

leaders of parties, in a country where there is no necessity for any political parties whatever. He has to act as a mediator between two parties fighting for such leaves and fishes as party triumph can command, and blackguarding each other upon all possible occasions, in season and out of season. He is told by the opposition, that the men in power are fraudulent deceivers,—he is told by the men in power, that the opposition are men not worthy of belief—but he must keep his countenance meanwhile, and look on at the nonsensical burlesque as though he were actually in the presence of Her Majesty's Privy Council. And to do all this gracefully is by no means easy. It is a task worthy the gratitude at least of the Executive. But how has this gratitude been evinced? By depriving his Excellency of a Private Secretary, not, of course, because LORD NORMANBY looked more kindly upon one party than another—but because this prosperous thriving Province was greatly in want of £250, sterling, per annum. This wise measure shews in a striking sense the disinterested patriotism of our rulers. They are eminently loyal, but they love their country even better than their QUEEN, and the viceregal autography must needs grow common in order to save the Province. £250 a year. "Fancy", to borrow the language of the *Times*: "Fancy all this happening in a young unpopulated country—a country which wants no politics and no politicians, but requires the brain and the arm of ever man in it to fell its forests, plough its lands, dig its mines, and irrigate its fields!" It cannot be fully comprehended, without taking into consideration the following admirable sketch of a Colonial Assembly, as portrayed by the *Times*:—"We gave extensive rights of suffrage to the Colonists, and to the representatives whom the Colonists elected an absolute control over the Colonial expenditure. Having done this we went further still. We had given all that was useful for self-government; we supplemented our gift by adding what was merely ornamental. * * * We instigated, in each Assembly, from two to three score of store-keepers, auctioneers, tavern-keepers, lawyers, and miscellaneous adventurers, to make up party fights for the express purpose of successively ejecting each other from office." Surely the Lieutenant Governor of a Colony to which Responsible government has been conceded, needs all the support it is in our power to afford him! To be a successful mediator between parties so unscrupulous is no light task.

OUR RIP VAN-WINKLES.

Who has not heard of the dreamy Dutchman who incautiously indulged in a nap on mystic ground on the banks of the Hudson, one sunny afternoon in the old Colonial days of the province of New York, and woke up forty years after, to find that the world had been awake in the mean time? "God save King George the Third!" coming from the queer antiquated old creature, was as astounding and amusing to his republican countrymen, as some of the wise "sayings and doings" of our provincial legislators are to the world outside. They have been asleep while the world has "gone ahead" at an inconvenient pace, that has left them so far behind that many things that they say and do have "a queer antiquarian look, a certain interest such as we attach to old China, or to the quaint carved oak cabinets of our ancestors. In Prince Edward Island affairs this fossilized aspect is peculiarly striking. There the criminal code is what was once heard of half a century ago elsewhere. There the politics consist in fighting over the battles, and discussing the shortcomings of their great-great-grandfathers. Grand obsolete questions about grants issued in the year 1769 are gravely discussed in the journals and Legislature; and even the subject of the expulsion of the Acadians, which was probably very familiar to Rip VanWinkle in the Colonial days of New York, is galvanized into life again, and made a ground for a grievance. Happy indeed we may exclaim, are the people, who have to revive the memory of their great-great-grandfathers, before they can find a suitable excuse for grumbling. In Nova Scotia our nap has been less profound, but in many respects our progress has been a species of somnambulism. Perhaps the most striking instance consists in our sticking to the usury laws, as Rip adhered to his loyal cry of "God save the King." Does not the Bible denounce "lending on usury," and can Providence approve of more than six per cent? Let us deal with the Scriptural view, a mode of regarding every day matters which often proves inconvenient, and which will probably convince us that the world is a very different one from what it was, when Moses prohibited pork, and haro

soup, and laid down rules for the guidance of a people, to whom bills of exchange, and bank directions were probably unknown.

If "lending on usury" is forbidden, it is as well to remember that the word translated "usury" means *interest*—lending on interest is therefore unlawful. Let our bank directors, many of whom are prayerful pious men, remember this. "Discount days," will thereupon become a beautiful spectacle for the devout. Philanthropic opulent gentlemen lending money on doubtful votes, with the firm belief, like that of our ancestors, when they advanced the needful to the Druids, that they would get back principal, and perhaps interest in the next world.

Should this article be read by Boards of Directors, before going into business, it is possible that it may produce this desirable change, or at least will cause sundry twinges of conscience, that may be productive of permanent good to the sufferer, and to the public. But assuming that business men have not that respect for Moses as an authority on banking, to which he is entitled, and that six per cent. is a sort of compromise between religion and the pocket, let us see whether the limit fixed is judicious or useful in a wordly point of view. Do the usury laws benefit the rich, or protect the poor man? We shall reserve our remarks on this point for a future number, in the mean time strongly pressing upon some opulent friends of ours, who have a very morbid respect for six per cent, that any amount of interest, payable in this world at least, is, according to the so called view *usurious and sinful*.

WILDERNESS JOURNEYS.

This little book could never have been written, but by a Lieut. Governor for the edification of his loyal lieges. It will command a ready sale, amongst the large class of readers who delight in printed matter which describes the little every-day events and scenes of their daily life, and to these must be added the still larger class, who will read with avidity anything written about themselves, their country, or indeed anything else, by their Lieut. Governor. The expectation of such support no doubt, led Mr. Gordon to publish his work, and no opportunity is lost of showing that it is the work of one above the crowd. Were the name and office of the writer not flamed in large capitals upon the title page, it would be easy for the most careless reader to detect in the matter within, the hand of no ordinary personage. We may suggest that no ordinary personage would expect to drivel with success on such petty and every-day experiences as are here vouchsafed to us, thus:

"The soft earth near the margins of the little streams we forded was abundantly printed with tracks of the moose, the lynx and the bear, some of which were very fresh (? the bear or the tracks), but the only creature we came upon was a partridge, which W. shot."

Pitying the partridge, whose last moments would probably have been easier if shot by Mr. Gordon instead of W., we must observe that the death of one of these birds is not in itself a remarkable event. The fact, however, of its death occurring in the author's presence has shed a halo over the poor creature's memory which will remain there so long as *Wilderness Wanderings* are in print. This little account of the soft earth, the tracks which it revealed, and in fact a great portion of the descriptive part of the work, might have been the production of any traveller on the iron and coach roads of the lower provinces. Sometimes, however, we get off the beaten track, and then all the poetry of the author's nature bursts forth. In the aspect of an owl by day,— "the sight of flowers bright and unknown, and of ferns almost tropical in their luxuriance; the mid-day halt under the shade of some spreading tree; the luxurious bathe in the still, lazy warmth of noon; the pauses to fish at any tempting pool: all combine to make the day pass in dreamy delight."

This is the Allegro side of the author's prose poetry. The day was probably fine, and relinquishing the dreamy part of the delight Mr. Gordon perhaps exceeded W. (who seems to have been the Winkle of the party) in his catch of fish. The distinguished traveller, however, is equally happy in the Pensoso part of the prose poet's business:—

"After wandering about a good deal in a circuitous direction in the forest, we came down a bank towards the river. On one side rose the high bank we had descended (naturally enough), on the other was a wooded flat. The river was broad and perfectly still and dead without any perceptible current. Near our camp it was overhung by a large willow, and a magnificent black birch—