanest motives, alter its cuisine. But in the case of the *Herald* it is simply cause and effect. The taste of the vast bulk of the people is low and the *Herald* supplies it with foul food. The people must now have victuals to suit its appetite and the *Herald* is a perfect Soyer in that culinary line. We all know that the tendency of the human mind is downward. Stop education and you forget in a week what you have been months in learning. Put a man into low company and instead of raising the ideas of his associates, in a thousand cases to one, they speedily drag his ideas down to theirs. Take away the restraint of reason and the most delicate and highly educated female slips back into impurity and corruption of mind. And so the editor of the *N. Y. Herald* set himself to work to foul still further the fountains of original sin. And he has succeeded. He can snap his fingers at us and tell us that in a country which boasts that it is a model of everything that a country ought to be, his influence is the greatest. Boasting, that would choke a peacock—flattery, that would make a fool blush—vilification of every thing that does not recognize American glory—such are the daily food, greedily swallowed, of the great American people.

But as we have said, we do not now intend to go far into this subject. That the press of this city is of by no means an elevated character, we think few will deny. There are now and then articles upon general subjects, or even upon our own Provincial politics, which are creditable enough. But the general tone is vitiated. And we now come to the matter which caused us to say at the commencement of this article, that we could not help smiling. Week after week, month after month, year after year, the editors of the respective journals, "puff" upon each others' heads, and in the process of their mutual puffing, they vent their wrath. The editor of one journal is styled by his opponents, something that no gentleman

desires every tiresome element of constituent parliament The opposi he says, is seen morni the dirty pi confusion (tified on a yesterday r we are now newspaper they are a sheet in se receives th having rec killed two) or he is st new Soda tried it an cusses, Cor these notio may be the came here, on a platfo and the onl found their lar circum all these e the editors, loss of the papers bein upon any of hearing, or name's sha plication we we say, we not that whi we would c fession by it is so immor or trust, whi ing so much and clashi epithets, den abuse, they before us, th they better e of the fourth meet to invi would sugg would say— couldn't hav let us have t say,—Mun Hark to the all. The do lawyers, mu other bodies outsiders the standins, by hand. And ditor of the

desires even to name—and not an article comes out without the tiresome repetition of the phrase, "lacking the essential element of truth." A member of Government cannot visit his constituents, or the constituents of some aspirant, for a seat in parliament, without being taunted and insulted for so doing. The opposition editor is styled a Munchausen, and every thing he says, is of course untrue also. Two other editors are also seen morning and evening, lashing at each other, raking out little dirty paragraphs from former editions, wherewith to throw confusion on the other. After the reader has thus become satisfied on alternate days that the person whose writings he was yesterday reading, is a thorough probate—for be it remembered we are now speaking of the general public, who see all the newspapers—and that therefore by their own account, as a class they are a most disreputable body, he casts his eye over the sheet in search of some other kind of food,—and he gets it. He receives the above mentioned information, touching Stewart's having received some oysters. He is told that Currie has just killed two fine beeves, and you had better call and get a slice, or he is strongly recommended to go into Johnston's, and try the new Soda Water, made with shaved ice, the editors having tried it and found it delicious—and then come notices of Circusses, Concerts, Exhibitions, &c. The singular thing about all these notices, is that the editors all agree in praising whatever may be the subject of them. The Circus is the best that ever came here. The lecturer is the most eloquent that ever stood on a platform. The singers or players are the best in the world and the only wonder one feels, is how the deuce such paragons found their way here. The explanation however, of this singular circumstance, is most probably to be found in the fact that all these exhibitors or wonder-producers, have sent tickets to the editors, or their advertisements are too lucrative for the loss of them to be risked. Consequently so far from our newspapers being the mediums to which we resort for information, upon any of these points, as to whether such a singer is worth hearing, or so-and-so's oysters are plump, or Mr. What's his name's shaved ice is really refreshing, we feel that such an application would be perfectly useless. Now with all this, again we say, we are not just now dealing particularly—and at least it was not that which caused us to take up our pen. It is this to which we would call attention—namely, that while the editorial profession by its own reiterated and tiresomely repeated admission is so immoral, so given to truthlessness, so unworthy of credit or trust, while the so-called editorial fraternity resembles nothing so much as two or more bodies of individuals with diverse and clashing interests, violently and with most ungentlemanly epithets, denouncing each other, and bespattering each other with abuse, they still expect when any great public matter is brought before us, that the press is to be treated with high honor. Hadn't they better settle first among themselves, who are the gentlemen of the fourth estate? Should the Committee of a public dinner meet to invite some of the members of the press, Mr. Smith would suggest the *Colonist*. Bah—a Legislative Committee would say—the essential element of truth is wanting there—couldn't have that fellow. Well then, Mr. Brown would say, let us have the *Chronicle*. Stuff, the Provincial Secretary would say,—Munchausen, railway rogue, &c. Shall we have the *Sun*? Hark to the *Journal*! and vice versa. And so on through them all. The doctors as a body get on very well together, so do the lawyers, much abused as they are, so do clergymen, and all other bodies of men. But the gentlemen of the Press spare outsiders the necessity of inventing terms injurious to their standings, by the copious supply which they keep always on hand. And with this opinion of themselves, one of them, the editor of the *Morning Journal* writes thus. "We trust that the noted, miserly individuals, to whom the getting up of a new paper was entrusted, will receive such a scarifying from the provinces as will make them wiser in a salutary lesson." Is not that a para- at the writer ought to have been invited? himself a salutary lesson in good manners the kind of gentleman who because he have the *entree* to every public enter- specimen culled from a paper which a constant string of personalities of the following—"Among the things talked

of in Halifax is, that the Agricultural productiveness of our climate is proverbial, but with a view of developing this branch of industry—a high Provincial dignitary is trying his hand at raising early Yorks, Swedish Turnips and Wurtzels, and is testing their remunerative properties, by exposing them at public roup in the green market! The talk is, is it a small business." And so forsooth it is derogatory to a *Gentleman*, to turn his attention to farming, to show how the land can best be cultivated with a profit, and to sell his hay and other farm products. The *Reporter's* ideal then of a farmer is that he must be very rich, that he must lay out large sums in the pursuit of high cultivation, and that then he must distribute the products of his farm gratuitously all round—sending specimens of course to the *Reporter*. We think ourselves, that there is more credit in raising early Yorks, and obtaining the highest price in the market because they are the best, than in keeping a press going to publish "things talked of in town." The editors too would show a little more capability of taking their places with dignity at a table, were they to go through a course of grammar, not to be informing us how *Hesslein* done himself great credit, and that they never seen a finer display, and they would do well to get over the mawkish and snobbish habit of stating that such a health was *drawn*. When they have arranged all these matters they may then call upon Committees to send them cards of admission. At present by their own account they are not proper associates for gentlemen. They are all alike. They are all up to the same mark—and "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another."

MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Monday, September 19th.—Left Miss Lovetts, and went into lodgings, the Long Lake water not having been removed from furniture in my house. Wife, myself and family were dressed for an afternoon walk, when Sally, (our maid left at the house to look after things), was announced. "O Sir," said she "there's a reputation waiting for you at home." Reputation enough! I thought since the fire in my chimney and the splendor of the hyfrants as exemplified by my house's case had been the theme of every daily paper for three days. "What is it Sally?" said I seeing that the girl looked confused. "Oh Sir, a reputation about you being an Alderman." "My good girl I've known that for a fortnight." "The missus didn't though!" And that was true, for indeed I had not broached the subject to my wife. She took it kindly however, and put in a claim to be a constant visitor at Rockhead, "just to see if womanly influence won't work upon some of those poor prisoners." I knew her design. Our Jane (a very good cook by-the-bye) has been there for two months for stealing Anastasia's stockings—and my wily wife expects her release. "Shall I accept?" said I "certainly" said she, so the matter was settled. I went to my own house and received the deputation in the Dining room. They presented an address—I answered it (between ourselves cribbing the language from similar addresses published by former aspirants for civic honours.) Gentleman of Ward 7. The honor done me by you—a body I need not suppose invaluable in itself—the honour I say gentlemen which you propose, is valuable to me for its true worth. That I accept it would be to suppose you less cognoscent of Civic affairs, than your high standing in the city, presupposes me to imagine. All are aware of the integrity of my intentions, good intentions, which I hope to show forth upon the pavements of my native city. Hill is—(your pardon Sirs.) All I can say gentlemen is this, that the trust you are willing to impose upon me, will be remunerated by my assiduous endeavours. I bowed and the deputation retired in a state of humiliating gratitude. Went to bed at once.

Tuesday, Sept. 23th.—Expected good luck last Saturday, when I opened my purse to charity which cost me twenty-three cents. Now it has come. A Mr. E——, is evidently much struck with Natty (my daughter Anastasia.) He lodges in the house, is certainly well off, and is far my junior in years. Named his attentions to my wife, who I grieve to say, would not hear me out. "That old man!" she said "Natty could never be made happy by him, Oh you stupid Pa." I did not care much for my wife's remarks about Mr. E——, for I heard that she has a Captain F——, in her eye. A man I don't like, and won't hear of for poor Natty. Proposed that as the house would take a week to dry, we should all go to Margaret's Bay for a few days—wife agreed. Made all arrangements, but just as the carriage was ready, remembered important business in Hollis street, for the next day. "Will join you on Thursday," said I, who of your girls will keep Pa company. "Doxy" said my wife, "I will shrieked Natty, "Thate the country and Eudocia is getting so very thin." "Wife suggested that living was poor at Margaret's Bay, and therefore only the strongest should attempt it. To this said that cream and butter were fattening, and Eudocia was not

weak but thin, and insisted on Natty remaining with me. Wife and Doxy went off. Left alone with Anastasia, I asked her if she liked Mr. E——, she got very red and muttered "no not much." Kissed her and promised a visit to the "Globe House" on the morrow. Chuckling heartily to bed.

Wednesday, Sept. 21st.—Missed wife and Doxy, but wrote to former to say that urgent business would keep me in the city for some day. Walked in the town idly for some hours, and remarked enormous quantity of fruit. Pears quite unrivalled—Apples do, Peaches from the province make one proud of our progress.

Thursday, Sept. 22nd.—This week is full of good luck. I met this evening the "Saturday young man" of a morning paper. Though not on a professional roam, his tone was engaging, and I soon fell into a warm fellowship with this interesting creature. He kindly promised to show me Gravelly street, next Saturday, and though full of gratitude for so delicate an offer, I was compelled to decline the same, Saturday evening being that usually devoted by me to a warm bath. This gentleman showed me some fine Moose meat at Stewart's, at the same time remarked that the Moose was a very large beast. Gratified at this scrap of deep research, vouchsafed to me with much satisfaction to bed.

Friday, Sept. 23rd.—Met Natty and Mr. E——, in a passage this morning—the latter had both hands on his stomach and was evidently proposing to Anastasia. Daughter saw me and flew into my open arms. Overcome by feelings went into the open air. Met B——, who seeing that I was flurried, asked the cause told him and extolled E——. "The greatest scoundrel Sir" said he "that has ever preyed upon simple simple men or women." "I beg Mr. B., said I "that you will restrain your vile temper, whilst talking about my future son-in-law." Ask him to pay his bill at his lodging, and if that does not confound him, ask what provision has been made for his wife and daughters in Philadelphia." Knowing that B——, though sour tempered was honest and wary, felt me and resolved to give more to charity next week. E——, left our lodging house this evening, and lectured Anastasia about imprudent engagements.

Extracts.

INTOLERANCE.

The Saturday Review, while commenting upon the results of an indiscreet Protestant lecturer, has the following sensible remarks concerning the folly of abusing religious professions other than our own.

No man was ever yet converted to any truth by blackguarding even his most erroneous convictions. The Protestant Alliance is glad enough to confound liberty of thought with licentiousness of speech, and to pretend that zeal for souls can only be shown by a plentiful exercise of cursing and swearing. We do not dispute the right of the Protestant Alliance to think as strongly, to write as strongly, and even to speak among themselves as strongly, as they please about Romish errors. What we do deny is their right to say it in public, to invite Romanists to be insulted in public; and then assert that the privilege of public meeting is infringed when Romanists resent these insults.

Ay! but—the Protestant Alliance replies—you forget the sacred interests of truth. We have the truth; we are bound to pronounce it boldly in the market and on the house-top; it is part of the Apostolic Commission to go and tell the men, boldly to speak the truth, and to confute error by a public denunciation of it. Here a very serious question, and of large incidence, occurs. Admitting Romanism, and every religion but your own, to be a tissue of errors—allowing, for argument's sake, that all Papias must be treated only as infidels and idolaters are to be treated—is truth only to be vindicated by abusing and exposing error? Tell a Papist that he is an idolater and a fool, that the head of his religion is an old dotard, and that his religious advisers are ready for sixpence to give him full and free license to commit every sort of sin, and if you are knocked down for this exercise of "liberty of thought" you fully deserve it. St. Paul visited, among other seats of Paganism, two of the famous strongholds of idolatry. Had he been a lecturer of the Protestant Alliance, he would have held a public meeting, issued placards at Athens and Ephesus with the significant epigraph, "Collections on retiring, towards paying expenses," and, after consulting with the authorities about a centurion's guard for his personal protection, he would have exposed the abominations of mysteries, the extreme wickedness of the lives of Zeus and Aphrodite, and the remarkable absurdity of the notions of Artemis and the image which fell from heaven. What St. Paul's missionary sermons were we know partly from that discourse delivered on Mars' Hill, in which, from common truths held by both Christian and Pagan, without the slightest contumelious reference to idolatry or to the wretched and miserable religion of his hearers, he led the Athenians to better things; and partly from the admission of the Ephesian authorities, that however fervently they preached the truth, the Apostle and his companions were not her robbers of churches as it is absurdly rendered in our

translation, but which at least means men not given to usual things considered holy by their hearers—"nor yet blasphemers of your goddess." Now, if St. Paul was right in this economy of truth, and so carefully avoided even the imputation of using strong language about such a brutal superstition as the worship of Diana of the Ephesians, it strikes us that the Protestant Alliance, in its lectures, is hardly imitating either apostolic principle or apostolic practice.

PROVINCIAL JUSTICE.

We are informed by a gentleman recently arrived from Musquodohoi that salmon are being netted in large numbers, and that a magistrate upon being informed of this illegality, replied—"It would be a shame to deprive poor men of their means of livelihood." If this story be true, the sooner we do away with the absurd farce of appointing country magistrates, the better. If the laws of the Province are set aside in order to screen "poor poachers," we may save ourselves the trouble of framing any laws whatever. It has been suggested to us, that perhaps the poor poachers who has the magistrates' sympathy, may be connected by marriage with the second cousin of some one who formerly voted at a general election. The same one in question is doubtless "a determined partizan" of a great political party, in which case the magistrate doubtless acted wisely.

TWO ONE-LEGGED COMMANDERS.

It is observed by those curious in coincidences that both the chiefs of the confronting armies in Georgia, Hood and Sherman, have left a leg on the battle field. General Sherman has however physically the advantage over his opponent in the use of both arms while General Hood has only a stump in place of one of his. General Sherman lost his leg in the repulse from Port Hudson; General Hood his in the victory of Chickamauga.—The Index.

THE RIVAL ARMIES IN VIRGINIA.

In analyzing the material of the Federal and Confederate rank and file in Virginia, it is easy to arrive at an explanation of their attitude, as they idly face each other at Petersburg.—the Federals willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike; the Confederates satisfied to repel attack, but indisposed to subject themselves, by assuming the initiative, to such decimation as they have hitherto been able, by waiting Grant's onslaughts, to exact from him. It is evident that the available resources of men in both sections are drained to the lees. Of what elements are these final and champion armies composed? It is susceptible of demonstration that in the Southern army the foreign element, literally estimated, does not exceed 5 per cent. The rolls of company after company exhibit not a single name other than that of a native-born American. It is inaccurate, because these Southern armies are undisciplined, to deny to many of the men serving in them, the title of veterans. It is doubtful whether in any three years of this century, the most disciplined and war experienced veterans of Europe have seen more or harder fighting than many of these Southerners. There is with them no enlistment for 100 days, or one year, or three years. Not a man but is "in for the war," and those who have seen less fighting than their fellows take their tone from, and are leavened by, the men of Bull Run and of the seven days around Richmond. They are of such stuff as Victor Hugo's *Wuille Gault*, who, diminished in number, waxed greater in heart. Their aim as marksmen is not, as would seem, General Hay's heart, and their practice in these familiar Virginia woods, would far surpass that of the best regiment ever graduated at Hythe. It will be conceived what reciprocity of confidence and attachment exists between General Lee and them. Turn next to the Federal army and investigate its material. On the roll-call there are probably not 100 names whose owners were present at Bull Run. There are tumultuous and spasmodic expressions of confidence in Grant (more audible at New York than at Petersburg,) but what can he and his army know, or how much can they care about each other? Out of every hundred Federal soldiers the name of prisoners brought here to Richmond, reveal that sixty are foreigners, who have been either starved, bribed, or hounded into the ranks. What is to be expected in the way of daring or self-devotion from a man who is tossed upon the wharves of New York from either Ireland or Germany, and who turns soldier because he knows not how to get a meal? Of what account are soldier, hurried into the ranks by thousand-dollar bennies, or will the man that "the hiring fleet because he is an hiring" be for the first time reversed upon this continent? But large as the proportion of men who have been bribed or starved into the Federal shambles, I believe that no previous army that ever existed, exhibited so large a number of kilted peal, drugged, and naturally disaffected men. It is, I protest, a mark of me, when I reflect on the different morals of the two armies, that even such success as has attended Sherman and Grant, should have been realized by the heterogeneous piece of diversified mosaic, by the tessellated pavement without cement, to which their armies may be likened.—Times, special correspondence.

THE DICE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued.)

"What wouldst thou have? asked R for?"

"To comfort thee," replied the figure the form and voice of the pedlar to wretchedly fortunate die. "Thou hast forgotten fallen into misfortune. Look up at that comes once to make thee happy. If that be thy purpose, wherefore before which, of all others that have to shudder.

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"The reason, is because I must not allow to any man my help or my converse on too easy terms. Before ever my die was allowed to turn thy fate, I was compelled to give thee certain intimations from which thou knewest with whom it was that thou wert dealing."

"With whom, then, was it that I was dealing?" cried Schroll, staring with his eyes wide open, and his hair standing erect.

"Thou knowest comrade, at that time, thou knowest at this moment," said the pedlar laughing, and tapping him on the shoulder. "But what is it that thou desirest?"

Schroll struggle internally; but, overcome by his de-late condition, he said immediately, "Dice; I would have dice that shall win whenever I wish."

"Very well; but first of all stand out of the blaze of this golden writing on the wall; it is a writing that has nothing to do with thee. Here are dice; never allow them to go out of thy own possession; for that might bring thee into great trouble. When thou needest me, light a fire at the last stroke of the midnight hour; throw in my die with wine and loud laughter. They will crack once or twice, and then split. At that moment catch at them in thy flames; but let not the moment slip, or thou art lost. And let not thy courage be daunted at the sight that I cannot but send before me whenever I appear. Lastly, avoid choosing any holy day for this work; and beware of the priest's benediction. Here, take the dice."

Schroll caught at the dice with one hand, whilst with the other he covered his eyes. When the next looked up he was standing alone.

He now quitted the burying-ground to return as hastily as possible to the gaming-house, where the light of candles was still visible.

But it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained money enough from a "friend" to enable him to make the lowest stake which the rules allowed. He found it a much easier task to persuade the company to use the dice which he had brought with him. They saw in this nothing but a very common superstition, and no possibility of any imposture, as they and he should naturally have benefited alike by the good luck supposed to accompany the dice. But the nature of the charm was, that only the possessor of the dice enjoyed their supernatural powers and hence it was, that, towards morning, Schroll reeled home intoxicated with wine and pleasure, and laden with the dice of all present, to the garret where his family were lying, half frozen and famished.

Their outward condition was immediately improved. The money which Schroll had won was sufficient not only for their immediate and most pressing wants; it was enough also to pay for a front apartment, and to leave a sum sufficient for a very considerable stake.

With this sum, and in better attire, Rudolph repaired to a gaming-house of more fashionable resort, and came home in the evening laden with gold.

He now opened an establishment himself and so much did his family improve in external appearances within a very few weeks, that the police began to keep a watchful eye over him.

This induced him to quit the city, and to change his residence continually. All the different parts of Germany he resorted to beyond other towns; but, though his dice perseveringly maintained their luck, he yet never accumulated any money. Everything was squandered upon the dissipated life which he and his family pursued.

At length, at the Baths of——, the matter began to take an unfortunate turn. A violent passion for a beautiful young lady whom Rudolph had attached himself to in vain at balls, concerts, and even at church, suddenly bereft him of all sense and discretion. One night when Schroll (who now styled himself Captain von Schrollshausen) was anticipating a master-stroke from his dice, probably for the purpose of winning the lady by the display of overflowing wealth and splendor, suddenly they lost their virtue, and failed him without warning. Hitherto they had lost only when he willed them to lose; but on this occasion, they failed at so critical a moment, as to lose him not only all his own money, but a good deal besides that he had borrowed.

Foaming with rage, he caught furiously after his wife; she was from home. He examined the dice attentively; and it appeared to him that they were not his own. A powerful suspicion seized upon him.

Madam von Schrollshausen had her own gaming-circles as well as himself. Without betraying its origin, he had occasionally given her a few specimens of the privilege attached to his dice; and she had pressed him earnestly to allow her the use of them for a single evening. It was true, he never parted with them even on going to bed; but it was possible that they might have been changed whilst he was sleeping. The more he brooded upon this suspicion, the more it strengthened from being barely possible, it became probable; from a probability it ripened into a certainty; and this certainty received the fullest confirmation at this moment when she returned home in the gayest temper, and announced to him that she had been this night overwhelmed with good luck in proof of which, she poured out upon the table a considerable sum in gold coins.

"And now," she added laughingly, "I care no longer for your dice; nay, to tell the truth, I would not exchange my own for them."

Rudolph, now confirmed in his suspicions, demanded the dice, as his property that had been purloined from him. She laughed and refused. He insisted with more vehemence; she retorted with warmth; both parties were irritated; and, at length, in the extremity of his wrath Rudolph snatched up a knife and stabbed her; the knife pierced her heart; she uttered a loud sob, was convulsed for a moment, and expired.

"Cursed accident!" he exclaimed, when it clearly appeared, on examination, that the dice which she had in her purse were not those which he possessed himself to have.

But Rudolph did not witness the murder: the child had slept disturbed; but circumstances betrayed it to the knowledge of the landlady, and in the morning he was successful in making it public. By his success in purchasing the man's silence, he made over to the landlord a large sum of money, with whom he had long pursued a quarrel; and by this arrangement, it was publicly known that Schrollshausen had destroyed herself under a passion, to which she had been long subject.

He was thus able to secure on this matter a sufficient depth in the murdered person to

Rudolph far more disturbance of mind

than the murder of his once beloved wife, was the full confirmation, upon repeated experience, that his dice had forfeited their power. For he had now been a loser for two days running to so great an extent, that he was obliged to abscond on a rainy night. His child, towards whom his affection increased daily, he was under the necessity of leaving with his host, as a pledge for his return and fulfilment of his promises. He would not have absconded, if it had been in his power to summons his dark counsellor forthwith; but on account of the great festival of Pentecost, which fell on the very next day, this summons was necessarily delayed for a short time. By staying, he would have reduced himself to the necessity of inventing various pretexts for delay, in order to keep up his character with his creditors; whereas, when he returned with a sum of money sufficient to meet his debts, all suspicions would be silenced at once.

In the metropolis of an adjacent territory, to which he resorted so often repeated experience, that his dice had forfeited their power. For he had now been a loser for two days running to so great an extent, that he was obliged to abscond on a rainy night. His child, towards whom his affection increased daily, he was under the necessity of leaving with his host, as a pledge for his return and fulfilment of his promises. He would not have absconded, if it had been in his power to summons his dark counsellor forthwith; but on account of the great festival of Pentecost, which fell on the very next day, this summons was necessarily delayed for a short time. By staying, he would have reduced himself to the necessity of inventing various pretexts for delay, in order to keep up his character with his creditors; whereas, when he returned with a sum of money sufficient to meet his debts, all suspicions would be silenced at once.

He was quite alone in his apartment, and had left his servant behind at the baths, yet long before midnight he fancied that he heard footsteps and whispering round about him. The purpose he was meditating that he had regarded till now as a matter of indifference, now displayed itself in its whole monstrous shape. Moreover, he remembered that his wicked counsellor had himself thought it necessary to exhort him to courage, which at present he felt greatly shaken. However, he had no choice. As he was enjoined, therefore with the last stroke of twelve, he set on fire the wood which lay ready split upon the hearth, and these flames, and loud laughter, and loud laughter, that re-echoed frightfully from the empty hall and staircases. Confused and half stifled by the smoke which accompanied the roaring flames, he stood still for a few minutes, when suddenly all the surrounding object seemed changed, and he found himself transported to his father's house. His father was lying on his death-bed just as he had actually beheld him. He had upon his lips the very same expression of his supplication and anguish which which he had at that time striven to address him. Once again he stretched out his arms in love and pity to his son; and again he seemed to expire in the act.

Schroll was agitated by the picture, which called up and reanimated in his memory, with the power of a mighty tormentor, all his honorable plans and prospects from that innocent period of his life. At this moment the dice cracked for the first time; and Schroll turned his face towards the flames. A second time the smoke stifled the light in order to reveal a second picture. He saw himself on the day before the scene of the sand-hill, setting in his dengeon. The clergyman was with him. From the expression of his countenance, he appeared to be just saying: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Rudolph thought of the disposition in which he then was of the hopes which the clergyman had raised in him and of the feeling which he then had, that he was still worthy of being reunited to his father, or had become worthy by bitter penitence.

The next fracture of the dice disturbed the scene—but to substitute one that was not at all more consolatory. For now appeared a den of thieves, in which the unhappy widow of Weber was cursing her children who—left without, counsel, without protection—had taken to evil courses.

In the background stood the bleeding father of these ruined children one hand stretched out towards Schroll with a menacing posture, and the other lifted towards heaven with a record of impeachment against him.

At the third splitting of the dice, out of the bosom of the smoke arose the figure of his murdered wife, who seemed to chase him from one corner of the room to another, until at length she came and took a seat at the fire-place; by the side of which, Rudolph now observed with horror, his buried father and the unhappy Weber had stretched themselves; and they carried on together a low and noiseless whispering and moaning agitated him with a mysterious horror.

After long and hideous visions, Rudolph beheld the flames grow weaker and weaker. He approached. The figures that stood round about held up their hands in a threatening attitude. A moment later, and the time was gone for ever; and Rudolph, as his false friend had asserted, was a lost man. With the courage of despair he plunged through the midst of the threatening figures, and snatched the glowing dice, which were no sooner touched than they split asunder with a dreadful sound, before which the apparitions vanished in a body.

The evil counsellor appeared on this occasion in the dress of a grave-digger, and asked with a snorting sound. What wouldst thou from me?"

"I would remind you of your promise," answered Schroll, stepping back with awe; "your dice have lost their power."

"Through whose fault?"

Rudolph was silent, and covered his eyes from the withering glances of the fiendish being who was gazing upon him.

"Thy foolish desires led thee in chase of the beautiful maiden into the church; my words were forgotten; and the benediction, against which I warned thee, disarmed the dice of their power. In future observe my directions better."

So saying he vanished; and Schroll found three new dice upon the hearth.

After such scenes sleep was not to be thought of; and Rudolph resolved if possible, to make trial of his dice this very night. The fall at the hotel over the way, to which he had been invited, and from which the

(To be Continued).

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

BY SIR F. H. DOYLE.

"Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning, they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the kotou. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately

knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dung-hill." See *China Correspondent of the "Times."*

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame;
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish * hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddies hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young!

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die;
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
Vain, those all-altering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.
* The Buffs, or West Kent Regiment.

Advertisements.



GOVERNMENT IMMIGRATION OFFICE.

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

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

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF WORKS,

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.

TREASURY BILLS.

THE Deputy Commissary General will receive Sealed Tenders at this Office until noon on MONDAY, the 26th inst., for Bills to be drawn upon the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.

The Tender must state the description of Coin offered, the number of sets demanded, and the rate sterling per cent.
Commissariat, Nova Scotia,
Halifax, 21st Sept., 1864.

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M. F. EAC

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