

THE BULLFROG.

No. 6.

OCTOBER 8, 1864.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

The BULLFROG can be obtained every Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, at the following Bookstores.—Hall, Army and Navy Bookstore, Hollis Street, Messrs. Muir, Mackinlay, and Katzmann, Granville Street.

Advertisements inserted at the usual terms. X. Y. Z., Office, 111, Barrington Street.

SPIRIT LICENSES.

It is not long since we called attention to the fact that in one portion of Halifax no fewer than sixty licensed spirit shops are crowded into an area of something less than two acres. We might indeed go further, and say that the larger portion of this city is dedicated to dram selling. This fact is thrust before strangers in a most unmistakable manner, inasmuch as the route between Granville street and Currier's wharf is literally lined with spirit bottles. It would seem that in certain portions of the city scarce any business can be carried on without the potent agency of what by courtesy is termed RUM. A man's ostensible calling may be that of a corn factor, but his windows must be garnished with bottles; a slop-clothing establishment may reap a rich harvest from sea-faring men, but each bargain must be ratified with alcohol; a man may work hard in the grocery line, but he must retail his tea and sugar in an atmosphere of spirits. The testimony of a witness recently examined before a Coroner's jury opened as follows:—"I am employed in sewing; Mrs. LAWSON keeps no regular bar, but sells spirits occasionally". Here we have the key to a system which cannot be too strongly deprecated. It matters not what line of business is ostensibly followed by hundreds of our citizens,—in one respect they are alike—keeping no "regular bar" they yet "sell spirits occasionally." As matters now stand, spirit licenses may be obtained almost for the asking,—so long as a man can obtain the necessary legal recommendations a license is granted him without, apparently, any reflection on the part of those in whom the licensing power is vested. A legal permission to "sell spirits occasionally" is regarded as a mere nothing, a harmless bagatelle, having no possible bearing directly, or indirectly upon the interests of society. We cannot subscribe to a doctrine which in this matter assigns to our magistrates a power merely nominal. It is incumbent on a magistrate to think as well as act, unless he regards himself, and wishes others to regard him, as an automaton wielding a pen at the bidding of those around him. Discretion is a quality which magistrates should occasionally use, and there is no magisterial duty, the exercise of which requires a sounder discretion, than that of granting spirit licenses. It is no light thing to legalise a calling, the abuse of which may have the most disastrous effects upon society in general. The mere fact of a man being legally qualified for a certain indulgence does not necessarily justify a magistrate in granting it. There is no law, that we know of, which prohibits a man from painting his face,—but what magistrate would justify a man in making himself so hideous as to scare delicate women, and frighten children into convulsions? A magistrate should consider what is expedient as well as what is lawful, and should study the probable tendency of his official acts no

less than their actual legality. The beauty of justice lies beyond all doubt in its strict impartiality; but a magistrate who admits a legal qualification to be in all cases a legal right, ceases to be impartial, inasmuch as in certain cases he must wrong the many in order to benefit a few. This seems specially the case as regards spirit licenses. Suppose A. B. C. and D., to monopolize the grocery trade of a town, and to be each and all doing a good business. Their profits are large and their honorable rivalry ensures to their respective customers a constant supply of groceries of the best possible kind. The town also supports two taverns, the rivalry between which ensures to the towns-people good liquor at a reasonable price. A certain proportion of those country folk who once in each week come to town for groceries, will spend a shilling or so at one or other of the taverns, but the majority will not do so. Let us now suppose that A. has a legal permission to vend spirits, and what will be the inevitable result? He will give his country customers a glass of spirits at a lower rate than the tavern proprietors can afford, because in so doing he is throwing out a mere sprat to catch a very large whale indeed. Many of those who had formerly traded with B. C. or D., and who had afterwards spent a shilling at one or other of the taverns, will now trade with A. alone, and effect a small saving upon the two-fold weekly investment. The extra grocery custom obtained by A. through the agency of rum, enables him to undersell his rivals in the tea and sugar trade, and in a few years A. makes a fortune and his children keep their carriages. But let us note the effect upon society. Those who had perhaps never spent a sixpence at either of the taverns, are attracted to A's establishment by the cheapness of tea and sugar, and are well pleased to find that, having paid for their weekly allowance of such commodities, they have yet some money in their pockets. But with the surplus cash comes a new temptation. While the groceries are yet being tied up, a rum bottle stands convenient on the counter. Those who had formerly tipped at the taverns are now tipping at the grocer's. They laugh, sing, and make merry. Our countryman is pleased in spite of himself, and he has in his possession a trifling sum of money which is literally so much clear gain. He looks irresolutely at the bottle, and one of the company, or it may be the grocer himself, offers him a glass free of expense. He takes it, drains it, and goes home; and next he invests his surplus copper in the grocer's rum. He seldom stops at this point: his career is usually downward, and he comes to town for groceries, &c., oftener than before, to the detriment of his country calling. But what are B. C. and D., and the two tavern keepers, doing all this time? The three former have, it may be, worked early and late to successfully compete with A., but their exertions have been unavailing; alcohol is king, and they must serve him or else flee from his dominion. They cannot accept the latter alternative, so they too apply for a license and "sell spirits occasionally." But the tavern keepers must live as well as the grocers, and, their line of business being more circumscribed, they must try and undersell the grocers in spirits,

and to do this they must adulterate largely, or import liquors of the worst possible kind. In many cases they do both, and our town, instead of having two taverns vending wholesome liquors, and four respectable grocery stores, now boasts half a dozen pot-houses, bidding one against another for the privilege of poisoning the community. Multiply this half dozen by thirty, and embellish one third of the result with a sprinkling of women of more than dubious character, and we have a truthful picture of a large portion of Halifax. And this is the direct result of a system of spirit licensing based upon the supposition that a legal qualification is in all cases to be accepted as a legal right! Was ever reasoning so erroneous, followed by results more prejudicial?

In articles absolutely essential to the well being of civilized men the demand regulates the supply, but in the case of spirituous liquors, a gratuitous display creates an unnecessary demand. No sane man ever bought a hat which he did not require because a number of hats were tastefully arranged before him; but many a man has bought a glass of rum because it was temptingly placed under his nose. For one man that has damaged his fortune through an insane passion for articles in themselves useful, there are five hundred men who have irretrievably ruined themselves through a passion for questionable luxuries; and it is to a soundly applied knowledge of this weakness of mankind in general that we are indebted for spirit duties and spirit licenses. That spirits are deemed an unnecessary luxury, is evident from the high taxation imposed upon them. That spirit sellers must pay an additional tax in the shape of a license, shows that even a high taxation is insufficient to stop the many evils attendant upon a large consumption of spirits. But licenses, judiciously and cautiously regulated, may keep these evils within bounds, and this, we take to be the sole aim and object of the licensing system. If, on the other hand, licenses are incautiously or injudiciously granted, they serve but to develop the evil under the fostering protection of the law. The first duty of a magistrate when applied to for a license, is to see whether the present sale of spirits in the locality under consideration is sufficient for the wants of the community, as regulated by the magistrate's common sense, with a due regard to public decorum. When satisfied upon this head, it is time to consider the character and qualifications of the applicant. It does not seem in accordance either with common sense or a due regard to the interests of the community, that sixty spirit shops should flourish almost side by side, or that every Halifax grocer should be licensed to sell spirits as well as tea and sugar. Why should we, with a population under thirty thousand, tacitly reconcile ourselves to an evil which London, with its three millions, will not tolerate? Turn to the police sheet of a London newspaper, and for one license withdrawn on account of its holder's misconduct, we see five licenses refused on the ground of expediency. But in Halifax it is neither deemed inexpedient to renew licenses to disorderly houses, or to grant them to anyone having the legal qualification. And why are these licenses granted and renewed? Because, forsooth, were they not granted or renewed, it is to be feared liquor would be sold all the same, and that too without any legal hold over the houses thus offending! This seems to us a novel argument. Would our magistrates license a delicate fingered youth to pick pockets, in order that the police might keep an eye upon him? If, with our small population, we cannot ascertain what men are in the constant habit of setting the law at defiance, the sooner we cease to contribute towards the maintenance of a police force, the better. Do we—who are never tired of styling ourselves "prosperous," "enlightened," "thriving," &c., &c.—do we absolutely license men wholesale to poison us, because they will

poison us whether we like it or dislike it? Such an argument is childish. We had intended to say something about the necessity for appointing an Inspector of Spirits,—as there are Inspectors of bread, meat, &c.,—but we have already exceeded our space, and must reserve this important consideration for a future issue.

A DISMAL DEPOT.

First impressions, however incorrect they may afterwards appear, are known to weigh with great force upon their recipients. First impressions of a city, a country or an hotel can rarely be effaced from the mind of a traveller. Such a person is generally too hurried to receive more than a first impression, and often curses or blesses from a distance his last night's experience, before the breakfast of the following morning is digested. Visitors of the Colonial press, however, would appear from all we read, to be above such petty influences, and express unqualified delight at all that they can remember of a sojourn, however brief, in Halifax. Such persons we must confess, are unusually fortunate. Everything that can be done is done, to render their stay agreeable, by those who fancy that the reputation,—nay, the existence—of the city is imperilled by the exposure of such gentlemen to any discomfort whatsoever. From personal observation, it has struck us as not impossible that when some well known foreign or colonial scribe arrives amongst us, he is placed under the surveillance of a Committee, whose sole business it is to beware lest any unpleasant thing should reach the senses of their charge. Thus, if a fog is seen approaching the shore, the illustrious stranger is regaled with punch in a shuttered room, and entertained with the pleasantest conversation at command, and if forced to traverse a loathsome portion of the town, it is doubtless contrived that however the outward senses may be affected, the inner man is made lightsome by well assorted flattery. There is one part of the journey to Halifax, of which such a vigilance Committee should be peculiarly wary. We allude to the period which elapses between the arrival of a night train at the Depot, and the ensconcement of its passengers in their respective hotels or homes. Ordinary travellers however, have no such Committees appointed for their reception, and are entirely dependent upon such general comforts, as should be provided for passengers in every city, laying claim to be worthy of a visit.

Take for example, the case of a family couple journeying to Halifax by an evening train. After a journey of three, four, or five hours, the time varying according to the ripeness of the raspberries on the road, and other local causes, some well informed passengers assert that the Capital is at hand. All our travelling couple's little traps and carriage comforts are scattered loosely around, and the lady has probably removed her bonnet and shawl, to avoid suffocation. The car being ill-lighted and the twilight past, it is agreed to "fix" everything up at the terminus.—Terminus! In these days a terminus means a thing of light, a place where people can stretch their train cramped legs, where ladies can shake their dust stained dresses, and obtain, at the least, a glass of water in a waiting-room. Such mild accommodation is provided by most Railway Companies at Stations in the centre of a city. In Halifax, the word terminus, would appear to represent a barn full of noisy dirty people, without light, without waiting-rooms, without comfort, and situated two miles from the nearest habitation. To return to our lady and gentleman. The former, for want of better accommodation, is probably stuck in a despondent state to a keg of molasses, whilst the latter, like a good busy husband, is looking after the luggage. From the gloom, some one enquires if he wants a carriage!—yes—and then he is asked for his cheques. Cheques given, he sees them pass from hand to hand, and by reason of the darkness, fears that he may have fallen into the hands of catfists. Such however may possibly not be the case, and after much mental anguish, his effects are seen safely deposited in the cab which he has engaged. Wife is hustled in, (all in the dark mind) and the coachman remarks "guess you are all right." The travelling couple are naturally astonished, when five minutes later, the coach in the meantime remaining immovable, the cabman looks in at the window and remarks

blandly, "The other fare of the fact is, our coach, applied to no fault of the with a passing himself for all it. Common c min the propr nates whom the slough of despic to pursue their ask. An intent of preserving it who arrives r thought of th would be exp that the next d tic Asylum.

The whole cannot but tur that whilst pr inhabitants of paint and a de at the termin

We learn fr wonderful Pre distinguished Nova Scotia great, but we good fortune —to produce surround an Nova Scotia. picture" of tl sequence "a prise for Mrs the Halifax I eyes, at the BYRON axon pourtrays a don artist"— deny, but it to make an to the best Academiaia ter, "that a pulation, the fourth rate less than th that numbe sible not to The object fication of according t into celebr Scotia is d celebrated "third or fi vince less with Britis vince is eq lin, and, a or Dublin, London, P we must a &c., an im enumerat it seems s temporary Our livin cause, to ter, tells i

blantly, "They are coming now." Who are coming? Why another fare of course, and there may be yet another in *future*. The fact is, our couple have got into an Omnibus, or rather a coach, applied to a similar use. Now all this doubtless, is owing to no fault of the Railway managers. They have nothing to do with a passenger after he has left the Depot. He may hang himself for all they care, and if a man hires a cab, he must sit in it. Common courtesy however, should dictate to these gentlemen the propriety of helping as far as possible, those unfortunate whom they have been instrumental in bringing to such a slough of despond as their Depot. A little light to enable them to pursue their way in peace, would surely not be too much to ask. An intoxicated bat at noon-tide would have more chance of preserving its reasoning faculties, than an unprotected female who arrives at the Richmond Station after dark. The very thought of the dangers and agonies to which such a person would be exposed, makes one shudder, with a doubtful hope that the next day may see her, still outside the walls of a Lunatic Asylum.

The whole place is a staring disgrace to somebody—and we cannot but turn up our eyes in pious disgust at the reflection, that whilst profuse promises of Railways are daily made to the inhabitants of the most remote corners of the Province, a pot of paint and a dozen oil lamps are not forthcoming when required, at the terminus of the N. S. R.

BRAG AND BLARNEY.

We learn from an evening contemporary that this is a most wonderful Province, and that Nova Scotians are so pre-eminently distinguished above all other men, that an artist who paints a Nova Scotian, achieves immediate fame. We are not only born great, but we thrust our greatness upon all who may have the good fortune to bask in the sunshine of our presence,—nay more—to produce a likeness of one of our eminent men, suffices to surround an English artist with a halo of greatness—at least in Nova Scotia. Mr. GUSH has, it would seem, painted an "elegant picture" of the late SIR JOHN INGLIS, and Mr. GUSH is in consequence "a celebrated London artist." What a pleasant surprise for Mrs. GUSH, should she happen to cast her eyes over the *Halifax Reporter*? What joyous tears will trickle from her eyes, at the praises rained upon her GUSH by our contemporary! BYRON awoke one morning and found himself famous: GUSH portrays a Nova Scotian and finds himself a "celebrated London artist"—in Halifax. That Mr. GUSH paints well we do not deny, but it requires more than a few well executed portraits to make an artist celebrated, even in unpoetic London, and, to the best of our belief, Mr. GUSH is not as yet, even a Royal Academician. "It is somewhat singular," continues the *Reporter*, "that a small Province, like Nova Scotia, with a sparse population, the whole of the latter scarcely exceeding a third or fourth rate town in Britain, should have furnished certainly not less than three General Officers to the British Army, and double that number of Flag Officers to the British Navy." It is impossible not to admire our contemporary's eunying in this sentence. The object of the article from which we quote, being the glorification of this Province, Nova Scotia becomes great or small according to circumstances. An English artist is pitch-forked into celebrity because he has painted a Nova Scotian, but Nova Scotia is depreciated in order to enhance her merit in producing celebrated men! Why should Birmingham be ranked as a "third or fourth rate" British town, in order to make this Province less important (numerically speaking), by comparison with British towns than it really is? The population of this Province is equal to, if not greater than that of Birmingham, or Dublin, and, as English and Irish towns go, we think Birmingham or Dublin, fairly entitled to a second rate place. Supposing London, Paris, Vienna, &c., to be towns of the first magnitude, we must accord to Birmingham, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, &c., an importance greater than fourth rate. The *Reporter* next enumerates our great men, and records their valiant deeds; but it seems somewhat strange that the men mentioned by our contemporary, should have gained all their laurels fifty years ago. Our living celebrities would seem, from some unexplained cause, to be what is termed "placed on the shelf." The *Reporter*, tells us that, "Admiral Wallis, was second Lieut. of the

Shannon, in her celebrated action with the *Chesapeake*, when, as is well known, the latter was carried by boarding, in just *eleven minutes*." What the precise time of the boarding encounter had to do with the Nova Scotian second Lieutenant of the *Shannon*, we do not altogether comprehend. Did the boarding engagement last but *eleven minutes*, solely because Lieut. WALLIS was a Nova Scotian? If such were the case, it should be duly chronicled by our contemporary, lest the casual reader should be misled into the belief that in a world renowned victory, a Nova Scotian had simply done what is expected by England of every man—his duty. The next hero quoted, is SIR GEORGE WESTPHAL, who served at Trafalgar, as midshipman, on board the *Victory*—and it is a fact that being wounded in that ever memorable engagement, his blood mingled with that of the heroic Nelson, in the cockpit of the above named ship." Now, who vouches for this fact? Upon what authority does the *Reporter* assert this com-mingling of English and Aedean blood? And, if a fact, why lay such stress upon what doubtless, happened to the blood of many a gallant tar, wounded in a combat, which cost Nelson his life? We are further informed that, "Sir Edward Belcher," has been "repeatedly under fire, in presence of an enemy." Allowing to Nova Scotians an average amount of common sense, it is by no means likely they would put themselves "repeatedly under fire," except in "presence of an enemy." But the *Reporter*, in the issue under consideration, does not stop at world renowned heroes,—it has a congratulatory comment upon matters far more circumscribed,—even the divers of this Province come in for their share of adulation. We are informed that—"the business of sub-marine diving has got to be quite a business on the coasts of the British North American Provinces. And it is satisfactory to be assured that our Nova Scotia divers are not surpassed, in the sub-marine art, by any other people in America." If the fact of the diving business having become "quite a business" mean anything, we suppose it alludes to the melancholy fact, that wrecks are of such constant occurrence, that our divers are kept constantly at work. We see little cause for congratulation in this fact, and trust that our divers, however clever in the "sub-marine art," may soon find themselves out of employ. But enough of this. While heartily endorsing the words of BULWER,—"that the desire of approbation is at the root of those actions to which the interest of the societies they are intended to benefit or adorn, has conceded the character of virtue,"—we must enter our protest against flatteries so often reiterated as to have become positively nauseating.

OUR FARM.

v.

MR. BLUEBOKK as we have said remained impassive to a great deal of harm which was daily accruing to his estate. This he did probably because he could not always take comfort in the thought that on the whole he farmed as BULL farmed and dined as BULL dined. An event however soon occurred which opened his eyes to many of the bad innovations which he had hitherto heedlessly tolerated. It will be remembered that in the selection of head bailiff great stress was laid by old BLUEBOKK on the point that only horned cattle should count in the competition, a rule which JOE, who was as we have seen a not unsuccessful bailiff, in his heart abhorred. JOE would not have liked the whole of STARR's system to obtain on the BLUEBOKK estate but thought at the same time that sheep should be accounted worthy of a place in the driving matches. "For" he said "sheep are a very useful portion of our economy and mutton is very good, to say nothing of woollen stuffs,—we ought therefore to count sheep in the great drive to the home farm yard." BLUEBOKK after a long discussion gave in—"Sheep" he said "I will allow to count, but, mind, it must go no lower—no pigs shall count—and fowls are out of the question" Now JOE's great rival JONSSON of whom we have already spoken was furious. He had always objected to the position in which BULL's agent had been lately placed. He had always objected to the appointment of head bailiffs by success in driving matches, in fact he had always professed to oppose innovations of any kind whatsoever. Little wonder then that he came out largely upon this occasion. "Sheep" he cried, "why any

dwarf can guide them where he wills, and he who owns the best dog can secure a good position on the estate! Wretched cripples who have never before shown their faces outside their homesteads will now appear urging their timid lambs towards the master's farmyard. The whole thing is monstrous and must preclude all honest men from an attempt—Pah! BLUENOSE however had given his consent and the first result did not prove his folly. Whether it was that sheep at that time were less numerous than at present, or that the dwarfs who did indeed come forth to drive them, were wholesomely abashed by the imposing presence of those whom they met in the home farmyard it is impossible to tell—*one thing is certain*—that the introduction of the sheep did no very great harm.

A few years later however, JONSON and his friend CHARLEY, who lived in cottages near the lake, and kept large quantities of ducks, suggested to BLUENOSE that there could be no harm, since sheep were used in trials of skill, if fowls, pigs and ducks were allowed to take their place in a competition. The old gentleman was very angry and made a great show of resistance. He blustered and foamed at the mouth, denounced STARRS and his imitators in unmeasured language, and then as he generally did after such a show of strength—gave in. It was now JOE's turn to be furious. He said the farm-yard would soon become a pigsty, and that no decent person would venture near it on a driving match day. Having come into the bailiffship some years later (even against all CHARLEY's ducks, fowls and pigs) he prevailed upon the master to change the rule and to exclude all those minor beasts which JONSON and CHARLEY had put into the scale. And so the matter stands at this present moment, but JOE having been lately removed to BULLS place, (where he is employed bailing hooks for the young gentlemen), CHARLEY it is said would try again to introduce all kinds of beasts into the BLUENOSE yard. One evil effect of all the late drives is apparent to this day. None of BLUENOSE's sons or daughters visit their farm-yard. The place is too foul for gentle feet, and is left entirely in the hands of the common farm laborers. The ladies hold their handkerchiefs to their noses as they pass it, and no respectable cottager would have it known that he directly or indirectly, assisted in driving cattle or other live stock to so loathsome a place. "The smell of its mud" say the women "is our greatest horror—and that TOM or HARRY should be allowed in the house after going there!—dont you believe it!"

PARRSBORO' PALAVER.

Parrsboro is a small place, best known in connection with a "snag," about which sundry politicians fume and fret, after the most approved fashion of American statesmen. But the people of Parrsboro', when not discussing their "snag," seem inclined to fall back upon topics of the mildest and most milk-and-watery school. Their small talk is apparently of the smallest possible standard, and it is only upon great occasions that they put forth their full strength. It is not often they have an opportunity of flying at large game, and it is but fair to suppose that the presence of an English gentleman in their midst is sufficient to overthrow their every day logic. They have lately had their heads turned by a visit from the Lieutenant Governor, and they have, to do them justice, improved upon an occasion so auspicious. But the Parrsboro' folk have an odd way of paying their respects to the QUEEN'S Representative, and they can, in this matter at least, lay some fair claims to originality. Their originality however, is evinced in a novel kind of impertinence, which cannot be considered as a very favorable proof of intelligence. An "esteemed correspondent" of the *Halifax Provincial Wesleyan* has, it would seem, been deputed by his Parrsboro' brethren to annihilate SIR R. McDONNELL. Let him speak for himself and his righteous brethren:—"We were as a community greatly pained to learn that he" (the Lieutenant Governor) "profaned the holy Sabbath, by causing a team load of camping furniture to be conveyed from his lodgings, some five miles, into the woods upon that day; and also that himself and Lady McDonnell drove to the camp and took possession of it upon the same day."

We are sorry for the Parrsboro' community. It is evident they keep their Sundays in a manner which does not altogether

agree with them. We can imagine the wounded feelings of the lodging-house keeper in particular, upon losing so exalted a lodger upon a Sunday. The change in the writer's feelings towards Sir Richard is at once apparent. It was bad enough that the Governor should have moved his furniture into the woods; but that he should have followed his furniture, seems altogether incredible. He might have moved furniture with impunity, but none save himself would have followed it in company with Lady McDonnell. But the graceful narrator of the incidents connected with the Parrsboro' Sunday-at-home, must needs contrive as follows:—"We do not believe that our beloved Sovereign would trample under foot the law of God; and we are sorry that Her Representative in our Province has not equal respect for the law."

The exponent of the intelligence of Parrsboro' is doubtless correct in his charitable belief, but his creed and that of Her Majesty, differ upon some points, and we do not think it likely that the latter will be convinced by his style of argument any more than we are. "Honor the King," is a maxim we commend to the Parrsboro' folk, no less than the text which allows to every man the privilege of doing that which seemeth right in his own eyes. If the community of Parrsboro' thinks fit to sit at home on Sundays, gossiping about the Lieutenant Governor's furniture, let it do so—it is a matter of small moment to the world without. But the *Provincial Wesleyan* should not, in order to flatter the prejudices of a small sect, give a prominent place to a communication which puts sectarianism itself to the blush, and tends to damage the cause of religion in the eyes of unthinking men. As regards the *Wesleyan* itself, it goes a step further than its silly correspondent:—"We would only add that we are sorry some of the Magistracy of Parrsboro' had not pluck enough to interdict such proceedings, and to prevent the feelings of a Sabbath-keeping community being outraged so shamefully by those who ought to set an example of virtue."

We are glad the Parrsboro' Magistrates shewed more knowledge of the world and more Christian charity, than can be expected in the pages of the *Provincial Wesleyan*. But it seems to us that the "Sabbath-keeping community" went a little out of its way in order to have its feelings outraged, inasmuch as it followed the Lieutenant Governor's car equipage five miles. Christians of broader views would hardly go five miles out of their way on Sunday, in order to interest themselves in business other than their own, with a view towards making public the results of such impertinent curiosity.

MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Monday, Oct. 3rd.—Came back with wife and girls from Margaret's Bay. Having been for seven days in close company with family, felt inclined for an outing, so dined in the city and went with B. to the Minstrels at the Temperance Hall. Performance very good, and the jokes and antics of the principal performers pleased me much. Jotted down mentally three or four conundrums for my wife, who relishes the sport of divining riddles. Forgot them before I got home. By-the-bye I believe I am now an Alderman, having been duly elected on Saturday, for Ward 7.

Tuesday, Oct. 4th.—Glad to observe that there are workmen employed at the Rink, making I am told a gallery or promenade of some kind, for the Chaperons. Will there be a stove? Wife and girls went to buy their fall goods, of which a large supply has reached Granville Street. She is generally premature in her purchases, so I anticipate more hot weather. In the evening whilst walking about the town, met large military patrols, which C— told me were considered necessary by the Major, owing to a disturbance between some sailors and soldiers the night before. C— informed me that sailors when on shore, are not under the control of the naval or military authorities, and that however drunk they may get, the civil power alone can take cognizance of the offence. Considering the weakness of our police and the large number of sailors prepared to rescue a comrade in trouble, it appears to me that, if what C— says is true, sailors may get drunk and fight in our city with impunity. This story of C—'s, is however, I feel sure, without foundation.

Wednesday, Oct. 5th.—A very large blockade runner, the largest I believe ever started in the business, arrived in our harbor

to-day, the C. not but regret so soon to leave Bermuda. The sailing shall now an Alder any disturba proposal, but whom I met at the Galatea he some immigr This may or n sailor or sailo of the peace, this evening. Their powers As an Alder piques appe the garrison. So promis: to

Thursday, family. War tors present nothing? Or the progress latter must be fruit and veg of the judges Everything s had sent a Thought son show in the desert of Sah from Wind (which remi Ribston Pippi out in Engla grapes exhib as to those v I see they to Canada. S tables were seemed to a ried growth is a much Wife said s puzzle the drew her fre we had left passed outsi remember citizens was of men who than they n

Friday, C porter, that lings of our are a guara will not be commends elined. To lery. Eud she never p that such a she had b done in it. This of co pmentment whole bu habited gi sided with riding hab be made f ill bear up

Nobody the other has been periment may "cor of going t for the be which An tilities, it obtain wi that we

to-day, the Colonel Lamb. They say she is very fast, I cannot but regret that the whole of this pretty fleet of steamers is so soon to leave our port for their old quarters at Nassau and Bermuda. This of course they will do when the fever, already abating, shall have died out completely in those ports. Being now an Alderman, I thought fit to stroll out this evening to see if any disturbance was going on. Wife did not respond to the proposal, but the call of duty must be obeyed, so went out. E—whom I met at the Club, told me that some ill-conditioned men of the Galatea had originated the row, by endeavouring to pay off some imagined grudge of last year upon the military police. This may or may not be true, certain it is however, that some sailor or sailors were brought before the Magistrates for a breach of the peace, and unlawful use of the knife. I was much struck this evening, by the conduct of our fine police when on duty. Their powers of "moving on" small boys, seems very great. As an Alderman, I am proud of our city police force. The naval pickets appeared to me small, compared to those furnished by the garrison. Wife and the girls insist on being photographed. So promise to take them to Parish on Friday.

Thursday, Oct. 6th.—To the flower and fruit show with my family. Was particularly struck with the small number of visitors present. Can it be that people won't pay a shilling to see nothing? Or can it be that our towns-people are indifferent to the progress of Agriculture in the Province? Think that the latter must be the cause of the scanty attendance, for the show of fruit and vegetables though small, was very good. The duties of the judges must be very light, competition being but limited. Everything seemed to have won a prize, and wife wished she had sent a rotten pumpkin—just for the honor of the thing. Thought some of the prize specimens would figure well at any show in the world, whilst others would not win a prize in the desert of Sahara. Amongst the former remarked, the Apples from Windsor and Kentville, Duchess D'Angouleme Pears (which reminded me of the Channel Islands) and some very fine Ribston Pippin Apples. As this latter fruit is said to be dying out in England, are glad to see it *redivivus* here. Some of the grapes exhibited were a disgrace, not so much to their growers, as to those who allowed them to be shown in public. And yet I see they talk seriously of growing the vine on a large scale in Canada. Some hot-house grapes I admired much. The vegetables were all a credit to the country, except the celloery, which seemed to aim at length without breadth. Fancy that the hurried growth has something to do with this—Celloery in Europe is a much later vegetable. Turnips and Swedes very fine. Wife said she thought the merits of the Squash family must puzzle the judges more than any other. Thought as too, but drew her from the spot, for fear of further reference to the one we had left unexhibited at home. During the show a funeral passed outside the gardens. The band ceased playing, and I remembered that to-day, one of our oldest and most respected citizens was carried to the grave. Mr. Black belonged to a class of men who, if we do not take care, will soon become even scarcer than they now are amongst us.

Friday, Oct. 7th.—Was delighted to see last night in the Reporter, that some steps have been taken to improve the dwellings of our poor. The names of the men on the Committee, are a guarantee that whatever money may be entrusted to them will not be squandered, and the cause they have taken up recommends itself to all those who like myself are charitably inclined. Took the girls to be photographed at Mr. Parish's gallery. Eudocia insisted on being taken in a riding habit. As she never possessed or mounted a horse in her life, I suggested that such a costume was unsuited to the occasion. "Oh no!" she had borrowed the habit from Miss F—, and would be done in it. Natty on the contrary wanted to be taken as a nun. This of course I could not allow, as the girl before her disappointment by E, was the gayest of our party. Postponed the whole business, for I could hardly venture in the street with a habited girl on one arm, and a false nun on the other. Wife sided with Natty, and said that though Eudocia's idea of the riding habit was vulgar in the extreme, some allowance should be made for Anastasia whose lacerated heart (fiddlesticks) could ill bear opposition. In great wrath to the Club, and late to bed.

Extracts.

RUSSIAN DESIGNS ON AUSTRALIA.

Nobody can deny that going to war has its disadvantages; on the other hand, it is also a rich mine of experience. America has been for the last four years making a very expensive experiment for the benefit, as Mr LINCOLN says, of "whom it may concern;" and, as nobody is exempt from the possibility of going to war, America may be said to have been labouring for the benefit of the whole human race. But that advantage which America has derived from the actual prosecution of hostilities, it has been our good fortune, in one instance at least, to obtain without any hostilities at all. It is generally supposed that we gained nothing from our contemplated intervention in

the affairs of Poland; but this, from information which has reached us, we now see to be an error. We did not, indeed, save Poland, nor gather any rich harvest of diplomatic laurels; but we have learnt what is the first thing we have to expect if we enter into actual hostilities with Russia.

We are in possession of information which comes to us in very authentic shape, that Russia fully expected the breaking out of war as the result of her correspondence with the English and French Governments last year, and she was resolved that this time at least she would do something better with her fleet than suffer it to be cooped up behind the defences of Cronstadt or sunk ingloriously in the harbour of Sebastopol. She had studied with much attention, and apparently no little profit, the tactics of the Confederates in the present Civil War. She had seen how much injury a very small force can inflict on a very large and flourishing commerce, and though she probably did not anticipate that she could gain, in spite of the navy of England, successes as decisive as those achieved by the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers, she still might very reasonably think that she could strike a blow which, though it might not succeed in crippling the commercial superiority of England, would nevertheless inflict great discredit on her arms and serious damage on her commerce. She well knew that after war had been declared her fleet could not hope long to keep the seas against such a force as England and France could bring against it. She had chosen a vulnerable point, and on that so soon as war was declared she was determined to make a swoop. For this purpose instructions had been issued to the Russian Admirals on the American and Californian coasts, directing them to leave their respective ports by different routes for a common place of rendezvous, to be ascertained in mid ocean by latitude and longitude. The fleet thus assembled was to hold itself in readiness, in the event of a war with England, to bear down on the Australian colonies, Melbourne was to be the first place attacked, then Hobart-town in Tasmania, then Adelaide, then Sydney, then New Zealand. The force that was to be assembled for the purpose was fully adequate to the service required of it. The ships that were to be detached from the New York station would have mustered 156 guns, and those from Japan and California would have carried altogether 43 guns; the number of seamen was 2,971, and there were 127 officers. The vessels were principally armed with 68-pounders, but the Admirals had orders to obtain from New York whatever rifled guns they might require. Of course there is nothing in this story, true as we believe it to be, to excite in the minds of the people of this country any sort of ill feeling against Russia. If England will go to war with powerful nations, she must expect that they will choose the weakest point they can find, whether the cause of the quarrel be an idea, a nationality, or a sentiment. The plan seems to have been skilfully conceived, and was, no doubt, far better than the old one of treating your fleet as something that is to be laid up in lavender, to be protected and taken care of instead of being employed for the purpose of injuring the enemy. If we had been foolish enough to be drawn into a war with Russia for such a chimæra as the regeneration of Poland we should not have had the slightest right to complain, though she had made us feel the evils of the conflict in the most sensitive place and in the severest manner.

We trust that this little disclosure will be a useful lesson in many ways. It ought to teach a certain portion of the public that the changes which have taken place in the art of war will not permit England, as heretofore, to indulge her taste for military glory and liberal Continental politics with the same impunity as she could in the glorious days before steam and rifled cannon had done so much to equalize the weak with the strong. If we inflict injuries, we must make up our minds also to receive them. Our commerce will not, we believe, be swept from the ocean, nor will our colonies be conquered from us; but we must expect a very serious rise in the rate of insurance, and admit at once our inability to defend at the same moment the coast of Africa, Australia, New Zealand, British Columbia, and Canada, against an enemy whom steam shall have rendered ubiquitous and invisible. This intelligence will no doubt be received with great interest in the Australian colonies. There is at this moment much ill feeling there with regard to the transportation question. A party is formed which proposes to send transported

prisoners back to England, and, if this gentle measure should not succeed, it is prepared to take into consideration the propriety of a separation from the mother country. These gentlemen will find an argument in favour of their extreme views in the contemplation of the peril to which Australia was exposed by her connexion with England, and the hardship of being ravaged with fire and sword for the sake of Polish nationality and the redress of the balance of power in Europe. No instance could, indeed, better illustrate the weakness of the traditional policy of this country, and the enormous interests that may be put in peril on questions as remote from them as possible. When England moves, half the world moves with her, and she ought not, therefore, to move except for something in which half of the world is really interested.—*The Times*.

THE GLACIAL PHENOMENA IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The most striking physical feature of this whole region, says Professor B. Silliman, jun.—next, perhaps, to the uplifted state of the slaty rocks—is the universal evidence of a high degree of glacial action, which has so worn down and polished the rocks that their edges resemble the leaves of a book which has been cut with a dull knife in the binder's press, in a direction at right angles to that of the leaves. Over very considerable areas the glacial scouring has been so thorough that nothing whatever is left on the rocks but the grooves and striae which accompany their polish. In others cases the glacial drift is seen, composed of an angular, rarely rounded fragments of quartzite and clay slate, imbedded in a tough clay, resting on the surface of the polished rocks. This detrital matter is auriferous, but the large amount of coarse, angular fragments of rock would render it very difficult to wash, even when it occurs in situations where water could be conveniently obtained for sluicing.—*Illustrated London News*.

FAMILY JARS.

There are many families who would be all the better for purchasing, in a metaphorical sense, "covers for domestic jars," especially where, as the advertisement goes on to observe, there are "pickles to be concealed. The wisdom of Napoleon's recommendation, that dirty linen should be washed at home, has been fully recognized in the abstract; but it is one of those maxims that are kept entirely for show. Very few people, when they have domestic jars, are proof against the temptation to uncover them to somebody. Every quarrel generates a certain amount of moral steam—more, by a good deal, than it is safe to let off in the face of the person to whose misdeeds it is owing; and the relief of opening a safety-valve to the accumulated force of indignation and injured innocence presents a fascination which only the very strong-minded can resist. Two or three confidantes to each of the performers in a family row must be conceded to human frailty. But this limit is soon exceeded. There is a class of people, generally women, who cannot restrict their passion for uncovering family jars within such narrow limits. A woman of this class exists and grows fat upon the pleasurable sensation of canvassing a good family quarrel in which she is concerned. So far from wishing to conceal it, she undertakes the functions of showman to the curious article; and offers her services to introduce any one she may meet to all its wonders, and is never tired of uncovering its hidden recesses. Those who habitually visit the poor often notice the passion which they have for exhibiting the diseases at which they are suffering. They regard it as a personal affront if you will not inspect the wound or abscess which is the chief interest of their own daily lives. Something of the same kind must lie at the bottom of the feelings of the family grievance-monger.

A woman who always entertains her neighbour at dinner by recounting how she has kept her daughter-in-law in order, or how she has resented a deliberate insult offered to her own relations by her husband's first cousin, is really in the same mental condition as the old campaigner who is showing you the position of Hongoumont and the forest of Soignies with walnuts upon the table-cloth. They are each reciting the events of a struggle which commends itself chiefly to their interest by the fact that they themselves took part in it. The only difference between them is that the battle with Napoleon is of a more general interest to listeners than the battle with the daughter-in-law. And nothing can cure the habit but the acquisition of a consciousness of this fact. The mere circumstance that a struggle was ignoble or trivial does not of itself make it an unsuitable subject of conversation. People who talk to others of their own family quarrels are generally people who live a great deal by themselves, and, therefore, have an extravagant idea of the space they occupy in the world's field of view. They do not doubt that the eyes of Europe, or at least of London and the suburbs, are fixed upon them, and are watching the great contest with the daughter-in-law, which is slowly drawing out its ponderous length in an interminable correspondence. The thought that weighs upon their minds is that they must set themselves right with the world. The world ought to know of that important letter upon which the whole merits of the case depend. The world ought not to be left under the impression that the daughter-in-law did do this or did not do that; and it is absolutely necessary that the daughter-in-law should not be allowed to go about the world saying that she did say what there is unanswerable evidence that she did not say. Besides, the daughter-in-law's ingratitude is a thing which the world ought to know. The world—that is to say the accidental next neighbour at dinner—listens to the whole tirade with a stare of civil resignation, and wonders when the neighbour on the other side will take this tiresome woman off his hands.

The hopeless thing is to persuade such people how little the world cares about them or their "domestic jars." They have thought about themselves, and nothing else, for so long, that they cannot imagine that any other subject of meditation is occupying the minds of the rest of the human race. It must be said, however, on their behalf, that they are generally very ready to listen, in their turn, to their neighbour's family

quarrel, and to stir it up by such sympathizing remarks as may occur to them at the moment. Probably, they look upon such diplomacy as woman's most natural employment. Without such condiments life would seem to them insipid, and they would as soon think of renouncing domestic jars as they would of renouncing mustard or horseradish. And after all, their severest critic must admit that after some years spent in this sort of thing, it would be very difficult to fill up one's time without it. Family quarrels are such a delightful *passotemps*. The happy possessor of one of them has no need to kill time. That enemy is already slain and buried. There are letters to be written and copied, and there are consultations to be held, and there are secrets to be knowingly hinted at and complacently preserved, and there are the plans of the other side to be discovered and counter-plans to be devised—in fact, all the excitement of politics and war blending into one, without either bloodshed or taxes. For those who have once tasted these forbidden joys it is very difficult to go back to the dull paths of family harmony. The feelings of the family politician, when her quarrels are made up and her occupation is gone, can only be compared to those of an active soldier on the conclusion of peace, or those of two rival electioneering agents on the accomplishment of a coalition. But, in the breast of the general world which has to listen to her endless narratives, the respite (until she breaks out in a fresh place) is as the sighting of port to the weary mariner, or the delicious tranquillity of the streets to the sleepy Londoner, when the organ-man has passed on. Therefore, we wish all success to the advertiser who proposes to furnish all who need them with "covers for domestic jars."—*Saturday Review*.

ON CORPULENCE.

The town's in a panic, from peer to mechanic,
Since BANTING has issued his *Treatise on the Diseases of the Fat*;
That queer publication made such a sensation,
That corpulence now seems the great evil of crimes.
Folks fancy 'good feeding' a proof of ill breeding,
And stick to low diet through thick and through thin,
Till they find their best coats, and trowsers, and waistcoats,
Are perfectly "done for," if not "taken in."

Each day it grows harder to find a good larder,
And lean diners-out will, of course, suffer most;
For those who are thinish won't care to dine out,
What little they've got for the sake of the lost.
But the House of Correction will grant them protection,
Supposing society starves them outright,
Where jickers and stealers and all evil dealers
Are treated like aldermen morning and night.

Sincerely I pity our friends in the city,
And Mansion-House banquets cut short in their prime,
Where, 'mid roses and myrtle, the love dink-out-curlie
"Now melts into sorrow" now maddens to trifle.
If I were a sheriff, I'd never be terrified
Into adopting the Barmecide tone;
For I'd throw up my station in their corporation
Before they induced me to part with my own!

If you wish to grow thinner, diminish your dinner,
And take to light claret instead of pale ale;
Look down with an utter contempt upon butter,
And never taste bread till it's toasted—or stale.
You must sacrifice gaily six hours, or so daily
To muscular exertion, and to the sun;
While a very small number devoted to slumber
Will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and thin!

Take to mental exertion—fight shy of diversion
(Remember, the proverb says, *Laugh and grow fat*);
You may venture securely on *Punch*, because surely
There can't be much fear of your laughing at *float*.
There's one thing remaining to finish your training,
Suppose that your corpulence clings to you still!
At night, after supper, read MARTIN F. TUPPER—
If that should not answer, I don't see what will

COUNT FITZ-HUM, OR THE INCOGNITO.

The Town-Council were sitting, and in gloomy silence; alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order (that morning received), which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one-half. At length the chief burgomaster arose, turned the mace-car: out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, however, or (as he was more frequently styled) that worthy mace, was not so to be baffled: old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council, he soon learned, where divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed, they were divided on every point except one; and that was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists clapping with the utmost energy upon the panels of the door outside. What presumption is this? exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity; necessity has no law; and any more reverential knocking could have had no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of urgent importance which he had that moment received by express.

"First of all, g
take breath," an
Agitated with
testament ahead
letter which he
importance, mad
pig; "it is the
moment, and he
he drew out his
slowly and meth
letter to acquain
knowledge, and
as possible. H
provinces of his
strictest incogn
Count Fitz-Hu
viz. the Baron
is a plain Eng
tawny and whi
distinguish him
suggest to you
able, it will be
entrance with
mansions, amon
most. Your r
and on this ac
ny turned out
the chairman
"The old ar
it my duty to
"To be sur
tion to you fo
So said all
interference
this opportu
prince's favor
absolutely ne
scale. On th
Commissioner
drawback un
in his next s
However th
For not on
able for the c
capital, as cle
least when re
All being
sudden cry o
was detected
secrets of the
crime displa
man assured
tant imperm
paid the impl
inviolable se
suggestion o
senate in ru
the Commis
a women's
also for the
one half-hou
all day and
"At work
"And, do
both out of
"But wh
Without
on: "And
"The fid
about."
"No mat
tas."
"Hark
crisis. Yo
lawful wif
is a haun
that, with
Now I s
out any re
will, by al
The ver
Commission
persuad
was no al
after him
many othe
hours the
on the m
bers of th
been sole
Meant
to influe
sioner's
quantity
equally f
to the Co
what nev
say. A
disord
went the
lie 15 ea

"First of all, gentlemen," said the puffy Commissioner, "allow me to take breath;" and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead.

Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grab at it: "Permit me, Mr. Pig." "No!" said Pig: "it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honor of reading it myself." Therupon he drew out his spectacles; and, adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows:—"We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remote provinces of his new dominions immediately; he means to preserve the strictest incognito; and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, attended only by one gentleman of the bedchamber, viz. the Baron Von Hoax. The carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain English landau, the body painted dark blue, 'picked out' with tawny and white; and for his Highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely suggest to you, that, if the principal hotel of your town should not be in commensurate order, or for any reason not fully and unconditionally available, it will be his pleasure that you meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own, Herr Pig, is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honor of the new sovereign's first visit; and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all Germany turned upon you. "Doubtless, most important intelligence!" said the chairman: "but who is your correspondent?"

"The old and eminent house of Wassermüller; and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay."

"To be sure, to be sure; and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service."

So said all the rest; for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old traditional fees, perquisites and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favor. To make the most of this opportunity, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was to this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig in his next sentence made known that he must be paid for his loyalty.

However there was no remedy; and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion; but it was also known to be so in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read; at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up a sudden cry of "Treason!" was raised by a member; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him (which under many governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the lowstring or instant impalement), and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Pizgan demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. His oath, at the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, which adjourned. "Now, my dear creatures," said the Commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner; in one half-hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night."

"At work! but what for? what for, Pig?"

"And, do you hear as quickly as possible," added Pig, driving them both out of the room.

"But what for?" they both repeated, re-entering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the Commissioner went on: "And let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner the—"

"The fiddle-stick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what this is about."

"No matter what, my darling. *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.*"

"Hark you! Mr. Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear then my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, this haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret, without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred."

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before his "passion;" and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same of similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale; for before nightfall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the Commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letter communications had not equally for his quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the official news of the public journals. But still, on such occasions, the Commissioner would exclaim: What then? Who would believe what newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say. Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former: peremptorily

refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe have long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipzig, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimeric of visionary politicians. Pure hypochondriacal fiction! says he. No such affair ever could have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my private letters: they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once; none whatever. Such being the character of the Commissioner's private correspondence, several councillors were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and aspersarial, amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster; and the next day he walked over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The Commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "that as a private individual I am fully satisfied, it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town chest is miserably poor, and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council-table upon a false alarm. Upon my honor, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptics." The Commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples; for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce that the blue landau and the "superb whiskers" had just passed through the north gate. Yes; Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here; not coming, but come; and the profane sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For, whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright; and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-theatre*, on the side of the true belief of the council; the Pizgan *Commissioner's Epistologium* was now forever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not, happily, not perfectly happy something was still left to desire; something which reminded him that he was mortal. "O, why," said he, "why when such a *comœdique* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon? before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast parlour of the Pizgan. At such an instant, the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door; a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy; the steps were audibly let down; and the Commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately in order to do the honors of reception to his illustrious guest.

"No ceremony, I beg," said the Count Fitz-Hum: "for one day at least let no idle forms remain of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of a friend!" So saying he stretched out his hand to the Commissioner; and, though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feeling too fervent and profound for utterance; whilst Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The Commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the Count would not hear of it: "Adhesion to my person," said he; "unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but for this night at least, I beseech you, let us forget it." And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that their dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—"Ah! what!" said the Count, gaily: "my dear Commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these." Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him; everything was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet, which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high-breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempt to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and loyal affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was, At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air,—at the same time bowing to the ladies who sat on his right and left hand, and saying,—"*On peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!*" At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the Commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honor and happiness which were thus descending *pleno jure* upon his family; and finding nothing left to wish for but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the supper, and signified to express his entire approbation of the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax, that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

(To be Continued.)

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.

OFFICE OF A. G. M.

1st OCTOBER, 1864.

COMPETITORS in uniform on producing a certificate from the Commanding Officer to the Railway Department on demand, that they are going to fire for prizes at Truro will be permitted to pass once to and fro without charge.

Published by order
R. B. SINCLAIR, A. G. M.

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.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, 3rd October, 1864, Trains will run as follows:—

BETWEEN HALIFAX AND TRURO.			
	A.M.	P.M.	
Halifax depart,	7.15	2.45	Truro arrive,
Truro depart,	6.30	3.15	Halifax arrive,
10.30 7.00 10.45 6.30			
BETWEEN HALIFAX AND WINDSOR.			
	A.M.	P.M.	
Halifax depart,	8.00	3.50	Windsor arrive,
Windsor depart,	8.10	4.15	Halifax arrive,
10.45 7.00 11.15 7.00			

JAMES McDONALD.

Railway Office, Halifax,
25th Sept. 1864.

EXTENSION FROM TRURO TO PICTOU.

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

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

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

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

The work to be finished on or before the 1st day of July, A. D. 1864. The names of two sufficient sureties, ready to become bound for the 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, Music, Photograph, and Postage Stamp Albums, Engravings, 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.

Parcels received by every E. M. Steamer from England, and weekly from Boston and New York.

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.

103, HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

LOWER SIDE PROVINCE BUILDING,

COGSWELL & FORSYTH,

SUCCESSORS TO MORTON & COGSWELL,

DRUGGISTS, & GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS,
L. J. COGSWELL. A. FORSYTH.

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

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 their business, they are now prepared to offer their stock for general inspection. Amongst the latest importations are—

SUPERIOR SINGLE AND DOUBLE IRON BEDSTEADS AND STRETCHERS,
Children's Crisib, Oil Cloth Carpetings, Felt Druggots, Hearth Rugs, Corom Matting, &c., different qualities and widths. Also from Boston—Twenty new Bedroom sets, some very handsome, containing 11 pieces. Bedroom Furniture; round end Wooden Bedsteads, Bureau, assorted sizes, painted; also, Mahogany and Walnut Veneered, marble top and plain; Mahogany and Walnut Haircloth, Springs, BURGUNDY, & C. CHAIRS, and 24 RAIL CHAIRS, of Oak and Wood Seat Siting and Rocking 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,
assorted sizes; American Green Cane or Reed Beds, 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, dozen Buckets, Brooms and Clothes Pins, Travelling Trunk and Valies; Brass-mounted and Plated HARNESSES; Looking glasses, and an endless variety of articles needed by Housekeepers, and which can be purchased cheaper at VARIETY HALL than elsewhere. All Goods purchased at this place are sent home free of expense, to parties living in the city.

Cash Purchaser are allowed a Trade Discount.

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.

ATTENTION!

JAMES SCOTT

Has just received by various ships and steamers from London—Meat & Chandon's, Chepnot's, and Munroe's Champagne. Finest sparkling Moselle, Brandy and Burgundy. Various fine brands of Cigaret and Sauternes—all in pints and quarts. 20 dozen Sauternes, Osborne's, and Newfoundland, the old FINE WINE; "Vino de Pasto, Amontillado, Lindsays, and other SWEETENERS—pale, brown and golden—old and dry. 100 dozen Ingram's and Woodhouse MARSALA—very superior and a small lot very choice MADEIRA.

Liquors.—Currago, Crende, Cacao, Cherry Brandy, Absinthe, Noyan, Maraschino, &c.

Finest Scotch and Irish Whiskey. Hennessy's pale and dark Brandy. Hollandais and Old Tom. Fine old Jamaica Rum.

Base and Preston Tans Ale, London and Dublin Stout—pints and quarts. The quality of the above warranted.

ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT.

CHARLES KAIZER,

FORMERLY FURRIER TO THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF

RUSSIA 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 suitably 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.

ACADIA DRUG STORE,

151, HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

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

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

M. F. EAGER, Chemist, &c.

W. M. HARRINGTON & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, ALE,

PORTER, FRUIT, OILS, SPICES, CHEESE

PICKLES, SAUCES,

HAWANNA CIGARS, ETC., ETC.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,

Nos. 253, HOLLIS AND 50, WATER STREETS,

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE BULLFROG.

Published Weekly, Price Two Cents per copy. Terms of Advertising—by mail. Communications, Advertisements, &c., to be addressed to X. Y. Z., Bullfrog Office, 111, Barrington St.

The Bullfrog is Printed at the Halifax Industrial School Printing Office, 111, Barrington-street. * * * * * Thakston, Manager.