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PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA HALIFAX

Literature.

The Jabez Morse Papers.

CONTINUED.

I have, from constant practice, become quite an adept in the use of snow-shoes, and like them better every day; it is so exhilirating to be in the cold, bracing air, walking over drifts which completely obstruct every other manner of moving about; and delightful to feel so independent and superior to the difficulties one has to contend with elsewhere, in the summer season. I have come to see Derby several times, and with much anxiety at the close guard they are now keeping over him, which seems to increase in strictness as my health gets better. Derby avoids all conversation, telling me that while a prisoner he can say nothing, but when released he will tell me all he can, without compromising others, and that I may rest satisfied in his honor. I go and return by the Indian camp. And always leave some little thing for Gisigash's sick wife. Papa says that the poor squaw will not live beyond the Spring, and all that can be done for her is to supply her wants, and to see she is nursed and cared for properly.

Gisigash is devoted, and his tender care, which is unremitting, might well shame many a civilized man; while his patient and resigned wife seems anxious to spare him all the trouble she can. Her cough is dreadful; and as Gisigash accompanied me to the Fort, yesterday, for some medicine to alleviate it, he said:

"My squaw go away to happy hunting grounds soon come Spring; then me go away to Cobequid. Bad Indian may be, come here; sartsin you kill me go un there," pointing in the direction of the camps.

Papa gave him some soothing drops, and I sent jelly, for his wife, and something substantial for himself, with which he returned at his usual rapid pace.

We were invited to spend the evening at Mr. Ladurney's, and several of us walked a direct course across the marsh, over the Missiquash, which was filled with dirty red ice-cakes frozen together, to the house of our entertainers. We had hardly got on the marsh when a herd of deer (they call them cariboo, here) came near us; they were coming leisurely down the Missiquash marsh when we first saw them, and passed quite near to us. The Major sent his hound after them, but they at once started off at a pace which left the dog far behind. It was really wonderful to see the fleetness with which they went over the snow; their graceful forms seemed to pass almost as shadows across our path.

At Mr. Ladurney's we were received with the warm reception which always meet here, and there were evident preparations for a grand entertainment. A good many guests had arrived before us, and they continued to arrive until nearly all the owners of the surrounding villages were gathered together.

Two violins, a fife and drum, played by soldiers from the Fort, supplied the music; and as soon as the players struck up, the floor was covered with dancers, and reels, jigs and cotilions followed each other in rapid succession, and, only relieved during the hours of supper, continued until the day rose, and enabled us to return home again. Every one was happy and good-natured, and although there was not the show and formality which I had been accustomed to in Salem, there was no want of true politeness in any, and the real enjoyment of every one was beyond any party I had ever attended. We did not wait for breakfast, as our kind host urged, and as many others did, but got home and took breakfast, and I went to bed for the rest of the day.

Papa rushed into my room before I was up, and told me Derby had got rid of his guard and left Mr. Trueman's this morning. I had considerable difficulty in understanding him, in the excitement we both were at the time.

At last I succeeded in learning all the particulars, and it appears that this morning Provost Marshal Fenton, accompanied by a half a dozen Constables, proceeded to Mr. Trueman's, and made a prisoner of Derby, on a charge of treason. The Corporal and two soldiers in charge of Derby resisted the Provost, who addressed them as Provost Marshal of the Province directed by His Majesty's Warrant to convey Derby Howe to a place of safe custody to answer the crime of high treason.

The Corporal, respectfully touching his hat, replied, "Sir, I cannot let the prisoner go, without the orders of my superior officer."

"I," cried Fenton, "am your superior officer; I am the Provost Marshal of this Province. I have my duty to perform, and you, at your peril, resist the execution of Her Majesty's warrant. I will give you a proper receipt for your prisoner, whom you were simply guarding to ensure his being handed over to me."

"Well, your Honor" replied the soldier, "what you say is, I dare say, all right; but I got my orders from my superior officer, and if you want the prisoner you must apply to him."

The Marshal was consulting with some of his officials as to what he should do, when a horse galloped up and Colonel Denson made his appearance. The Colonel dismounted, and entered the house, when Fenton introduced himself, told his business, complimented the Colonel upon the perfect discipline in which he kept his men, and asked if he would permit one of the soldiers to accompany the prisoner to gaol.

The Colonel declined having his men detailed for such a duty; congratulated the Provost Marshal upon his zeal, and giving directions to the soldiers to return to the Fort, sprang upon his horse and galloped off, leaving Derby in the custody of the officer of the law, who placed him on a sled, and surrounded by the Provost Marshal and his mirmydons drove them off.

I have spent a sleepless night, and from the appearance of papa and mamma, I am sure they have had as little sleep as myself. Poor Derby; where is he? What prison is he lodged in? What has he been guilty of? Treason! It is false; he told me he was not guilty, and he is honor itself. Papa is very serious; and I see he is very apprehensive of difficulty; although not wishing to alarm me, he does not say any thing. I have confidence in dear Derby, and if he has British justice, I fear no evil for him.

There was considerable excitement in the Fort this afternoon. Small parties of soldiers have been sent out and I see the Adjutant is greatly excitised about something; is it possible that any enemy is about attacking the Fort? I pray Derby will be clear of the difficulty.

Mr. Uniak called this afternoon and was immediately sent for by Colonel Denson, who detained him for half an hour, when he returned—his face a curious hodgepodge of solemnity and mirth, while the funny twinkle of his eye, showed he was enjoying himself. He said he had called on me with a message from Mr. Derby Howe, to say, thank Heaven, he is safe and with his friends. I looked enquiringly, and Mr. Uniak said he must take an Irishmans privilege of telling his story the wrong end first and commencing with the interview with the Colonel.

"He informed me," said Mr. Uniak "that Mr. Derby Howe had managed to escape out of the charge of his soldiers by a most disreputable trick, and he called upon me for my assistance in recapturing him. I told him I was desirous of aiding the cause of justice, upon which he said that he had not the pleasure of knowing Provost Marshal Fenton, and that a woman, he believed she was Olive Howe, the wife of Colonel C. Howe, dressed in the Marshal's costume, accompanied by a party of rebels, had personated the Marshal of the Province attended by a posse of Constables, and with a forged warrant had induced him to give the traitor Derby Howe up, to have conveyed to prison; that they were so delighted at the success of their most infamous conduct that they could not conceal their joy, so Mr. Scurr heard of it, and called at the Fort to-day to ascertain the truth of the story. The Colonel said, it was evident he had been deceived by their unheard of audacity, and he had immediately sent out parties of men in every quarter with directions to capture Derby Howe and bring him to the Fort dead or alive.—The Colonel is dreadfully in earnest, and the more so as he has been defeated in stratagy by a woman.

"Colonel Benson," I said, "your unreserved communication to me, shows you have implicit trust in my loyalty, and properly so, but residing as I do beyond the range of your cannon I have to be careful in the present excited state of the public mind not to commit myself too openly, and therefore you must not make public any suggestions I may offer. Your elevated position here prevents your knowing matters transpiring around you, which are known to almost every humble person, and anything I may say I hope will not be made public."

"It is your duty," replied the Colonel, "to communicate to me all you know, which may benefit the service of His Majesty."

"Then," answered I, "I know nothing. I am known not to be a Whig, and am suspected by them, and know nothing of a certainty."

"If you will please communicate your suspicions, I shall be obliged, and will not repeat them," said the Colonel.

"I have reason to believe," I said, "that Derby Howe has been taken to Chediack, and is in charge of a party of Indians, while reports will reach your ears of his being at Amherst; on that point I can say no more, but the other and most important is, if you have sent off parties of soldiers, in every direction, are they not liable to be captured in detail by the Whigs, and have you men enough now in the Fort to maintain a siege?"

"If," said the Colonel, "that is their policy, they will find me prepared; but my men must not be sacrificed while looking after one traitor, when the country is full of them."

I then was dismissed by the Colonel, with a gracious and condescending inclination of the head, and could hardly maintain my gravity till I reached here. Is it not glorious to quiz such a great pretender?—Mr. Scurr being sent here stuffed with Mrs. Howe's telling the party releasing Derby from the Colonel, and his sending his men on a wild goose-chase, and I now frightening him with apprehensions of an enemy?"—and Mr. Uniak could not continue for laughing.

Here the reverberations of a cannon shook the windows.

"There," cried Mr. Uniak, "goes the signal gun for the men to return at once to the Fort. I did not think he would act upon my suggestions so quickly. I am glad, for now my dear friend Derby need be under no apprehensions from the Colonel.

"We," continued Mr. Uniak, "planned the rescue of Derby, at Mr. Ladurney's, when getting breakfast yesterday, and we had great difficulty in selecting whom to go on the mission, and at one time I was afraid it would be defeated from the anxiety of all to go. What right had Colonel Denson to place a guard over a British subject, and deprive him of his liberty, without legal warrant? We apprehended difficulty with the guard, and took a sufficient number to enable us to overpower them, if necessary; and on the Colonel coming up I feared all was lost, but the ready and natural manner in which our leader introduced himself as Provost Marshal Fenton, prevented any suspicion being aroused, and enabled us successfully to carry out our design. What if he should discover that I, to whom he has been speaking so confidentially, was of the party at Trueman's."

The very idea seemed to fill Mr. Uniak with delight, and if he enjoyed it I was made perfectly happy at my dear Derby being again convalescent and with his freedom.

I sent a message to Derby that I would meet him the next day at Mr. Ladurney's, and Mr. Uniak went away, leaving happy hearts behind him.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

SENTIMENTALISM.

There is one who insists on being a bird
And flying to his lady's bower,
But he knows that the lady to whom he referred,
Don't own such a thing, for upon my word
In a yellow house in the story the third
She is living this very hour.

One asks but a cave in a foreign dell
Away from this cold world's strife;
Now the woods in fine weather are very well
But give him a six months' rainy spell
And he'd soon cave in, in his forest dell,
And be sick enough of his life.

Another wants "his love to go and roam
Over the dark blue sea,"
Perhaps he don't think if there should come on a blow
That they'd both be sea-sick down below
And a wretched pair they'd be.

Another young man would like to die
"When the roses blossom in Spring"
Just let him be sick and he'd change his cry;
His passing away is all in my eye
Or dyspepsia sleeps he gets quite shy
It isn't exactly the thing.

Another would die and be laid in some dell
Beneath some murmuring rill,
Now in poetry jingle, 'tis nice to tell
But 'tis a nasty wet place, so why not as well
Have a nice dry grave on a hill?

One loves, how he loves! "the glittering foam,
And the mad waves angry strife,"
Just like the young genius who wrote that poem,
When the billow dash and the sea-birds roam,
And he'd give all he had to be safely at home,
And stay there the rest of his life.

Another young heartbroken calls on his own
To cheer him with one sweet smile,
Then he follows it up in a love sick tone,
While his bosom pangs, if the truth were known,
It is not his love that has caused his moan
But a superabundance of bile.

Burning Oil very cheap at A. Ford's.

A Bashful American Lover.

A Green Mountain boy fell in love with a very pretty girl, and determined to court her. To that end he dressed himself in his Sunday-go-to-meetings, went to her father's house, and found her alone. "How d'ye du?" said Jonathan. "I'm nicely—take a chair, Jonathan," says the girl. Jonathan took a chair, and seated himself in the farthest corner of the room as though the beauty was a thing to be feared rather than loved. "Ain't you cold? Hadn't you better sit by the fire?" says Sally, supposing he would of course, if he meant to make love at all, do so in a proper manner. "No, I thankee, I recon I'm comfortable," returned Jonathan. "How is your maria?" said Sally. "Well, she's complainin' a leetle," said Jonathan. Here a pause of ten minutes ensued, during which time Jonathan amused himself by whittling a stick. "There's nothing new up your way, is there?" said Sally, which Jonathan might understand as applying to its present situation, or to his father's domicile. "*Haven't*—oh—yis, you mean *to hum*, well now, that is, his—our spotted cow's got a calf," said Jonathan.—Sally would undoubtly have laughed at this queer piece of information, only she was too much vexed at the bashfulness of the speaker. At length, after another protracted silence, Sally got up a small edition of a scream, and in a loud voice, exclaimed, "let me alone!" "Why" says Jonathan, dropping his knife and stick in astonishment, "why, I ain't a touchin' on ye." "Well," says Sally, in a voice which might have been indicative of fear, but sounded verry like request—"Well, ain't you *going tu?*" Jonathan thought a moment of this equivocal reply, and then, after placing his knife in his pocket, he drew his chair by the side of pretty Sally, and—the next week they were married.

THE Chinese shoemakers at North Adams spend no money for beer, tobacco or whiskey; hence they are always flush. They give liberally to beggars, and are beginning to dress like Yankee. This North Adams colony of Chinamen, according to all accounts, is making a most favorable impression by their industry, sobriety, good temper, skill and intelligence. They are remitting considerable sums of money to California already.

Reefers (good style) very cheap, at A. Ford's.

Moltke and Bismarck.

The *Times'* correspondent at Versailles sketches two of the chief characters of the war:—"'You see that tall thin man without any moustache or whiskers, his hands behind his back—the officer with the greyish hair, very short, and a face cut with many fine lines, his head slightly stooped, the eyebrows pronounced, and the eyes deep set? There is the man whom the Junkers of Berlin called "the old schoolmaster." What a lesson he has taught Austrians and French!' 'He looks very grave.' 'He is always so. But there, you see, striding through the crowd, is a very different-looking person.' 'Yes! who is that frank, smiling major of dragoons? He comes this way—the officer in the white cap and yellow band, dark blue or nearly black double-breasted frock-coat with yellow collar, taller than the tall officers around him?' 'That is Count Bismarck.' There is a stir wherever he goes—caps touched and hats raised. He makes straight for a little knot of Americans—General Burnside in plain clothes, General Sheridan, General Husen, and General Forsyth in uniform, but without swords. You hear his laugh above the murmurs of the crowd, and the wave of sound in which his name, 'Bismarck,' is borne. How heartily he shakes hands with them, buoyant and free, elated as some officer might be who had just won promotion on a battle-field. All the world knows the soulless likeness out of which even photography has failed, however, to take all expression; but one must have actual experience of the peculiar vivacity, or rather penetration of his glance, as it is emitted from under those tremendous shaggy eyebrows, to measure the power of his face—the one grand, overwhelming force of which is, to my mind, intrepidity—an immense, audacious courage, physical and mental, and a will before which everything must yield or be turned."

Scene at a Railway-Station.

At one of the railroad depots in the vicinity of Elizabeth, Me., intending travellers were recently amused in this wise: A countryman purchased a ticket, and thus addressed the agent:

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this office until the train starts.—I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk. "Take him out."

"Well stranger, that is cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out," roared the clerk.

"Well stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Here dragon," he said to the dog, "sit down here and watch that fellow sharp!" and turning on his heel, he said to the clerk, "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome."

The dog remained there until the train started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better part of the office.

Kitchen Economy.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

Wash your tea-tray with cold suds, polish with a little flour, and rub with a dry cloth.

To select nutmegs prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woollens; wrap them in good, strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woollens.

Two gallons of fine charcoal will purify a dozen hogsheads of water, when the smell is so unpleasant it cannot be used.

Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., are prevented by throwing red pepperpods, or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

OLD JUDGE B——, of New Hampshire, was what Artemus Ward have called a "sociable cuss" off the bench, and was noted for claiming acquaintance with any one whose appearance happened to please him.—Entering a crowded car on the Boston & Maine road one day, His Honor found the only unoccupied seat to be by the side of a smartly dressed and rather good looking young woman.—Ascertaining that the seat was not engaged, the Judge settled himself comfortably in it, and turning with his accustomed bland, fatherly smile, said: "Your face seems familiar to me, my dear; I think I must know you." "I should think you might," said the unknown, in a hoarse, whiskey, contralto voice, turning a vindictive pair of eyes upon the astonished Judge. "I should think you might, you sent me to the House of Correction for three months last winter, you infernal old scoundrel." The Judge did not press his claim any further in that quarter.

Feed the Colts and Calves well.

It is a generally accepted maxim in all stock feeding that, with growing animals, excessive nourishment is most profitable. It takes a certain quantity food to keep the machine running; so much to supply the waste through the lungs; so much for the waste of the muscles; so much to replace the discarded material of the bones; so much to keep the digestive organs distended. The consumption—the practical destruction—of this amount of food occurs in all cases; as well when the animal remains stationary as to growth, as when it was increasing in weight from day to day. It is from the assimilated food in excess of this waste that all profit comes. The rule is as good for colts as for beef cattle. If they are insufficiently fed, all that is taken up by the digestive organs goes to sustain the vital functions of the animal—it is used up for "running expenses." Every ounce beyond this tells on its growth, and the more ounces it can be made to take in a day beyond that which the natural wastes of the body demand, the more rapid will be its growth and development; for if the food be of the right kind, and the animal be living under suitable conditions as to exercise, sunlight and fresh air, development will keep pace with growth.

By way of illustration, we will assume that a horse, five years old, has eaten the equivalent of ten ton of hay, and one hundred bushels of oats, and his present weight is about one twentieth part the weight of his food. Of the remainder, all that has been assimilated by the animal has gone for "running expenses." The ten hundred and odd pounds are all the profit that the mill has made.—Obviously, if by supplying the material faster we can accumulate the same amount of profit in a shorter time, we shall save the "running expenses" for so long. If it were possible to accumulate the whole weight of body in three years instead of five years, we should save two fifths of the cost of supporting the animal's life while it is developing to a useful condition. That it is possible to do this the wonderful races run by horses two years old sufficiently prove. Such immense results as this cannot be hoped for in the case of cold-blooded horses, with whom early maturity has not hitherto been an especial desideratum; but enough can be gained to add greatly to the profit of feeding; and after all, horse raising is only another means for converting the produce of the soil into a more saleable form. It is within bounds to say (and the statement is sustained by my own observations), that common horses may be grown as large, as strong, and as enduring at the age of three years as they generally are at five.

Who Named the Pacific Ocean?

It was Ferdinand de Maghellaens, or "Magellan," as he is usually called, who named the Pacific Ocean.

Balboa discovered it from the Isthmus of Darien, several years before that did not give it the name. Magellan was a native of Portugal, but had been several years in the service of Spain, when he formed the design of going westward from Spain to the East Indies.

He started with five ships in 1519; reached South America in safety, but had to quell many a mutiny among his rascally crew before proceeding. Then, continuing his voyage, he passed through the remarkable strait which bears his name, thus saving hundreds of miles of navigation around Cape Horn, where it is said, "Forever and forever the wildest winds of heaven seemed to be let loose to vex the ocean into madness." Then finding the waters so much more placid than the Atlantic, he named the ocean Pacific. He reached the Ladrone Islands, and thence the Philippine Islands where he was killed in a quarrel among the natives. His ship was conducted by Cano, one of his officers, onward to Spain, being the first that had circumnavigated the globe. The voyage occupied three years and one month.

OUR American cousins are exerting their inventive faculties to improve the mother tongue. We heard when the president took his holiday trip, that he had "excurted" from Washington; and an old lady whose house had been robbed, and who had been put into mortal terror of her life, was said to have been "burgled."—But what they are likely to do with "defective" verbs this extract may fairly serve to show: "Of a gentleman whose wank in life was 'burgling,' a poet says:—

'When quietly to steal he stole,
His bags of coing he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole
And many a wink he wunk.'"

Fringed Waterproof very cheap at A. Ford's.

GLEANINGS.

A DEBT is adorned by payment.

BUFFALO skins from Red River are at St. John, N. B.

BE praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

THE street cars run in St. John on Sundays now.

HE who forbears to take revenge achieves the noblest conquest of his foe.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has been given the mitten by a visitor whom he asked to be Mrs. B., 78th.

HE who assumes airs of importance, exhibits his credentials of insignificance.

A GENTLEMAN in the country, a few days ago, sat down on a hornet's nest to rest himself. It did not take him long to rest.

THEY toll a bell in Winchester, Indiana, every half hour, as a signal for the inhabitants to take their quinine for the shakes.

THE editor of the Western Landmark asks his readers to excuse the "blocks of his paper" as he is in bed from the effects of a fight with a delinquent subscriber.

THERE is a farmer in Yorkshire who has a mile of [illegible]. His name is Furlong, and [illegible] boys and four girls. Eight furlongs make one mile.

FULLER, the lager beer[illegible] who is now having a tiff with Tilton, of the N. Y. Independent, is the same [illegible] crowed gentleman who denounced Charles Dickens, and doubted the possibility of his being a Christian.

THE wealthiest people in the world are the Osage Indians, in Kansas.—The tribe numbers about [illegible] and have, after all expenses are paid, 100 acres of choice lands per capita, and also $6,000,000 in money.

ABOUT the coolest thing in the way of impudence happened in Troy, where the bridegroom after paying the minister fifty cents for marrying him, walked off with the divine's new hat.

AN Ohio youth who was courting a respective maiden had an interview with her paternal ancestor.—When questioned regarding his condition pecuniarily, he stated that he had no money to speak of, but was "chocked full of hard day's work." He got the girl.

HALL'S Journal says: "If a man can sleep soundly, has a good appetite, with no unpleasant reminders after meals, the holiby habits being regular every day, he had better hit himself alone whether he is as big as a hogshead or as thin and dry as a fence rail."

A YOUNG lady at a Western temperance meeting said, "Brethern and Sisters, cider is a necessity to me and I must have it. If it is decided that we are not to drink cider I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeezeme, for I can't live without the juice of the apples."

HEN MANURE.—Save every ounce you can gather. Put into barrels or boxes and cover with earth, and in March next make a compost mixing about three parts of good soil to one part of hen-manure, and leave it where the rain will keep it moist, till wanted for use. A gill of this compost in a hill of corn, will act as a powerful fertilizer.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—The first number of this new monthly conducted by J. G. Holland, gives us favorable impressions of a useful and successful career before it. It has forty-nine illustrations including a frontispiece, on fine tinted paper, illustrative of George MacDonald's new story, "Wilfrid Cumbermede." And the publishers promise still more brilliant things for the future. Scribner & Co., publishers, New York.

EXPECTATIONS.—A poor young man once fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parents' consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughters hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly. "I cannot command much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell the truth, I expect to run away with your daughter, and marry her, if you don't give your consent."

INNOCENT DEAR.—Last week a gentleman of this town was poring over what to give a young lady friend, and at last decided that it should be a ring. "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like? It is so very puzzling; there are so many sorts." "Well, Mr. Smith, one, you know, don't like to make a choice in these matters—little delicate, you understand; but, really, if you insist upon it—I s'pose you will—why, I should like an engagement ring I really," was the innocent reply.