

# THE BULLFROG.

No. 13.

NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

## THE CONFERENCE SCHEME—A FARCE. <sup>o</sup>

However much we may feel disposed to dispute the soundness of the scheme agreed upon at the recent Conference, we cannot but admire the capacity for business which the delegates have evinced. The continued opportunities for social enjoyment so seductively placed before them, seem in nowise to have interfered with their praiseworthy resolution to make pleasure subservient to business. The amount of work they have got through is really enormous, and we must perforce conclude, that were our party leaders to pull more together upon questions of Provincial importance, our public works would progress more favorably than hitherto. It would seem that, the delirium of feverish partizanship once allowed to subside, the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, and the Leader of the Opposition, are useful, hard-working, men of business. The Federation scheme, involving as it does a complication of issues, each in itself of a magnitude greater than any with which we have yet, as a people, had to deal, cannot even be approached without a sense of the deepest responsibility. And we must in common charity assume, that the delegates from this Province were fully conscious of what they undertook, when they assented to the propositions drawn up at Quebec. Those propositions are now before us, and they amount to nothing short of an entire revolution of our affairs—both social and political. We confess, we stand amazed at the hardihood of our leading politicians. We see before us an elaborately concocted scheme for our political and social regeneration, while we, as a people, have never even been consulted as to whether such a regeneration is in accordance with either our present taste, or our prospective prosperity. Twelve months ago, no one mentioned the Federation of the B. N. American provinces as an event even contemplated:—we now find the plan, not only suggested for our contemplation, but suddenly placed before us in a hurried, unsatisfactory manner, by two men whose chiefest political disputations hinged, but six months back, upon the appointment of a Provincial Judge in Equity. We are really unprepared for such sudden and violent changes. We cannot all at once declare ourselves in favor of a total disruption of our whole political system. We cannot revolutionize the Province in a day, upon the mere fiat of Dr. TEPFER and Mr. McCULLY. We cheerfully admit the good intentions of these gentlemen, but we would fain claim a little breathing time before we fully endorse their sentiments upon a question about which the mass of the people know next to nothing. We cannot, because we are on the "go-ahead" side of the Atlantic, admit that Federation, as exemplified in the neighbouring States, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We cannot accept fair speeches as a set off against the teaching of experience, nor can we, with the ghastly spectacle of civil war before our eyes, put implicit faith in the wisdom of a compact by which we can gain nothing save an Intercolonial Railway at the cost of our colonial individuality. Let us glance for a moment at the main features of the Federation scheme as applicable to ourselves. We shall be allowed to have our own way upon "the imposition of duties upon the export

of timber, logs, masts, spars, &c."—upon "the management of penitentiaries, and reformatory prisons, &c."—and generally upon "all matters of a private or local nature, not assigned to the general Government." These are to be our privileges forsooth! And what are we to gain by the proposed Federation?—the Intercolonial Railway! A great boon, it is true,—for the promise of which we are called upon to surrender our right to legislate for such trifling matters as—"The regulation of trade and commerce,—the imposition or regulation of excise duties,—the Postal service,—Sea coast and inland fisheries,—Banking—incorporation of banks, and the issue of paper money,—Savings banks,—Bills of exchange, and promissory notes,—Copyrights,—Marriage and Divorce,—Immigration,—Agriculture," &c. &c. All such matters are more or less weighty; but they have been settled for us, without even consulting us, on the pledge of an Intercolonial Railway!

Now, let us reflect for a moment upon the position of Halifax, in relation to the scheme of Federation, as also in its relation to the interests of the mother country. England is proud to possess Canada, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island; but it is not altogether impossible that were such Provinces to evince a wish to be independent of British control, England would urge no very decided objections. But it is not so with Halifax. England wishes to retain all her Colonies, but she can afford to part with some of them, should the colonists so wish it. But there are certain strongholds which she will retain—by force, if necessary, and Halifax is one of these. England wishes to retain the Canadas, but she will not listen to unreasonable terms;—she intends to keep Nova Scotia, and will keep it on her own terms. This is the difference between our position and that of our neighbours. And this difference does not seem to have been rightly estimated at the Quebec Convention. The "high falutin" style seems to have been the order of the day. When the central Government undertakes to furnish us with Lieutenant Governors,—we think that, like the mimic Queen in Hamlet, it "doth protest too much." It is not long since we showed the utter absurdity of this proposal. The people of the maritime provinces will never tolerate Lieutenant Governors selected from the inhabitants of rival provinces; nor is it possible that a Lieutenant Governor can be selected from among ourselves, for so long as there are two political parties in existence, any such Governor will be disapproved of by one half of our population. It may be urged that, once united by Federation, provincial rivalries will cease to exist; but this is a difficult theory to maintain, inasmuch as no expounder of scriptural prophecy, not even Dr. CUMMING, has yet hinted at the proposed Federation in connection with the Millennium. Dismissing, therefore, that portion of the Conference scheme which treats of Lieutenant Governors, as simply nonsensical, let us pass on to other matters. The central Government will undertake, among other trifles, to legislate for "Militia—military and naval service and defence," as also for, "Lines of steam or other ships, railways, canals, and other works, connecting any two or more of the Provinces together, or extending be-

yond the limits of any Province." Now, we ask our readers to pause, and take in the meaning of these clauses. "Military and naval service and defence!" What is meant by "naval service?" Have the people of Halifax, protected as they are by such vessels as the Duncan and the Galatea, ever given a thought as to the cost of building and manning such ships? We honestly believe that all the maritime provinces together could scarce afford the taxation which would follow upon the construction and equipment of one line of battle ship! If England were to make us a present of the Duncan, guns, machinery, &c. included—we could not spare enough men to keep her fit for service. Yet, forsooth, we are to be dragged into a Federation which proposes "naval defence" as a mere item in an expenditure the taxation consequent upon which Canada graciously allows us to share! Really, when perusing the details of the Federation Scheme, we are tempted to put before our legislators the admirable resolution of Alderman MUMFORD,—“Quit nonsense and proceed to business.” Such language may perhaps seem flippant, but with the Federation Scheme before us it is hard to be serious. And we say this to a pretty large circle of readers, a circle not indeed so large as that to which the *Chronicle* and the *Colonist* have access, but to a circle of intelligent men having a large stake at issue in the proposals of Federation. Let us note the relative positions of Canada and Nova Scotia, and then think twice ere we accept the propositions before us. The political position of Canada has been one long, dreary, and hopeless muddle. More than once her people have risen in revolt. She has a large and increasing debt. The conflict between the Upper and Lower Canadians is a conflict of race, of religion, and of tradition. Canadian politicians have long had to contend with almost insurmountable difficulties. They know full well the delicate position wherein Canada stands with relation to the mother country, and weighing together all their difficulties, past and present, financial and political,—they think the time has arrived when something must be done to regenerate their Country. They are wise men in their generation, and they seek to draw us into an alliance which may prove our ruin. They have schemes, as expensive as they are lofty, and we are to be taxed that such schemes may be carried out. This is, to our thinking, the secret of the proposed Federation. We regard a moderate taxation with favorable eyes, but we are by no means anxious to be taxed beyond our means. Should any one say,—the proposed Federation does not of necessity imply taxation,—we refer to the published details of the scheme, and reply—*such a scheme cannot possibly be carried out without enormous taxation.* To support this assertion, we have only to refer to such passages as these—“the following works and property of each province shall belong to the General Government—to wit”—for example—“Property transferred by the Imperial Government and known as ordnance property, Armories, drill sheds, military clothing, and munitions of war.” Now this passage is worthy of the gravest attention. “Munitions of war,” of course refer to the contents of military Stores at present protected by British troops.

Supposing, the Imperial Government willing to transfer to the Ottawa Government the costly contents of the Imperial stores at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, &c. there is not the smallest chance that the “munitions of war” stored in Halifax will ever be so transferred. If the Ottawa Government feel disposed to take sole charge of such articles as Armstrong guns, shells, &c. it is but fair to suppose that what had formerly been Imperial military stores will, under the new regime, be kept up to the Imperial standard of excellence. The transfer of Armories and munitions of war, necessarily im-

plies the withdrawal of British troops, as it is not probable that the Home Government would trust the equipment of any portion of its troops to any but those in its own pay. We must, therefore, perforce assume, that the Ottawa Government undertakes to garrison all B. N. America. But England will garrison Halifax, and Nova Scotia, being under the protection of British troops and British ships, must nevertheless be taxed for the defence of Canada, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland. And for this privilege we are to have the Intercolonial Railway, and Free Trade with the rest of B. N. America. We are, we trust, fully alive to the advantages of railway communication and free trade, but we think the terms proposed somewhat high. Let those who so calmly jot down on paper little items regarding, “naval defence,” “armories,” and “munitions of war,” pay a visit to the military stores of this city, and as calmly calculate the probable cost of replacing such stores all over B. N. America; and then let these gentlemen say—whether the blessings of free trade, and the equalization of currencies, will, in their own individual cases, be likely to compensate for the taxation in store for them. We cannot all be leading politicians, with a prospect of increased salaries, and a wider field for the exercise of our special gifts, oratorical or otherwise. But we can all be taxed, and taxed heavily, if in addition to the various railways in contemplation we have to subscribe towards the defence of all the rest of British America. It is one thing to equalize the currencies, but it is another thing to part with our own hardly earned current coin. It is one thing to have our name changed, but it is another thing to change our bank notes to prop up Canada. We might say a good deal more upon the absurdities of the Federation Scheme, as at present proposed,—we might quote the trouble which Lower Canada has invariably given to politicians in general, and which it may still give to any measure of real importance brought before the central Government,—but we have said enough to show our readers that, as regards Nova Scotia, the Conference Scheme is literally a farce,—and an expensive farce.

#### TRIALS OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

Many of our readers may have heard of the Dutch felon, who was rolled in a barrel towards a watery doom. The executioners of this individual, however, stopped at a tavern on the way and, whilst they drank each other's healths within, left the cask and the enclosed felon for a few moments unguarded without. A merchant of the city, who was passing that way, heard and heeded the groans of the incarcerated ruffian. “What ails you, and why in so strange a place?” he cried approaching the cask. “Hush!” whispered the felon, seized with a sudden idea, “come near and I will tell you all; these wretched men—now adding their brains in this tavern, want to make me an Alderman. The rogues have vowed to roll me about in this confounded cask until I grant their request. Nothing can be more repulsive to my taste than the idea of such a position—I mean that of an Alderman—two days hard rolling will not change my intention.” The worthy merchant, whose greatest ambition had, for many years, been a seat at the great civic council table, wondered at the man in the cask and said that he would give worlds to become an Alderman. “I’m your man,” whispered the thief, “let us change places; it is easily effected.” Such indeed was the case, and the executioners soon returned, and continued their route towards the sea. They utterly disregarded the frantic cries from within the barrel of “I will be Alderman—I will be Alderman,” which were soon drowned in the rolling Zuyder Zee. Now from this anecdote it would appear that in Holland, Aldermanic honors were in high re-

quest, for upon the effecting would mo have said days on the tect me fr position c gestive of work nev to busine turtle sou avail. S butt as a so liberal trickerled c ferent cir are place ion of a r ment of a low brain a fair sul ture. G Alderma old foozle love of u written d incorpore remains t assume t better pe so many expiratio however on his el that by s he expos personal apoplexy allusion dinners v province by the g sensible those pr however vest, his upon in selected appearat ions, ac names v upon ou lic. W nately fi tually c time ta not be c such tw he woul leisure l of their per bef basis fo piety of that the few for Alderm

quest, for had it not been so the felon would never have hit upon that one position as his greatest chance of successfully effecting an escape. If that felon had lived in Halifax he would most surely have played another game. He might even have said "I have given up my person to these men for two days on the promise that by my so doing they will ever protect me from being made a city father"—and truth to say the position of our Aldermen is not an enviable one. It is suggestive of far more kicks than halfpence. Aldermen may work never so hard, may show by their diligent attendance to business that civic dignity is in Halifax totally unalloyed to turtle soup and habitual gastronomic excess, but it is all of no avail. Somebody must be laughed at, and who so good a butt as an Alderman? Little dribblets of the chaff which is so liberally poured upon the civic dignitaries of London, are trickled on their heads, without any consideration for the different circumstances in which London and Halifax Aldermen are placed. The Halifax City Council controls the construction of a new City. London Aldermen obstruct the improvement of an old one. The name however remains and some shallow brains imagine that a man once styled Alderman becomes a fair subject for abuse, both of a public and private nature. Give a dog a bad name and hang him; call a man an Alderman and any *flâneur* may write him down a guzzling old fool. How little, with all their failings, dronings, and love of useless discussion our Aldermen deserve to be thus written down, is shown by the public works which since the incorporation of the city have been performed. Much of course remains to be done. An Alderman cannot be expected to assume the wings of an angel on his election to office. It is better perhaps for us that such is not the case, for were it so many would take the wings of the morning, and at the expiration of a month's trial fly away. There is one thing however to which a Haligonian gentleman exposes himself on his election to the post of Alderman. We grieve to say that by so sacrificing himself at the shrine of the city deities he exposes himself to the vilest and most offensive kind of personal abuse and chaff. If a London Alderman dies of apoplexy at his own home, common decency prevents any allusion in the paper which records his demise to the big dinners which was its most probable cause. Even in our own province, if a delegate, or other august visitor, carried away by the grandeur of the moment, loses his seat and falls insensible beneath the table, a natural reserve on the part of those present, prevents the fact being made public. Not so however with a member of our City Council. His nose, his vest, his profession and his intonation are alike commented upon in the columns of a Halifax newspaper. Ugly names, selected in most cases from the line of business, or personal appearance of the men to whom they refer—Personal reflections, actionable sometimes, but for the thin veil of the nicknames which enshroud their objects, are once a week pitched upon our aldermen and obtruded for the perusal of the public. What must a stranger think when his eye unfortunately falls upon *Things talked of in Halifax*. He would naturally enquire "Is it possible that people really employ their time talking about such bosh?" His astonishment would not be decreased by the observation that every other week such twaddling talk seems to obtain in Dartmouth. "Here" he would say "is a whole city and suburb, spending their leisure hours in comments upon the dress and private lives of their civic functionaries. So at least I infer from the paper before me. A "Vest"—what a little thing to form a basis for conversation; but ah! here is something about the piety of an Alderman—this is simply bad taste." We know that the stranger's judgment is premature. We know that few fortunately take sufficient interest in the minor details of Aldermen's costume to wade through a column of bad Eng-

lish to arrive at them. The question then arises, who talks about Screech's vest? Who wastes his time in the investigation of the private Aldermanic life? Who presumes to make the piety or impiety of a fellow-citizen the subject of public criticism? We cannot tell: but for the credit of our citizens we will hope that the writers are the only persons interested or amused by their productions. They may perhaps elicit uproarious applause in the taverns of Barrack and Water Streets, and at the corners of other streets. All respectable people however complain of the unfairness of the attacks made and would willingly see this foul blot removed from a leading journal which tri-weekly appears upon their tables. We have written the above in no spirit of peevish criticism. We hold that it is as much our duty to allude to any published thing which offends the public taste, as it is to draw attention to a false argument or a false statement. Let the managers of the journal in question take a friendly hint, and change the tone of their last column on Saturday evenings, or perhaps better still banish "*Things talked of*" for ever from their paper.

#### OUR CITY PRESS AND STRANGERS.

To suppose that Nova Scotians, as represented by the tone of our fourth estate, are indifferent to the opinions formed of them by strangers, would be a supposition false indeed. We are as sensitive, or more so, to praise or blame as are the inhabitants of Boston or Philadelphia.

Nor are we altogether unwise in this respect. We are a young people and acknowledge no Provincial standard of excellence, whether in language, in writing, or in social tone. Our newspapers republish all that is elsewhere printed in our favor, but they rarely republish, save for political purposes, anything written against us. The columns of twaddle, republished from Canadian papers, for weeks following our first reception of the Canadian penny-a-liners, are still fresh in our memory. Everything that appeared in the Canadian press relative to our "peerless harbour,"—our city "bloods," and their "high stepping horses,"—the "transcendent loveliness" of our ladies,—all such paragraphs were recopied again, and again, under the heading—"What others think of us." But when some luckless scribbler expressed an opinion that Halifax was not particularly remarkable for feminine loveliness, our city press scouted such an idea as altogether preposterous. In this particular instance, however, our press may have erred on the side of gallantry, and the error (if it were an error) was excusable. But when on little absurdities are commented upon—even in the lightest strain—by one other than a Nova Scotian, the wrath of our city press knows no bounds. The *Chronicle* may, week after week, denounce the leaders of the Conservative party as men capable of the foulest crimes against honor and truth;—the *Colonist* may retort upon the leaders of the Liberal party in a precisely similar manner, but—no matter, Nova Scotians are abusing one another, and therefore such a style of warfare is at once dignified and gentlemanlike. It fairly represents the tone of Nova Scotian politicians, and it is our bounden duty to admit that such a tone is highly creditable to us—the British American people,—the confines of whose future territory are to be limited only by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. But, let a stranger—an Englishman, for example, dare to hint that our leading men might possibly consult with advantage the tone of statesmen upon whose words hang the probable destiny of millions,—and such an Englishman becomes the mark for vituperation such as would put the *New York Herald* to the blush. His opinions may be

sound or unsound, as the case may be, but that is a matter of no consequence:—He is not a Nova Scotian, therefore he must be abused in the city press. Should such a stranger vouchsafe an opinion upon our politics, the city press resents the expression of his unprejudiced views as unwarrantable interference in matters which do not concern him. Should he undertake any business of a public nature for his own, and his employer's benefit, he is regarded by newspaper writers not merely with distrust, but with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The mere fact of his wishing to make as much as he can out of the business he proposes to undertake, is seized upon by those opposed to his views, as something in itself unpardonable, and the unhappy speculator is denounced in terms of the choicest Billingsgate. But such Billingsgate coming from the pen of a Nova Scotian, ceases to be Billingsgate, and becomes—Parliamentary. The public has lately had an admirable specimen of this sort of thing in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. The *Chronicle*, being opposed to a railway scheme of the International Contract Company, thought proper to allude to Mr. LIVESKY in much the same style as it commonly adopts when alluding to the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY and his colleagues. Mr. LIVESKY, although in some way connected with our political world for the time being, has not caught the tone of our politicians. He has not shaken off the results of an education which interdicts among gentlemen the constant use of such epithets as are fashionable in the writings of Colonial patriots. His views and his mode of expressing them, are not altogether such as commonly find favor in the columns of our city press. He has not yet learned to regard imputations of "knavery," &c, in a favorable light, and he has thought proper to rebuke the *Chronicle* in a style of facetious irony very unlike the full flavoured diatribes commonly directed against that clever journal. No newspaper can combat the ordinary weapons used in our political warfare, with more skill than our daily contemporary; but even the *Chronicle* seems powerless when opposed to statements put forward in a gentlemanlike manner. Of Mr. LIVESKY we know little; it is enough for our present purpose that his letter and the comments thereon are before the public as illustrative of the city press in its dealings with strangers. The *Chronicle* does not even attempt to meet Mr. LIVESKY's statements,—it simply "chaffs" that gentleman in a style which in Halifax is deemed "spicy." There is an allusion to "London wit," but not a word about the saving of "thirty miles between Halifax and St. John." Scarce an opinion is vouchsafed as to the practical advantages of the proposed line of railway, but we have much about—"good, generous John"—"dear Mr. Livesky," and a—"cruel, inhuman *Mercury* editor." Now all this sort of "spicy" writing is we venture to think, fitter for a fifth-rate New York paper, than for the cleverest and most widely read political journal of Nova Scotia. We know nothing of the *Chronicle* writers, save their published writings, but we give them credit for wishing well to the Province, and we ask them to ponder well the tone of their productions and the effect which such productions must produce upon the minds of strangers. We have read a good deal lately about "what others think of us," and we are keenly anxious that all men should think well of us. This is most praise-worthy on our part, and we trust the feeling may never become extinct. But if we care so much about being "puffed" in the Canadian papers, is it unnatural to suppose that we should wish to be extolled elsewhere? And, we ask our readers—news paper editors and others—whether, the *Chronicle* articles about Mr. LIVESKY are calculated to redound to our credit abroad?

If we think aright, the expressions commonly used in our leading political journals, would somewhat startle those who sincerely wish to think well of us—if we would only allow them to do so.

#### NEWSPAPER HORNS.

There is something peculiar to be met with in all parts of the world; Halifax is no exception to the general rule, and she boasts several institutions very peculiar indeed. Among by no means the least curious may be reckoned our startling method of hawking newspapers. The shouts of the newspaper boys elsewhere are rather a nuisance, but are to a certain extent endurable. To have "'Erd idiction *Mercury*" bawled in one's ear does not seriously interfere with one's conversation, or necessarily leave a reminder in the shape of a headache for the rest of the day. With a view however to show how phlegmatic we are, which as we do not boast Dutch descent—is an utterly needless exhibition, we have hit upon an instrument to advertise our newspapers, which deserves a sentence of explanation, and two or three of oburgation. This instrument looks like what is commonly called a horn, but here the resemblance ends, for no respectable horn would emit such monstrous, such fiendish sounds, as this diabolical instrument produces. A dissipated ophocleide, a consumptive bassoon, two beginners on the cornet, half a dozen little pigs in a bag, kettles tied to the tails of all the available dogs, fifty saws being sharpened, as many steam engines as you like whistling, all in full play together, would give but a feeble idea of the frenzy of discord that one of these tin things produces. If we were asked to describe it in as few words as possible, we should say that, it was a travesty of a very high order of merit, of the shrieks of the damned. And this tin instrument of torture we have to meet every half dozen feet every afternoon but Sunday, *this* drowns every other sentence we speak, *this* sets strangers, not yet deaf to discord, hopping through the streets like galvanized monkeys. Is it then surprising that there should be an utter absence of musical taste in Halifax? To have musical taste, one must have ear, and any one constantly subjected to such Pandemonium concerts, must either have about as much ear as a lamp post, or go into a lunatic asylum. Mr. Bass the other day led a crusade against street musicians in England and won the day: our street music consists at present of *one* barrel organ,—*one*, this is a good criterion of our exact degree of civilization—and the tin things we are writing about. Against the latter our City Fathers once valiantly arrayed themselves, and appear to have been ignominiously defeated. Hurrah, for the horns! Discord, fiends, City Father with cotton wool in his ears.—Blue Fire—Tableau!!

Far be it from us, however, to say that these tin things—we won't call them horns—have no advantages. On the contrary we think we discern several. They are highly calculated to stimulate religious belief, not to say shut up Colenso, any doubts as to the fall of the walls of Jericho, being at once removed, if the pedigree of these tin things can be satisfactorily traced to the time of Moses. Again, though they are not melodious, they chime in wonderfully well with a great deal of the matter they hawk about. What could be more appropriate than one of these Satanic blasts between each sentence of the "Things Talked of" of one contemporary, or the "Paragraphs of all Sorts" of another? A grand effect too might be produced by reading aloud one of the beautiful bursts of panegyric, in which all our newspapers so abound and having one note—or three or four if you like, the more the merri r—sounded, whenever the words liar, scoundrel, viper, filthy slanderer, or any other cheerful and homely epithets of a similar nature, occur. This would be a novel idea,

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and would have the contingent advantage of knocking up for a week or two the boys employed in blowing, as the chances are, they would have enough to do.

Manifesting in this, as in several other matters, very gloomy ideas as to the use and abuse of anything and everything, the tin abominations—we could not say *TUNING*, here, because it occurred as you see twice in the preceding line—having been so to speak, adapted as a civic institution, we straightway set to work to make them available for something else. By an easy and natural process of logic, it at once appeared that they were admirably adapted for heralding those underground explosions which enliven the city, at intervals of about five minutes, all the year round, and which we fancy have some mysterious connection with gas or drainage or queer things of that sort. We suppose that, when used in connection with these subterranean works, they are intended to warn people off, but why they should be expected to attract in the case of newspapers, and to distract—we mean to repel—in the case of mines we don't quite see. The consequences are obvious: if you do make a raid after a newspaper, it is about even betting, that decided by this Will o' the wisp scream,—if we may be allowed to call it so—you find yourself prostrate at the bottom of a ditch, knocked down by a cruising piece of rock, or elevated twenty feet in the air: all being nice things in their way no doubt, but a little too much associated with bruises, to be pleasant.

Do please, good city fathers, make some laws, say that the tin things must be put away or keep them to use when you dig up the streets, and please don't do that so often, because it makes our boots so dirty, and we have to wear such nasty great rubbers, and we know you will do it to please us, you are such dear old things. And remember we ask it for your sakes too; it isn't nice to see staid old gentlemen—the dear old ducks—jumping about like venerable kangaroos when they are sometimes startled by those horrid horns,—(there we've said it for once.)

#### THE SEER, BY LEIGH HUNT. Z. S. HALL.

The two handsomely got up volumes before us deserve more than a cursory examination at our hands, and we can recommend "The Seer" no less to those who read for instruction, than to those who wish to while away a dreary hour. It is impossible to remain long in bad spirits with Mr. Leigh Hunt as a companion. We rise from a perusal of his works with a determination to magnify the virtues rather than the vices of our neighbours, and to regard the world in general with a kindly rather than a censorious eye. This is indeed the one end and object of Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the volumes under consideration. He says, in his preface,—“the more we look at any thing in this beautiful and abundant world, with a desire to be pleased with it, the more shall we be rewarded by the loving Spirit of the universe with discoveries that await only the desire,”—and this spirit breathes throughout his pages, from first to last.

"The Seer," embodies a number of essays formerly published in various periodicals, but now offered to the public in a collected form. The subjects considered are of every possible kind—grave, gay, humorous, fictional, poetical and common-place. Mr. Hunt's intimate acquaintance with poetry of all ages, and his keen appreciation of dramatic authors, are facts so widely known, that any allusion to them would be superfluous. With poetry and the drama, he is perhaps better acquainted than any writer of his time, and his style of writing is graceful and sprightly. He is always in a good humor, and he imparts this charming characteristic to his readers—at least for a time. We shall, however, be able to give our readers a better idea of the merits of "The Seer,—or Common-places Refreshed," by quoting a few passages from these charming volumes. In an essay on "Pleasure," Mr. Hunt remarks:—

"Man has not yet learned to enjoy the world he lives in: no, nor the hundred-thousand-millionth part of it; and we would fain help him to render it productive of still greater joy, or to delight or

comfort himself in his task as he proceeds. We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic; all kinder, richer, and happier. And we have some right to assist in the endeavor: for there is scarcely a joy or sorrow, within the experience of our fellow-creatures, which we have not tasted; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success."

Such philosophy is serene in its perfect truth, and we recommend it strongly to those who are ever ready to quarrel with the world, instead of making the most of it as at present constituted.

In an article on "Windows," and the beautifying of house exteriors, we find the following sensible reflections:—

"Nobody despises a vine in front of a house: for vines are polite, and the grapes seldom good enough to be of any use. Well: use, we grant, is not the only thing; but surely we have a right to think ourselves unbogoted to it, when it teaches us to despise beauty. In Italy, where the drink is not common, people have a great respect for beer, and would rather see a drapery of hops at the front of a house than vine leaves. Hops are like vines; yet who thinks of adorning his house with them in England? No; they remind us of the ale-house instead of Nature and her beauties; and therefore they are 'vulgar.' But is it not we who are vulgar in thinking of the ale-house, when Nature and her beauties are the greater idea."

The following advice, as to how to make the best of a bad day, is just now entitled to careful consideration:—

"Think of something superior to it; make it yield entertaining and useful reflections, as the rain itself brings out the flowers. \* \* \* Very high-bred ladies would be startled to learn that they are doing a very vulgar thing (and hurting their tempers to boot), when they stand at a window peevishly objecting to the rain, with such phrases as 'Dear me, how tiresome!' My lady's maid is not a bit less polite, when she vows and 'purtses' that it is 'quite contrary,'—as if Heaven had sent it on purpose to thwart her ladyship and her waiting-woman! By complaint we dwindle and subject ourselves, make ourselves little minded, and the slaves of circumstances. By rising above an evil, we set it at a distance from us, render it a small object, and live in a nobler air."

Mr. Hunt's graceful pen drops the following remarks upon snuff-taking:—

"There is one thing that puzzles us in the history of the Indian weed and its pulverization; and that is, how lovers and ladies ever came to take snuff. \* \* \* Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth, each with snuff-box in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits, have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress! He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, 'Charming creature?' when a sneeze overtakes him!—

'Cha-cha-cha-charming creature!'

What a visitation! A sneeze! O Venus! where is such a thing in thy list? The lady, on her side, is under the like *malapropos* influences, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all banal and loving speeches with the shock of the sneeze respondent—

'O Richard! Sho-sho-sho-should you think ill of me for this? Imagine it.'

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Hunt in his fondness for church bells, "except when the bell tolls for a funeral, which custom, by the way, is a nuisance, and ought to be abolished, if only out of consideration for the sick and sorrowful."

Mr. Hunt, in an article headed "A Gentleman Saint," thus alludes to the author of the "Meditations":—

"We like to see a human being develop all the humanities of which he is capable,—those of outward as well as inward elegance not excepted, \* \* \* shaping the movements of the commonest and most superficial parts of life to the unaffected elegance of the spirit within. \* \* \* When a man exhibits this nature, as St. Francis de Sales did, and exhibits it, too in the shape of a mortified saint in the Roman Church, a lone lodger, a celebratory, entering into every body else's wishes and feelings, but denying himself some of the most precious to a being so constituted, we feel proud for the sake of the exhibition of humanity; proud because we belong to a species which we are utterly unable to illustrate so in our own persons; proud and happy and hopeful, that if one human being can do so much, thousands, nay all, by like opportunities, and a like loving breeding, may ultimately do; not indeed the same, but enough,—enough for themselves, and enough for the like exalted natures, too, who have the luck to live in such times."

Such is a sample of the generous, warm-hearted liberality, of our author, when handling a serious matter. He is quite as much at home in matters purely comical, as the following witty translation of an Italian wit proves. The subject is "Snuff," and as such should have been noticed before: but Mr. Hunt's humour suffers nothing by "harking back."

"Wait a moment! What a doabt!  
 All my nose, inside and out!  
 All my thrilling, tickling, caustic  
 Pyramid rhinocerotic,  
 Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!  
 Now it yearns me, thrills me;  
 Now with rapturous torments wrings me;  
 Now says, "Sneezed you fool! get through it!  
 What shall help me—Oh, good Heaven!  
 Ah—yes, thank ye—Thirty-seven—  
*Shée—shée*—Oh, 'tis most del-*ishi*,  
*Ishi—ishi*—most del-*ishi*,  
 (Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring.)  
 Snuff's a most delicious thing."

One more extract and we have done—

"A lock of hair is an actual relic of the dead; as much so, in its proportion, as ashes, and more lively and recalling than even those. It is the part of us that preserves vitality longest; it is a clean and elegant substance; and it is especially connected with ideas of tenderness, in the cheek or the eyes about which it may have strayed, and the handling we may have given it on the living head. The thoughts connected with such relics time gradually releases from grief itself, and softens into tender enjoyment."

From the foregoing extracts, selected almost at random, our readers can judge of the nature of the work before them, and we cannot conclude this work without heartily endorsing a sentence penned by Lord Macaulay: "We have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt."

### Communications, &c.

*It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not, by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all, without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Nova Scotia.*

*No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous communications. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We are extremely sorry that owing to a mistake our Subscribers did not receive their copies last week in proper time. We have taken steps to prevent the recurrence of this accident.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—ANNA MARIA, will appear in our next issue.

To the Editor of the "BULLFROG."

Some Halifax Journals labor to create an impression that the New Education Act has been adopted by a large majority of the rate-payers of the Province, and that the principle of Assessment, as introduced under that Act, meets with cordial acceptance. But they either carefully suppress such information as would satisfy us of the correctness of their conclusions, or they form a judgement on insufficient data. A large majority of the School Sections in the Western Counties have rejected the law, and in a majority of those Sections where Trustees have been elected, an understanding exists that no Assessment shall be attempted. The few Sections that have elected Trustees to carry out Assessment, have done so, in most instances, by very slender majorities.

The people of this Province have too long enjoyed the liberty of managing their own private means, to quietly give up that power to any Government or body of men, at the mere whim of theorists, or pedantic and impracticable old School-men, engrafted with Americanisms; and in place of this County's having accepted this meddlesome law, a large majority of the Sections have condemned the Assessment principle in the shape presented for their acceptance, and instead of those Sections in which Trustees have already been elected, being firm in the intention to put the law in force many Trustees are now publicly stating they shall resign if the Assessment is to be enforced—as they will not sue their neighbours and become parties to a district feud. The majorities thrown for Assessment are already known, in some cases, to be a minority, as many persons did not attend the meeting under a mis-apprehension of the Law.

The Representatives are bound to Legislate according to the well-understood wishes of the people, not agreeably to the effete notions of a few dogmatic Scholars, who know as much of the real business of life—its cares—its struggles—or its obligations—as a Gorilla—and who deliver their opinions as laws, very much after the style of rabid abolitionists or extreme Apostles of Temperance—a species of puritans who ask all liberty of conscience and right of private judgement for themselves and deny it to all others—as "Canaille."

The hostility to the law, in this County, is wide spread and resolute, and a determination to withhold the "Provincial money"

from those who did not "bow the knee" will be so monstrous—so severe—as to destroy all hope of "Assessment for support of Schools" ever being adopted in any modified form. To coerce the majority of the community will be a serious task—too great even for the powers of an admittedly clever Superintendent and if persisted in—and permitted by the Government and Representatives for this County, will end in their utter overthrow, regardless of all party divisions.

The Law is a mistake;—it will create discord, disputes, lawsuits, make bitter enemies of near neighbours, and destroy all Schools for the poor in the mountainous and thinly-settled districts. The Law is crude—take a mountain district two miles long, and add up the value of the property. Assess to raise four hundred dollars a year—and you would take one "place" in six, or have half the stock sold by the Constable—the people debtors to the School tax. There may be exceptions to this, but in a majority of those districts let the Council of Public Instruction ask Mr. Bill the Representative,—who is now at least fully conversant with the ability and wants of these Sections—whether this is correct?

The Law is oppressive, it is expensive, it denies the ability of gentlemen in the Country to even set off a School Section without authority from Halifax,—but it is needless to particularise. Public opinion is overwhelmingly hostile to the Act, and it must be repealed. The expression of this opinion is to be found in the refusal of a large majority of the Sections even to elect "Trustees" and in the turbulent contests attending their election in many other Sections. As one instance of unanimity, the action in one School Section occurred which may be recorded. The people assembled agreeably to the Inspectors notice. It was moved and seconded and passed unanimously without any discussion or manifested difference of opinion.

1st. That Mr. W—— be Chairman. 2nd. That Mr. E—— be Secretary. 3rd. That this meeting adjourn to this day twelve months—and the party quietly dispersed. Significant of the fate of the political advocates of the Law.

It may be the Government will have the wit to read public opinion and by promptly reading on this matter, save their already jeopardized popularity. At any rate their obligation to the people of this Province would have been better discharged by studying this question, than in "philandering" about British America, secretly conspiring to double our taxes for an empty Confederation in which as a reward for "doing" our people, they may hope one day to "Govern" those whom both "leaders" betrayed under a Commission from abler colleagues in the General Government.

Nova Scotia has nothing to boast of in the way of trust worthy political leaders, yet she has a safe-guard in the ability they display in exposing each other for her information and guidance—but she objects to being governed by Canadian public men after reading a Chapter on "Railway morality" from under the hand of Canada's greatest engineer, "Save us from our friends," Blue Nose may well exclaim when he finds his servants who were elected on local questions—absolutely bargained to destroy his individuality, double his taxes, sell promise—body and soul—to his big brother—for what? A Federation that in a few years will burn into her vitals, and make her cry in agony—but cry in vain—for Secession.

Wolville, Nov. 1864.

PROTEST.

To the Editor of the "BULLFROG"

In a despatch laid before the New York Chamber of Commerce by Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Nov. 2nd, 1864 the following passage occurs which will sufficiently indicate the tenor of the communication without quoting the whole, which appears in the *Colonist* of the 22nd inst.

"It is not therefore for British interests alone but for British and foreign interests alike that other Governments are urged to reduce their rates of Custom."

Further—"On motion, the documents referred to were placed on file, and a vote of thanks tendered to Mr. Archibald"—just about the consummation to be expected from such a proposal at such a time.

Chambers of Commerce can be as courteously contemptuous at New York, as their congeners elsewhere, and it is well, for it was just possible that they might have resented a practical joke

with a rather more energetic reply. It is fortunate that the mercantile mind is more given to calculation than retort, as a directly adverse reply with the spice in it, would be inconvenient hereafter; a vote of thanks to Mr. Archibald is convenient, either playful irony or the expression of gratitude more or less deep.

Supposing the American Consul in Canada were to propound *mutatis mutandis* with a difference.

"It is therefore not for American interests alone, but for British Colonial interests alike that the British American Governments are urged to increase their 'rates of Custom.' This with the title tack of 'improving friendly relations' would just at this interesting time, mean rather more than clap-trap. It is not off the cards that if the delicate proposal be not made, the American Colonies may be wooed with blandishments quite as businesslike, if not coerced by embraces much more practical. It is a thousand pities to see the kind evidence and gratuitous interest of Great Britain so coolly received, although it is no doubt a consolation to the Empire to find its disinterested liberality so handsomely reciprocated by a vote of thanks, not to Her Majesty's Government nor even to H. B. M.'s Consul—but to Mr. Archibald. Still the heavy factiae of the New York Board of Trade, irresistibly suggest the idea of a respectable Stock Broker expressing his profoundest gratitude—having his quest developed bannion unmercifully trod upon; thus playful poking of a raw, must be caviare to the million as well as comforting to the consistory, tell a starving man to try a little Banting, a person on the verge of bankruptcy, that his best chance is really to abridge the claims which he has on certain creditors, or a patient with one hip joint out, that the best plan to equalize matters is to dislocate the other, and the word 'thanks' in reply will certainly be short and not devoid of a singular into nation.

Her Britannic Majesty's Government having already cut up its confidence into shares for distribution gratis, it is a relief not to witness the favored recipients fighting like a pack of dogs for the fragments. In the scramble for the precious morsels, was there no danger of jostling and wrestling, hurrying and worrying, talking and shaking?

"Good God! as Tristram Shandy's father observed, 'such a question at such a time!'"

\* \* \*

To the Editor of the "BULLFROG."

My wife and I are strangers in this City. One evening soon after my arrival here, I purchased a paper, and like a respectable and proper paterfamilias, handed it to my better half to read as soon as I returned to my lodgings. My wife is somewhat of a blue stocking, and I was a little alarmed to see her countenance gradually assuming a rigidly stern appearance. At last she held the paper at arm's length between her fore-finger and thumb, and with averted face uttered the following words—"Take this trash away, and please don't let me see it again!" "What, I said?" "This wretched paper! Have you read it?" "No! Look at an article called 'Things talked of.'" I did so and soon found out the reason of my wife's strange demeanour. There was a display of personalities and bad grammar in it, that would have done the heart of Mr. Seward good. To a stranger it seemed unaccountable that a newspaper should inform the public that "Sereech" (whoever he may be) has a new waistcoat" or "vest" "as it is elegantly put) or that "the Orphanless boy has put his foot in it." Now Messers "Sereech" and the "Orphanless Boy" may be heroes in their way, but I humbly think that they have not attained that celebrity which guarantees them a place in the public print at least once a week. If they have I have not yet been able to find out for a certainty who they are. Can you inform me for whose benefit this Talk about Town is written? Is it to pander to the tastes of the lowest of the people? If so, we think (that is my wife and I) that such attempts to lower the style of literature, should be put down with a high hand by the better thinking classes. Is it intended for wit? I trow not. We think there is no one so silly as to mistake that style for wit. We can however recommend it to any one who is about to publish a "Nova Scotia" Grammar, for he can there find more examples of correct spelling and good grammatical construction than are to be met with in any other part of the world.

DARBY AND JOAN.

#### WANTED—MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

Adventures of a personal nature, the trials and incidents of the camp and the clearing, go to make up the history of a new country. The settlers who for divers reasons came to replace the expelled Acadians, anterior to the American Revolution, and to reconquer the surrounding wilderness, were men not easily daunted by difficulties; yet many of them succumbed to the rigors of climate and the privations incidental to Squatter life. After a brief experience the less resolute returned to the more advanced civilization of New England, whence they had emigrated under the influence of flattering inducements and largess, by the then existing authorities.

A brief tradition conveys to us the character and habits of the men and women of that day who continued to toil and struggle on, and whose descendants are now enjoying the substantial advantages secured to them by the persevering industry of their grand-fathers. As a rule these men possessed vigorous constitutions, inflexible wills and cheerful dispositions which ensured them a good old age. Their humorous proclivities, as the gossips tell us, found exercise within a limited circle in frequent examples of convivial frolic and practical jokes which served as a topic of village gossip for the day. Among the "well-to-do" settlers of the interior a Mr. C.—and family had come provided with the principal appliances deemed necessary for the establishment of a new home, from a spinning wheel to a warming pan. The latter implement was in daily or rather nightly requisition during the first winter of their discontent" but was not looked upon with as much favor by the master of the household as by his "better half" not being included in the list of his implements of husbandry. His objections found vent in a warning to Madame C.—that the continued use of a heated metallic pan after his prior occupation of the bed would sooner or later result in a scorching that might confine him to the bed indefinitely. As it was his habit was to retire to rest early he insisted that the bed could not fail to be well warmed without a second application of the disturbing vessel but Madame C.—(as wives sometimes will even to this day) resolved to have her own way and bethought her of a plan to convince her husband of the absurdity of his notion. He at the same time resolved in his mind a mode of conduct by which to frighten her out of the effeminate habit. On the next occasion the inevitable pan, instead of coals of fire, was filled with ice and snow. Her liege lord had fallen into his first nap and dreamed of the course he should pursue if again disturbed. Madame with vigorous arm brought the freezing mixture into violent contact with his side. Springing to the floor at a bound he ran limping across the room with the exclamation "I told you so. I'm burned and blistered and ruined! I knew it would come to that—oh dear, oh dear."

On presently discovering the joke the good man appreciated the situation and all went harmoniously afterwards. The incident however passed current among their neighbours as an example of Pan-dean philosophy with a double application.

With this way of preface let us introduce an advertisement recently published in a New Brunswick journal, which Province once formed with Nova Scotia the original Acadia. The advertiser does not give his name, therefore we omit his anonymous address at the Post Office. It reads as follow.

**THE LOYALISTS.**—Any person having information to impart (local or general) with respect to the Settlement of the Loyalists in 1783 in any part of New Brunswick, would confer a great favour upon the advertiser, by addressing \* \* \* \* \* The smallest scraps of information will be gratefully received, and acknowledged if used.

As the history of the Loyalists who came to this Province is fast dying out, it is the desire of the advertiser to gather all the facts, anecdotes, &c., connected with them for the purpose of preserving and perpetuating them in a printed form.

As there were a number of settlements made by the Loyalists on the St. John River, and in York County particularly, it is believed that there are many of their descendants who can contribute much interesting information.

Fredericton, Oct. 7, 1764.

A similar appeal was made to leading residents of this Province, with results similar to those referred to, in the following remarks of the St. John Telegraph.

"We happen to remember that some three years ago, a young man, acting as agent for some author in the States, visited the river Counties of this Province with a view to the collection of information concerning the early history of the Province, but especially relative to the Loyalists and their times. We met him in Fredericton and were assured by him that he had then succeeded in obtaining many valuable original records, public and private, chiefly in manuscript, and expected to receive many more before leaving the country? He had placed himself in communication with a number of descendants of the Loyalists and with public officials, and by this means his mission had been most successful. The curious part of this affair, however, is that not one word has since been heard from this young gentleman, his book, or the valuable documents that were so foolishly handed over to his keeping. So far as it is known they are lost to the Province for ever, nor can they be replaced at any cost.

This incident should teach persons who possess written or printed documents relating to the early settlement of the Province, of which but a single copy exists, to use great caution in furnishing them to parties seeking them. We have no desire to throw obstacles in the way of the advertiser who dates from Frederickton, but we cannot help thinking that before applying to the friends or descendants of Loyalists to furnish the information required, he should at least have appended his name to his advertisement, that those who may be willing to meet his wishes may know with whom they deal. It is important that all documents, at least, should go into the hands of those only who are prepared to guarantee their being used and published; for the time is not distant when every scrap of information of this description will be eagerly sought for by the coming Historian."

That there are yet in Nova Scotia many uncollected "facts, anecdotes, &c.," not hitherto made available to the Historian, is probable, though the fact cannot be stated with confidence. If such should remain unappropriated by our Halliburtons and Mordaunts or others who have hitherto employed themselves in the preparation of our historical records, it is to be hoped that the N. B. writer may be encouraged to proceed with his work after dropping the anonymous.

So much for the past. If our present and future history is to be written, the compiler should also be at his work. Materials are accumulating so rapidly that he will have little occasion to advertise the world of his wants. Let him but make terms with one of the Delegates now absent on the errand of Confederation for the jottings of his journeys and jollifications for the cost of which the Province so liberally provides, and these will be found ample material if not for a veritable Provincial History, at least for an entertaining story in which political pictures of the Munchausen character will be marvellously combined and reconciled with the "essential element" of truth.

### Extracts.

#### CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.

Social questions are becoming the most important questions of the age. Political reformers, if they were honest, would speedily change their trade, and agitate with a view to improve the moral well-being of the labouring-classes, instead of frantically crying out to obtain for them what they do not require. To give a right to vote for members of Parliament to a quarter of a million of men who live honestly and comfortably by their manual labour cannot be compared, in point of importance and magnitude, with the great object of raising a couple of million of the lower classes from their present state of degradation to the position occupied by the hard-working artisans above them. New dwellings for the class from which our criminal population is constantly being recruited, so that they might have the means of comfort in their own homes, the spread of education, and the wearing of the working-classes generally from the pernicious use of spirituous liquors, are some of the weighty problems the solution of which would contribute a thousand-fold more to the happiness and prosperity of the people than the realization of all the political nostrums of the radicals put together. The immense increase which has of late taken place in the production and consumption of spirits in most countries throughout the world, and the terrible evils which have been caused thereby, have been lately brought prominently to notice by a French physician, Dr. Decaisne. The Swedes stand first on the list as the largest consumers of spirits in the world. Numbering about four millions of people, they actually imbibe, on the average, eleven gallons of spirits per head during the year, or 44,000,000 gallons, which are produced and consumed in the country. This is something frightful, and prepares us for the statement that the Scandinavian race is rapidly undermining its physical and intellectual qualities by such an enormous consumption of "poison." In a parish of the lower Seine, the consumption of spirits among 9,000 people was discovered to be at the rate of about five gallons each, not half so much as that of the Swedes, yet the result was sickness, insanity, and crime to an extent that was absolutely shocking. In this matter we have nothing to boast of ourselves. It is true that the English people though seven times as numerous as the Swedes, do not drink as much as they do in the year by about four million gallons; yet the inhabitants of London lay out annually £3,000,000 sterling on spirits—that is, at the rate of a sovereign per head of the total population, while Glasgow spends £1,200,000, and Manchester £1,000,000, for the same purpose. What a mine of wealth is here, if the people would but save it, and thereby ensure their health, their personal happiness, and their domestic comfort!—*Public Opinion.*

### Local Items.

A petition, asking His Worship the Mayor to call a public meeting at an early day, for the purpose of affording the Delegates from this Province to the Quebec Convention, an opportunity of explaining their views in reference to the union project, is now in course of signature in this city.—*Chron.*

**THE DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET.**—The Fleet takes its departure from this port on Wednesday next. The Flag Ship will proceed direct to Jamaica; one or two other vessels will probably touch at Bermuda on their way to the different West India Islands. So long as the Yellow Fever prevails at the former port, our gallant Admiral will be necessitated to make the latter his headquarters during the winter. It is now stated that the *Challenger*, screw frigate, Capt. Kennedy, will remain in these waters until January, when she will be relieved by a smaller vessel of the squadron. The former will doubtless proceed to England direct from this port, where her crew will be paid off her time of service on this station being completed about that period.—*Recorder.*

**VALUABLE GIFTS TO KING'S COLLEGE.**—Dr. C. Cogswell has on several occasions made handsome presents of very varied nature to King's College, and he has since the beginning of the present term, shown the interest he takes in the Institution by a further most valuable and well-timed donation. It includes a variety of Chemical Apparatus, some Minerals, an Herbarium of some hundreds of British Plants bound in five large and thick volumes, two Crayon Portraits (of a Provincial celebrity of a hundred years ago and his wife), a good oil Painting, and a large number of bound books, perhaps two hundred volumes, with numerous valuable Pamphlets. The books, in Spanish, Latin, German, French and English, show the varied nature of the studies of the learned donor; they are almost all of a scientific nature and extend over a wide range of subjects.—There are some very valuable and expensive works on Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology. Really it is pleasant to have to record acts like this of Dr. Cogswell's, and the more we have to speak of the better for the cause of Education among us.—*Col.*

**FALSE ALARMS.**—People have been startled often enough of late by *bona fide* alarms of fire; but when half grown boys are suffered to run through the streets sounding false alarms, and thus creating unnecessary alarm and needless anxiety to those who hear them, it is time an example was made of some of them. We believe there is a law to meet such cases, and it should be put promptly in force.—*Journal.*

**THE OFFICERS OF THE FLORIDA.**—The appearance of the officers of the Confederate war steamer *Florida* on their arrival in Washington, is thus described by the *Star* of that city:—

"These officers were nearly all neatly dressed in new uniforms of Confederate gray cloth, and wore naval caps similar to those worn in the U. S. Navy. Nearly all of them wore 'clink whiskers,' of the pattern worn by Captain Semmes.

"They appear to be a hardy-spirited set, and talked noisily among themselves while they were being conveyed from the 6th street wharf to the Provost Marshal's. All of them had gold watches, with large chains dangling from their vest pockets, and several displayed quite a profusion of jewelry, such as diamond pins, finger rings, &c., the proceeds of their piratical career. One of them carried under his arm a handsome mahogany writing desk, while several had huge meerschaum pipes, at which they puffed on their way.—While on the pavement in front of the Provost Marshal's awaiting admission to the office, an apple woman passed on the opposite side of the street, when they hailed her and bought the contents of her basket, paying for the same in greenbacks, and at the same time exposing to view handfuls of silver and gold.—*Chronicle.*

**SERIOUS LOSS OF HORSES.** The steamship *Morroto* which cleared lately from Montreal with 107 horses for Havana, reached here in six days out from Piquet with her cargo considerably distressed, and nineteen horses dead. This melancholy circumstance was caused by the fact that the steamer being too flat in bottom, rolled to an unusual degree in the most ordinary sea. The scene between decks where the horses were stalled was sad to witness. The poor animals appeared to have been crowded together rather closely for comfort, and the rolling of the vessel had sickened them all, and many of them had dashed down the woodwork around them in their struggles, and torn away their boxes, and strangulation &c. The corpses of several fine animals lay piled together among broken partitions and bushels of oats and other stores that had burst from their cases. Some of the living horses are badly chafed; and the wonder is that any of the poor creatures survived. They were landed this afternoon at Tarr's Wharf and will likely be sold here.—*Cit.*

Some of the Canadian papers are still discussing the probable name of the new Confederation. The matter, however, has been left to the Queen, for her selection or decision. A correspondent of the Toronto Globe suggests *Britannica*, *Albertania*, *Transatlantia*, *Transylvania*, *Albion*, *Consensia*, *Vespera*, or *Mesopolagias*. The same correspondent objects to *Tupona*, *Borealis*, *Albion*, *Laurentia*, or *Niagara*. What next!—*Sun.*

**CITY COUNCIL.**—At a meeting on Monday afternoon, a Committee was appointed to confer with the Board of Firewards and the City Architect, in reference to the erection of a suitable building for drying hose, so necessary and important an adjunct to the Fire Department.—The cost of the building will be defrayed from the estimates for 1885. The sum of \$120 was also ordered to be placed in the hands of the Committee of the City Property, for the purpose of purchasing a Bell for the Parade Engine House. This amount was considered entirely insufficient by some members of the Council, and it was finally resolved to leave the matter in the hands of the Committee, who on consultation with the Board of Firewards, would be enabled to state what was required.—*Rec.*

Shipping Intelligence.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

Saturday Nov. 19th.

Steamer Commerce, Snow, Boston, 48 hours, gen cargo—to J. F. Phelan and others; Schrs. Gipsy Lass, Blackford, Westport, harrings—to Master; Harmon— Schooner Pond, C. B. coals—to W. S. Symonds & Co.

Sunday Nov. 20th.

Brigt. Latins, McDonald, Porto Rico, ballast—to W. P. West & Co.; Schrs. Matilda, Ormiston, Gargas, C. B. 4 days fish—to R. Noble & Sons; Allouade, Kitey, L'Have, fish—to Master; Glencoe, McDonald, P. E. Island, produce bound to Boston, put in for repairs; Steamer, Alpha, Hunter, Newfoundland via Sydney, 3 days Mails &c.,—to S. Cunard & Co.

Monday Nov. 21st.

Bark, Young Nova Scotian, Bogart, London—to Black, Bros. Co.; Schrs. Hannah, McKenzie, P. E. Island—to E. D. Morrison; Flying Cloud, Petpas, Newfoundland, bound to Boston; Ephrosyne, P. E. Island; Osprey, P. E. Island; Eagle, Tobin, P. E. Island—to E. G. & C. Stanger; Arctive, P. E. Island; Messenger, put in for repairs; Eliza, P. E. Island, to—E. Morrison; Edith, Sydney, bound to Londonderry; Octavia, Golder, Quebec, bound to New York; Pursue, McDonald, Newfoundland—to J. Butler; Topsy, McDonald, Sydney—to Master.

Tuesday, Nov. 22nd.

Brigt. Lady Dundas, Steele, P. E. Island, produce—to Black, Bros. & Co; Schrs. J. W. Deering, Kennedy, Newfoundland, fish, etc.,—to Master.

Wednesday Nov. 23rd.

H. M. S. Medina, Com. Preston, Bermuda; Steamer Morretto; Brigt. Kate, McDougall, New York, flour—to Young & Hart.

Thursday, Nov. 24th.

Barques Halifax, O'Brien, Boston, 3 days gen cargo—to Lawson, Harrington & Co; Janet, Kenney, Demerara, via Bermuda, Molasses—to Order; Brigt. Planet, Laub, Anguilla—to J. H. Tobin; Schrs. Paragon D'Oliveir, Port Melville, lumber—to Master; Steamer Africa, Anderson, Boston, mails and passengers—to S. Cunard & Co.

Friday, Nov. 25th.

Steamers, Asia, Moodie, Liverpool—to S. Cunard & Co; Commerce, Snow, P. E. Island,—to J. F. Phelan; Franceville, Nickerson, Boston,—to J. F. Phelan; Schrs. J. Bell, Braze, Newfoundland,—to B. Wier & Co.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

CLEARED.

Saturday, Nov. 19th.

Steamer, Commerce, Snow, Canso and Ch'town, P. E. I. gen cargo—by J. F. Phelan; Brigt. Golden Rule, Patterson, Ponce P. R.—by W. P. West & Co; Morning Star, McMann, St. John, N. B. gen. cargo—by P. A. S. D'Wolf and Son; J. Banks, Bands, Greenock, fish &c.—by J. G. A. Crighton & Son; Swan, Publicover, Big Glace Bay,—by Master; Rival, Dunlop, Liverpool, gen. cargo—by J. W. Daintop; Anna Maria, Muggah, Cow Bay, gen. cargo—by B. O'Neill & Co; W. D. Bickford, Laundry,—master; Archangel, Jolphur, Mag Islands, gen. cargo—by Daniel Cronan; Ocean Belle, Messeny, Newfoundland, gen. cargo—by B. Wier, & Co.

Monday Nov. 21st.

Schrs. Kate, White, Margaree—by Albro, Son & Co; Rosebud, Arichat—by master.

Tuesday Nov. 22nd.

Barques, Tecumseh, Sponagle, St. George N. B. ballast and stores—by Black, Bros. & Co; Union, LeBlanc, Glace Bay, C. B. ballast—by Master; Schrs. E. A. Wilson, Wilson, Barrington, gen. cargo—by Jno. Tobin & Co, and others; Brigt. Mystery Goldworthy, St. Johns, Nfld. fish, bread apples and hay—by G. H. Starr, & Co., and others; Schrs. Adam Burns, Mitchell, Wallace, gen. cargo—by J. Cochran & Son, and others; Brigt. Quango, Burke, Cow Bay, C. B.—by master.

Wednesday Nov. 23rd.

Schrs. Speed, Kenny, Barrington, gen. cargo—by J. Tobin & Co; and others; Spray, Veno, P. E. Island, ballast—by master; Elvinta, Martell, Sydney, ballast—by master; Bark, Creole, Gorman, Belfast—by master; Schrs. Emeline, Bondroit, Arichat—by master; Adelaide, Sackaloo, Arichat—by Master; Emma, Muggah, Sydney—by Master; Argo, Smith, Barrington—by J. Tobin & Co.

Thursday, Nov. 24th.

Steamer Africa, Anderson, Liverpool—by S. Cunard & Co; Barque Eliza Bass, Smith, Bermuda, gen cargo—by J. N. Harvey; Schrs. Falcon, Tiro, Sydney, ballast—by Master; Sandwich, Haine, Liverpool, N. S. gen cargo—by McLeod & Co, and others; Cruiser, Walker, Georgetown, P. E. I. ballast—by Master; Ship Sumner, Curry, Haine, Liverpool, N. B.—by J. Northup & sons; Brigs Chanticker, Matson, F. W. I.—by G. H. Starr & Co; Cyprus, Perry, Wallace—by Hall & Creed; schrs Blue Bell, McDonald, Wallace—by Master; P. I. McKenzie, McKenzie, Ragged Islands—by Master.

Summary of the Telegraphic News of the Week.

Steamers which leave for Europe to-day, take nearly a million and a half in Gold.

The Federals have evacuated Rome, Ga., after destroying all the buildings which could be made useful to the rebels.

The rebel General Breckenridge is reported to have defeated General Gillet, in Tennessee, capturing 400 prisoners.

Advices via New Orleans state that the French have evacuated Matamoras, leaving the inhabitants to take care of themselves.

Newspaper advices state that Sherman's army left Atlanta in two columns, one on the 9th, and the other on the 12th, moving Eastward, the former via Macon, and the other towards Augusta. The first column was heard from on the 14th, and had then advanced 70 miles on the road towards Macon, driving everything before it, and destroying everything as it went. Atlanta is reported to be in ruins, and its streets will soon be overgrown with grass.

Gen. Sherman issued an order to his troops that they were expected to subsist on the Country through which they marched.

A Confederate shell fired from the defences of Charleston, struck the Gun-boat "Pontiac" killing 7 men and wounding several others.

The blockade of the Ports of Norfolk, Fernandina and Pensacola, will be partially raised on the 1st proximo, and commercial intercourse be permitted under proper restrictions.

A report that Beauregard is advancing on Memphis, creates great excitement in that vicinity. Preparations are being made for the defence of the city.

Contributions for furnishing the Army with a thanksgiving dinner are on a scale of great liberality.

Cotton at New Orleans 116 and 125.

Hood's entire army, including Forrest's Cavalry, is in the immediate neighbourhood of Tusculum and Florence, Ala., watched by the Troops under General Thomas.

It is reported from New Orleans that General Canby died on the 12th inst.

The Herald's correspondent says the Confederates attacked our picket lines on Thursday and Friday twice, between the James and Appomattox Rivers. In the first attack the Confederates captured four Officers and eighty privates, but they were soon driven back. The next attack was more feeble.

Gen. Butler has resumed his command.

Advices from Grant's Army are to Sunday morning. There had been continuous rains for thirty-six hours. Deserters report the withdrawing of the rebel forces from Gen. Butler's front with the exception of a skirmish line, and the Garisons necessary to man the fortifications.

Receipts of the National Sailor's fair which closed on the (22nd inst.) will exceed two hundred thousand dollars.

The Confederates report the exchange of prisoners progressing at Savannah, and one paper says it will be continued at City Point.

Breckenridge in East Tennessee, is endeavouring to win the people to alliance to Jeff. Davis, and has declared an amnesty to all who will lay down their arms and cease bushwhacking his troops.

A San Francisco despatch reports the loss of ships *Minnehaha*, *Matapan* and *Arno*, in a gale, on Oct. 6th., off Baker's Island. Ship *White Swallow* was missing.

Brigt. Virid, of Halifax, sank at sea, 4th inst., crew took to boats. Captain and crew, who were in an exhausted condition, in near the shore, which they finally reached.

Captain Nickerson and crew arrived at New York, 22nd inst., in the brig *Lady of the Lake*.

Rebel accounts from Sherman say he was 25 miles from Macon, Ga., on the 19th inst. He had met with no opposition thus far.

Late Richmond papers state that Sherman had captured several members of the Georgia Legislature and occupied the suburbs of Macon. They acknowledge that Georgia Militia cannot defend the City. Sherman has captured the town of Griffin in his march. Sherman spread out his forces, sweeping a wide swathe of devastation and creating universal panic. Another column was reported as moving on Augusta and Milledgeville.

It is reported that the rebel steamer "Tallahassee" got aground trying to run into Wilmington and was wrecked, but her guns saved.

Nothing later has been heard from Sherman. Richmond papers say that they will not publish his movements for the benefit of the Yankees. It is believed in Washington that Sherman already occupies Macon.

Heavy firing was reported during Tuesday on the right bank of the James's River in General Butler's front.

The Dutch Canal Gap is said to be nearly completed, and Gun-boats have been moved up to its immediate vicinity.

All reports of change in the Washington Cabinet are without foundation.

The Philadelphia "Bulletin" published yesterday an extra announcing that Sherman had captured Macon, with many prisoners.

Rumors are current in Washington, to the effect that the Government of Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina, had noti-

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fied Sherman of their intention to return to the Union, and that Sherman has subsequently halted in his march. It is further reported, that Vice-President Stephens expressed a desire to meet Federal commissioners in Canada. Very little credit attaches to the reports.

Richmond papers of Wednesday contain nothing definite about Sherman. Telegraph communication appears to be interrupted beyond Millidgeville, probably by Federal Cavalry.

Sheridan had a severe cavalry engagement with Early in the Shenandoah on Tuesday, lasting six hours. It appears to have been brought on by a Federal reconnaissance, and was without definite results.

#### RETRALLATION.

(Concluded.)

Providence came to my aid. One afternoon, I was leaving the Kasbah for a stroll in the town, when one of the hospital assistants brought me a paper, which, he said, had been found in Raymond's music.

"It is the letter," he said, "of a particulaire, Fatima by name. I thought, sir it might interest you."

The perusal of this letter filled me with surprise. It was brief, merely making an appointment, but what revelations in the name!

"What, then, those exclamations of Castagnac's in his fits," I said to myself, "had reference to a woman, and Duterre had also relations with her. It was to keep his appointment that he had asked my leave to go out! Yes the note is dated the 3rd of July. The very day. Poor fellow, not being able to get out in the day he ventured forth by night by that frightful road, and Castagnac was awaiting him!

As I was thus reflecting, I had arrived in front of a vaulted building or archedway open as usual to the wind, and where an old patient of mine Sidi Humayun by name, distributed coffee to a few scanty customers. I determined at once to consult this kawaji, so I took my place on the matting by the side of half a dozen natives in their red fezzes with blue silk tassels, and their long chibuks in their lips. The kawaji, without pretending to know me, brought me my pipe and cup of coffee in silence. Presently the muezzin was heard calling to prayers; the faithful rose up, stroked their beards, and departed slowly for the mosque. I was alone.

Sidi Humayun, looking around him to see that we were really so, then approached me, and, kissing my hand, "Lord Taleh," he said, "what brings you to my humble abode? What can I do in your service?"

"I want you to tell me who Fatima is."

"Lord Taleh, in the name of your mother, do not see that woman."

"Why so?"

"She is perdition to the faithful and to the infidel. She possesses a charm that kills. Do not see her!"

"Sidi Humayun, my resolve is made. She possesses a charm: well! I possess a greater. Hers entails death, mine gives life, grace, and beauty! Tell her that Sidi; tell her that the wrinkles of age disappear before my charms. I must see her."

"Well, then, since such is your will, Lord Taleh, come back tomorrow at the same hour. But remember what I said to you; Fatima makes an evil use of her beauty."

You may imagine if I awaited the appointed time with impatience. I thought the maezzin would never summon the faithful to prayer again.

At last his low, plaintive monotonous voice made itself heard from the top of the minaret, and was taken up from one to another, till it seemed as if soaring over the indolent city. I slowly paced my way to the coffeehouse, so as to give time to the guests to retire. Sidi was already shutting up his shop.

"Well!" I said to him, breathless with anxiety.

"Fatima awaits you, Taleh."

He affixed the bar, and, without further explanation, led the way.

Leaving the main street, he entered the Suma, a passage so narrow that two could not walk abreast—a mere cloaca, yet crowded with industrious persons of many nations—Moors, Berbers, Jews, Copts, and Arabs. Suddenly Sidi Humayun stopped at a low doorway, and knocked.

"Follow me," I said; "you will act as interpreter."

"Fatima can speak French," he replied, without turning his head.

The door was opened by a Nubian slave, who, letting me in, as quickly shut it against the kawaji. She then led the way to an interior court paved with mosaic-work and upon which several doors opened. The slave pointed to one, by which I entered a room with open windows shaded by silken curtains with Moorish designs. An amber-coloured mat covered the floor, while cushions of violet-coloured Persian shawls lined the divan, at the extremity of which sat Fatima herself, her eyes veiled by long dark lashes, straight and small nose, pouting lips, and beautiful little feet.

"Come in Lord Taleh," she said; "Sidi Humayun has told me of your visit. You are good enough to interest yourself in the fate of poor Fatima, who is getting aged—yes, she will soon be seventeen—seventeen! the age of regrets and wrinkles. Ah! Lord Taleh, sit down, you are welcome!"

I scarcely knew how to reply, but, recovering myself, I said;

"You seest with infinite grace, Fatima. I have heard your wit spoken of no less than your beauty, and I see that I have heard the truth."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "By whom then?"

"By Duterre?"

"Duterre?"

"Yes, Raymond Duterre, the young officer who fell over the precipice of the Kasbah. He whom you loved, Fatima."

She opened her great eyes in surprise.

"Who told you that I loved him?" she inquired, looking at me with a strange expression. "It is false! Did he tell you so?"

"No. But I know it. This letter proves it to me—this letter, which you wrote, and which was the cause of his death, for it was to get to you that he risked himself at night upon the rock of the Kasbah."

Scarcely had I uttered the words than the young Oriental rose up abruptly, her eyes lit up with a gloomy passion.

"I was sure of it!" she exclaimed. "Yes, when my Nubian brought me word of the accident, I said to her, 'Aissa. It is he who has done it. The wretch!'"

"Of whom? Of Castagnac?" I said astonished at her anger.

"I do not understand you."

"Whom do you mean, Fatima?" I said astonished at her anger. "I do not understand you." "It is the letter," he said, "of a particulaire, Fatima by name. I thought, sir it might interest you."

"Well, give him poison. He is a wretch. He made me write to the officer to tell him to come here. I refused to do it. Yet this young man had sought for my acquaintance for a long time, but I knew that Castagnac owed him a grudge. When I refused, he declared he would come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not, so I wrote. Here is his letter."

I went forth from Fatima's with a heavy heart, but my resolution was soon made. Without losing a minute on the way, I ascended to the Kasbah, entered the hospital, and knocked at Castagnac's door.

"Come in! What, is it you?" he said, forcing a smile. I did not expect you!"

For all answer I showed him the letter that he had written to Fatima. He turned pale, and, having looked at it for a second, made a movement as if to throw himself upon me.

"If you make a step towards me," I said, placing my hand upon the hilt of my sword, "I will kill you like a dog! You are a wretch. You have assassinated Duterre. I was at the amphitheatre: heard all. Do not deny it! Your conduct towards that woman is infamous; a French officer to lower himself to such a degree of infamy! Listen! I ought to deliver you over to justice, but your dishonour would defile us all. If an atom of heroism remains within you, kill yourself! I grant you till tomorrow. Tomorrow by seven, if I find you still living, I will myself take you before the commandant the place."

Having said this, I withdrew without waiting for his reply, and went at once to give the strictest orders that Lieutenant Castagnac should not be permitted to leave the hospital under any pretext whatsoever. Since Castagnac's guilt had been rendered evident to me I had become pitiless. I felt that I must avenge Raymond. Having procured a torch, such as our spahis use in their night caravans, I shut myself up in the amphitheatre, closing its strong doors with double bars. I took up my position at the window, inhaling the fresh breeze of the evening and thinking over the horrible drama in which I was called to play so prominent a part till night came on. Some hours had passed thus, and all was buried in the deepest silence, when I heard stealthy steps descending the staircase. They were followed by a knock at the door. No answer. A ferret's hand then sought for the keyhole.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.

"Open!" exclaimed a voice from without. I was not deceived, it was him. A stout shoulder made an effort to shake the door from its hinges. I moved not, scarcely breathless. Another and a more vigorous effort was then made, but with the same want of success. Something then fell on the ground, and the footsteps receded. I had escaped assassination.

But what would become of him? Once more, as if by instinct, I took up my position at the window. I had not waited long before I saw the shadow of Castagnac advancing along the foot of the wall. The hard-hearted criminal stopped some time to look up at my window, and seeing nothing, moved on slowly with his back to the rampart. He had got over half the distance when I cast the shout of death at him:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

But whether he was prepared for whatever happened, or that he had more hardihood than his victim, he did not move, but answered me with ironic laughter:

"Ah, ah, you are there doctor; I thought so. Stop a moment, I will come back; we have a little matter to arrange together."

Then, hitting my torch, and raising it over the precipice:

"It is too late," I said; "look, wretch, there is your grave!"

And the vast steps of the abyss, with their black shining rocks, were illuminated down to the depths of the valley. It was so terrible a vision that I involuntarily drew back myself with horror at the scene. What must it have been to him who was only separated from it by the width of a brick! His knees began to tremble, his hands sought to cling to something on the face of the wall.

"Mercy?" exclaimed the assassin, in a hoarse voice, "have mercy on me!"

I had no heart to prolong his punishment. I cast the torch forth into space. It went down slowly, balancing its flames to and fro in the darkness, lighting up rocks and shrubs on its way, and casting sparks on the void around it had already become but as a luminous point in the abyss, when a shadow passed by it with the rapidity of lightning.

I then knew that justice had been done.

As I resounded to my own room, my foot struck against something. I picked it up; it was my sword; Castagnac, with characteristic perfidy, had resolved to kill me with my own sword, so as to leave an opening for belief in suicide. I found, as I had anticipated, my room in utter disorder, the door had been broken open, my books and papers ransacked, he had left nothing untouched. Such an act completely dissipates whatever involuntary pity I might have felt for the fate of such a wretch.

#### Medical Copartnership.

The Public are hereby informed that Dr. TITZER has entered into a Professional copartnership with W. N. WICKWIRE, M. D., a Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, N. Y., and he at all times consulted at their Offices 101 Hollis Street, (next door South of the Halifax Hotel.) Halifax, Nov. 18, 1864.

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TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, SPICES, FLOUR, MEAL,

PICKLES, SAUCES,

CHOICE HAVANNA CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &c.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

43, BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

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, Tenny, Drawing, Medium, Royal, Super Royal. NEWS PAPER PRINTING PAPERS. The stock of Mourning, Wedding, and Counting House Stationery will be found one of the largest and most complete in the city. BLANK BOOKS made from fine 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, Banners, Bill Books, Memo and Pass Books.

ENGLISH PAPER HANGINGS AND BORDERS; PLAIN AND FIGURED WINDOW CURTAINS.

Playing, Printing, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Visiting Cards.

Pen and Pencil Knives, combs, Violin Strings, Jewelry, and a large variety of other small wares suitable for Jobbers, Pedlars, and others. The stock of

BIBLES, CHURCH SERVICES, PRAYER BOOKS, TESTAMENTS, is very large, and Collectors and other dealers can be supplied on the most favourable terms.

The British Poets and other beautifully illustrated Books in Plain and Antique Morocco Bindings.

Every description of School Books and School requisites, with a General Assortment of Standard Books in the various departments of Literature.

Bookbinding, Printing and Paper Ruling executed with neatness & despatch.

**LONDON BOOK STORE,**

125, GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

**Filberts and Almonds.**

TWENTY BAGS FILBERTS, 20 fraits soft shelled Almonds. Fresh and good. Just received by

LODDLY & STIMPSON.

**Albert Gem Biscuits.**

THE Subscribers having been appointed Agents for the Sale of the ALBERT GEM BISCUITS, have just received by Mail Str. "Africa," a supply in small tins, which they offer for sale at a very low price.

These biscuits are supplied to the Royal Family and many of the Nobility of England.

LODDLY & STIMPSON.

**ATTENTION!**

JAMES SCOTT

Has just received from England and France—Moot & Chandon's, Citequot's, Mumm's, and Prince of Wales Champagne. Superior sparkling Hock, Moselle, and Burgundy—pints and quarts.

30 doz. very superior pale and brown SHERRIES—Vino de Pasto, Amontillado, Bell, Rennie, & Co's. Lindays, Hornblower & Co's. Woodhouse and Inglish's dry MARGALA. Fine old MADIRA.

LIQUEURS—Curacao, (Dutch and French) Creme De 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 5 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—pints and quarts.

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

**ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT.**

J. R. CHAMBERLAIN,

Surgeon Dentist,

No. 198, ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX.

Cockle's Pills,

At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.

Dixon's do.,

At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.

Leeching's Essence for

At 148, HOLLIS STREET.

Lameness in Horses,

JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.

Gibson's Horse Powders,

At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.

Choice Perfumery,

At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.

Hair Brushes,

At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.

Pomades,

At JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE.

WHOLESALE

**DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE,**

BELL & ANDERSON,

Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

DEALERS IN BRITISH & FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

A STOCK of the above, in every variety, will always be open for inspection. Exclusive attention given to the WHOLESALE TRADE.

**PORT WINE.**

The Subscribers have just received by the Brig "Talbot," direct from Oporto a supply of Hunt & Co's genuine Port Wine, consisting of

10 Hhds.	100 qr casks.	40 octaves.	Double Diamond.	
10 "	100 "	40 "	Treble Diamond.	
10 "	100 "	40 "	Four Diamond.	
50 cases containing 2 dozen each			} Bottled Port	
50 "	"	2 "		} 350 doz.
100 "	"	1 "		
20 Hhds. 250 Qr. casks			PORT WINE, Grape mark.	

Also in Warehouse.—One and Two Diamond Port of former importations. The above Wine is of a quality corresponding to the brands and such as the trade has been accustomed to purchase from the Subscribers.  
Halifax, Nov. 18, 1864. H. A. CRIGHTON & SON.  
chron col 1m

**Gelatine, Spices, Citron.**

Nelson's Opaque Gelatine, Nelson's Brilliant do. Patent Refined Isinglass. Pure Ground Spices, Flavouring Essences in variety. Candied Citron and Lemon Peels, just received from the manufactory in London. AVERY BROWN & Co.

**The Genuine Cologne**

Is that made by JOHN MARIA FARINA, Opposite the Julie's Place, Cologne. In delicacy and durability of fragrance it far surpasses the production of every other maker. The Subscribers are always supplied with the above direct from the manufacturer. AVERY BROWN & Co.

**HOUSE AND SHOP FURNITURE: VARIETY HALL.**

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 STRETCHERS.

Children's Crisps, Oil Cloth Carpets, Felt Druggets, Hearth Rugs, Cocoa Matting, &c., different qualities and widths. Also from Boston—Twenty new Bedroom Sets, some very handsome, containing 11 pieces Bedroom Furniture, round end Wooden Bedsteads, Bureaus, assorted sizes, painted; also, Mahogany and Walnut Veneered, marble tops and plain; Mahogany and Walnut Haircloth, Spring-seat SOFAS, COUCHES, AND ROCKING CHAIRS. (One and Wood Seat Sitting and Rocking Chairs, Ingot variety; Children's chairs in wood, cane and willow; assorted cane and Wood stools, and Arm Chairs, Hair, Excelsior, and Seaweed MATTRESSES, all widths, constantly on hand and made to order.

**FEATHER BEDS, BOLSTERS AND PILLOWS.**

assorted sizes; American Green Cane or Reed Blinds, all widths; Wash Stands, assorted sizes; Cloths and Towel Stands; Bell Hats Stands; Round and Square Tables; Centre, Leaf, Trollette, Dining and Extension, in various woods and well assorted; BIRD CAGES, a beautiful assortment; pairs of Tubs, dozens Buckets, Brooms and Clothes Pins, Travelling Trunks and Valises; Brass-mounted and Plated HARNESSES; Looking Glasses, and an endless variety of articles needed by Housekeepers, and which can be purchased cheaper at VARIETY HALL than elsewhere. All Goods purchased at this place are sent home free of expense, to parties living in the city.

**Cash Purchases are allowed a Trade Discount.**

Goods given on credit to responsible parties at regular prices. Intending purchasers are respectfully requested to call and examine our very large and varied stock, before concluding their arrangements for house-keeping.  
J. D. NASH & CO.

CIRCULAR No. 18.

**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC, AND INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL POSTMASTERS.**

**PATTERN POST**

BETWEEN Nova Scotia and the United Kingdom.

On and from this date Patterns of Merchandise may be transmitted by Post between Nova Scotia and England, by Packet, at the following rates of Postage which must be prepaid by means of Postage Stamps

- For a Packet not exceeding 4 oz cents.
- Above 4 oz. and not exceeding half-pound 12 and a half Cts
- Above half pound 1d and not exceeding 1 lb 25 cents
- Above 1 lb and not exceeding 1 pound and a half 37 and a half Cts
- Above 1 pound and a half and not exceeding 2 lb 50 Cts
- Every additional half pound, 12 and a half Cents.

Special attention is directed to the following Rules and Regulations, which will be strictly enforced:—

- 1st. No packet of patterns must exceed two feet in length breadth, or depth; exceeding such dimensions, it will be treated and charged as a letter.
- 2nd. The Patterns must not be of intrinsic value. This rule extends all articles of a saleable nature, and, indeed, whatever may have a value of its own, apart from its mere use as a pattern; and the quantity of any material sent that it can fairly be considered as having, on this ground, an intrinsic value. Packets containing patterns of intrinsic value will be treated and charged as letters.
- 3rd. There must be no writing or printing other than the address of the person for whom the packet is intended, the address of the sender, a trade mark and number, and the prices of the article; otherwise this packet will be treated as a letter.
- 4th. The patterns must be sent in covers open at the end, so as to be easy of examination Samples, however, of seeds, drugs, and softwath, which cannot be sent in open covers may be enclosed in bags of linen or paper material, tied by the neck, bags so closed that they cannot be readily opened, even although they be transparent, must not be used for this purpose. Non-compliance with this rule will also subject the packet to be treated as a letter.

In all other respects the regulations of the Colonial Book Post will apply to the Pattern Post. Under these Regulations, in order to prevent any interruption to the regular transmission of letters a packet of patterns may, when it is necessary, be kept back for one Mail beyond the time when in the ordinary course it would be forwarded.

The rule which forbids the transmission through the Post of any article likely to injure the contents of the Mail Bags or the person of any Officer of the Post Office, is, of course, applicable to the Pattern Post; and a packet containing anything of the kind will be stopped and not sent to its destination.

A. WOODBATE, F. M. General.

General Post Office, Halifax, Nov. 12, 1864.

**CHOICE PERFUMERY.**

Bayley's Essence Bonquet. Hannay's Rondeletia. Lubin's Perfumes all odours. Piesse's Frangipanni,—also 50 dozen Cleaver's Toilet Soaps and Pomades, for Sale by AVERY, BROWN & Co.

**COMMERCE.**

**NEW BOOKS AT THE ARMY & NAVY BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT, 155, HOLLES STREET.**

*MARINE STEAM ENGINE*, by *Main & Brown*. *Travels in the Holy Land*, by *Rev. J. P. Norbury, D. D.* *Essays, Moral, Political and Ecclesiastical*, by *H. Spencer*. *Under the Ban (Le Mau dit)*. *The Ser*, 2 Vol., by *Leigh Hunt*. *Merchant Mechanic*, by *Mary A. Howe*. *History of Sacred Poetry*, by *Rev. Geo. T. Rider*. *Autobiography of Lieut. Gen. Scott*, 2 Vol., written by himself. *LATE MAGAZINES and NEWS PAPERS*. Also *NEW MUSIC*. Z. S. HALL.

**FISHWICK'S COLONIAL EXPRESS,**

CARRIAGE WHEELS, MANCHESTER MAILS. Running to 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 Canadas, and at Boston with Adams's Steam, Risk & 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. Drafts in small sums to suit sold on London, Liverpool and Paris. Expresses made up at this office twice a day for Windsor and Toronto; daily to all parts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, United States, Canadas, (overland) and twice a week via Windsor and St. John. Fortnightly for Newfoundland and Europe; and monthly for Bermuda and West Indies.

**PRINCIPAL OFFICES.**

London—126, *Chancery*, and 55, *Mile Street*.  
Liverpool—48 & 55, *The Albany*, and 9, *Chapel Street*.  
Newfoundland—W. D. Morrison.  
St. John, N. B., *Boston and Portland Eastern Express Company*.  
Chief Office: 240 & 250, *Holles Street*.  
FREDERICK W. FISHWICK, Proprietor.

**NEW GROCERY STORE.**

The Subscribers having removed from *Lar Town* to the City of Halifax, return their sincere thanks to their Old Customers in the Counties of Colchester and Pictou for the generous support accorded them, and solicit a continuance of the same in the New Establishment, No. 24 SACKVILLE STREET, opposite J. D. Nash's Variety Hall.

Town and Country Dealers will find constantly on hand a choice selection of GROCERIES and WINES of the choicest brands suitable to their wants, at the lowest prices. Having large and commodious store rooms, they will take goods on Commission, and sell to the best advantage of the owners. Country Produce will be strictly attended to.  
CHARLES GRAHAM & CO., 24 Sackville Street, Halifax, Jan. 7, 1864.

**CHARLES KAIZER,**



FORMERLY FURRIER TO THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF PRUSSIA & 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.

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

**Musical Instruction.**

**MR. EDWARD A. R. KERN & LOUIS MYER, PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.**

Respectfully inform the Musical Public that they give lessons on PIANO, ORGAN, MELODEON, FLUTE, GUITAR, ZITHER, and in SINGING; and they are also prepared to receive advanced Pianists as pupils—to accompany them in Sonatas, Duos, Concertos, and Solos, etc. They also give lessons in the FRENCH, ITALIAN, and GERMAN LANGUAGES. Terms in all cases reasonable. Enquire at Mr. Hall's or Mr. Muir's Book-stores, or at their residence.

TERMS.—Single lessons in all the above named branches for 24 Lessons given at the pupils residence . . . . . 43 0 0  
Lessons given at their own residence . . . . . 2 10 0  
A class consisting of 4 to 8 pupils, for 24 Lessons (Singing) . . . . . 0 0 0  
Public Schools for 24 . . . . . 5 0 0  
A class consisting from 4 to 12 pupils for languages, 24 Lessons . . . . . 0 0 0  
Public Schools for languages 24 Lessons . . . . . 5 0 0  
Playing "a prima vista" with advanced Pianists, accompaniments on the Flute, to Sonatas, Duos, Concertos Solos, etc., per hour . . . . . 0 5 0  
Also—Lessons given in Fencing, Fells. Instructing given in Gymnastics to children. Terms very reasonable.  
Applications are to be made at No. 6, Fawcett Street, Halifax, N. S.

**Tea, T'a.**

SEVENTY chests Black Tea—just received from London. LORDLY & STIMPSON.

The BULLFROG Published Weekly price 2 cents per copy. Communications and Advertisements to be addressed to "The Editor of the Bullfrog," Office 111 Barrington Street. Advertising terms sixteenth of a column half a dollar first insertion, every other insertion 124 cents, one eighth or one quarter of a column at the same rate.

The Agents for the sale of the "Bullfrog," are in this city, Z. S. HALL, MUR, MACKENZIE, KATZMAN. In the Country, BROOKLYN, WINDSOR, PATTERSON, PICTOU, FIELDER, YARMOUTH, FERGUSON, SYDNEY, MCILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B., HOAR, RICHMOND DEPOT.

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