

happy couple home, shoulder high, the town drummer beating the fire-call before the procession, being the only anthem he had by heart!

Laird Ogilvie and his beloved did not long remain in the ranks of single-blessedness. The next Sunday they were proclaimed three times running in the kirk, and the Tuesday following beheld them wedded and bedded, Beau Balderstone officiating as best-man and master of the ceremonies.

A decently reasonable time after the happy consummation (to borrow once more from the Dominic's lexicon,) Master Kame called on the happy bridegroom, to request permission to take a cast from his head, which favour was granted as a matter of course. But who can paint the dismay and bewilderment of the philosopher, when, instead of the prodigious bumps which had so amazed him at his first inspection, he found nothing but the deep and thriftless hiatus, indicated and proclaimed in the first instance by the Quaker. He could not help communicating the perplexing marvel to Wattie, who got into a cold perspiration at the intelligence, fearing that if, perchance, it came to the knowledge of Malachi, that personage might insist upon a new trial, and reduce the transaction, as Lawyer Caption would say.

His fears, however, were groundless as Loch Leven, which, it is well known, has no bottom. The phrenzyologist was as nervous as the Laird himself, at the idea of the affair getting wind, as his craft would thereby run a risk of being pestilently damaged,—and Malachi Sampson was gathered to his fathers without having ever learnt how matters stood. It is true that often when he saw how young Ogilvie made the money fly, he would shake his caput in perplexity, but the fact had only the effect of staggering his faith in a science, which, in his nephew-in-law's case, had turned out so signally deceptive.

Some years after the above recited passages, and when the words *Hic Jacet* had been carved upon the huxter's head-stone, it chanced that Walter Ogilvie was at an electioneering dinner in the town, given by Sir John Sump, on the occasion of his being returned Member for the Burgh. When called upon, in his turn, to propound a toast, he stood up and gave success to "POTATO BETTLES." In ex-

planation of the seeming *outréness* of his sentiment, he stated that a thump with a beetle had proved the most fortunate *hit* he had ever met with in his life, seeing that he had gained ten thousand sterling pounds and a "winsome marrow" by that lucky *stroke*! "True, speaks the proverb," concluded Wattie, with a sly and humorous wink:—"Fell a dog with a bone, and he will not howl!"

EIGHT YEARS RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES,

WITH OCCASIONAL GLIMPSES OF THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

NO. II.

It is very customary in the British Provinces, to allude to the apparently economical mode, by which the General and State Governments are conducted, and the moderate salaries of their officials; but if we consider the time and money that are spent preparatory to every election, from that of the President of the Republic and Governors of States, down to the humblest constable of a district; the republican form of government, as carried out by our neighbours, will be found to be the most extravagant upon earth; and the people to be more heavily taxed, than are those in the British Colonies.

Allusion has already been made, to the high duties that are imposed, to bolster up a protective system, in order that a monied few may derive greater gains from the investment of their capital in manufactories, and which bear heavily on the less wealthy portion of the community. Then, again, local taxes are excessively onerous,—throughout the Northern and Western States in particular. I was once present, during a conversation between a collector of taxes, residing near the Tobique, in the Province of New Brunswick, and a farmer, upon whom the former had called for his annual rate. "How much is it?" enquired the first. "Eighteen pence," was the reply. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "eighteen pence!" "why it was only a shilling last year. The same man, had he lived three miles from where he stood, across the boundary line, would, with the farm which he possessed, have been taxed at least four or five dollars.

In the county of Westmoreland, in the same Province, a very fertile, and correspondingly wealthy section of the country, I understood when there, that the taxes are so trivial, that they are not worth collecting, oftener than once in two or three years. The fact is, in the Eastern Provinces, with the exception of what is required for the support of the poor, and, partially, for that of education, in the rural districts, everything is ordinarily