

# THE BULLFROG.

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## NOTICE.

We wish to inform our readers, once and for all, that the **BULLFROG**, although printed at the **HALIFAX INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL**, is in no way connected with that Institution. We think it due to the printing establishment of the Industrial School, to state that our first number was struck off by the steam printing press.

## PUBLIC MEN.

We have already stated that our Public men, taken en masse, find little favour in the eyes of those whose opinions must necessarily influence a stranger anxious to estimate our political condition aright. We might indeed go further, and say that those highest in the social scale recoil from any undertaking which can, directly or indirectly, be associated with politics. This was plainly noticeable in connection with the late Canadian visitors. If we except the public dinner, there was no public occasion which brought our guests face to face with the upper rank of society. The Canadians were publicly received by a few local politicians, backed up by a parcel of people having for the most part no social status whatever. But it is not only among our wealthier citizens that Office holders are out of favour; a similar opinion exists among men of all ranks, creeds, and professions. Men differing most widely in temper, in political sympathies, and in mode of life, are yet agreed in their estimate of public men. To men of almost every class and calling we have put the plain question—Are those at the head of affairs, men who have the honour and welfare of the Province at heart? And from men of all classes we have received the answer—They care nothing for the Province, so long as they can make money out of political life. This admission is, to say the least, somewhat humiliating, and but ill calculated to impress a stranger with exalted notions regarding the practical working of Responsible Government in Nova Scotia. But is such an admission justifiable? It may not be so, albeit conceded by a multitude of tongues. Giving our politicians the benefit of the doubt, let us for the time being ignore opinions thus desultorily expressed, and turn to opinions deliberately put for public consideration in the columns of the Press. A man—nay, even a number of men—may at times speak unadvisedly with their lips, but few men write unadvisedly for public perusal. Yet we fear that the Press likewise estimates public men at a standard the reverse of honorable. One journal, while commenting upon a politician, asks the Nova Scotians—“What they think of the man who attempted to pass off this garbled statement before the public, for the sake of getting into office and fattening on a salary? Would he, or would he not, walk up to your counter with a forged check? Will you not then put him down as a public deceiver?” Another paper tells us that certain men had faithfully adhered to a distinguished politician,—“until he practised upon them these intolerable acts of deception and perfidious treachery.” Again—“the day of **LOWDEN**'s prestige is over, and the despicable system of swindling so suspiciously inaugurated by **JOHNSON**, is not

likely to be successfully carried out by his insignificant disciple.” The following vigorous paragraph from the leading journal next claims attention. “What the public understand is this—that the leading men in power now, are the veriest impostors the world ever witnessed. They duped the country, deluded honest men, cheated their own supporters, made promises they never intended to fulfil, broke their pledges, forfeited their engagements.” This is a sad picture, but it is ratified by an evening paper in the following words—“The public, as is now confessed, has been duped, intentionally deceived, by those hypocritical professors of patriotism. Will that public be duped again? Will it again put confidence in the men who have not only deceived them, but who thus boast of the deception as a rather praiseworthy and clever dodge to accomplish their own private ends?” So far, the Press would seem to be no bad exponent of public opinion, and the following paragraph (taken from a journal usually prone to note our doings in the most congratulatory tone) thus sums up the opinions commonly in vogue regarding those to whom the interests of the Province have been confided—“a state of society where the people are so familiarized with the fact of a leading man being charged with infamy, that it has come to excite neither surprise nor indignation.” It would seem therefore that the spoken opinions of the community and the published opinions of the Press coincide as regards political life. Where can our stranger turn now,—where look for a redeeming feature in our politics as at present conducted? Have our people and our Press combined to misrepresent the political world, and to cast a slur upon the leaders of an Assembly elected by the people themselves? Such a combination for such a purpose is possible, but highly improbable. Arguing upon the “possibility,” let us, as a last resource, turn to the public acts of public men, in order to ascertain whether they justify, or even excuse, the unqualified censure of the people and the Press. Let us turn to the case of Mr. **HENRY B. LOWDEN**, whose treatment at the hands of those now holding office is yet fresh in the minds of our readers. The case is a curious one, inasmuch as Mr. **LOWDEN**'s dismissal from Government employ was the result of the charge upon which he was indicted having broken down. Mr. **LOWDEN** was accused of having voted for a certain party in 1859, and in proof of this charge a poll book was produced, wherein was written **HENRY LOWDEN**. Upon the strength of this evidence Mr. **LOWDEN** was temporarily convicted, and the fat went forth that he should be ousted from public employ. But when it had been shown that such evidence was in reality no evidence at all, Mr. **LOWDEN** was temporarily reinstated. His respite was however somewhat brief, inasmuch as having proved the executive body capable of error, was deemed a crime far greater than that with which he had been originally charged viz., voting in 1859. Now what opinions would our stranger form regarding this transaction? He would see those to whom the interests of the Province have been confided in a light somewhat curious, and would be forced to admit that there is in the politics of Nova Scotia something more than is dream't of in the philosophy of the mother country. He

would be compelled to note the conduct of the executive in three distinct phases, each of which shows that respectable body in a position more or less humiliating. First, comes the odd coincidence of names, whereby the one LOWDEN was judged and condemned for the political opinions of his namesake. This would puzzle our stranger. Having already been compelled to accept the "possibility" of the public and the Press knowing nothing whatever about public men, he would now find himself arguing upon the "possibility" of an executive body not having wantonly deceived the Queen's Representative in order to perpetrate an act of injustice. But at this juncture we come upon Dr. TUPPER's letter to LOWDEN, and learn that the ministry had been "in error" upon this point. Dr. TUPPER's letter is the second act of this curious farce, and we purpose studying that letter as illustrative of an American politician. As a general rule, when a body of men *unintentionally* wrong an individual, they seek to afford him reparation upon his wrongs being proved; but when a body of men are resolutely bent upon wronging a man, any exposition of their injustice but serves to whet their unrighteous purpose. Dr. TUPPER expresses regret that LOWDEN should have been wronged through "an error," but his reparation goes no further; on the contrary, his letter is one of exultation in the power with which he is invested. Such at least would seem to be the tone of the following passage:—"It appears, nevertheless, that whilst your case was receiving much unusual consideration at the hands of His Excellency, you did not hesitate to give publicity to his correspondence in a manner calculated to reflect injuriously on his responsible advisers." It seems somewhat strange that a politician who can bear without a murmur a public accusation of "lacking the essential element of truth," should grow indignant about an *injurious reflection* upon him in his capacity as a responsible adviser of the Lieutenant Governor. When publicly charged with untruthfulness by a man of his own standing, he says nothing; but when (in common with others) temperately convicted of "an error" by one in a humbler walk of life, he takes up the matter seriously, and evicts from public employ a Light House Keeper. Our English observer would deem this slightly inconsistent, but eminently instructive. Mr. LOWDEN was placed in a trying position. He had but two courses open before him. He must either have lost his place through "an error," or he must have invested the "error" with something which redolent credit upon those who had erred. It is clear he must have lost his place in either case. Dr. TUPPER alludes to a passage in Mr. DALY's letter which pronounced as "indecorous" the "spectacle of persons holding official positions and yet taking a prominent part against the ministry of the day." The question naturally arises—what constitutes taking "a prominent part" in politics? We can understand the expression when applied to the chairman of an election committee, or to an energetic public speaker, or to a vigorous party pamphleteer, but we cannot admit that a man who successfully vindicates himself against a charge founded on an error, is entitled to prominence in the political world. The concluding sentences of Dr. TUPPER's letter is somewhat unnecessary. Speaking of LOWDEN's case, he says he cannot allow it "to lead to any misconception." It is not at all likely to do so; the only misconception was on the part of the Government. The third act of this contemptible farce, viz, the attempted defence of the Executive by clap-trap allusions to "Responsible Government," "the rights of the people," &c., is beneath criticism, and our stranger, however confused in his notions of colonial justice, would by this time at least understand why public men are but rarely met in society.

#### PICTOU—ITS RAILROAD AND ITS PIER.

It has been, for some time, determined that we shall have a railroad to Pictou. Why a railroad to Pictou should ever have been thought of; why having been thought of, the strange idea should not instantly have been dismissed from every one's brain; and finally when, having been decided upon, the said railroad will be completed, are questions difficult to answer on any reasonable hypothesis? To begin with it has no doubt occurred to every one acquainted with Pictou, that the traffic, barring a few stray tons of coal, which by the bye could be transported just as cheaply, or more so, by sea, will be amply satisfied by an average of one train per month. There is to be sure a contingent advantage in the fact that a return ticket will be necessary in nine cases out of ten, for all the hapless travellers, whose abiding dwelling place may not be Pictou itself. This is obvious, as unless the entrapped wanderers decide upon settling in that cheerful spot, their only way of escape will be back again by rail. Pictou is certainly on the shore of Pictou Bay, and a steamer calls there occasionally, but such trifling conveniences as piers having been overlooked by the Pictouian mind, getting on the Bay, or what comes to the same thing, getting on board the steamer is, as a general rule, quite out of the question. We put it to wiser heads than ours, whether the anticipation of this hypothetical seesaw traffic justifies the construction of a railroad. For our own part we confess to grave doubts, as we fear the dodge would get wind, and but few adventurers could be found to thrust themselves into such a patent cul de sac. It is quite refreshing to see a pleasantly reckless spirit of speculation abroad in the community, particularly when the funds for the game are supplied by Government; but we should prefer it exhibited in a less hopelessly insane undertaking. That the whole aspect of affairs may change before the completion of the railroad, is quite within the bounds of possibility, as an arithmetical calculation of no great difficulty, will convince any one, that at the present rate of progress the year 1890 will scarcely find it unattainable. The present year of this desirable, (or otherwise) consummation, no amount of inspiration could enable us to predict, when, however, we say that it *may* be coincident with the erection of a pier at Pictou, every one will perceive that we look forward to some far distant period. Be this as it may, whenever and however the railroad is finished, Pictou will be the sole gainer; a judicious arrangement of trains will keep three for one night at least, the luckless way-farers we have already alluded to. On the principle of making hay while the sun shines, the Pictouians will of course make the most of the opportunity; this will be doubly necessary, as no one will ever be income enough to go there twice. Should Government find their ears in that quarter insecure, any amount of support may be ensured by introducing startling varieties in the time tables, prolonging the involuntary imprisonment of one night to a week or a fortnight. We need scarcely add that the danger on all occasions to be sedulously guarded against, will be "making connection" with the steamer. The Pictou mind will be under the present regime alive to the advantages of a pier; it can scarcely be expected that light will dawn upon it, in the new state of affairs we have just sketched. The erection of a pier would rob them of all this golden harvest, and the great fear will be that they will destroy or conceal all their boats, prior to the arrival of the monthly train, thus leaving no means of embarkation but by swimming. As people generally travel with a certain amount of baggage, this would be highly inconvenient. We may be all wrong, and the Pictou mind may really grasp the advantage of a pier, but the Pictou sense of the ludicrous, may overcome the Pictou sense of the useful. The Pictou papas may enjoy seeing their wives and daughters and those of other people borne through the waves by stout sailors, particularly if they occasionally fall. Or again the Pictou mind may be misanthropic, and may delight in the miseries of the unfortunate beings who are there compelled to run the risk of decapitation or emasculation. In looking out for arguments for the construction of this railroad, there is still the hypothesis that a paternal government anxious to provide work for a starving population, hit upon this as a feasible scheme. This position is we are afraid untenable, instead of a pleochora, there seems to be a dearth of labour; barring the surveying engineers and their assistants, we have as yet heard of no one at work. One last hypothesis remains, and that is that the whole affair is a job; this is too horrible to be true, and rather than entertain it for one moment, we prefer to think that some of the facts of the case have escaped our notice, or that our usually logical mind has missed some links in the chain of argument. We may notice that the whole affair seems about on a par in point of wisdom, with the sage design of cutting a Canal (St. Peters) to a lake, where the oldest fish has probably never in his life seen such a thing as a fishing smack.

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## MR. PERRINGTON'S DIARY.

*Monday, September 5th.* Met B—this morning who told me that for three hours he had been attending divisions in the City Council. I asked him of what kind, for divisions of some sort are there always on hand. "On this occasion," he answered, "we were dividing and redividing on amendments." "Such," I said, "seems to be the normal state of your worshipful council." But it does seem strange that so much valuable time should be lost in such petty bickerings. C—accounts for it by the intense love of Aldermen of hearing their own voices, and the pleasure they derive from voting upon however small a matter. Was horrified to hear that the Council had decided not to water the streets for some days on account of the lowness of the water in Beaver Lake. Thought of the state of our streets when Beaver Lake was full, and dreaded the morrow. Wife and daughters having bought new autumn bonnets and other trippery (ex Hecla) were much depressed at the news.

*Tuesday, September 6th.* Went to Gardens to see the flower show. Dismal forebodings realized. Wind of course rose, as street water failed, and arrived at the show as white as a miller. The display of flowers was miserable and attendance small, though considering the number of beautiful gardens which I pass in my walks, I cannot but wonder that the list of exhibitors is not longer. Perhaps many fear that their flowers would sustain injury at such a show. This I am told would not be the case. My wife has a superb sun flower in our back yard which she truly says would make more show than anything we saw in the H. G. Wife and daughters sulky about the weather, so meant to dine at club. Saw B—on the steps, who looked coldly on me for what I had said about City Council; so dined at Stewarts, where I found excellent fruit from the States.

*Wednesday, September 7th.* Wife insisted on my attending sale in Pleasant street. Bought fifty things I did not want and gave three times their price for many, because I saw that fellow C—deliberately bidding against me. I can't understand why folks will go on bidding for things they cannot possibly want as C—did for a mousetrap. I got the mousetrap however, for hav'nt forgotten the way C—outbid me about that cradle I took such a fancy to last month. Wondered who those people are that one meets at every sale and what they do with their purchases. Wife was nodding and blinking so fast at the auctioneer, that, for family considerations, I thought it best to remove her.

*Thursday, September 8th.* To Windsor, to the Bazaar which wife begged me to attend. Found out just after leaving Mount Uniacke that the bazaar had been held the day before and had been a great success. Was much displeased, and determined to stop at the next station, though I know wish I had gone on to Windsor. Stopped at Still Water and waited for afternoon train. Eat bread and molasses for luncheon, nothing else being at hand in the only house I could see within miles. Came back to Halifax by evening train, and arrived late at the great dinner, to our Mayor. Much speech-making in which I did not join, and which bored me. Hope we may have as good a mayor next year. Passed a pleasant evening, and found wife just returned from a tea-party where she had picked up some very funny bits of news as she called them, but which I call gossip or even scandal.

*Friday, September 9th.* Lost Ponto this morning, and the more sorry for it, because his collar has gone to be engraved and he is now without one. Sent out servant to enquire about the dog. No tidings. B—called and said he had just seen C—walking with a dog very like Ponto to the police station. Went there at once and made enquiries. Recognized my dogs howl, in an inner room—rushed in—and found the poor beast already half dead from poison. "Can he be saved?" I asked. "No," answered a policeman. "I guess not now, we have been trying how much he could stand for the last three hours. I fancy this dose will fix him." Dog died. Went home in a rage, but learn that C—(who owes me a grudge) has a perfect right to act towards any dog as he did to mine. This law should be altered. Eudocia perfectly wretched about poor Ponto, very much out of sorts to bed early.

## OUR GARRISONS IN THE WEST.\*

*Our Garrison in the West* has created no little stir in the literary world at Halifax, and has been honoured by extremely laudatory reviews, in all, or nearly all the local papers. Why it has been singled out for this marked and special commendation, we are at a loss to understand. That it does possess a certain degree of merit, we do not wish to deny, but praise ad libitum is much out of place. We would fain hope, that we may justly congratulate the reviewers on their proficiency, in the art of "plastering," which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we may explain to mean, praising a book to order, without going through the formality of reading it. If our congratulations are misplaced,

\* *Our Garrison in the West*, or, Sketches in British North America, by Francis Duncan, M. A.; F. G. S.; F. R. G. S.; Member of Colonies Committee S. A.; D. C. L. King's College, N. S.; Lieutenant Royal Artillery.

and the writers of the poems in question really did read *Our Garrison in the West*, their literary discrimination must be of a remarkably feeble order, and we have no doubt, their silly adulation was quite as revolting to the author, as to ourselves.

After these remarks, it is absolutely necessary that we give our own view of the merits and demerits of the book in question. In his preface, the author apologizes for irregularity and lameness of style, on the plea of hurry and illness. Now apart from the fact, that there is no reason on earth, why *Our Garrison in the West* should not have been just as successful if published six months later, and therefore with the advantage of so much more revision, this is a most pernicious description of preface. It so to speak, seeks credit by inference; while deprecating damaging criticism, it seems to say, "if I can do this when ill and in a hurry, what could I not achieve when well and at leisure." It does not, however, do so much harm, as might be anticipated, as people have got into the habit of ignoring prefaces, wholly concluding that the author has done his best, however bad or good that may be. If he chooses to assert that he had not done so, the reading public has in his case an additional right to complain, at having had revised or carelessly written books flung before it.

We will now turn our attention from the preface to the book. From the materials he lays before us, and from sketches here and there in his happier style. We think the author had it in his power to produce a readable book, of no very high literary order, but amusing, and to a certain extent instructive. All possibility, of this however, vanishes, when he adopts a style affected and verbose to the last degree. Every page he writes, except in Chap. XV and XVI, could with advantage be condensed into half the space, and many, we fear, would disappear altogether in the process. Redundant wordiness, a passion for tying an adjective to every substantive, gives a labored and heavy tone to his writing, and we need scarcely remark, that jocularity in this ponderous form, is rather trying. When Mr. Duncan is able to emancipate himself from the florid style, he is forcible and neat, while his simpler descriptions of scenery are often remarkably good. The chapter "Through the thousand Islands to Kingston," too long to give here, is a specimen of what he can do in his happier moments, though even here we detect at times a straining after effect, which jars upon our feelings. One habit of Mr. Duncan's, we cannot too strongly condemn, that is his practice of pulling in by the ears, quotation after quotation; apropos or not in they come, at the top of a page, at the bottom, and in the middle, till we are tempted to believe that they are pressed into the service, for symmetry, not for sense. We have no particular objection to scraps of Latinity at the head of a chapter, and we are glad to find that the author keeps up his Horace, but it is surely somewhat pedantic to introduce an anecdote thus: "One of our mess, let me call him Smith,

"Quid ridens? mutato nomine, fabula de te narratur."

We were just going to suggest that in a future edition, the chapter "On the Tracks of Longfellow" might with advantage, come in for a large share of the pruning-hook, as bordering on full-flavoured sentimentalism, but the way in which fact and fancy are therein mixed up, is too irresistibly comical to be lost. After, in obedience to the author's wishes, trying to fancy ourselves amongst

"Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven," and just as we were getting into a properly ecstatic frame of mind, we are suddenly brought down to mundane considerations by the prosaic announcement, that the fare from Halifax to St. John, N. B. is six and twenty shillings. From a dinner under difficulties on board the Creole, away we go to "linger among the fields, where the village (Grand-Pre) was, or by the shore of that bay where on that day of sorrow

"The ships with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor" As dead to sublimary matters, we look, and lo! "the cloud-part, and as of old to Evangeline.

We see serenely the moon pass Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follows her footsteps, As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar. Hey presto, to our amazement and discomfiture, we are discussing Nova Scotia apples with intense metaphorical gusto. The dinner on board the Creole, above alluded to, is by the bye, one of the best humorous passages in the book.

The waves thundered against the crazy beams, on which the tea-trays, called state-berths, were suspended, until you felt them give, and expected every moment the cold splash of water over your uneasy carcase. I forgot whether I was sea-sick or not, that voyage; but I remember attempting to partake of a meal on board. This may have been done as a cure for the malady, for constant stuffing is supposed, by some heathen, to be a remedy; but whether it was so or not, of this I am sure, that even to a sound and healthy digestion, a meal on board the Creole, would have acted as a most violent emetic. Down, far down, in a part of the vessel where nothing but rats and paribled stewards could exist with comfort—in a Cabin, whose sides were lined with the berths of gentlemen, in more or less advanced stages of illness, you saw by the flickering light of a

## OUR FARM. II.

MR. BLEUXOSE as I told you last week, though determined to be as moderate as possible in his moment of success, soon allowed the ill effects of his joy to become manifest.

"Boys," cried he, after a great congratulatory dinner to his tenants, "The whole management of the estate having fallen into my hands, and being totally unacquainted with the details of agriculture myself, I am going to appoint a head bailiff to take the trouble of my shoulders. Were I to choose the stupidest low in the land, he would do better than that agent of BULL'S." (great cheering.) You probably all know the way I intend to make the selection: in fact you've been accustomed to the same sort of thing on a small scale before. Let a few then, of those who feel competent to manage the business, come to this end of the table, and I shall then, without bowling, be able to explain the nature of the race they are to run."

Here Mr. BLEUXOSE was interrupted, by a general rush for the head of the Maquette, in which the feast took place. The benches were deserted in a moment, and BLEUXOSE had at last the satisfaction of knowing that all on his estate felt themselves capable of managing his affairs. Few however, reached the top of the table. Many, accustomed to small beer, were overcome by the new BLEUXOSE wine, and found themselves at the first hustle, totally hors de combat, many, accustomed to wine all their lives, were wrought upon by an excess of their favourite liquor, whilst of those who soberly and earnestly urged themselves towards their master, a large number were overcome and thrust under the table by others, their superiors in strength. BLEUXOSE enjoyed the sport, for it was new to him, and when order was restored, resumed his address to those around him, an audience probably of a dozen or eighteen puffed and heated men.

"There is nothing at all original in the plan I now propose, as similar competition are held both up at BULL'S place and elsewhere. The post of bailiff shall be given to him among you, who can drive the greatest number of cattle into this farm-yard, on a given day.

"Oxen!" cried a few of his hearers.

"Not oxen alone, but bulls and heifers, and all that is commonly called cattle."

"Sheep!" cried a number of voices.

No gentlemen, not sheep, I don't wish to be misunderstood, I say cattle in the proper acceptation of the term. Why,—some of you must have been studying Starr's system! He admits in the competition, all manner of unclean beasts, of no possible use on a farm. No, no, my friends, I wish to carry out BULL'S system. Of course, any number of men whom you can persuade to assist you, will be allowed to do so, and the skill of the victor, in cattle driving, will also be backed up by the moral force that has enabled him to enlist so many laborers in his service for the day. Such a man ought to make a very good bailiff.

Here stepped the man, called JOXOX, and said, I think the whole thing is nonsense, we should have done much better as we were. Nothing was pleasanter than the old agent's manner of dealing: he did not interfere more than was good for us, and now you have deprived him of almost all power on the estate. I hate the whole thing, but as it has fallen out so, I shall try for the prize myself.

The driving went off quietly enough on the day named, and I should hardly have bored you with BLEUXOSE's speech about the system, were it not necessary, for the future development of my tale.

The privileges of the head bailiff, were very numerous, he dined with the master every evening, and sat on his right hand; every joke that he uttered, was as a matter of course, received with a "very good!" and loud laughter, all round the table. He had a fair house to live in, and could share with any friends that he chose to adopt, the best fishing and sporting on the estate. The gift of the model lodging houses, for poor people on the farm, was in his hands, and it is needless to say, this power was exercised in favor of those who had best assisted him to win the driving match.

He was nevertheless in constant fear, lest his friends should desert him, and to obviate this danger, was particularly careful in his selection of occupants for these houses of charity, select-

ing them, as far as possible, from amongst those of his supporters, of whose future assistance he felt somewhat doubtful. This fear about his own friends soon led successive bailiffs into many mean actions, which as a rule, they eventually repented, but of this more anon. Mr. GEORGE the first bailiff, acquitted himself very well: he was indeed more like a servant of BULL'S, than a BLEUXOSE farmer, and had already won a little prize for good conduct, at BULL'S great agricultural dinner. He soon left for the home farm, and the bailiffship changed hands. A man well known all over the place, by the sobriquet of Joe, won the neat bailiffship. He was very hard working and honest, his great fault being a nasty habit of scribbling funny, and sometimes offensive remarks, upon the fences about the estate. This propensity had caused him no little trouble some years before. A mysterious writing in chalk to this effect, was found upon a pigsty,—"You are a thief." His hand-writing was recognized as Joe's; and he fully admitted such to be the case. Then said a number of laborers, that can only be meant for our respected head gardener, a man, let us tell you, mostly above such low ribaldry, as you, or such as you, choose to throw out against him." However lofty the ideas of the head gardener might be, he now arrived on the spot in a great fuss, and attended by a great many friends, who joined him in virulent abuse of poor Joe. The latter, attended by a few sympathisers, beat an armed retreat into his house, from which his enemies cautioned him not to stir, under pain of a great prospective mawling on the morrow. The next day, Joe wished to lay his case before Mr. BULL'S agent or before BLEUXOSE himself, but found his cottage surrounded by a furious multitude, many of them BLEUXOSE's household servants. "Let us charge them, and force a way to the agents house," suggested some of Joe's friends. "Many thanks!" answered he "for your kind offer, but I think a few words will disarm many of these silly fellows, and the few sillier still, who can not listen to reason, will me t with justice at the master's hand, when the whole matter is made known to him."

So Joe went to the window of his house, and asked for five minutes attention, which was reluctantly accorded him.

"What," he said, "if what you call ribaldry, and apply to the chief gardener, fitting the cap on him without a moments hesitation, should be simple truth? I am an humble man, and of a quiet nature, but as you have forced this stir upon me, I will not flinch, since it has now gone so far. I found this spoon in the pigsty, and I saw the head gardener hide it there."—(great sensation.) "I see you already call to mind, things that have been hinted about the man you come here to avenge. I have ample proofs, let me go to Mr. BLEUXOSE's house, if I fail to establish my case, buffet me to your hearts content; if on the contrary, I prove all that I now solemnly assert, I fancy all will confess that a great wrong has been done me," (hear, hear.) All I now ask, is permission to pass without molestation to the master's mansion."

This request was readily accorded by most of his hearers, though the head gardener, who stood near the door from which Joe came out, hurled a big brick-bat at the latter, amidst a great confusion of groans and counter groans, cheers and counter cheers.

Joe went to the big house, stated his case, was pronounced by the whole family to be in the right, invited to repeat his visit, and soon after became the most popular on the estate.

I must now return to my story. Joe, as I said before, obtained the bailiffship, vacated by George, and (notwithstanding his many failings) did much good to the farms and lands entrusted to his care. I will tell you more of these matters next week.

## HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

The visit of the Canadian crowd which poured into Halifax a few weeks since, made patent the fact that we are sadly deficient in Hotel accommodation. Not only were many of our visitors necessarily billeted upon hospitable citizens, but even some of those fortunate enough to obtain lodging in an hotel, have complained bitterly in their own papers of the badness and discomfort of their domiciles. Now, Canadians should not be severe critics on this subject, the hotel accommodation in their own great cities being notoriously most indifferent. Should the stranger be unfortunate enough to find the St. Louis, at Quebec, or the St. Lawrence Hall and Donegan's Hotels, at Montreal, full, he will search in vain for a

suspended lamp, charm away the inches of steak of passengers, or those awful little potato, arranged, advanced stages squares of India strongly resemble every moment to razors, and attack Seylla and Charis—evil—and the h up in Yankee fa a tumbler, as if I then, impregnate can give a just d

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suspended lamp, the meat which was to entice your appetite, or charm away your sufferings. And that meat! Those cubic inches of steak, heated over and over again to succeeding lots of passengers, until no trace of their original juiciness remained, those awful little dishes, containing about three sections of a potato, arranged, as if to display in a concise form the more advanced stages of the potato disease; those warm, yellow squares of Indian meal-cake, whose appearance and taste so strongly resembled brown Windsor soap, that one expected every moment to see the assembled company produce their razors, and attack their neglected beards. The tea and coffee—Scylla and Charybdis, for you were allowed your choice of evils—and the horrible accompaniment to every meal, served up in Yankee fashion—eggs, in almost a raw state, beat up in a tumbler, as if for a pudding, by travellers of both sexes, and then, impregnated with pepper, and swallowed whole. Who can give a just description of the horrors of the scene?

This is not only very well told, but possesses the merit of being perfectly true, and reminds us strongly of a recent trip in the Emperor. As the author in his preface alludes to himself, as speaking "truly, even though lamely, of the scenes he has studied," we must receive the description of "Our miserable little island" (St. Helens, Montreal,) as an exercise in extravagance—it can scarcely have been meant to give a real idea of the place, though as a caricature, carried rather to extreme, it may pass muster tolerably well. Of the "Comic adventures in the Woods," we will say nothing, except that they appear to us, a little silly, and not calculated to do credit to the writers common sense. Having got over the preliminary playfulness, (its a pity it is generally so elephantine) we now come to the useful. Having shown us what he cannot do, the author in Chapter XV on the "Trade, and Education of our North American Colonies," and in Chap. XVI on the "Defences of Canada," shows us what he can do. He can amass information, digest it, and present it to the public in plain concise language, showing that he is capable of appreciating the bearing of the different facts upon one another. On the educational branch of the subject, he has bestowed a good deal of attention, and his conclusions are logical and forcibly laid before us. In noticing the lilliputian proportions of our educational efforts, he goes straight to the root of the matter, when he remarks:

"Another evil is the prevalence of a biting sectarianism, which has a blighting influence on academical institutions. In a small community, it does not pay to have each denomination insisting on its own schools and colleges. The energy, and the means which, if united, would support a good and liberal university, are frittered away among a number of mushroom institutions, often lifeless in themselves, and incapable of imparting proper mental life to their students."

He points his argument by a reference to Nova Scotia, where the Government educational grant, instead of being applied to a single Provincial University, is split up to support, a Presbyterian, a Dissenting, a Roman Catholic, and an Episcopalian College. "Centralisation," he well observes, "in the higher walks of education, is a sine qua non, if any great success is to be expected." He throws out one suggestion, which, if adopted, would supply a marked want, and give a great impetus to the education of the Province. Let some arrangement be made, he says, by which "a distinguished student, on the expiry of his provincial curriculum, should procure a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge, or failing that, receive some assistance during a stay at any eminent home university." As a brief resume of the difficulties and means of Canadian defences, the chapter on that subject merits a good deal of praise, not of course as a book of reference, but as containing a considerable amount of general information. We do not remember having seen stated anywhere else, the great natural aptitude of our North American Colonists for discipline and organization, as evinced in the very high perfection of the fire Companies. To the fact that Mr. Duncan is new to his work, may be attributed his general defects in style: these are not radical, but rather forced, adopted we sincerely trust, "for this occasion only." In a future work, we hope to see him settling down to the collar, without so much kicking over the traces at starting.

#### EUROPEAN NEWS.

A well informed Paris journal states that "the map of Gaul and the map of France are just now objects of the greatest interest in Paris literary circles. The Emperor's *Life of Cæsar* has for some time past given rise to discussion as to the two frontiers of both; that discussion has now assumed a definite shape. M. Theophile Lavalle, Professor of History and Literature at the Military School of St. Crs, has published a book under the title of *Frontieres de la France*. He traces France through the periods of the artificial frontier—the "frontier of iron," of Vauban; the "natural limit" of the republic; the passing of the natural frontier by Napoleon; and the failure of the "iron frontier" in 1814. The communication concludes—"If coming events cast their shadows before, it may be just possible to trace it

now on the natural frontier of Ancient Gaul to the East."

Paris seems again to be the centre of political intrigue; the visit of so many crowned heads, so closely following the meeting at Carlsbad, would indicate the Emperor's intention of retaining by every means in his power, the leadership of the so-called "Party of Progress," on the Continent.

The action of the Germanic Confederation promises ere long to assume a new phase. The common object of the reduction of Denmark having been achieved, the inevitable internal disagreement ensues. The smaller powers, invited by Saxony, are arrayed against Austria and Prussia, previously offended at the division of the spoil proposed by the two greater powers. Judicious action at this crisis on the part of Austria, would restore to her the leadership of the Confederation.

#### NEWS FROM THE STATES.

From the resolutions passed by the Democratic Convention, at Chicago, it would appear that the supporters of Gen. McClellan, are pledged to no policy, either pacific or otherwise; they seem to say rather, "we will try and restore the Union, by peace if practicable, if not by war." This is in reality tantamount to a war policy, for all sensible men, know well that the South can only be brought back to the Union by conquest. We see, nevertheless, that in these resolutions a loop-hole is left by which the Democrats could justify to the nation, any change of policy, which circumstances and their own interests might, at a future period, render necessary. Having chosen for nomination, the most popular man in the States, the great party named, waits to see which way the cat will jump, during the next three months, and is well prepared to follow her.

The butchery, before Richmond, under Grant's auspices, has effectually annihilated any chance he may have had of the Presidency. Contrary to usage, the nominee of both the great parties are celebrated and well known men. The Republican party have, however, a dark man, not as yet brought prominently before the public. We should not be surprised to see him brought in eventually, as he fully answers to the description of the man required on such occasions, the great desideratum being total previous obscurity.

The Georgia, is now probably in New York. The fact of her capture by the Niagara, having given rise to much discussion in the English papers, leads us to infer that we are as yet, without information, as to many important facts connected with her seizure, for as far as our knowledge goes, that vessel was sold by the Confederate government, many months since, to English merchants, in which case, there can be no doubt whatever, as to the illegality of her capture.

Sherman in possession of Atlanta, and a portion of the Weldon road in the hands of Gen Grant's army, have not lowered gold in any great degree, which is probably on account of the consideration, that every Northern success, tends to prolong the war to an indefinite period. Another Southern hero has gone to his account. Gen. Morgan has fallen in battle, in Virginia. The loss of a General is a far greater calamity to the South, than ten men of equal rank to the North; the former selects her Generals for their merits while the latter has, till lately, taken them at hap hazard from the multitude.

IMPORTANT TO VOLUNTEER.—Ensign Short writing from Wimbledon says—"with the Whitworth which I won, and you know that this was the object of my ambition, I made as you will have noticed, tolerably good practice for a shot unaccustomed to small bores. But for a provoking accident I believe I should have done much better—at least tied Wyatt if not been one or two points above him; in either of which cases not to speak of the £250, a corps that you got of would have been able to boast of the champion shot of Britain for the year 1864-5. Would you believe it, I was so foolish as to take soda-water and brandy instead of seltzer and brandy that forenoon along with my ham-sandwich! Any thing more imprudent I never heard of. Bitter beer is best, and will do either with a ham or beer Sandwich; but if you take soda-water, then the Sandwich must be of beef. A ham sandwich will do no harm if you have seltzer with it; but I defy the finest shot in the world to do his best after a ham sandwich along with soda. It stands to reason that he must be unsteady. I wish you would take a quiet opportunity of explaining this to the Colonel. He will see the force of it. *Macmillan's Magazine*."

HALIFAX CLUB.—We hope we have been misinformed in being told, that a well known member of this community has been excluded from the Halifax Club, by the influence of his brother practitioners on account of the novelty of his medical opinions. Such intolerance in the nineteenth century is scarcely credible.

respectable house of entertainment; whilst, at their future capital, Ottawa, the only hotel at present in that city would be a disgrace to many of our country towns. If, then, these Canadians, unaccustomed as they are to first class houses, have grounds of complaint against those of Halifax, these latter must surely be uncomfortable indeed. It is now some years since a want like that now felt led to the erection of the Halifax Hotel, the crowded state of which amply proves the wisdom of the move. During these years, however, the passenger traffic through the city has considerably increased, not to mention the large number of persons who would willingly make Halifax a temporary residence, were a good hotel open for their reception. In this matter we are sadly behind our Yankee neighbours. Our principal hotel has all the disadvantages, and so far as we can see, none of the advantages of the American system.—There is the absence of private sitting rooms, and no good public ones.—The absence of private meals, and public ones only to be obtained at fixed hours.—The noise and turmoil of an American bar, with none of its luxuries and conveniences, and added to all this, a total want of proper attendance. We are aware that all this is not the fault of the enterprising proprietor. The house itself built in a hurried manner, to suit the exigencies of the moment requires many and large additions, which the thriving business of the time will hardly allow to be entered upon at present; but we cannot help thinking that much might be done towards the improvement of its interior arrangements and for the private comfort of its numerous guests. Supposing, however, all to be done that is possible to this house, we must not forget that numbers are daily refused admission, and to strike at the root of the evil we want a new hotel.

It may be suggested that it were difficult to find an individual willing to embark, single handed, upon so large a venture. Possibly so, but what is difficult for an individual is easily achieved by a company, and we often wonder that some design of this kind has not ere this been set on foot in Halifax, especially as such schemes have been almost always attended by success. The comforts of single strangers visiting the city have been largely provided for by the erection of the Club House, and it now only remains to establish a first class Family Hotel for the accommodation of those who arrive here accompanied by their wives and children.

We can only hope that some of our leading capitalists and citizens will bestir themselves in the matter.

#### HALIFAX BIRTHS.

Men possessing the least possible amount of influence while on earth, emanating from death sufficient friendship to have their demise proclaimed to the general public. Many persons of whose earthly existence no one seems to care in the slightest degree, are publicly bewailed after death in at least three lines of small print. Those who ignore the living, not unfrequently reverence the dead, and scarce a pauper quits this life without some obituary notice. A man may be an acknowledged burden in the parish for years, without friends, without home, and without money, but no sooner has such a one shuffled off this mortal coil, than his demise is proclaimed side by side with that of, it may be, some national benefactor. This homage to death is general throughout the barbarous, as throughout the civilized world. It is well that it should be so, but it is not our present intention to expatiate upon the merits of a system so generally adopted in all countries—it is enough for our purpose, that deaths are almost invariably notified to the general public. But the paragraphs relating to deaths, are, as a rule, far shorter than those relating to marriages, inasmuch as the bare mention of a death, carries with it something so unspcakably solemn, that any attempt at elaboration would seem superfluous, if not absolutely offensive. To note the day of a man's death, is tantamount to noting for the information of his acquaintances, a catastrophe in itself, complete. The simple statement—*he is dead*—conveys a truth, the magnitude of which language cannot enhance. But with marriages the case is different. It is of the utmost importance to a bride's friends that the leading details of a marriage should be set forth at full length. In ordinary life, it is all important that the *style of a wedding* should be made known to every stray acquaintance. When a girl marries, it is deemed imperative that her remotest acquaintances should know that three or four priests assisted at her wedding, and that the man who has married her is one of whom her whole connection must necessarily be proud. To be married in a fashionable church is, in itself, something, wherewith to twit less fortunate relatives, and if local position justifies a catalogue of the bridesmaids, and a description of their toilettes, the triumph of a bride may be deemed complete. This is but human nature. For one man that cares to learn that a friend died on some distant shore, in peace and quietness with all mankind, there are twenty girls anxious to learn the wedding par-

ticulars of one whom they deemed in all respects inferior to themselves. When a man reads a death announcement, he looks sad, and says little; but when a knot of women read of a girl's marriage, they have plenty to say in commemoration of the man who has been ejected into an unworthy alliance. In such a case, the newly made bride fares badly at the hands of her guardian associates, and not a few intimate that they might have made such a match long ago, had they stooped to the pitiful artifices of one whom they had always held in contempt. However, setting aside the foibles of either sex, there can be no doubt that both deaths and marriages are invested with a fair amount of interest, greater or less, in proportion to the temper of individuals. But there is yet another incident,—common enough in most communities,—to which Halifaxians, and indeed Americans in general,—seem to attach but slight importance. From a careful perusal of the Halifax papers, it would appear that in this city are born scarce any children, other than those of English parentage. This seems very extraordinary, if we take into consideration the many insertions of deaths and marriages which meet our eye from day to day. We have no reason to suppose that Nova Scotians are becoming extinct—on the contrary, we are justified in assuming them to be on the increase,—but we very rarely see the fact made public.

It would seem that the publication of births is not fashionable in Halifax. Why is this? In what particular do we differ from Europeans, that we should shrink from making known a domestic incident, commonly regarded in the light of a blessing? If it be important that marriages should be publicly avowed, it is doubly important that births should have publicity. In peculiar cases, a birth is an event far more interesting to distant relatives than a marriage, inasmuch as it may in a great measure alter or modify the future of one or more individuals. A man possessed of much property may be left a childless widower at thirty, and may with most perfect honesty give out that his affections are buried in the grave of his deceased wife. Should he remain unmarried fifteen years later, the chances are, that some near relative or relatives will be educated as his heirs, and their occupation or profession will probably be guided in accordance with this belief. Meanwhile, our mounted man tires of celibacy, and taking unto himself a second wife, causes much anxiety to the parents and guardians of those hitherto nurtured as his presumptive heirs. But the latter, although disquieted, are not utterly cast down. The second wife's jointure is, it may be, but a small slice off the coveted fortune, and so long as no children come in the way, all must eventually go well. But what anxiety is in store for the heirs presumptive! Their future plans, their choice of a profession, their probable chance of a really advantageous marriage, these, and fifty other considerations of a like nature, hinge each and all upon the chance of a birth resulting from a second marriage. To people thus circumstanced, the whole range of modern literature contains nothing half so interesting as that newspaper corner wherein a line of small print may upset their whole theory of life. But it may be urged, that the non-publication of a birth would in such a case, have a directly mortal tendency, inasmuch as the final overthrow of hopes based upon a breach of the tenth commandment would be stunning and complete. But, on the other hand, it would be more charitable to quench the hopes of expectant heirs as soon as possible, in order that they might the sooner arm themselves for a life of self-dependence. The mere fact of property being, by the laws of the Province, equally divided among children, can hardly be quoted as an argument against the importance of individual births, except in cases where the number of children already born has reduced individual patrimony to something beneath consideration. Some little excuse may be found for the non-publication of births by parents who, having married entirely for love, regard children as a misfortune. There can, it may be argued, be no advantage in blazoning forth the fact that a probable pauper has been brought into the world. This reasoning, although not altogether unsound, is when viewed practically, decidedly inexpedient, inasmuch as those who withhold their sympathy from a selfish improvident marriage may be moved to pity by the innocent result of the alliance, and prevailed upon to offer tangible proof of forgiveness to the romantic though embarrassed love-birds. To poor people, again, the charge of publishing a birth may be a consideration, but, so far as we can learn, the Halifax papers charge nothing for such announcements. What then is the reason that we publish marriages and deaths and let a birth occur unnoticed? We cannot answer the question upon any logical grounds, and we are loath to suppose ourselves infected with that "over-ness," and false delicacy which in the neighboring States has long been quoted as ridiculous and contemptible.

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SIR ALEXANDER MILNE.—The *Illustrated London News* has an engraving of a handsome piece of plate presented to Sir Alexander Milne by the inhabitants of Bermuda, upon the occasion of his retirement from the Naval command of that station. Three figures standing round the stem of the candelabrum are Britannia, Prudence, Prosperity. The following is the inscription on its base:—Presented to Vice Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K. C. B. Naval Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West India Station, by the inhabitants of Bermuda, on the close of his Command on that Station, in testimony of their appreciation of his public service and personal character, 1834."

## ORIGINAL SERMONS.

The *Saturday Review*, lamenting the dreariness of the general run of sermons now-a-days, and urging the desirability of preachers using, instead of their own compositions, good ones which have been written by others, goes on to say:—

"The composition of an original sermon is mostly accomplished in one of two ways. The first method is as follows:—the writer, after choosing his text and counting the number of pages over which his composition is to be stretched, avails himself, in the first instance, of an invaluable institution, known as 'reference to the context.' This consists chiefly in paraphrasing what has gone before—a process which has the double advantage of carrying you well over the ground, and creating an impression that you have studied the subject carefully. Indeed, the comparative value of texts to a young divine must be largely determined by the number of verses which can, without obvious impropriety, be made available for this purpose; and therefore it is always prudent, if we may be allowed to offer a suggestion, to take your text from the end of a chapter, since, if you have to go back for your context to the chapter before, the motive becomes too transparent. Our friend is now fairly started, and, on examining his own ecclesiastical verse, he probably finds that it contains a leading substantive and one or two adjectives, each of which will of course admit of being reproduced in inferior language—a change which is supposed by a stretch of courtesy, to assist in bringing out the meaning. The help of a concordance will then enable him to quote two or three other verses in which the same words are used, sometimes with a similar, more often with quite a different meaning. This is called interpreting Scripture by Scripture, and the extent to which it is to be adopted must of course depend upon the number of pages still remaining to be filled. A few technical terms are now sprinkled over the composition to give the proper theological flavour, the preacher being guided in his selection by the tastes of the party to which he happens to belong; and the whole winds up with an application of what has been said to the special circumstances of the hearers. This may be thought perhaps to require some knowledge and judgment, but in reality it needs nothing of the kind. You have merely to repeat as much as is convenient of what you have already said, and to take care to begin each sentence with 'Let us learn from this' or 'Let us ask ourselves.' The preacher who professes the second method of composition estimates his powers more modestly, and is quite content to be indebted to others for his matter. Here, however, the present system works badly in another way. The pretence of originality has to be maintained, and consequently everything must be avoided which even possibly lead to detection. The preacher is therefore either driven to choose sermons of which the only merit is a mediocrity alike undistinguished and undistinguishable, or to alter and adapt what he has borrowed so as to guard against any danger of its being recognized. In other words, he leaves out all the striking points, tones down what remains, and thus produces a whole which, though better than that attained by the former method, is still unsatisfactory in itself and eminently unimproving to the writer."

## THE DICE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

For more than 150 years had the family of Schroll been settled at Taubendorf, and generally respected for knowledge and refinement of manners superior to its station. Its present representative, the bailiff Elias Schroll, had in his youth attached himself to literature, but, later in life, from love to the country, he had returned to his native village, and lived there in great credit and esteem.

During this whole period of 150 years, tradition had recorded only one single Schroll as having borne a doubtful character; he, indeed, as many persons affirmed, had dealt with the devil. Certain it is that there was still preserved in the house a scrutoire fixed in the wall, and containing some mysterious manuscripts attributed to him, and the date of the year, 1333, which was carved upon the front, tallied with his era. The key to this scrutoire had been constantly handed down to the eldest son through five generations, with a solemn charge to take care that no other eye or ear should ever become acquainted with its contents. Every precaution had been taken to guard against accidents or oversights; the lock was so constructed, that even with the right key it could not be opened without special instructions;

and for still greater security the present proprietor has added a padlock of most elaborate workmanship, which presented a sufficient obstacle before the main lock could be approached.

In vain did the curiosity of the whole family direct itself to this scrutoire.

Nobody had succeeded in discovering any part of its contents, except Rudolph, the only son of the bailiff; he had succeeded; at least his own belief was that the old folk without effort, and bound in black velvet, which he had one day surprised his father anxiously reading, belonged to the mysterious scrutoire; for the door of the scrutoire, though not open, was unlocked, and Elias had hastily closed the book with great agitation, at the same time ordering his son out of the room in no very gentle tone. At the time of this incident Rudolph was about twelve years of age.

Since that time the young man had sustained two great losses in the deaths of his excellent mother and a sister tenderly beloved. His father also had suffered deeply in health and spirits under these afflictions. Every day he grew more feeble and haggard; and Rudolph, upon his final return home from school in his eighteenth year, was shocked to find him greatly altered in mind as well as in person. His flesh had fallen away, and he seemed to be consumed by some internal strife of thought. It was evidently his own opinion that he was standing on the edge of the grave, and he employed himself unceasingly in arranging his affairs, and in making his successor acquainted with all such arrangements as regarded his more peculiar interests. One evening as Rudolph came in suddenly from a neighbor's house, and happened to pass the scrutoire, he found the door wide open, and the inside obviously empty. Looking round he observed his father standing on the hearth close to a great fire, in the midst of which was consuming the old black book.

Elias entreated his son earnestly to withdraw, but Rudolph could not command himself; and he exclaimed, "I doubt, I doubt, sir, that this is the book which belongs to the scrutoire."

His father assented with visible confusion.

"Well, then, allow me to say that I am greatly surprised at your treating in this way an heirloom that for a century and more has always been transmitted to the eldest son."

"You are in the right, my son," said the father affectionately, taking him by the hand. "You are surely in the right; it is not quite defensible, I admit; and I myself have had many scruples about the course I have taken. Yet still I feel myself obliged upon the whole that I have destroyed this accursed book. He that wrote it never prospered—all traditions agree in that; why then leave to one's descendants a miserable legacy of unhallowed mysteries?"

This excuse, however, did not satisfy Rudolph. He maintained that his father had made an aggression upon his rights of inheritance; and he argued the point so well, that Elias himself began to see that his son's complaint was not altogether groundless. The whole of the next day they believed to each other, not unkindly, but yet with some coolness. At night Elias could bear this no longer, and he said, "Dear Rudolph, we have lived long together in harmony and love; let us not begin to show an altered countenance to each other during the few days that I have yet to live."

Rudolph pressed his father's offered hand with a filial warmth; and the latter went on to say, "I purpose now to communicate to you by word of mouth the contents of the book which I have destroyed. I will do this with good faith and without reserve, unless you yourself can be persuaded to forego your own right to such a communication."

Elias paused, flustering himself as it seemed that his son would forego his right. But in this he was mistaken; Rudolph was far too eager for the disclosure, and earnestly pressed his father to proceed.

Again Elias hesitated, and threw a glance of profound love and pity upon his son—a glance that conjured him to think better, and to waive his claim, but this being at length obviously hopeless, he spoke as follows: "The book relates chiefly to yourself; it points to you as to the *last of our race*. You turn pale. Surely, Rudolph, it would have been better that you had resolved to trouble yourself no further about it!"

"No," said Rudolph, recovering his self-possession. "No; for it still remains a question whether this prophecy be true."

"It does so; it does, no doubt."

"And is this all that the book says in regard to me?"

"No, it is not all; there is something more. But possibly you will only laugh when you hear it; for at this day nobody believes in such strange stories. However, be that as it may, the book goes on to say plainly and positively, that the Evil One (Heaven protect us!) will make you an offer tending greatly to your worldly advantage."

Rudolph laughed outright, and replied, that, judging by the grave exterior of the book, he had looked to hear of more serious contents.

"Well, well, my son," said the old man, "I know not that I myself am disposed to place much confidence in these tales of contracts with the devil. But, true or not, we ought not to laugh

at them. Enough for me that under any circumstances I am satisfied you have so much natural piety, that you would reject all worldly good fortune that could meet you upon unhallowed paths."

Here Elias would have broken off, but Rudolph said, "One thing more I wish to know; what is to be the nature of the good fortune offered to me? and did the book say whether I should accept it or not?"

"Upon the nature of the good fortune the writer has not explained himself; all that he says is, that by a discreet use of it, it is in your power to become a very great man. Whether you will accept it—but God preserve thee, my child, from any thought so criminal—upon this question there is a profound silence. Nay, it seems even as if this trader in black arts had at that very point been overtaken by death, for he had broken off in the very middle of the word. The Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Little as Rudolph's faith was in the possibility of such a proposal, yet he was uneasy at his father's communication and visibly disturbed; so that the latter said to him, "Had it not been better, Rudolph, that you had left the mystery to be buried with me in the grave?"

Rudolph said, "No;" but his restless eye and his agitated air too evidently approved the accuracy of his father's solicitude.

The deep impression upon Rudolph's mind from this conversation—the last he was ever to hold with his father—was rendered still deeper by the solemn event which followed. About the middle of that same night he was awakened suddenly by a summons to his father's bedside; his father was dying, and earnestly asking for him.

"My son!" he exclaimed with an expression of the bitterest anguish; stretched out both his arms in supplication towards him; and in the anguish of the effort he expired.

The levity of youthful spirits soon dispersed the gloom which at first hung over Rudolph's mind. Surrounded by jovial companions at the university which he now visited, he found no room left in his bosom for sorrow or care; and his heaviest affliction was the refusal of his guardian at times to comply with his too frequent importunities for money.

After a residence of one year at the university, some youthful irregularities in which Rudolph was concerned subjected him, jointly with three others, to expulsion. Just at that time the Seven Years' War happened to break out; two of the party, named Theiler and Werl, entered the military service together with Rudolph; the last very much against the will of a young woman to whom he was engaged. Charlotte herself, however, became reconciled to this arrangement, when she saw that her objections availed nothing against Rudolph's resolution, and heard her lover describe in the most flattering colors his own return to her arms in the uniform of an officer; for that his distinguished courage must carry him in the very first campaign to the rank of lieutenant, was as evident to his own mind as that he could not possibly fall on the field of battle.

The three friends were fortunate enough to be placed in the same company. But, in the first battle, Werl and Theiler were stretched lifeless by Rudolph's side; Werl by a musket-ball through his heart, and Theiler by a cannon-shot which took off his head.

Soon after this event, Rudolph himself returned home; but how! Not, as he had fondly anticipated, in the brilliant decorations of a distinguished officer, but as a prisoner in close custody: in a transport of youthful anger he had been guilty, in company with two others, of insubordination and mutiny.

The court-martial sentenced them to death. The judges, however, were so favorably impressed by their good conduct while under confinement, that they would certainly have recommended them unconditionally to the royal mercy, if it had not been deemed necessary to make an example. However, the sentence was so far mitigated, that only one of the three was to be shot. And which was he? That point was reserved in suspense until the day of execution, when it was to be decided by the cast of the die.

## Advertisements.

### THE FLAG SHIP.

Graceful dancing is an art which commands itself to all, and one which, in the absence of more solid acquirements, is no bad passport to society. Few sights are more enlightening than that of a youthful couple floating through a heaving sea of muslin in the graceful gyrations of a waltz. Those who have had the good fortune to be present at those delightful summer gatherings on board the *Duncan*, have had rare opportunities of noting first class dancing, and the frequent recurrence of such charming *reunions* has done much to enhance the merits of those whose graceful movements are the admiration of all. While languidly gazing upon a blithesome crowd, whose silvery laughter pealed joyously through the shrouds of the Flag Ship, our eye insensibly followed one couple, whose movements seemed to realize the poetry of motion. It were difficult to award the palm of grace to either; indeed they moved as though actuated by a single motive power. The dance, concluded, and the parties separated, the lady seemed to move awkwardly, whereas the gentleman carried with him that indescribable poetry of motion which had first attracted our attention. We watched him through many dances,

in each of which he was the observed of all observers. No matter what the capabilities of his partner—whether tall or short, graceful or ungainly—whoever he danced with, seemed for the time being invested with almost ethereal lightness. Yet he was not, to outward seeming, much indebted to nature, being short and of bulky aspect. What was the secret of his airy carriage—whence the springy lightness of his tread? An irresistible desire to learn more of this mysterious individual, led me to follow him through the streets until he finally entered a house near St. Paul's Church, where flinging himself into the embrace of a spare, middle aged man, he exclaimed, "Your marvellous French imported boots have, as I verily believe, made my fortune in Halifax,—thanks Mr. DUNBAR—a thousand thanks."

### LOST AND SAVED.

Wife come nearer to my pillow,  
Hither bring our children dead,  
I am growing faint and weary,  
And the end is very near.

My poor weak and wasted body,  
Soon will lie in the cold grave,  
Medicines have not availed me,  
Doctors had no power to save.

Homeopathy my darling,  
For the nonce has been in vogue,  
As for all opiate treatment,  
That I leave to the insane.

By the love that I have borne thee,  
By those vows I breathed to thee,  
When thou avowest as we wandered  
Lovers o'er the grassy lea.

Rear our darling babes on globules  
E'en of tinctures sparing be,  
I, the sufferer, sank exhausted,  
And his breath came fitfully.

On the bed the last edition,  
Of the morning paper lies,  
And his wife in bitter anguish,  
Casts on it by chance her eyes.

Softly rising, to the city,  
Speeds she crossing vale and hill,  
And returning to the sufferer,  
Places in his mouth a pill.

Now he swallows it and slowly,  
Slumber glides o'er him by stealth,  
Ha, his breath comes quick and freely,  
Thrills his pulse the beat of health.

Cries he, waking from his slumber,  
This a miracle must be,  
For I feel as well as ever,  
Wife what's that you gave to me.

Says the poor delighted woman,  
(Sceptic hear and give belief),  
Dear I only went to Radway's,  
Bought his Readiest Relief.

### THE FAR, FAR WEST.

Extract from Private Journal.

I took the boat to the falls of St. Anthony—travelled 400 miles through the prairie and came upon an extremely wild waste of land. "Who," I cried, "could live in so desolate a region," when hark! a platoon of musketry. "The Indians are upon us," I cried "sauve qui peut," a general skedaddle ensued, but we had hardly proceeded 300 yards through the long grass, when another platoon in an opposite direction to the first, met our bewildered ears. "All is lost," cried my companion, "it only remains for us to die like brave men." Being destitute of arms it appeared at first slight difficult to make any successful effort towards such an appearance, when my friend produced a Bologna Sausage from his pocket (bought at Mr. Harrington's store last year). "This," he cried "shall be my life preserver, does it not indeed resemble one?" "Truly," I cried "I applied internally, for they are very nourishing, and of most savory flavour. Refreshed we awaited the result. Shots were heard on all sides, and our last moment was evidently at hand. "Now for it," I said, as a loud rustling of the grass fixed our eyes upon a certain spot. As the noise approached within a few yards of us, we saw indeed a rare sight. A thousand timid Musquash, an equal number of Mink, Foxes, and Wolves, all their savage nature spent by fear, were collected around us. The gunshots sounded nearer, voices were heard, and after one discharge the cry of "another for Kaiser" reached our ears, I saw it all at a glance, and right joyfully from the ground cried, "stop for heavens sake!" "We have done so," answered a friendly voice, "our bag is now full—50,000 Fox skins, 10,000 Wolf skins, 10,000 Bear skins, and 100,000 Muskwash. These are new in our camp. These fur skins are now on hand at MR. KAIZER'S FUR STOREHOUSE, GRANVILLE ST.

### THE BULLFROG.

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