

Tidings from his English home came at intervals to the Major, during his lengthened residence in the East. His son grew to manhood and entered upon the military profession. Julia was still at school, and from her letters and miniature seemed the type of a good and gentlewoman. Sad tidings also came, telling that father and mother had both bidden farewell to earth—that all near ties were diminishing for the far off exile. And perhaps not the least annoying intelligence that came over the blue waters, was, that his forgotten wife, in the quiet home she had learned to like, was in the possession of excellent health, and improving though slightly in mental light. Again the Major imagined himself hardly used by her protracted existence, but he felt nothing of the burning disappointment and rage that filled the heart of her who now completely ruled his every movement. With each fresh account of Mrs. T.'s improvement her indignation increased, and all the evil passions of her ungovernable heart were aroused. Her temper lost the placidity it had assumed in the early days of her acquaintance with the Major, and she now governed him more by the weapons of wrath than those of endearment. Still he rebelled not—a naturally indolent disposition joined to the luxury of the East, the increase of years and their consequent infirmities, gave him little inclination to contest long with such a superior power. Only in one point he would not yield, that of going through the mock ceremony of a marriage with her; he represented to her the disgrace and failure it would entail on both, were the fraud discovered, which it inevitably must be, by those who knew them in the garrison, or had friends at home to enquire into the truth of any assertion; and at last, yielding to the reasonableness of what he urged, she forebore to press him further, but not until she had obtained his solemn promise that after the departure of the regiment from Ceylon, he would retire on half-pay, and seeking some foreign land far from the prying inquiries of old associates, proclaim her to the world as the veritable Mrs. T.

WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.—REVIEW.*

JUDGE Halliburton's book has now been for some time before the public, and Englishmen, Americans, and Colonists, have recorded fully and freely their opinion of its merits. As one of the few works written by a Nova Scotian, apart from any excellence of its own, we are bound to notice it, and to furnish those of our readers who have not perused it, with an idea of its wisdom and its worth. The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, have been

* Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances, or What He Said, Did, or Invented. PHILADELPHIA: Blanchard & Lea. 1853.