



Sunday, the 12th inst., was the centenary anniversary of the birthday of Nova Scotia's naval hero, Admiral Sir Provo Wallis. The gallant centenarian was born at Halifax, April 12th, 1791, and was lieutenant of the "Shannon," under Captain Broke, on the occasion of her famous duel with the American frigate "Chesapeake," under the gallant Captain Laurence; Captain Broke was wounded early in the engagement, and the command fell on Wallis, under whose conduct the "Shannon" and her prize were brought safely to Halifax. Of all the provinces of Britain's vast possessions, none can point to as great or illustrious a list of heroes as Nova Scotia; Wallis is only one among such names as Williams, Inglis, Welsford, Parker and others whose memory will live until history dies.

A brilliant ball was given at Government House, Charlottetown, the week before last. There is no more sociable place in the world than Charlottetown, and nowhere is a good time more thoroughly enjoyed; moreover, everyone dances—there are no wall-flowers. The affair was pronounced a brilliant success, the tasteful decorations in bunting, Chinese lanterns and flowers lending a charming background to the gay scene.

Charlottetown is one of the most self-contained little places you ever knew; it has even been accused of insularity, but if this is true, it does not appear to an objectionable extent; on the contrary, it is quite refreshing to hear the islanders sticking up for their own island and city, and praising their institutions to the extent that is usual. The saying, "A prophet is not without honour," etc., does not apply to Charlottetown; in Charlottetown they will not admit that anyone is superior to an islander, no matter what his walk in life may be. I do not accuse Charlottetown of undue conceit; I rather commend them for faith in themselves and each other. The tight little place is also noted for its hospitality, and justly, too; and another thing I like about it is that the young women give the young men their due amount of appreciation, and do not neglect them for the benefit of visitors; in any place but Charlottetown this might be due to the fact that inasmuch as visitors are only to be had during two or three of the summer months, the girls could not afford to offend the men, for fear of retaliation when the summer was over; but in Charlottetown it is due to the appreciation of their own country, which I referred to above, and the ladies think there are no young men in the world like the young men of Charlottetown. It is a pity this sort of vanity could not be instilled into Halifax and Windsor, where the military in the one case and the university men in the other absorb almost all the regard of the fair sex to the exclusion of the townsmen, who are really the back-bone of the place.

It seems to me that "Progress" devotes most of its increased space to the enlargement of its social directory. There seems now-a-days to be actually no line limiting the qualification of candidates for notice in its columns. It strikes me that the practice of recording the petty happenings in the private life of Tom, Dick and Harry, Jane, Betsy and Maria, which is now so common, is pandering to a very gross side of human nature, and it is no compliment to intelligent people to suggest in this manner that they entertain this morbid desire for seeing their names in print. The plea for it is that it makes the paper popular, and more valuable as an advertising medium, because its sale is thus increased; this may be true, but does it promote the great end that all newspapers claim to aim at, namely, the elevation of the people? But it occurred to me that the social directory in "Progress" might be turned to good account as a geography in the public schools; it would have the great advantage that the pupil, in addition to learning the names of all the towns, villages and hamlets in the Maritime Provinces, might also learn the names of their inhabitants.

The provincial houses of parliament are nearly all in session now; in New Brunswick the legislative council has been legislating itself out of existence like a little man, or men; in Nova Scotia the legislative council ought to be

doing the same thing, but the hon. councillors have short memories. In Halifax we have a military guard of honour to render more imposing the opening ceremonies; at the opening of the house the regulars appear in their new overcoats and fur caps, as it is usually midwinter; it is always considered a good omen for an early spring if, at the closing of the house, the military parade without overcoats; the parade is ever so much more handsome and more imposing too, the smart scarlet and blue, or scarlet and white, of the uniforms lending a striking contrast to the imposing array of beaver and silk hats sported for the occasion by the members of the two houses. This parade of hats is much more interesting than you might imagine at first; you see, our members and hon. members are chosen as a rule from a class of men who do not run much to high hats, and seldom see one from one year's end to another except on this occasion. Now most of the hon. councillors have been in one house or the other for years and years,—some, I daresay, for 40 or 50 years; consequently there are beaver hats in the legislative council which were old when Joe Howe was a printer's devil, and which were hoary when our Dominion was born; moreover, the array in the lower house starts from the brand new silk hat of the leader of the Opposition, and runs back until it meets the oldest beaver in the council. It is thus easy and most interesting on opening or closing day to study all the styles in hats for the past fifty years. I doubt if such an opportunity as this is afforded in any other country in the world.

By the way, speaking of the society columns of the would-be popular newspapers, the other day one of them gravely published a statement that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. James Wilson, of that town, had been spending a few days in M——r. I happen to know Mr. Wilson, and saw him on one of the two or three days referred to; he was in town on the biggest kind of a "tear," and, after assaulting a Methodist parson, frightening two women almost to death by pretending he was Jack-the-Ripper, and burglarising a dry goods store by climbing down the coal-hole, he finished up by executing a ghost-dance on the stipendiary magistrate's front steps, and was promptly lodged in gaol. After he had "spent" two or three days in that institution he was allowed to return to his native place, after contributing the sum of \$10 to the revenue of the town he had been visiting. I would like to gratify a curiosity I have to find out how many of the personal notices we read are based on excursions of this kind.

I read an account of a large ball the other day which gave a detailed description of the dress of every lady present. Most of the ladies, it said, looked charming. Those who were distinguished by not being referred to beyond a description of their dress, I presume were the wall-flowers. But I was disappointed not to find a single word about how the gentlemen looked; it seemed very unfair that one sex should absorb all the attention to the exclusion of the other. Now, if I were writing an account of a ball, I shouldn't think of leaving out the gentlemen; I should write something like this: "Mr. George Ponsonby looked charming in a white shirt front and spotless tie." "Mr. Clarence Snobson wore a swallow-tail of the short waist pattern, with Mareschal Neal rose for a bouquet." "Mr. Howard Robinson had the stunneriest tooth-pick shoes, and looked bewitching with his hair parted in the middle." "Mr. Wilson Barnes' single eye-glass was pronounced a great success." And so on; it would, at least, have the merit of novelty.

I trust you will note I have filled the whole of my allotted space without once referring to the military, and give me credit accordingly.

PICTURE SUNDAY. —(What our artist has to put up with.) —Fair Damsel (to our artist, who is explaining the beauties of his picture)—"Charming! charming! But, oh, Mr. FitzMadder, what a delightful room this would be for a dance—with the musicians in the gallery and all the easels and pictures and things cleared away." —Punch.

NOT TO BE DONE.—Traveller: "I can offer you here a splendid book, dirt cheap." Gentleman: "Thanks, I don't care for reading." Traveller: "But, your children, perhaps?" Gentleman: "Haven't any. Only a cat." Traveller: "Well, a book might be useful to throw at that." —Funny Folks.



Nehilakin.

II.

THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

Before the smoking lodge, within a gleam,
The Ocka's fiercest brave exultant stood
Bridling his fair Suppelmah,—fond as fair.
White as the pear, full-blossomed in the woods,
In stately loveliness her neck she reared,
Or drooped it modestly to his caress.
When he would stroke her silky-flowing mane;
A steed a noble rider well bestrode,
Complete in spirit, form and gentleness.
He strained the saddle-girth, and drew it close,
Uncaring for the finger-nipping frost,
Then mounted and rode quietly away.

Peace lulled the eve, and Beauty highest won,
Sitting upon her most illumined throne,
Tinting with lustres new her fairest stars.
As down the piney slope with crackling hoof
Upon the crusty snow Suppelmah trod,
Nehilakin o'erlooked the clustering woods,
High-hung, and rested his desiring eyes
On the pure brow, expectantly a-bloom,
Of that religious, heaven-communing mount
Toward which he worshipped ere his haughty will
Turned him ungentle from the Manitou.
Brighter it grew, and brighter, still renewed
In radiance; till, at length, sublimely white
As some high vestal rising to her shrine,
Above the highest spur upclomb the orb
Breeding enchantment in her silver womb.

Silence was on the earth,—stillness supreme,—
A hush that, entering, soothes the heart of man,—
Silence, that was ere voice had leave to be,
Or turbulence began. Then, when his eyes
He lifted, poet-visioned to construe
Her smiling revelation, and beheld,
Like some sea-maiden, swimming from the rock
Where late she sung, the midnight's stately Queen,
Ascending from her radiant mountain shrine,
He made the rapturous silence musical:
"O spirit of the cloud, or of the blue
Unbodied deep, who walkest heaven serene,
Swinging thy mellow lamp, that burns not dim
Until thou bearest it through the gates of morn:
What time thou lookest through these wintry trees,
Jewelled with ice and ermined with the snow,
Man's musing spirit ever loves thee well!
Thy stainless maidenhood that, wandering lone,
Holds still in chastity the wondering stars
Hath ever smiled upon Nehilakin:
So shalt thou have from him thy praise, for, lo!
Amid all beauteous things of earth and air,
In eve's blue gallery, to the dreamer's eye
Thou art most beautiful, and lendest all
The shapes below, obscure and multifarious,
Thy magical transforming loveliness.

"Ah, thou may'st still be beautiful! Yet not
Thy sea-controlling spell constrains the feet,
Nor sways the spirit of Nehilakin!
For now he seeks the wood's wild denizens.
Yon graybeard of the lodge hath lately laid
On the galled ear the burden of reproof,
And I am come to ravin and destroy.
Youth is o'er-counselled; and the grayhound's neck,
Escaped the leash, is stretched toward its aim,
For provocation of its captive days.
So hide thy cloudy face, or blush for shame;
Or, heavenly maid, descend and hunt the deer!
Aid me, ye skiey host, belligerent!
Ethereal champions, from your crystal halls
Descending, that do rouse the warrior-blood,
And feed its lust of war, be mine to-night!
Thou doughty giant of the South, Orion,
Lift thyself now for combat; add thy thews
To steel my own, unstrung; and let thy glare,
Thou deep, resentful Taurus, fiery-eyed,
With thy brave splendours animate my breast;
And with thy bloody glitter light my way,
Thou, Aldebaran, and victorious Mars;
That, foremost in the battle or the chase,
I may no taint of fear or pity know."

He rode amid the giants of the wood;
Now down some widening avenue, and now
Out where the mounting moon unhindered shone.
Still scanned he whether trace of bear or deer
Might be, or whether any bird took wing;
But sign of nothing living met his eye.

—ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.