

# THE BULLFROG.

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## THE UNION OF THE COLONIES AND THE CITY PRESS.

We Nova Scotians, metropolitans and all, are a patient and law-abiding people. We may occasionally at election times have a small row, hardly worthy of the name, but as soon as the election is over, we submit to our destiny. We feel no respect for those whom we have elected or allowed to be elected; we should be very sorry as a general rule to admit them into our counting-houses or offices, to discharge any duty requiring expertness or shrewdness, however good and worthy they may be as common-place citizens. Were an object proposed for discussion as having an important bearing upon our interests, our public men are not the persons to whom we would look for advice or for whose opinions we should care, save just so far as parliamentary or civic authority was necessary to give force to the measures determined upon. Our public men simply have weight, because they have votes. And so we go on from year to year. We pay our taxes—we submit to the law whatever it may be. We allow the Treasury to be emptied of so much a year to go into the pockets of N. or M., as the case may be. And when a proposition is made to us to go into the City Council or the House, we smile with cool indifference, if not something worse. We may be unfortunate, we may be down on our luck,—but it has not yet come quite to that. As we have said, we are patient and law-abiding. Let us be taxed, no matter by whom. Let our public affairs be managed or mis-managed. Only don't ask us to take upon ourselves the duty of mingling with the present law-makers.

In connection with the above remarks let us consider the subject at the head of this article. "The Union of the Colonies and the City Press." The question of Union is somewhat large. It opens up a good many tracts of thought. There are a great many interests to be considered, a great many prejudices to be combated. Whether the Union is to be Federal or Legislative or of some third kind is a question requiring deep thought—and to its consideration must be brought the full force of clear untrammelled minds—shaking off all little prejudices—ready to bear and to forbear, to give and to take—ever imbued with the feeling of a deep sense of responsibility—inasmuch as upon the terms of our new state constitution may depend the happiness, the peace, perhaps the lives of many thousands, for long, long years to come.

Well now—what about the gentlemen whom Nova Scotia has honored—at least that is the mild way of putting it—we feel more inclined to say—who have taken upon themselves the honor of settling this important business. And mark you, of settling it without permitting the people to obtain even an inkling of the great things which are in store for them. We suppose it is all right. Little children must open their mouths and shut their eyes and see what the Devil—we beg the gentleman's pardon, the delegates—will send them. Still when one's whole ideas are to be turned upside down, when perhaps our parliament is to be taken away, and we are never again to hear the voice of the patriot "within

these walls" or to see him sitting "upon these benches Sir."—when instead of being Number one in managing our own affairs, we may become Number two or three and so on, we can't help feeling a slight curiosity as to the outline at least of our future destiny. But as to that—we are told that such curiosity is highly impertinent—we beg pardon—perhaps we are wrong; we are not sure that we did not see in one of the papers, either the Government organ or the opposition—we forget which, for the style is so similar that it is hard to remember—that "of course the public cannot expect to be informed in the smallest degree of what were the general opinions upon the various matters discussed, &c., whichever way it stands, all that we know is, that we know nothing—which was once pronounced to be a wonderful philosophical discovery. Well—we bow—we can't do anything else, except start a rebellion. We submit, as we do to a thunder-shower at a pic-nic—simply because we can't help ourselves. We think the clerk of the weather has ill-treated us, but we must take it out in thinking. We can however take another step, and that is the highly pertinent one—of asking "who are the gentlemen who are managing this great matter for us. Who are the statesmen who have delegated themselves to enjoy pleasant summer trips at our expense to the Islands, and continents adjacent, to give public dinners to visitors, paraded as their own private affair, but which everybody knows are to be charged to the public—to change our constitutions and will we—will we—to improve us from Colonists into a great people"?—We step into the street, and we put this question to some one we meet, and we are told "Oh, the Provincial Secretary and the leader of the Opposition are the two chief delegates from Nova Scotia." All right, we think, and we drop into the reading-room. We take up the *Morning Chronicle*, the Organ of the Opposition—its leading articles devoted to reiterated condemnation of the Provincial Secretary, being, as it would be folly to deny, the expression of the sentiments of the Honorable leader of the Opposition,—and what do we find? Remember this Honourable gentleman has become a Siamese twin with the Provincial Secretary, and that the two have delegated themselves to P. E. Island and Canada, as representatives of the Nova Scotian intellect, and ability for government,—and then read. In the name of heaven, of whom is the writer talking? It cannot be of his colleague the Provincial Secretary! Why this man is a knave beyond all knaves. This man of whom the *Chronicle* speaks, is a compound of fool, and rascal. Nothing that he says can be believed. There is a sweet article likening him to Balaam the son of Bosor—commonly called Poor—but then Bosor draws attention and shews that the writer has read the New Testament—the Provincial Secretary's likeness to Balaam however, consisting not in his being reproved by an ass, but in his fondness for untruths. Then he is behaving in a most improper way, in going to the country for the purpose of influencing an election, gentlemen of the writer's side never having been known to do such a thing—sweet lambs! Then some Light-House keeper, down at Paul's Island, has been dismissed, and we get it in style. The eagles and the sea-gulls are described as wheeling round the wave-bound

rock, and screeching out, "where is Samuel Cunard Campbell"? and his sick nephew is portrayed as giving up the ghost in distress of mind, when unfortunately it turns out that it was Samuel Cunard Campbell's niece, who had some sort of illness. "That is nothing" says the *Chronicle*. "Somebody was ill"—it makes no odds whether it was a male or a female—its a peg on which to hang a charge against the Provincial Secretary. And so on—do what he can, every thing the P. S. can do must be wrong. How very odd, say we. That is a very improper person surely, to send on this important errand. What does he think of his twin? We take up the *Colonist*—and if it were not that there are people in the room, we should give a long whistle. The twin is a Manchausen,—something he has said is contradicted with the elegant heading "Another lie nailed." Nothing that he has done, can do, or will do, but is bad, bad, bad. Well we begin to think. Here are two gentlemen who have appointed themselves upon a most important mission, and represent themselves as exponents of the opinions of Nova Scotians, but by their own account, each as to the other, they should both be simply taken by the coat collar and turned into the street to fight it out. Mark it well. These rival editors and politicians cannot even now while self-invested with their dignified office, abstain from the grossest personal re-creation. On rising from the Council Board in Canada, at which they were supposed, God help us, to represent Nova Scotia, they must have rushed each to his own apartment, to pen some attack upon the other. During the very sitting of the Council, they must have been on the look-out to catch each other in some absurdity. How could two such men meet in harmony to devise measures which they could submit to the Council as the opinions and wishes of Nova Scotians. Suppose that while sitting in Council, the Nova Scotian mail arrived, and the *Colonist* and *Chronicle* were brought in and read aloud! We ask our readers on laying down this paper, to reflect for a moment. Each one of our self-delegated delegates, either believes the other to be utterly underserving of belief—we will not use the term which they so freely bandy between themselves—and in every sense vicious, depraved, bad-hearted; or if he does not so believe, he is himself, that unnameable thing. Let these gentlemen get out of that dilemma if they can.

We said at the beginning of this article that we are a patient people. We don't care for the papers, and therefore the evil will go on. But if Nova Scotians allow themselves to be glued to Canada, by the gentlemen who have deputed themselves as our representatives, they will deserve any fate. Perhaps these gentlemen will kill each other before they return, and then we can pick out our own delegates and know what we are doing.

#### THE OFFICE OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

The Lieutenant-Governor of this, as of other North American Colonies, has a task to perform at once difficult and thankless. He must be thoroughly conversant with the principles and practice of the constitution of the mother country, but he is expected to exercise such knowledge with consummate caution. He is not, like the Viceroy of India, invested with almost regal power, nor is he, like the Viceroy of Ireland, subject to removal upon a change of ministry. He cannot, like the Lieutenant-Governor of Mauritius or Ceylon, open up the resources of his dominions by personal activity and far seeing acuteness, nor has he, like the Lieutenant-Governor of Hong Kong, an opportunity for the constant exercise of diplomatic talent. He has neither the responsibility which attaches to the control of important military situations, such as Gibraltar or Malta, nor has he the emoluments vouchsafed to eastern rulers. He is the Representative of Royalty, with scarce any outward regal accessories; he bears upon his shoulders the burthen of kingly

duties, without being accorded a kingly exemption from responsibility. His relation to the people of this Province, is not that of the QUEEN to her British subjects. The QUEEN can do no wrong;—the Lieutenant-Governor can do much wrong. The Home Government stands between the QUEEN and the people;—the Lieutenant-Governor stands between the people and their representatives. In England, the people, through their representatives, look after the QUEEN,—in Nova Scotia, the Lieutenant-Governor, in the name of the English people, looks after the representatives of the Nova Scotians. We have, it is true, a Responsible Government, entrusted with the revenues of the Province; but we accepted Responsible Government on certain conditions,—the most important being, our responsibility to the mother country through the medium of Royalty's deputy,—and, so long as we continue in our present relations with Great Britain, we must abide by our original compact. It is worse than folly to sulk and fret whenever the sentiments of a Lieutenant-Governor happen to be opposed to the sentiments of our self-elected Executive. The Lieutenant-Governor must not, in such a case, be regarded as one man opposing the views of the people in order to nurse some individual crocheted;—he must be regarded as the authorized exponent of the maxims of a country—connection with which is the one and only cause of such prosperity as we enjoy. It is not long since a portion of the press thought proper to censure SIR R. McDONNELL on account of his remarks upon the important question of Tenure of Office, the argument employed against his Excellency,—(and through him against the maxims of the QUEEN'S government)—being, that he attacked a system which had in reality no existence in the Province. Now, in the case in point, the Lieutenant-Governor had no need of experience in our political vagaries,—in point of fact, it was far better that he should have been ignorant of our real condition, for he had to deal with a matter not of experience, but of common sense, and common justice. He came among us, not to pander to our political vices, but to uphold the honor of the British Crown, which is in danger of being compromised when a local government violates the principles of justice and good faith at the expense of any individual, however humble. If those entrusted with local authority seek to make the QUEEN'S Representative a party to injustice, they must not be surprised if their designs are frustrated, and an indignant protest entered against their nefarious principles. The system of non-intervention has, ere now, been carried out in British North America to an extent productive of rebellion and bloodshed. We all know what was the real cause of the Canadian revolt. In 1832, when all real Canadian grievances had been redressed and extinguished, the House of Assembly began a new course of agitation on the theory of national independence, and on the 21st February, 1834, passed ninety-two resolutions, having in view nothing short of a design to establish the American Constitution in lieu of British connexion. Had the propositions of the Canadian Assembly been granted, Canada would have been no more a British Colony than Pennsylvania. She would have been as independent as an American State, unless out of her great bounty she might still have vouchsafed to Great Britain the expense, risk, and responsibility of her external defences against the encroachments or aggressions of America or France. She would have left us the pleasing chance of a couple of wars for her protection, but not a jot more. We know what resulted from the apathy of the MELBOURNE Cabinet, the impotence of LORD GOSFORD, and blindness of LORD J. RUSSEL. When the English ministry tamely allowed the Canadian Assembly, in its address to the Lieutenant-Governor on the 3rd October, 1836, to assert that it would adjourn its deliberations till its unconstitutional demands were complied with,—when this overt act of treason was allowed to pass unpunished, the British ministry paved the way to all that followed. By shutting their eyes and ears to the hostile menaces of the Canadians, the government only encouraged the latter to precipitate themselves on destruction. Now all this being matter of history, we should do well to consider the dignity which attaches to the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and instead of carping at his official acts and speeches, regard them as the voice of that nation, without the protection of which, our very existence would long since have been forgotten—had we indeed managed to exist at all. A Lieutenant-Governor is not, like the QUEEN, supported by the counsels of those having an hereditary interest in the good government of the country, as directly associated with the honor of all they hold dear. On the contrary, he finds himself surrounded by men with no higher claim to consideration than attaches to the

leaders of parties, political parties with two parties fighting command, and in season and out of season in power are power, that the op must keep his con cal burlesque as t Majesty's Privy C means easy. It i entive. But how his Excellency of NORMANBY look because this prosp £250, sterling, p ense the disinter loyal, but they lo and the viceregal save the Province of the *Times*:—"I country—a coun requires the brai plough its lands, be fully compreh lowing admirabl the *Times*:—"V and to the repre control over the further still. W we supplemente • • • We insti store-keepers, at ous adventurers successively eie Governor of a C conceded, need To be a success light task.

Who has not indulged in a n one sunny after New York, and had been awal Third!" comin astounding an the wise "sayi the world out "gone ahead" beheld that m tiquarian look to the quain Edward Islay There the cri tury ago elsev battles, and d fathers. Gra 1769 are gr and even the probably ver New York, is a grievance. have to reviv they can find nap has been been a speci stance consi his loyal cry nounce "len than six per of regarding and which w ent one fro

leaders of parties, in a country where there is no necessity for any political parties whatever. He has to act as a mediator between two parties fighting for such leaves and fishes as party triumph can command, and blackguarding each other upon all possible occasions, in season and out of season. He is told by the opposition, that the men in power are fraudulent deceivers,—he is told by the men in power, that the opposition are men not worthy of belief—but he must keep his countenance meanwhile, and look on at the nonsensical burlesque as though he were actually in the presence of Her Majesty's Privy Council. And to do all this gracefully is by no means easy. It is a task worthy the gratitude at least of the Executive. But how has this gratitude been evinced? By depriving his Excellency of a Private Secretary, not, of course, because LORD NORMANBY looked more kindly upon one party than another—but because this prosperous thriving Province was greatly in want of £250, sterling, per annum. This wise measure shews in a striking sense the disinterested patriotism of our rulers. They are eminently loyal, but they love their country even better than their QUEEN, and the viceregal autography must needs grow common in order to save the Province. £250 a year. "Fancy", to borrow the language of the *Times*: "Fancy all this happening in a young unpopulated country—a country which wants no politics and no politicians, but requires the brain and the arm of ever man in it to fell its forests, plough its lands, dig its mines, and irrigate its fields!" It cannot be fully comprehended, without taking into consideration the following admirable sketch of a Colonial Assembly, as portrayed by the *Times*:—"We gave extensive rights of suffrage to the Colonists, and to the representatives whom the Colonists elected an absolute control over the Colonial expenditure. Having done this we went further still. We had given all that was useful for self-government; we supplemented our gift by adding what was merely ornamental. \* \* \* We instigated, in each Assembly, from two to three score of store-keepers, auctioneers, tavern-keepers, lawyers, and miscellaneous adventurers, to make up party fights for the express purpose of successively ejecting each other from office." Surely the Lieutenant Governor of a Colony to which Responsible government has been conceded, needs all the support it is in our power to afford him! To be a successful mediator between parties so unscrupulous is no light task.

#### OUR RIP VAN-WINKLES.

Who has not heard of the dreamy Dutchman who incautiously indulged in a nap on mystic ground on the banks of the Hudson, one sunny afternoon in the old Colonial days of the province of New York, and woke up forty years after, to find that the world had been awake in the mean time? "God save King George the Third!" coming from the queer antiquated old creature, was as astounding and amusing to his republican countrymen, as some of the wise "sayings and doings" of our provincial legislators are to the world outside. They have been asleep while the world has "gone ahead" at an inconvenient pace, that has left them so far behind that many things that they say and do have "a queer antiquarian look, a certain interest such as we attach to old China, or to the quaint carved oak cabinets of our ancestors. In Prince Edward Island affairs this fossilized aspect is peculiarly striking. There the criminal code is what was once heard of half a century ago elsewhere. There the politics consist in fighting over the battles, and discussing the shortcomings of their great-great-grandfathers. Grand obsolete questions about grants issued in the year 1769 are gravely discussed in the journals and Legislature; and even the subject of the expulsion of the Acadians, which was probably very familiar to Rip VanWinkle in the Colonial days of New York, is galvanized into life again, and made a ground for a grievance. Happy indeed we may exclaim, are the people, who have to revive the memory of their great-great-grandfathers, before they can find a suitable excuse for grumbling. In Nova Scotia our nap has been less profound, but in many respects our progress has been a species of somnambulism. Perhaps the most striking instance consists in our sticking to the usury laws, as Rip adhered to his loyal cry of "God save the King." Does not the Bible denounce "lending on usury," and can Providence approve of more than six per cent? Let us deal with the Scriptural view, a mode of regarding every day matters which often proves inconvenient, and which will probably convince us that the world is a very different one from what it was, when Moses prohibited pork, and haro

soup, and laid down rules for the guidance of a people, to whom bills of exchange, and bank directions were probably unknown.

If "lending on usury" is forbidden, it is as well to remember that the word translated "usury" means *interest*—lending on interest is therefore unlawful. Let our bank directors, many of whom are prayerful pious men, remember this. "Discount days," will thereupon become a beautiful spectacle for the devout. Philanthropic opulent gentlemen lending money on doubtful votes, with the firm belief, like that of our ancestors, when they advanced the needful to the Druids, that they would get back principal, and perhaps interest in the next world.

Should this article be read by Boards of Directors, before going into business, it is possible that it may produce this desirable change, or at least will cause sundry twinges of conscience, that may be productive of permanent good to the sufferer, and to the public. But assuming that business men have not that respect for Moses as an authority on banking, to which he is entitled, and that six per cent. is a sort of compromise between religion and the pocket, let us see whether the limit fixed is judicious or useful in a wordly point of view. Do the usury laws benefit the rich, or protect the poor man? We shall reserve our remarks on this point for a future number, in the mean time strongly pressing upon some opulent friends of ours, who have a very morbid respect for six per cent, that any amount of interest, payable in this world at least, is, according to the so called view *usurious and sinful*.

#### WILDERNESS JOURNEYS.

This little book could never have been written, but by a Lieut. Governor for the edification of his loyal lieges. It will command a ready sale, amongst the large class of readers who delight in printed matter which describes the little every-day events and scenes of their daily life, and to these must be added the still larger class, who will read with avidity anything written about themselves, their country, or indeed anything else, by their Lieut. Governor. The expectation of such support no doubt, led Mr. Gordon to publish his work, and no opportunity is lost of showing that it is the work of one above the crowd. Were the name and office of the writer not flamed in large capitals upon the title page, it would be easy for the most careless reader to detect in the matter within, the hand of no ordinary personage. We may suggest that no ordinary personage would expect to drivel with success on such petty and every-day experiences as are here vouchsafed to us, thus:

"The soft earth near the margins of the little streams we forded was abundantly printed with tracks of the moose, the lynx and the bear, some of which were very fresh (? the bear or the tracks), but the only creature we came upon was a partridge, which W. shot."

Pitying the partridge, whose last moments would probably have been easier if shot by Mr. Gordon instead of W., we must observe that the death of one of these birds is not in itself a remarkable event. The fact, however, of its death occurring in the author's presence has shed a halo over the poor creature's memory which will remain there so long as *Wilderness Wanderings* are in print. This little account of the soft earth, the tracks which it revealed, and in fact a great portion of the descriptive part of the work, might have been the production of any traveller on the iron and coach roads of the lower provinces. Sometimes, however, we get off the beaten track, and then all the poetry of the author's nature bursts forth. In the aspect of an owl by day,— "the sight of flowers bright and unknown, and of ferns almost tropical in their luxuriance; the mid-day halt under the shade of some spreading tree; the luxurious bathe in the still, lazy warmth of noon; the pauses to fish at any tempting pool: all combine to make the day pass in dreamy delight."

This is the Allegro side of the author's prose poetry. The day was probably fine, and relinquishing the dreamy part of the delight Mr. Gordon perhaps exceeded W. (who seems to have been the Winkle of the party) in his catch of fish. The distinguished traveller, however, is equally happy in the Pensoso part of the prose poet's business:—

"After wandering about a good deal in a circuitous direction in the forest, we came down a bank towards the river. On one side rose the high bank we had descended (naturally enough), on the other was a wooded flat. The river was broad and perfectly still and dead without any perceptible current. Near our camp it was overhung by a large willow, and a magnificent black birch—

one of the finest I have ever seen—rose high above the other trees on the opposite bank. The whole appearance of the scene was mysterious and dismal, resembling that of the deserted and neglected lake of some great park which has been abandoned by its owner, and over which hung some gloomy association."

How "the scene," including as we should have thought, willow, black, birch high bank, camp, wooded flat, and his fellow travellers besides, failed to suggest more to Mr. Gordon than the "lake" of a park, we are at a loss to understand. In the egotisms of the night it is indeed possible, that the camp did duty for mansion, and the continued "drumming of the partridges" turned in his fancy the waving tree tops into green fields and stubbles, and having got so far the transition in his mind would be easy enough to some stately park adorned by a noble lake—of course the camp would still be the castle, and the dreamer lord of all. The "gloomy association" so poetically introduced is fully accounted for by the passage which follows—

"To a wet night succeeded a showery morning."

We have picked up these examples at random, and the whole pamphlet is thickly sprinkled with similar trash.

At one period of his wanderings the happy thought struck Mr. Gordon that to record in a journal form, the events of successive half hours, would be both novel and pleasing. The place chosen for the development of the plan was, we think, ill selected for its successful accomplishment, and its results in consequence are somewhat barren. Thus—8.30 A.M. Right bank—Burnt land; L. B., Burnt land. 9 A.M. R. B., Burnt land; L. B., Burnt land—and so on for about five consecutive hours. This must have disappointed the ingenious deviser of the arrangement, which notwithstanding its failure in this instance, we can confidently recommend to station masters, pointsmen, and felons under sentence of imprisonment for life.

The most interesting part of the pamphlet is that in which the Lazzaretto of Gloucester county is described. Here his Excellency is more at home, and interests us in a subject, which is, however, somewhat misplaced in a book about Wildernesses.

The snobbishness with which the author brings out the importance of his position, on his return to civilization from the woods, on two occasions, deserves particular mention. However far he may have forgotten himself in the wilds, however far his dignity may have been compromised by the upsetting of a canoe and other trifles, he is fully determined that all the world shall know, when, how, and where he returned to the realms of civilization,—

"A few miles from the town I was met by the High Sheriff, the Hon. W. Hamilton, the members for the county, and other inhabitants of Dalhousie, and entered the town with the ordinary firing of guns, and shoutings and racings usual on the part of the juvenile members of the population,"—and so on for a page and a half.

If the Governor of New Brunswick in his normal state is constantly surrounded by an "ordinary firing of guns" and a perpetual clatter of juvenile feet, journeyings in the wilderness, we should imagine, will become much in vogue with such personages.

His next egress from the forests, is still more remarkable. He says:—

"Quitting the canoe in a rapid above the falls, I walked alone (mark that word) across the bare granite rocks which separated me from the party awaiting my arrival, and which also formed the dividing line between the wilderness and civilized life. My moccasined feet made no noise on the smooth worn rock, though had they done so the roaring of the falling waters would have drowned the sound, and long before the solitary blue-shirted figure approaching them had caught their eye, I could see a group of the gentlemen of Bathurst waiting near Mr. Ferguson's carriage."

Yes, alone on the bare rocks in moccasined feet walked the blue shirted figure—quite alone—why, we are not informed, but if this dramatically told story means anything, it means to say that the authors eagle eye saw Mr. Ferguson, before Mr. Ferguson and his party, gifted only with ordinary power of vision, were able to see the author. It is quite possible, however, that this passage is intended as a mild rebuke for Mr. Ferguson, and a hint to keep a better look out in future when grandes are known to be in the neighbourhood. This view of the case is supported by the reflection that there were not the "ordinary guns" and small boys present on the occasion, an omission deserving we should have thought, of a heavier rebuke than that here suggested. If this be the meaning of the passage, we really must compliment Mr. Gordon on his moderation. The egotism of the whole work counteracts the effect of any

merits it may possess, and we should not have felt it necessary to allude to the pamphlet at all, had we not observed, that, as was to be expected, this book written about a lower Province, by a governor of a lower Province, is, with all its faults, praised up to the skies, by the press both of this city and New Brunswick. We have before alluded to the silliness of such indiscriminate laudation of all that belongs to our provinces, but if writers in our papers consider that the contact of a governor's nose with a black fly, the death of a partridge, or the description of a levee in a remote village, are worthy of perpetual record, well and good—*chaacun a son goût*.

WILDERNESS JOURNEYS IN NEW BRUNSWICK IN 1862—63, by the HON. ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR, ETC. McMillan & Co., St. John, N. B.

#### MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Monday, Oct. 10th.—Met with a severe accident in the lower continuation of Sackville St., between Hollis and Water Streets. I fell over a pair of horns exposed for sale on the pavement. There is nothing more dangerous than horns when exposed for sale in this manner, though C— says, boxes are equally so, and oyster kegs worse still. This I deny, and I know that nothing could have been more insidious than the Cariboo horns over which I stumbled, for I am generally a very careful walker. Was carried home in a cab, and before I reached my door, was fully determined to bring the matter before the City Council on my recovery. This methinks will be a very good maiden resolution to move. Wife declares that I was much excited on my arrival, and used bad words. This I don't believe. Took a homeopathic dose of something at her desire to abate the fever, which she imagined was impending. My giddy girls who were dressed for a ball at the time I reached home, pooh poohed my wound, and dragged their mother off to the dance.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th.—My wound not so bad as I had expected, and able to attend a meeting of the City Council. Showed my bad shin to E. C. and D.—and asked what could be done. They rudely answered "rub it." I then remembered the heaps of break-neck rubbish I had noticed in front of their own stores. I suggested mildly that this was the cause of their want of sympathy for my sore, on which they laughed, and said I should understand more about such things in a few days. "Stick to your order my boy" concluded C, and look after your foot-steps a little better in future." This being my first attendance at the Council, I had dressed with unusual care, and had on a very pretty light blue neck-tie, given me by my wife, on the last anniversary of our wedding day. As I left the Council with C—, I saw a person near, staring hard at my neck-tie, and laughing immoderately. "Who?" I said "is that?" "Your neck-tie answered C— quietly, will be made famous on Saturday evening next. "Who?" I cried "will dare to allude in print, to my personal appearance?" Hush said C—, he is very harmless and will probably give you no coarser name than "old Perky" or perhaps the "Blue Jay"—in pleasant allusion to the neck-tie he is now laughing at." He doesn't care much what an Alderman does, but is very particular about their costume. "On the whole" concluded C—, whispering cautiously "you had better not offend him or he may rout out little secrets of your private life, which however innocent in themselves, it will not please you to see published." Bewildered, and doubting whether C—, myself, or the person alluded to, or all three, were for the time being maniacs. Went home and reflected deeply upon the dangers to which an Alderman is exposed.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th.—Seeing that the Hoffer family are highly spoken of in the press, took wife and daughters to the performance. The music though aiming at high things, was but poorly executed. If the Hoffer family settle in the city, they will be a great acquisition, since here, an indifferent performer well acquainted with the theory of music, may teach the art with success. We are at present very short of scientific musicians, and if we except some members of the Military Bands, Mr. Hagarty, and one or two others, we should not know where to seek materials for a Concert.

Thursday, Oct. 13th.—This being mail day, and business unusually pressing, wife insists on my taking the girls to a party the other side of the water. Her excuse is, that she is fatigued

by the stupid conduct of Sir, I must go to the thing. "Oh you old flirt to night."

pleased us much, her old merry self.

Friday, Oct. 14th.

Expect a prize, consisting of the meeting of his

his own account,

in vain that I tell

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What will I do w

with another accu

was over some bu

by the stupid Concert of last night, to which I dragged her. Sir, I must go to the party, I suggested that my hair wanted cutting. "Oh you old Roue" cried Anastasia, "Mamma he's going to flirt to-night." This jest, for of course it was nothing more, pleased us much because it showed that Natty is returning to her old merry self. Late home and with great satisfaction to bed.

*Friday, Oct. 14th.*—Tom is shooting at Truro, but does not expect a prize, considering the few times in the year he attended the meeting of his corps, and as I know he never practises on his own account, it would be strange if he obtained one. It is in vain that I tell him over and over again that a prize gained at an annual meeting of Rifle shooters is really worth having, and will be looked upon with pride in after years. "No" he says "rifles in this country were made for moose and bears." What will I do with the boy or bear, or whatever he is. Met with another accident to-night in Hollis street. This time it was over some building material.

### Extracts.

#### MODERN CONFIDANTES.

If Queen Charlotte, of snuff-taking memory, should revisit the glimpses of the moon, she would see and hear much to make her venerable hair stand on end. She would stare in mute horror at a pork-pie hat, and shudder at the slang which now-a-days slips so naturally from the lips of swart seventeen. But what would astonish her most, what would appear to her to amount to little less than a social revolution, would be the total disappearance of that element of distance and reserve which marked the relations between young persons of opposite sex in her young days. The theory of a young lady's portion is so altered that her grandmother would not recognise it for the same which she herself once occupied in all the glory of a highly frizzled head and a preternaturally shortened waist. She was regarded and treated much as a tender lamb in the near vicinity of wolves. The approaches to the fold were strictly guarded. A duenna, clothed with despotic powers, warned off male marauders. This lamb-and-wolf theory is quite exploded. Young ladies are no longer lamb-like in anything, except it be in the sportive agility with which they frisk over the barriers of etiquette. Nor is the male sex credited now-a-days with the wolfish propensities with which a prudish generation invested it. A better understanding exists between the young people of the two sexes. They mix with each other much more, and know each other much more intimately. The wall of partition which used to divide them is thrown down. The pervading tone of their common every-day relations is no longer one of stiffness and formality, but of boyish frankness and easy familiarity. For good or for evil, young-ladydom has abandoned its old attitude towards the other sex, of armed observation. For good or for evil, it has been driven by the pressure of its matrimonial exigencies to emancipate itself from the thalidrom of old-fashioned notions of propriety. It has quitted the old defences, and goes forth now-a-days to encounter man, as diplomatists say, "on its own responsibility."

One of the most indisputable canons of the ancient salon was that of a young lady's friendships must be strictly limited to her own sex. Her overflowing sympathies gushed in one uniform channel. They expended themselves invariably on another being as interesting, as impulsive, as romantic as herself. Clarissa opened her whole soul to Evelina; Evelina shared every secret of her virgin heart with Clarissa. But both would have given vent to a little scream at the notion of sharing Florio's or Eugenio's confidence. Our modern Clarissas are not so squeamish. They show an unmistakable eagerness to constitute themselves the recipients of those minor confidences which the young and handsome part of the male sex can easily be brought to impart. In every drawing-room they erect their confessional, and invite moustached penitents to unburden their bosoms. No one need fear any severe penance. Absolution is freely extended to the good-looking sinner. There is no harm in the growth of female influence so exercised; on the contrary much good. It is a great advantage to any young man to have his conscience directed by a pretty young lady. What a debt of gratitude he owes to the fair Mentor who will with promptness give him advice about everything, from the choice of a profession to the choice of a neck-tie! There is something inexplicably soothing in nestling into a settee by the side of an amiable directress, and pouring forth into her private ear a long catalogue of petty grievances. The stinginess of a heavy father becomes more endurable when its recital has evoked the commiseration of such a listener. The persecutions of duns are borne with more philosophy after they have awakened an interest in a gentle bosom made sympathetic by the recollection of a long-outstanding milliner's bill. It is a sad proof of the materialism of the age we live in, that so much of the intimate communications between young gentlemen of a confiding turn and young ladies of an amiably inquisitive turn should relate,

as they undoubtedly do, to pounds, shillings, and pence. But besides his debts and Derby losses there are other matters which an ingenious youth freely communicates to this lady-confessor. The circumstances of his home are a favourite topic. The good and bad qualities of his sisters are gently criticized. He wishes his fair listener knew one of them, is not so sure that she would get on with another, is certain a third would never suit her. Then it is a relief to be able to express his private opinion about the various persons of his acquaintance. There are the fellows he can't stand in his office or regiment, and the fellows he not only can stand, but pronounces capital—the young ladies whom he admires, and the young ladies whom he doesn't admire, and the young ladies in whom he can't see what other people admire. Sometimes his confessions take a more serious turn, and he depicts himself in ugly colours, making himself out much worse than he really is, for the pleasure of receiving a bewitching little lecture on the state of his soul. Having listened with an air of the liveliest concern to all he has to say, his companion assumes the function of a monitress, looks prettily grave or tenderly remonstrant as occasion may require throws out a rosy sketch of Christian obligation, says that it is all so sad, that she knows that feeling so well, wonders naively if he has ever felt this, murmurs a line of Tennyson, and, after engaging him to assist at her stall in the approaching Bazaar for the Distressed Dancing-masters, goes off to dress for dinner.

There are two kinds of young-lady confidantes. One adopts this line with a definite object in view—as a means to an end, that end being matrimony. Like a skilful general, convinced that the enemy's position is impregnable in front, she seeks to vanquish him by an adroit flank movement. Overpowering beauty, overpowering cleverness, overpowering fortune are, in their way, like the *gros bataillons* by which Napoleon swept all before him. A woman who commands such mighty weapons for enslaving the heart of a man is irresistible. But one who has them not, or has them in a less degree, cannot expect the same easy triumph. To gain her point she must often have recourse to manoeuvre. And no manoeuvre is more congenial to the female strategist than that of gradually but surely possessing herself of all the avenues to a man's tastes and proclivities. That is what she is quietly doing while he waxes confidential. She is taking the measure of his intellect, noting his likes and dislikes, observing his habits, his hobbies, his weaknesses, reconnoitring his most accessible side. The result of this study of character is treasured up for future use. Supposing him to have revealed in an unguarded moment a passion for botany, she will surprise and delight him one fine day by giving a wild flower some alarmingly scientific name. If he is fond of field sports, she will secretly take in the *Field*, and astonish his weak mind by her knowledge of natural history. If politics are his chief interest, she listens again and again with unflagging interest to his *resumé* of the state of parties, and his view of the Schleswig-Holstein question; and when she has made out on which side his sympathies lie in the American struggle, loudly proclaims her own adhesion thereto. With the votary of art she adores art. With the pre-Raffaellite, she is pre-Raffaellite, and lays aside her crinoline, heroically sacrificing her love of the Fashionable to her sense of the Beautiful. With an enthusiast for Gothic she is all for Gothic, and, as a proof of the perfect conformity of her own tastes with his, she manages to give a Gothic bend to her last new bonnet. Music, if her friend avows a passion for music, she declares a necessity of her being. All this delicate flattery tells. It gratifies the self-esteem which characterizes the lords of creation. But it is not by operating on this sentiment that she hopes to succeed. She speculates on the chance of making herself indisputable. Some day, she thinks, the object of her ambition will suddenly awake to consciousness that he cannot do better than make a lady who understands him so well his wife. He will say, here is a person to whom I have told everything, from whom I have no secrets, who knows my tastes and shares them, whose sympathies exactly coincide with mine; where can I possibly find a woman better calculated to make me happy! He will perceive at last that years of unreserved confidence have completely mined his position as a bachelor, that it is no longer tenable, and that he must instantly decamp or capitulate. Whether the latter alternative is adopted depends mainly on the lady herself—on her firmness in forcing matters to a crisis, and her tact in making that crisis take a direction favourable to her wishes. If she fail in either of those qualities, success will never crown her efforts, however her pertinacity may deserve it. Her fate will be to be involved for an indefinite term in a long, dreary, aimless, damaging flirtation, which perishes at last of disgust and inanition.

#### COLONIAL DO-NOTHINGISM.

(John Bull.)

No questions are more important, and no questions more imperatively demand the thoughtful reflection and wise interference of statesmen, than the mutual relation of England and her great colonial empire. The civil war in America ought, one would think, to have opened the minds even of our Whig and Radical statesmen. Behold the results of colonial independ

ence: behold the end of all your glorious anticipations of liberty, equality, and fraternity, transferred to the new world, amidst the riches of an unlimited and fertile country, with abundance and to spare for more than fifty generations of sober and industrious colonists. Three generations, however, have not passed away, the length of one long-lived man's life has not yet elapsed, and behold the successors of Washington and Franklin are reduced to the unconstitutional rutilanism of Lincoln and Seward and their emperors. Cannot a like fate be warded off from the existing colonies of Great Britain? and what are the means to secure such an end? These are questions which all English and colonial statesmen should take to heart, should search after, and endeavour as far as they may practically to answer. But what politician troubles himself on these questions except so far as to arrange a count-out in the Commons, or to avoid an unpleasant discussion in the Lords? A colonial war, either with the mother country or amongst themselves, may now turn up almost at any moment. Already the Canadas are in a state of political confusion. Jealousies of various kinds are even now cropping up all round the world; and ere long the question must be decided whether or not our colonies are to be separated from the mother country.

But there is no tribunal before which any such questions, partly home and partly colonial, can be publicly discussed or ventilated. A hasty interview to be sure, with a careless dilettante Minister, generally occupying at most an hour or so of talk in a private room, is now as it were the only buffer to ward off what might easily become open rebellion—a conflict which a few angry or foolish colonial politicians might almost at any hour thoughtlessly inaugurate. The wildest notions at the same time are afloat about England's interest and readiness to cut the bonds that bind the colonies to the mother country. Yankees, and even English emigrants to Yankee-land, actually think or profess to think that the session of the Ionian Islands to Greece is an excellent precedent for the session of all our North American colonies to the new Yankee republic, so that the great civil war may end by producing a kind of salve to Yankee self-esteem wounded by the failure to conquer the South. "Nunky must pay for all" is now the Yankee doctrine; that is to say, Yankee-ism must have the Canadas to compensate for Virginia and her sister rebels—as if the inability to conquer the South unbacked by England argued an ability to conquer the Canadas with England in the bargain. Yankees, however, are as unpopular at Quebec and Montreal as they are at Richmond and New Orleans. But apart from such follies, the difficulties of coming to some wise arrangement with our colonies on many inevitable questions are rapidly looming up in the distance. It is, we hope, clearer now than it ever was before, that independence of England is neither desirable for our colonists nor for ourselves. During the last thirty years England has been twenty times on the eve of war with the United States—a war which, if it had taken place, might have probably prolonged for a couple of generations the life of the constitutional handy-work of Jefferson and Hamilton. The fact is manifest that independence is not only injurious to the colonies themselves, but dangerous to the mother country. Without the stability of home civilization, the social system of our colonies rapidly degenerates into what—for want of a better word—we may call Yankeeism, the practical life of vain and ignorant rovdism. If the Canadas were made independent, three generations would leave them, both socially and politically, a mere beggarly copy of New England; and we honest folk at home would have to live in the same state of chronic hot water with the Canadas, in which for some fifty years past we have lived with the United States. Some high judicial tribunal is clearly required to inquire into and to have power to decide all intercolonial and quasi-international questions, a tribunal in which the most able of our English statesmen should be fully and fairly represented. But our present limits are passed, and we must at some future time return to these most important and most interesting questions.

JOHN THOMAS.

If your plate and glass are beautiful bright, your bell quickly answered, and Thomas ready, neat, and good-humoured, you are not to expect absolute truth from him. The very obscurity and perfection of his service prevents truth. He may be ever so unwell in mind or body, and he must go through his service—hand the shining plate, replenish the spotted glass, lay the glittering fork—never laugh when you yourself or your guests joke—he profoundly attentive, and yet look utterly impassive—exchanging a few hurried curses at the door with that unseen slavey who ministers without, and with you as perfectly calm and polite if you are ill, he will come twenty times in an hour to your bell; or leave the girl of his heart—his mother, who is going to America—his dearest friend, who has come to say farewell his lunch, and his glass of beer just freshly poured out—any or all of these, if the door bell rings, or the master calls out "Thomas" from the hall. Do you suppose you can expect absolute candor from a man whom you may order to powder his hair? As between the Rev. Henry Holyshade and his pupil the idea of entire unreserve is utter loath, so the truth as between you and James or Thomas, or Mary the housemaid or Betty the cook, is relative, and not to be demanded on one or the other. Why, respectful civility is itself a lie, which poor James often has to utter or perform to many a swagging vulgarian, who should black James's boots, did James wear them and not shoes. There is your little Tom, just ten, ordering the great, large, quiet, orderly young man about—striking calls for

hot water—bullying James because the boots are not varnished enough, or ordering him to go to the stables and ask Jenkins why the deuce Tomkins hasn't brought his pony round—'and what you will. There is mama rapping the knuckles of Pinco the lady's-maid, and little miss scolding Martha, who waits up five pair of stairs in the nursery. Little miss, Tommy, papa, mamma, you all expect from Martha, from Pinco, from Jenkins, from James' observations civility and willing service. My dear good people, you can't have truth too. Suppose you ask for your newspaper, and James says, "I'm reading it, and just beg not to be disturbed?" or suppose you ask for a can of water, and he remarks, "You great, big, skulking feller, ain't you big enough to bring it hup yourself?" what would your feelings be? Now, if you made similar proposals or requests to Mr. Jones next door, that is the kind of an answer Jones would give you. You get truth habitually from equals only; so my good Mr. Holyshade, don't talk to me about the habitual candor of the young Etonian of high birth, or I have my own opinion of your candor or discernment when you do. No; Tom Bowling is the soul of honor, and has been true to Black-eyed Susan since the last time they parted at Wapping Old Stairs; but do you suppose Tom is perfectly frank, familiar, and above-board in his conversation with Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.? There are secrets, prevarications, fibs, if you will, between Tom and the Admiral—between your crew and their captain. I know I hire a worthy, clean, agreeable, and conscientious male or female hypocrite, at so many guineas a year, to do so and so for me. Where he other than hypocrite I would send him about his business; Don't let my displeasure be too fierce with him for a fib or two on his own account.

#### THE BALLAD OF THE EMEU.

O say have you seen at the Willows so green—

So charming and rurally frue—

A singular bird, with a manner absurd,

Which they call the Australian Emeu?

Ever seen this Australian Emeu?

It trots all around with its head on the ground,

Or creeps it quite out of your view;

And the ladies all cry, when its figure they spy,

O! what a sweet, pretty Emeu!

Just look at that lovely Emeu!

One day to this spot, when the weather was hot,

Came Matilda Hurricane Fortesque;

And beside her there came a youth of high name—

Augustus Florell Montague.

Both loved that wild, foreign Emeu.

With two loaves of bread, then, they fed it instead

Of the flesh of the white cockatoo,

Which once was its food in that wild neighbourhood,

Where ranges the sweet Kangaroo.

That, too,

Is game for the famous Emeu!

Old saws and gimlets but its appetite whets,

Like the world-famous bark of Peru;

There's nothing so hard that the bird will discard,

And nothing its tastes will eschew.

That you

Can game that long-legged Emeu!

The time slipped away, in this innocent play,

When up jumped that bold Montague;

"Where's that specimen pin that I gaily did win

In raffle, and gave unto you, Fortesque?"

No word spoke the guilty Emeu!

"Quick! tell me his name whom thou gavest that same,

Ere these hands in thy blood-I imbue!"

"Nay, dearest," she cried, as she clung to his side,

"I'm innocent as that Emeu; " Adieu!"

He replied "Miss M. H. Fortesque!"

Down she dropped at his feet, all as white as a sheet,

As wildly he fled from her view;

He saw but her sin—for he knew not the pin

Had been gobbled up by the Emeu.

All through

The voracity of that Emeu!

#### COUNT FITZ-HUM, OR THE INCOGNITO.

"Tears, such as tender fathers shed," had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the Commissioner; but before he retired to bed he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honored by a long private interview with the Count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title would soon be conferred on his host.

Upon this Pig wept copiously; and, upon retiring, being immediately honored by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his Highness ever did these things

by halves, or would even had once taken into like a child, and could

All night the wretched statesman's apartments were universally known that the sinner's. As soon their trained bands of the t ing salute. The drum a few minutes before in the most gracious was ascended from difficulty in deserving gallant corps muster reported fit for service observed, being either work," though too be Count received the (addressing himself the officer) that he had more the air of with the anticipation corps; and his delig "early" promotion he determined was an event not to and deep premeditated gallant troops were n able "balance" of the and muskets being a pected of them; and off. "But in count his host, "a large di Breakfast was nov streets swarming w deputations, with ad of the city were for with the chief burgo tion of fees, &c., a strange; and great ceived. "On the v signature must have assure his faithful c would be punished t steps, of an opposit petitioners, and to t were then presente These gentlemen h each with an addre but uniformly beari nature. The tailor nuisances and inva nian with the tan tion enlowed keth selfishness of the r nagement by driv ing were modest, inde to the request that, be imposed upon and that it should! The glaziers were they felt it their di ing the windows o regulation the mo for many years s scandalously deget The bakers comph to sell their bread they wished for be this, upon public g notoriously the ro men ate so much l he at. A course bringing them ro projectors; the fir sewers navigable, The clergy of the which they bl clamorously for a the newspaper pri the law of libel.

Certainly the C conciling contrad case; for the peti elevator with hop peremptory injur the profoundest favor.

The corporate the Prince's grac Commissioner's l tier of stool hop peremptory injur the profoundest favor. The emergent round a servant claim that a mad many other dogs was set up; the i in front of Pig-h d g; for all mig be among the bi

ed enough, leuce Tom. There is little miss ry. Little vom Pinco, vice. My sk for your not to be e remarks, ring it lup ide similar d of an an- quals only; tual candor ion of your the soul of ; time they is perfectly iminal Nel- on will, be- ir captain, male or fe- me. Where own; Don't his own ac-

by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace, the good man absolutely scabed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labours, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city who was sleeping at the Commissioner's. As soon therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respect by a morning salute. The drums awoke the Count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window, looking repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of a *Vivat Scerissimus* ascended from the mob; amongst whom the Count had some difficulty in discerning the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list, or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a shower of love like the present. The Count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of being *agerris*. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words "early promotion," and the issue was—that only two guns were actually going. "But in commercial cities," as the goodnatured Count observed to his host, "a large discount must always be made on prompt payment."

Breakfast was now over: the bells of the churches were ringing; the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes; and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c., from the companies and guilds of the city were forming into processions. First came the town-council with the chief burgo-master at their head; the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c., made the natural subject of a mutual remonstrance; and great was the joy with which the Count's answer was received. "On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council that, on his return to his capital, his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure; and such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honor and dignity of the nation." The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honor of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness, if the selfishness of the iron trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoes. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands, confining themselves to the request that, for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed upon every man who presumed to wear his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations; a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerating from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price; which was a base insinuation; all they wished for being that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite; "fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of Jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what it d— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors; the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his Highness would "lend him a thousand pounds." The clergy of the city, whose suffering had been great from the seourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press, and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate case; for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favor.

The prostrate bodies were now despatched; but such was the report of the Prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the Commissioner's house, and pressing for the honor of an audience. The Commissioner represented to the mob that his Highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the Prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In the emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a ruse, he sent round a servant from the back door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered: the cry of "mad dog" was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade in front of Fitz-Hum's house was raised. Farwell now to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grandees of the place had been present: all had now departed, delighted, with the condescensions of the Count, and puzzled only on one point, viz. the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the Commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here, then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the Commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which, however, did not explain one riddle by another. The Count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connections; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested that, with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honor was too much for the Commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harbouring for one moment hopes of an presumptuous nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbued fresh courage; and, upon his re-entrance to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the Count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz. in opposing the wishes of his sovereign, and he joyfully gave his consent; upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company well witnessed it had the honor of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horse-man's horn was heard at the Commissioner's gate. A special messenger with despatches, no doubt, said the Count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were "merely petitious, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented to the Count a "despatch from the Privy Council." The Count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

(To be Continued).

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**WANTED TO PURCHASE**  
**LADIES' GENTLEMENS' AND CHILDRENS'**  
**LEFT OFF CLOTHING,**

Anyone disposed to sell the same will be waited upon at their own residences and the highest prices given by addressing

**Mr. or Mrs. CLAYTON,**  
**27, BUCKINGHAM STREET.**  
Parcels being sent the utmost value returned in cash immediately.

## Advertisements.



## GOVERNMENT IMMIGRATION OFFICE.

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

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

## NOTICE TO MARINERS.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF WORKS,  
Halifax, September 2, 1864.

THE Light House at FLINT ISLAND having been destroyed by fire on the 1st instant, notice is hereby given that no light will appear on that island until the public are officially notified.

F. BROWN, Chairman.

NOVA SCOTIA RAILWAY.  
EXTENSION FROM TRURO TO PICTOU.

TENDERS will be received at the Railway Engineer's Office, Truro, till FRIDAY, the 28th day of October, instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, for

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

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

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

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

JAMES McDONALD,  
Commissioner.

Railway Office, Halifax, 1st October, 1864.

PROVINCIAL BOOK STORE,  
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

UPPER SIDE OF THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.

Books, Stationery, Maps, Photographs, and Postage Stamp Albums, Engraving, Copy Books, Bibles, Church Services, &c., &c. Agency for all British and American Magazines, Illustrated and other Newspapers—Books imported to order at Publisher's prices. The Department reserving the right to accept Tenders for each Section, or one Tender for the whole work.

M. J. KATZMANN.

## GROCERY AND CIGAR DEPOT.

JAMES REEVES,

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, SPICES, FLOUR, MEAL,  
PICKLES, SAUCES,

CHOICE HAVANNA CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &c.,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

43, BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

193, HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

LOWER SIDE PROVINCE BUILDING,

COGSWELL & FOSTYTH,

SUCCESSORS TO MORTON & COGSWELL,

DRUGGISTS, & GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS,

L. J. COGSWELL, A. FOSTYTH.

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

## ATTENTION!

JAMES SCOTT

Has just received by various ships and steamers from London—Moët & Chandon's, Clicquot's, and Mumm's Champagne. Finest sparkling Moselle, Hock, and Burgundy. Various fine brands Cider and Sauternes—all in pints and quarts. 200 dozen Sander's, Osborne's, and Newfoundland, fine old PORT WINE. "Vino de Pastor." Anonillado, Podelays, and other SHERRIES—pale, brown and golden—old and dry. 1/2 dozen Ingram's and Woodhouse MARSALA—very superior and r small lot very choice MADEIRA.

Liqueurs.—Curacao, Creme de, Cacao, Cherry Brandy, Absinthe, Noyau, Maraschino, &c.  
Finest Scotch and Irish Whisky. Hennessy's pale and dark Brandy. Hollands and Old Tom Gin. Fine old Jamaica Rum.

Bass's and Preston Fans Ale, London and Dublin Stout—pints and quarts.

The quality of the above warranted.

## ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT.

ACADIA DRUG STORE,

151, HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

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

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

M. F. KAGER, Chemist, &c.

GENTLEMENS FURNISHING SHOP  
AND  
UNITED SERVICE DEPOT.  
GEORGE STREET,

OPPOSITE THE NORTH END OF THE PROVINCE BUILDING.

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

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

HALIFAX INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL  
PRINTING OFFICE.

BILL HEADS, CARDS, NOTICES, POSTERS.

Job Printing of every description executed

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

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

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 his 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 Cribs, Oil Cloth Carpetings, 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 and Wooden Bedsteads, Bureau, assorted sizes, painted; also, Mahogany and Walnut Veneered, marble tops and plain; Mahogany and Walnut Haircloth, Spring-seat SOFAS, CHAIRS, AND ROCKING CHAIRS; Case and Wood seat Sitting and Looking Chairs, in great 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 & made to order.

FEATHER BEDS, BOLSTERS AND PILLOWS,

sorted sizes; American Green Cane or Reed Blinds, all widths; Wash Stands, assorted sizes; Cloth and Towel Stands; Hall Hats Stands; Round and Square Tables; Centre, Leaf, Toilette, Dining and Extension, in various woods and well assorted; BIRD CAGES, a beautiful assortment; nests of tubs, dozens Buckets, Brooms and Clothes Pins, Travelling Trunks and Valies; Brass-mounted and Plated BRASSWARE; Looking Glasses, and an endless variety of articles too and Plated BRASSWARE; 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.

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

## CHARLES KAIZER,

FORMERLY FURRIER TO THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF  
PRUSSIA AND HOLLAND.

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

## VARIED AND VALUABLE STOCK OF FURS,

ever seen in this country. Having acquired, in a large European experience, the fullest knowledge of his business, he can dress, finish, and sell Furs far superior to any offered in the market. Ladies desirous of

GOOD NEW FURS

that can be confidently recommended, will be satisfactorily suited by calling at KAIZER'S FUR DEPOT.

Corner of Duke and Granville Streets,  
\*\* Every Species of FURS AND SKINS bought from Dealers at the establishment.

## W. M. HARRINGTON &amp; CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, ALE,

PORTER, FRUIT, OILS, SPICES, CHEESE,

PICKLES, SAUCES,

HAVANNA CIGARS, ETC., ETC.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,

No. 253, HOLLIS AND 50, WATER STREETS

HALIFAX, N. S.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE,

BELL & ANDERSON,

Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

DEALERS IN BRITISH & FOREIGN DRY GOODS,

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

THE BULLFROG.

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